



Dear 1970 Classmates,

We can see clearly now what a long, strange, stimulating trip it's been in the 50 years since we graduated on the Bald Spot—a trip filled with the successes, regrets, joys, and complications of multiple lifetimes. So many stories, so many emotions. They all resonate clearly (there's that word again) through contributions to Our Story Book: your compelling accounts of life after Carleton, mixed with memories of life at Carleton. Our Story Book used to be called the Bio Book, but we changed the name because we hoped classmates would write whatever they wanted, without feeling the need to compose their autobiographies. You haven't disappointed!

Many thanks to JoAnn Riecke, Margit (Carson) Johnson, and Ann Hamilton for encouraging/prodding/harassing 173 of us to contribute to the printed edition of Our Story Book. JoAnn, especially, was relentless—in the very best way! But even she needed plenty of help from Mary Niebur and Lindsey Feist in the Carleton Alumni Office.

We look forward to welcoming many of you in Northfield from June 18-21. We've planned a stimulating schedule of programs, classes, campus tours and sing-alongs. We've also left plenty of time to hang out and catch up with friends, old and new. Whether or not you join us in Northfield, we hope Our Story Book will help you reconnect with the classmates you may remember—as well as those you hardly knew. And if you haven't yet submitted your own story, you can still add it to our website: <https://apps.carleton.edu/alumni/classes/1970/50th-biobook>.

Don Camp and Susan Fraker
50th Reunion Co-chairs

A note from our editor, JoAnn Riecke

First, thank you to everyone who wrote their story for this book. It was a pleasure to review and edit each one. The stories are interesting and varied. Some cover 50 years while others focus on the post-retirement years. Some people talked about their professions while others focused on their personal lives and their wonderful children and grandchildren. And I'm sure we all appreciate the honesty of classmates who wrote about their personal struggles and challenges. I hope every classmate will read and enjoy our Story Book.

Thanks to Margit Carson Johnson and Ann Hamilton who helped encourage people to submit their entries, especially with newsletter articles and graphs of our progress. Thanks to Connie Berman and Jon Blue for their work on the In Memoriam section. And thanks to everyone on the reunion committee who contacted classmates, and especially to the outreach committee members who wrote emails and called classmates in the run-up to our publication deadline. Finally, a huge thank you to Mary Niebur of the Alumni Office, who has been coordinating the production of these books for many years. Without her help this book would not be what it is.



5th Reunion, 1975

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10th Reunion, 1980

Class Stories.

Elizabeth (Adams) Chun

One week after graduation, Peter Chun ('69) and I married and headed off to Hawaii. My grandfather wrote in his autobiography for our family that his life was divided into two EQUAL parts – that which happened before 18 years of age and that which happened after. I couldn't agree more.

In 1972, after earning an M.Ed. in educational psychology with a special education focus, I became a preschool special education teacher, center director, and a Head Start trainer; wrote training books; and, taught teachers throughout the Hawaiian Islands, Palau, Saipan, and Guam.

In 1976 our first son was born while we were living in Grinnell, Iowa for Peter's exchange teaching year. While we loved being back in a small college town – we returned to Honolulu in 1977 to raise our family. In 1979 and again in 1986 two more sons joined our family. While staying home with our three sons, I developed a nation-wide business focused on providing early childhood materials and training to families and consultants. This experience even involved assisting with an education business startup in Japan.

In 1993, it was time to re-start my professional life - I joined Hawaii's Governor's Office of Children and Youth sparking my interest in advocacy and policy work on behalf of young children. In 1997, I became the Executive Director of an intermediary policy and advocacy organization charged in legislation to coordinate Hawaii's early childhood system. We spearheaded a multitude of research projects and policy efforts with the goal of increas-



ing Hawaii's availability and quality of early childhood programs. This work involved becoming liaison to national initiatives, funders, and advocacy organizations. A true highlight was when testifying in Washington before a Congressional subcommittee on early childhood education- I looked up and saw Congressman Rush Holt in the room!

In 2012, after a few health issues Peter and I decided to relax more and travel! So, we both retired! We now spend up to 3 months a year off island visiting our sons and their families– and journeying around the globe with multiple trips to Japan, China, British Isles, Iceland, and Europe. Yearly we return to the Midwest to be with family plus visit our Carleton friends. This also brings us closer to our summer home on Stormy Lake in northern Wisconsin – a special place for all our Hawaii raised family to gather, swim, paddle, and relax!

Our three sons continued the family tradition of a small liberal arts college education. Our oldest son, Chris graduated from Whitworth College in Spokane, Washington. He is a physical therapist and with his wife, a teaching assistant, are settled in Spokane with their three children. Our youngest son, Stephen, who graduated from Beloit College works as director of marketing for a local hospital. Stephen lives in Hawaii with his doctor wife. They are expecting our sixth grandchild in November – a special treat for us to have them in our little part of the world. Our middle son, Jon (Carleton '02) and his wife, who is a physical therapist, and their two children live in Minneapolis where he works in supply chain management. Interesting to have each of our sons' families so involved in the world of health care. Sign of the times.

Read more about Elizabeth in the online version of our class' website.



William Allendoerfer

Much to my Draft Board's disappointment, I drew #335, so they weren't going to get me. So I suddenly had to figure out what a Carleton math major wanted to do with his degree. Deciding that computers were fun, I went to grad school at Purdue University in Computer Science. While there, I met (and married!) fellow CS grad student Beth Keller, and we both accepted jobs at aerospace company TRW in Redondo Beach, California. As a System Engineer at TRW, my most visible assignment was as the lead System Engineer for TRW's Science Operations Ground Station for the Hubble Space Telescope – all those great pictures you've seen over the years started from our product (and no, we had nothing to do with the faulty mirror ... except we briefed NASA on how we could inexpensively fix it on the ground with digital processing - sort of a pre Photoshop solution - rather than the very expensive space repair they eventually went with).

I don't know how the (Goodsell Observatory based) Carleton Math Faculty knew I would end up doing this, but guess what they assigned me as my senior



project ... Digital Image Processing!!! TRW (part of Northrop Grumman by then) moved us to Denver and Maryland (as Operations Director) before we finally retired to Beth's home town of Chicago. Retirement has led to a photography hobby (ground based photos, now, not space based) as well as volunteering at the local hospital. Carleton ties continue, as our son, Rick, and his wife, Michelle Giacobbe, are both 2001 Carleton grads.



David Anderson

After graduation I spent about a month and a half helping out on my parent's small farm, awaiting word from the draft board on my application for conscientious objector status. My draft lottery number, 198, provided no assurance that I would or would not be drafted, so grad school or any long-term employment that might well be yanked with little warning seemed like poor options. I had been enough of a pest at the local draft board, updating my file with any and all evidence of my subversive activities in opposing war, that my application was accepted with no further questions asked. Having no objection to alternative service, I volunteered to spend two years in Boulder, Montana, commencing July 22, 1970, working at the state's facility for persons with developmental disabilities. I retired from the facility on December 31, 2001. As it turned out, back in 1970, selective service only drafted to 195.

At any rate, all eight different positions I held offered both rewards and frustrations, but we thoroughly enjoy living in southwestern Montana, and hope to spend the rest of our lives here, with occasional excursions to see our children and grand kids who all live in urban areas. It's wonderful to see them, but I have no interest in spending large chunks of my golden years negotiating LA area traffic, or trying to figure out how to get across the river in Portland when the bridge I intended to use is suddenly closed ten cars ahead of me, and the streets I'd like to take to get to an alternative all seem to be one-way the wrong way. Having to wait



for three cars to pass in front of me to make a left turn onto Boulder, Montana's, main street is heavy traffic. Really.

Not to get too far ahead of the chronology, Jan Nininger '73 and I married in June 1973 and remain happily so 46 plus years later. Jan retired a year ago when we sold our business, a community newspaper. She worked hard and well, earning many awards for her journalism. As a small operation, we didn't replace her part time assistant when we put the paper on the market. Our buyer replaced her with five people to do the work she did alone for two and a half years.

Our two sons, Daniel, a mechanical engineer in medical device development, and Paul '01, a gastroenterologist, and our grandchildren get us far enough away from Boulder to appreciate home, usually a day or two before our travel concludes. We spent Thanksgiving week with Paul and his family on Kauai and look forward to a trip to Brea to see our oldest granddaughter appear in a production of Annie Jr. later this month and to spending Easter week in Europe with Dan's family.

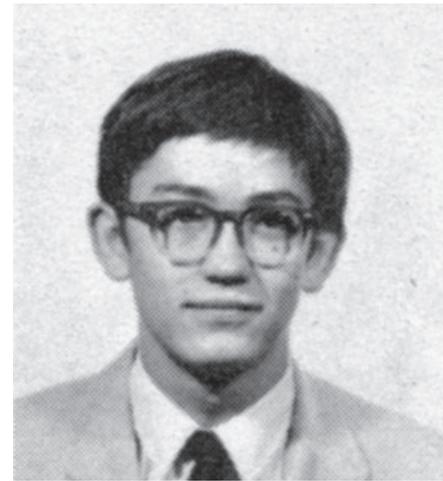


Mir “Tamim” Ansary

Looking back, I see that my life has been a series of abrupt turns. I started out in Afghanistan, awkward among Afghans, because my mother was American, the only American woman married to an Afghan in the country. In short, I was a freak. At age 16, I came to America and became the awkward Afghan kid among Americans. I stood out – and not in a good way. I went to Carleton for two years and then transferred to Reed College on the west coast. Around that time, millions of people my age were beginning to identify themselves as “freaks”. I couldn’t believe my ears. “You guys are freaks? At last! My people!” And so I spent the next half-dozen years as part of the counterculture movement of the 60s-70s, working on a collectively owned and operated newspaper (which forms the backdrop for a novel I am working on currently, called *Sinking the Ark*.)

The year Carter was elected, I went to San Francisco one week as a lark and decided to move there. I made that decision on a Thursday and moved that Saturday. One life had ended, another had begun. On Monday I was in a downtown high-rise office wearing something suit-like and editing a quasi-scholarly newspaper about all things Asian for The Asia Foundation. It was fun, but a few years were enough. So I quit my job and plunged into reckless adventures, hoping to jump start a career in journalism. Turns out, reckless adventuring isn’t enough; to make it in journalism, you also have to write something. I couldn’t think of anything to write.

And so my life took another abrupt turn. I went to work for a major textbook company, climbed that corporate ladder a little, ended up working on



history programs (in the textbook world, they’re never just “books”, they’re always “programs”) and became something of an expert on learning theory and eventually a freelance educational writer and columnist for Microsoft’s Encarta. Along the way, I married Debby Krant, the love of my life. We bought a house, she gave up her career as a circus clown for a more solemn job, directing an annual conference for the National Center for Employee Ownership. We had two daughters. Each day was just like the next, and life was good.

By then, I was also running the San Francisco Writers Workshop, an absolutely free, absolutely open writers’ group supported by no institution but always hosted by some public venue – at first the public library, then the State Office Building, then various bars, then an art gallery, and now a bookstore. I ran it for 22 years and took part in the rise of a vigorous San Francisco/Bay Area writing community.

Then In 2001, suicidal terrorists destroyed the Twin Towers of New York, and my life changed abruptly again. The day after 9/11, I wrote an email to some 20 or 30 friends, giving my take on the event, because I knew they’d be asking: I was the only Afghan any of them knew. That email became one of the first viral phenomena of the Internet Age. Within a week it had reached tens of millions of people around the world. For the next 19 years, I paid the bills by writing books, beginning with a memoir, *West of Kabul, East of New York* and ending with *The Invention of Yesterday*, a meta-history of the world published in October of 2019. I say “ending with” because I feel another corner coming. I don’t know where this turn will take me. Retirement, I guess. Debby recently retired, and I want to feel retired, too. When I mention this to people, they ask what I’m going to do once I retire. I find myself saying: “I don’t know. Write, I guess.” It’s going to be different, though. I think it’s going to be different. It’s just, at the moment, I don’t know how.

Wallace “Gaard” Arneson

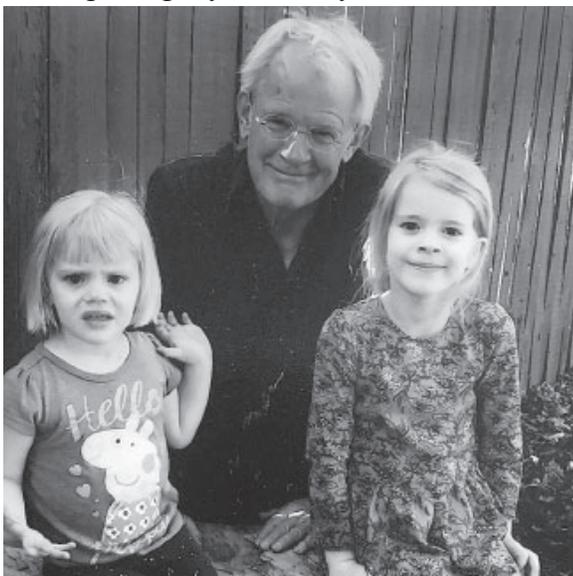
It’s June 1970, Carleton is wrapping up graduation exercises; parents and families are going home; I look to my future, forever a Carl.

I took off to a remote Canadian cottage with my good friend John Hall (Carleton’70), my brother, Jon (Carleton’72), and three adventurous Carleton women. I was signed up for medical school in the fall, about to begin a very structured life. Many of my 1970 classmates have experienced great or small changes of direction in their lives. I on the other hand have not.

I went on to medical school and halfway through married Ellen (Carleton’73 and Simmons ‘73), one of the 1970 Canadian trip Carls! During those school years, I was happily immersed in learning about human illness and looking forward to using that knowledge in caring for patients. While the majority of my classmates were heading toward high-powered research, my goal of clinical medicine never wavered. Thanks to my parents and Carleton I knew who I was; I knew what I wanted to do; and I knew how to get there to be able to do it.

After medical school, Ellen and I moved into a very small house in Ann Arbor for my surgical residency at the University of Michigan. I survived six long hard years, much of it 36 on/12 off. My training, however, was superb and reinforced my career goals and values.

After completing my residency, I discovered we had



two children and so we moved into a slightly larger house in Ann Arbor. I began a surgical practice in Ann Arbor’s large, private, teaching, tertiary care hospital. Teaching and mentoring surgical residents became a lifelong pleasure for me, along with the immense gratification of patient care. My partners and colleagues often said to me “Gaard, you just seem born for this kind of work. I sure wish I loved it as much you do.” So I feel lucky, but also am grateful to my parents, educators, mentors, and residents. But, I’m particularly grateful to patients who trusted that I could care for them and I would care about them.

For forty years, I practiced at the same hospital. I still live in the same house, have the same wife, have not acquired any more children, still train for Masters swim competitions 5-6 days a week. We even have had six consecutive golden retrievers that only an expert could tell apart. I probably cannot even define change.

Ellen as a physician assistant and I as a surgeon are now officially retired except for my consulting work regarding surgical quality analysis and resident education.

Not too surprisingly, Ellen and I are still pretty cautious when contemplating change opportunities. We enjoy life in Ann Arbor and travel frequently to swim meets, a Lake Michigan cottage, Salt Lake City and Napa. Emerson said, “Foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds”. But, I don’t think he was talking about considered consistency. I could be wrong though. We will see now what life brings.

Read more about Gaard in the online version of our class’ website.

Craig Arness

We all receive portions of luck – some good, some bad.

I have received very little bad luck and two heaping portions of good luck. The first portion was the liberal education provided by Carleton and then Yale to prepare me for a career in intelligence and leading to assignments abroad. The second portion was meeting my spouse, Rekha, in India during my first overseas posting with the CIA. Rekha is an adventurous cosmopolitan who left her homeland to study in the U.S. A voracious reader and a gifted linguist, she joined the U.S. Foreign Service after becoming a naturalized U.S. citizen and after our two daughters were of school age. Having a spouse who is intellectually engaging and unfailingly considerate has made possible a stress-free marriage, despite the disparity of our cultural origins.

Our elder daughter is a family physician married to another family physician. Her husband is a Vietnamese immigrant who arrived in the U.S. at the age of eight. Both practice in rural California. They have two extremely energetic sons. Our younger daughter is a Foreign Service Officer who has served in Latin America and Africa. Her husband is an Italian national who contracts with the UN and the World Bank. We consider our multicultural, multiracial family as typically American, though it may offend the white supremacists and religious bigots who seek to normalize discrimination against immigrants and the “other.”

Rekha and/or I served at U.S. diplomatic facilities in Asia and Europe and had opportunities to explore



Hindu, Buddhist, Islamic and secular post-Christian cultures. In retirement we continue to seek new cultural experiences in destinations such as Patagonia, Tanzania, Turkey, South Africa, the Galapagos, Peru, Mongolia, Vietnam, Kampuchea, and Japan.

My key insight from the past 50 years is that if we care about reality, we need to unravel, strand by strand, the cloak of myths that burden us virtually from the cradle. Carleton helped us to think critically, but it perhaps unavoidably reinforced some of the narrative myths of Western civilization by incorporating a historical timeline stretching from glories of Ancient Greece to the U.S. as civilization’s ultimate “shining city on a hill.”

I awaken each day with the intent to learn something that will make me a little less ignorant by evening. Inputs are reading, lectures from The Great Courses, and travel. As St. Augustine of Hippo noted, “The world is a book, and he who does not travel reads but one page.” One cannot approach each day this way for decades and end up either as a political conservative or as a bigoted zealot of any religious cult.

As we interact with individuals from other cultural backgrounds, whether at home or abroad, we could do well to embrace humility, empathy, and curiosity and be prepared to set aside our cloaks of imperial arrogance and of cultural and religious intolerance.

Our Class of ‘70 and our children have enjoyed perhaps unprecedented social and physical mobility, yet the prospects for our grandchildren seem to dim by the month. Perhaps visionaries like Greta Thunberg can become role models for our grandchildren by leading them to discard increasingly threadbare cloaks of myths, especially the toxic, planet-choking myth of eternal economic growth driven by fossil fuels.

Barbara Babcock

Upon graduation, I took a job as a computer programmer for what has evolved to become CIGNA. My logic was simple: I thought the hiring manager was handsome. He left, by the way, before my first day on the job. Here I wrote COBOL programs on an RCA Spectra computer. Now completely dead concepts. But this opportunity did push me into the computer industry.

Many jobs and relocations happened over the next 30 years. I advanced from programming to project management to marketing to strategy. The highlight of these years was undoubtedly the time I spent as a service director for the industry-leading consulting firm, Gartner Group. I worked with awesome people, some of whom are still close friends. We did inspiring work that I truly believe mattered.

But the corporate world seduced me back. I spent a horrible year as a Vice President at Ameritech where I learned money isn't everything. Then I moved to a headquarters job for Unisys Corporation outside of Philadelphia. At the pinnacle of my computer career, I became one of the first female officers of Unisys. As President of Electronic Business, it was my pleasure to work in a pioneering field at an incredibly exciting time.



In this position, I had achieved all my professional goals; but was fatigued by the politics and ineffectiveness of corporate management. In a burst of insight, during my last corporate strategic planning cycle, I recommended eliminating my job. During the next six months, I helped relocate people and projects to other divisions and walked away from big business.

This departure freed me to make a huge change in direction. I had been briefly married somewhere in the midst of my computer years (not my best life decision). Two years before leaving Unisys, I met and fell in love with Mark Woodward. He and I partnered to buy out the other family members and take over Woodward Landscape Supply thereafter. For the last 20 years, we have owned and successfully operated this small business. I truly enjoy the challenges and the ability to control what has to happen to succeed. No politics, just collaboration.

Although open year round, Woodward's is a seasonal business that is slow in winter; so we have had some great winter vacations. Golf, travel, puzzles, reading, and eating out are on the top of my "fun" list. Its been a great life. I'm sometimes amazed at how lucky I have been. And, of course, it all started with Carleton. Looking forward to coming back.

Colin Baenziger

Fifty years? Where did the time go? It started with 3 years in the Peace Corps in Sierra Leone. Initially, I taught high school science but my darn Carleton education got me in trouble right away. The English teacher did not show up. The principal learned I had more college English literature courses than anyone else on the staff, and I became a science and English literature teach (math was added later). That meant teaching 35 of the 37 class periods each week.

Next it was off to Cornell's business school to compete with a bunch of Ivy Leaguers. For about 6 weeks I felt outclassed, but my Carleton education served me well. I ended up with a masters in public administration with distinction. Hard to believe!

Four years with the Justice Department on U.S. v. I.B.M. as an economist followed. Great fun and what a challenge! Then came two years with an economic consulting firm on antitrust matters. No fun. The work's main purpose seemed to be to enrich the lawyers and economists. The clients got the short end.

Along the way, I married a woman who worked for the U.S. government's foreign aid program, and we spent 15 months in Jamaica. Next came a 6 year stint in the D.C. government where I led an effort to turn around the 40 year-old water billing operation that was a mess. We got it done along with an A rating from Washingtonian Magazine. About that time, I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Yes, I have been in a Sunday School class with Mitt Romney.



I then spent 18 months working in Liberia trying to help get its financial house in order, but we gave up because the people in power were more interested in stealing the money than managing it properly. I went back to DC for another two years, serving as a political appointee of Marion Barry. No, I never smoked dope with him. With the next election I was out the door.

So I teamed up with an old friend from my IBM case days and developed a system to pay royalties to featured recording artists and recording labels. Carls can do anything, right?

Local government was my first love and for three years I was the Chief Administrator in Wellington, FL. Unfortunately, my wife and I divorced during that period. The blessing is we had two great kids. I still loved local government so I started a consulting firm which is now nationally recognized for finding executives for cities and counties. To pay the bills I am still at it 21 years later.

In 2014, I moved to a condo on the ocean in Daytona Beach Shores, and in 2015, I married a wonderful woman with 3 daughters and 13 grandchildren. My sons are millennials and still looking. Other news? In April 2017, Church headquarters in Salt Lake City called me to serve as the Bishop of the Daytona Beach Ward. Clearly, the Lord has a sense of humor! I have a congregation of 600 – about 170 show up on any given Sunday. My rewards are spiritual since there is no pay check. As I said, Carls can do anything, at least with a lot of help from above!

Looking forward to seeing you all in a few months!

Angela Barnes

I find this question somewhat harder than it would have been 50 years ago, when I knew a lot more. There have been transitions more than once, and another is coming as I think about retirement and where I might want to settle.

Twenty years ago I turned to bodywork as a profession and have had much growth and satisfaction doing therapeutic massage since then. After a brief adventure of teaching English in Hunan, China, thirteen years ago I moved to Denver and found that mountains, sunshine and powder snow make a great combination. I also found a great community in the Unitarian church which has always been a leading force for social justice in the area.

Last year, I rescued a dog named Ruby and found that she is much easier to live with than humans. :) So now I am single (except for Ruby) and considering what's next. Most likely by reunion time I will be traveling around the country in HaRVey, my little RV. After that....El Camino de Santiago is top on my list. I am most grateful that my two kids are successful and happy, and only have a quiet little voice in me that says, "Gee whiz a grandkid would be fun." Happily I've picked up a few step-grandkids along the way, however, so life is complete. Looking forward to seeing old friends and catching up.



Donald Barry

After majoring in philosophy I ended up at Yale Divinity School with a fellowship. Roxy Scott and I had dated during our last two years at Carleton, and while she finished an M.Ed degree at Goucher, we made many a trip to see each other culminating in our wedding in Northfield in the summer of 1971. She had grown up in Turkey, and after spending our honeymoon there (entirely with her parents, I might add), I was keen on spending time in Turkey. I continued at YDS, and loved serving as a student assistant in a nearby church, but took night and summer school courses to get certified to teach high school math. In September, 1973 Roxy and I both started teaching in Tarsus, Turkey, in a dual language mission school for Turkish students. She taught the first year students and I was the sole math teacher in the high school division. My students' interest in solving challenging problems shaped my career dramatically as I ended up creating math contests and writing problems for those and other contests my entire career. In retirement I'm still actively involved. I love sitting quietly exploring this mathematical situation or that and occasionally coming up with a very satisfying idea or problem.

Our first child, Ivan, was born in Tarsus. In 1976 I took a job at a high school called Robert College in Istanbul, and we had our second child, Heather, in 1978. By 1980 we thought we should return to the US and I got a job at Phillips Academy in Andover, MA. There we had our 3rd child, Kezi, in 1983. At Phillips in the 1990's Roxy became the director



of the Summer Opportunities and Gap Year office while I taught math and coached cross-country, basketball, and golf. We lived in a dorm for a number of years, a 24/7 job that was quite rewarding as we got to know a number of interesting and enjoyable students. We kept up our involvement with Turkey, making a number of trips with our whole family. To pay for those I started importing and selling Turkish carpets. It was a most wonderful experience as there was a renaissance in Turkish carpet weaving that began in the early 1980s. That is when they rediscovered the art of dyeing with plants and began creating carpets far more beautiful than what we'd seen in the 1970's. I had a small business for 29 years and loved it since I love the way wool takes color.

In 2014 I retired after 34 years at Andover, and we moved to Northfield to the house Roxy's grandmother had lived in, just 1 block from Watson and 4 blocks from our first date. There is so much to do in Northfield – so many lectures, concerts, movies, plays, etc. at Carleton and St. Olaf. The town itself seems far livelier than it seemed when we were in college here. We've taught several courses at the senior center, 2 on the history of math and 1 on Turkey. Our students have included former Carleton professors of ours as well as folks in their late 80's and 90's – such an inspiration to see them learning so actively.

We now have two grandchildren

Read more about Don's adventures with his family in the online version of our class' website

Linda Francis Barstow

This morning I woke up thinking about Carleton... and my interesting and exciting life since...

I married David Barstow, '69, December 1970 in a snow storm in my hometown of Royersford, PA. Our biggest concern at the time was what to do about the Vietnam Draft...

Dave became a Conscientious Objector. We worked for the Lettuce Boycott in Delano, CA, found it was not acceptable to the draft board, and then spent two years in Hamburg, West Germany. We were 'house parents' to "schwer erziehbar Jungs" [difficult to raise boys]. We had only been married 8 months!!

We returned to Stanford in 1973 where Dave continued working on his PhD in Computer Science. I went to U C Berkeley for an MSW in Child and Family Counseling. There were no jobs available in adoption, my first choice, so I worked in the Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Santa Clara, California, where I got involved in the newly developing area of Hospice. Dave began teaching at Yale in 1978. I developed the counseling program in the Radiation Therapy Department at Yale-New Haven Hospital. It was an intense job working with people in crisis...lots of anger, sadness, but also lots of love.

In 1981, Schlumberger, a large oil-field services company, enticed Dave away from Yale, and we



moved down the Connecticut coast toward New York City. We had a homegrown son and decided to adopt a sweet little baby girl from Korea. After seeing my resume, the adoption agency asked me to join them. My professional circle was complete...I was finally an adoption social worker! I brought in 30 Korean babies and made 30 families very happy!

Schlumberger moved us to Austin, TX, in 1989... what a change from snowy Connecticut to sunny Texas! We lived in Austin for the next 28 years, three of which we spent in Paris, France for Schlumberger...wonderful experiences for all of us. This was a lovely period in my life...wife and mother. Part-time missions work at church kept me busy, but not too busy!

In 2010, Dave and I became more and more involved in volunteer work on HIV/AIDS. We began setting up mission trips through our church to Lusaka, Zambia. We all learned about life in Zambia and the horrors created by AIDS. Dave has worked tirelessly on AIDS around the world since then...I join him if I have not been there yet! A great excuse for travel!

We are currently living in Corvallis, Oregon, where our son, a professor at Oregon State, and family live. Our daughter and husband live in Odessa TX. We love Corvallis...family close by, wonderful church friends, reasonable weather, BEAUTIFUL SCENERY! Come visit us!



Robert Bastasz

Most folks have kids, I have a lab. Not the furry type, but a room filled by an instrument I designed and named ARIES. After about a decade of gestation, ARIES started to work and provided an atomic-scale look at surfaces. During the next two decades my colleagues and I at Sandia Labs used the instrument to examine how hydrogen binds to various substrates.

Hydrogen seems destined to become an important energy carrier as we try to adapt to the warming earth. I hope ARIES will be of help in developing the needed storage materials. Today work in the lab continues, thanks to a fine young successor.

While research was my profession, my personal life centers on my wife, Kathy Tonnessen. Her companionship is the most wonderful part of life.

At Carleton I always remember Prof. Bill Child, who encouraged me to do independent research, and Prof. John Dyer-Bennett, who taught me that I wasn't cut out to be a mathematician. Now that I'm retired, I've rekindled an interest in number theory, originally sparked during late winter nights in the library.



John Bell (Clinebell)

(Clinebell in our Carleton days.) It's been and continues to be my tremendous good fortune to have the most interesting job on the planet - I'm an attorney in the Legal Department of the Puyallup Indian Tribe, whose reservation is in and around Tacoma, Washington. 45 years at it now. The constant excitement and intrigue, as well as the people (the tribal members and the other employees) keep me going, though three-quarter time these days. Oh, and the health insurance!

I have two adopted kids, two granddaughters, and two great-grandsons. All that is straining the credibility of my belief that I'm not yet old. I'm fortunate to be thriving despite having diabetes since our sophomore year at Carleton. That results from a combination of being an exercise fanatic (though much more moderate exercise these days) and all the medical advances.

One of my most vivid memories of Carleton is bus-sing over to South Dakota (was it Sioux Falls?) for election day in 1968 to doorbell for George McGovern, and the thrill of his victory celebration that night. (That rush was deflated four years later when I doorbelled for his presidential campaign in a residential area near an air force base. As you can imag-



ine I got a less-than-enthusiastic reception at most houses, and the result of the election was thoroughly depressing. I have a well-preserved campaign poster from that election next to my desk here.)

Time for the misfortunes now. My first wife died of cancer a few months after she attended with me the 25th reunion in 1996. As if on schedule, my second wife has stage four lung cancer here shortly before the 50th. If the class makes it that long, I'm voting for NO 75th reunion. (I wish medical issues were that simple.)

I'm not going to make it to the reunion, but I'd love to correspond with people.

Peter Bell

I'm a retired lawyer. For about 5 years, I practiced criminal law as either an Assistant Cook County Public Defender or as an Assistant Cook County States' Attorney.

After that, I defended individuals and companies in injury actions. In some of those cases, I cross-examined the neurologist co-author of articles also written by Tom Videen, one of my senior year roommates. Tom was on the faculties of Neurology and Radiology at the Washington U. School of Medicine, but, because of procedural rules, I couldn't speak with him. One of the articles reported a study done, in part, of welders in a shipyard in my small, Northern Wisconsin hometown.

My Greetings to all!



Barbara Bennett

My husband, Craig Rennebohm (Carleton 1967), and I live on a small island off the Olympic Peninsula. We fill our time writing (for me that means mostly memoir), participating in our local Quaker Meeting, caring for our grandson in Seattle (2 hours from us), Shamanic drumming, walking, visiting with friends, craft projects, and sometimes (actually often) doing absolutely nothing.

Craig and I have been together for over 40 years and have raised 3 wonderful children. Our daughter, Kelsey, was killed in a bicycle accident 7 years ago, and we have accepted that grief will always be part of our lives. Beyond that, we are grateful for her presence during the time she was physically with us and now through her gentle spirit. Sons, Sam and Max live in Seattle with their families, and we see them at least weekly.

During the years we were working for pay, I was an educator (school psychologist and teacher), and I still occasionally facilitate workshops on the impact of emotional trauma. Craig was a pastor who, for the last part of his career, worked on the streets of Seattle providing support for people homeless with



mental illness. He continues to write about his work and is currently co-authoring a book on ending the epidemic of despair (no small task, that!).

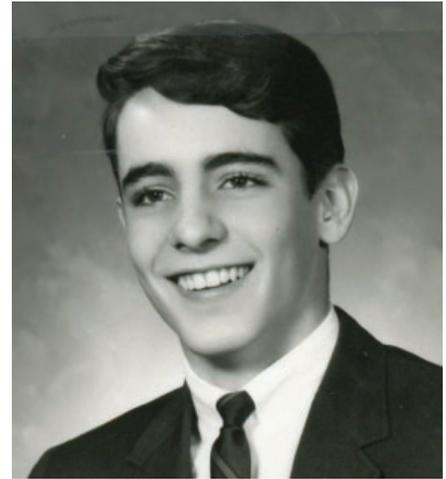
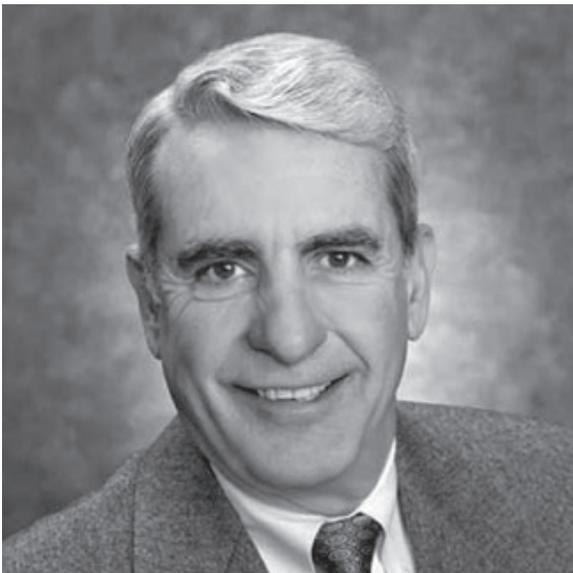
We are indebted to Carleton for our relationship and for a wonderful group of friends (such as Kathleen Brooker and Liz Sims) who are an integral part of our lives. Since I attended Carleton for only a year and a quarter, that's a pretty amazing outcome! I won't be at the reunion – our second grandchild is due at that time – but I'll be thinking of you and looking forward to hearing about your time together.

Charlie Benoit

The summer after graduation I toured Europe with Jim Levett for 8 weeks, a trip hugely richer for us each having taken an Art History course. We also enjoyed being robbed in Spain, and driving from Paris to London without brakes. After that we both submitted ourselves to our state Medical Schools. Medical School enhanced my great appreciation for Carleton and our student body. Then to Boston for Surgical training and back to Minnesota for Thoracic Surgical training. I then had the sensational good fortune to land a position at the Geisinger Clinic in Pennsylvania.

Life has been so fulfilled and gratifying that I don't shout much about it ... but you asked. I exercised the inexplicable good judgment, in 1974, to marry Joyce Ketterman as I was leaving Kansas City (an enormous relief to my parents with whom I lived during Medical School and to whom I had given very little encouragement regarding my taste in women). Without her I can say none that follows would have been likely.

We have raised three wonderful people (including 1999 and 2000 Carleton graduates) who treasure our time together in an old family cottage in Canada as much as we do; I enjoyed 34 hugely gratifying



years in the practice of Thoracic and Cardiovascular Surgery and, having retired 4 years ago, find I will likely always miss it (the rush, the comradery, the respect and the patient appreciation are hard to relinquish to a retirement with someone who knows every quirk and embarrassment ... and loves you anyway).

Despite a career in a rather tyrannical specialty, I have fulfilled a number of other pre-Carleton goals. I quite enjoyed the utility of a private pilot's license, but could never seduce Joyce into relaxing in a small plane. I have a great time racing an M3 on road courses with some success. It is hard for me to believe that this will be part of my bio at our 55th reunion (I finished my season this year hanging upside down in my harness cursing a friend who suffered an expensive moment's inattention). I would like to finish on the podium nationally in my class once more - think Joe Paterno ... never mind.

I seem a homebody, but we very much enjoy travel - it is generally at her initiative. We will continue this as long as we are both fit - it's a lot like heart surgery and car racing. I also have a roommate mandate to put venison in the freezer (with a primitive bow) instead of relying on the kindness of others in this regard, and very much relish waterfowl and upland bird hunting, making dogs seem trained to hunt, and READING.

Most recently I have had a ball reconnecting with our classmates - people I was close to and people I don't remember with much detail. The Carleton experience, especially, perhaps, at the node in history when we were there, is marvelous to refresh. It's the coming 18-21 June, right?

Jeff Berglund

How many people are there in your family?" This is a simple question for some people to answer, but for me now it's a difficult question. When I was at Carleton and someone asked me this, I said, "Five: my father, my mother, my brother, my sister, and me."

After graduating from Carleton, I returned to Japan where I had gone the year before with a group of students following Bardwell Smith in a quest to discover the Holy Grail of enlightenment in Japanese religion: Zen Buddhism. After Bardwell and Charlotte went back to the States, some of us (Mark Michelson, Anne Schultz, Ann Curtis, Monte Hull, Mike Lovett?) stayed on for the fall term to study in Kyoto. We all went back to the States at the end of September and finished our studies at Carleton before graduating.

After graduating I came a second time with John Perry and his family (and Nancy Kerr), and with the expectation of becoming an auditing student at Waseda University in Tokyo, I was invited to start teaching English at Doshisha High School in Kyoto. I taught there from September 1970 through March 1992. I married the love of my life, Kaoru, in 1972 and my answer to the question, "How many people in your family?" started to change. We had three sons (Ken, RJ, and Soseki), so now I started to answer, "Five: my wife, my three sons, and me."

Then my sons grew up, left home, graduated from college, got married, and started to have children of



their own. Now we have five grandchildren, three in the States and two in Japan. The oldest (Rita) just graduated from Georgia Tech and got a job in the international office at Tufts University, Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy (the place where John Perry went after he left Carleton). I also have more than 60 1st cousins (We even have our own cousins' group Facebook page), and when I went to the big family reunion back in 1976, more than 100 relatives gathered together at my parent's place in Rapid City, South Dakota.

I have been living in Kyoto, Japan, for more than 50 years now. I've written five books in Japanese (one murder mystery, two books of essays, and two books in my major field of intercultural communication) and nine in English (all short textbooks for Japanese students of English). I've taught more than 20,000 students since 1970. I'm currently the chair of the Department of Global Tourism at Kyoto University of Foreign Studies. I'm also a Goodwill Ambassador for the city of Kyoto and have been doing work on Japanese TV for more than 35 years. You can check out some of my video clips at: jeff-kyoto.com or at kufs.ac.jp, our school website.

So how many people are there in my family? Too many to count. And as our class reunion approaches and I look at our ALGOL'70 yearbook, I realize that in many ways we are all one big family.



Stephen Bielke

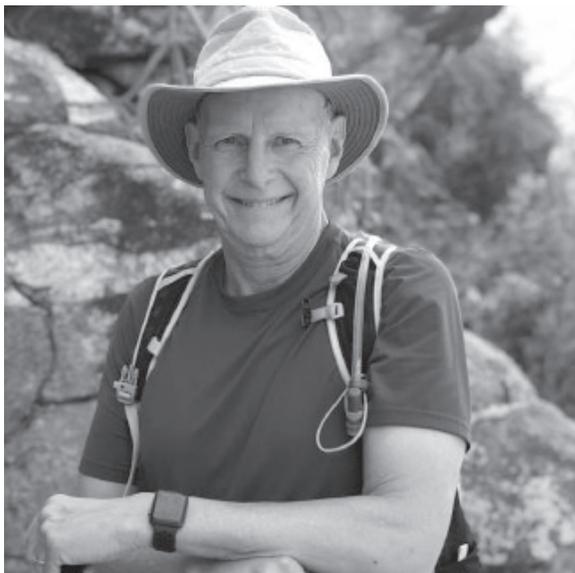
On a career note - After graduating from Carleton, I entered the U.S. Army due to a low lottery number. The Pentagon, in its infinite wisdom, put me in a medical research lab at Walter Reed Army Medical Center where I worked as an electron microscope technician. The closest I came to combat was wrestling with an angry lab rat that didn't want to cooperate with the day's planned activities. After the Army I did graduate work at the U. of Maryland and then went to medical school at the U. of Minnesota. During med school my career interest shifted from bench research to patient care because of the emotional satisfactions associated with the latter. I did a residency in internal medicine at Milwaukee County Hospital and, following that, joined a private practice group in suburban Brookfield where I practiced primary care internal medicine for 30 years, retiring in 2012.

On a personal note - I married Pat Widdoes (class of 1971) in 1971. Pat got her PhD in Psychology at the U. of Minnesota while I was in med school.



We have 2 children, Eric (b. 1979) and Christine (b.1982). Both children are now married and our daughter has twin sons, age 3. Pat and I divide our time between our lake home in northern Wisconsin during the summer, and our desert home in Tucson in the winter. We enjoy hiking, biking, travel, tennis and, of course, playing with our grandsons.

I look forward to seeing all of you again at the reunion in June.

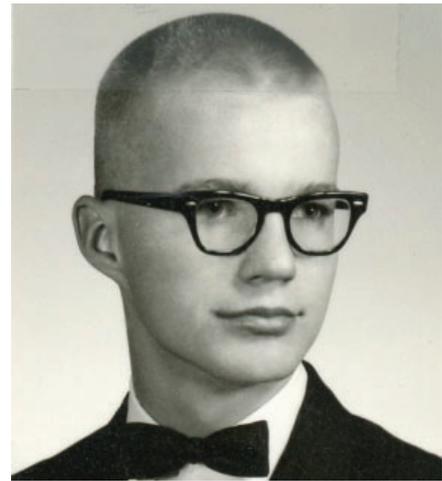


Jon Blue

Robert Browning said, “This is the last of life for which the first was made.” I kind of liked the first. Whatever (or whoever) I am, Carleton had a lot to do with it, since that’s where I met Jean (Elmblad ’71). We’ve been married for 48 years. That wasn’t necessarily an accomplishment when we were in school (all you had to do was to marry young and live to our present age), but it seems like more of an accomplishment now.

The Walter Mitty in me would have liked to have become a history professor, but I (correctly) anticipated the lousy academic market, went to law school, and never looked back. I spent sixteen years as a lawyer (mostly in criminal defense) and the following thirty years as a judge. I’m semiretired now, but the adrenalin still pumps when I walk up the courthouse steps. Every day, there’s an intractable problem to solve. I think more and more how lucky I am to still have useful work to do and to still be able to do it.

What else? Jean and I have two children and (any day now) two grandchildren. Grandparenting is just as wonderful as people say: all of the love and none of the responsibilities. Inspired by David Porter, I learned Ancient Greek as an adult. Reading (and



reciting) Homer in the original is still thrilling. Harriet Sheridan told me that when I was old, I would recite *King Lear* amid the storms of life. The *Iliad* does in a pinch. I wrote a book (*The Case of the Piglet’s Paternity*, in case you want to buy it). I love to cook and travel, and I read all the time. Living in New Haven, I’ve developed friendships all over the world, which is a mixed blessing, since I have great friends in great places, but rarely get to see them. Most of all, I’ve managed to continue my friendship with a core group of friends from Carleton who continue to add so much to my life. With luck, I’ll see you all at the Reunion.



Beth Boosalis Davis

I'm as surprised as any of us that we're now at the point we can refer to our graduation from Carleton – marking the end of our shared campus life together – as FIVE DECADES ago. For some reason, my life path since 1970 seems to have meandered in very different directions at roughly the start of each of those decades.

The FIRST DECADE was defined by The Law – law school (which I hated except for the legal aid clinic), private practice in a Chicago law firm, public practice for the State of Illinois. Not my favorite decade, except for meeting and marrying my favorite lawyer and husband, Max, after meeting during a summer law internship. Soon after the SECOND DECADE mark, I was elected to the Evanston (IL) City Council and spent a fascinating ten years engaged in local politics helping spur economic development, expand human services, and listen to constant constituent complaints about lack of parking – all while having and raising our two sons (the younger one declared by resolution as the official Evanston Alderbaby after his birth between Council meetings). At almost precisely the THIRD DECADE point, on November 14, 1990, my life took a severely sharp turn when Max had a massive stroke. That scary and challenging decade was marked by our whole family's involvement in Max's seemingly insurmountable but determined efforts to walk and talk again; and during the decade I took yet another career path as executive director for a nonprofit for children with disabilities. Then came a more contemplative FOURTH DECADE spent mostly researching and writing (after brushing up my Harriet Sheridan writing skills at the University of Iowa Writers' Workshop) a book about my



mother, *Mayor Helen Boosalis: My Mother's Life in Politics*. Mom and I had a fantastic year traveling the country with the published book before she died in 2009.

The FIFTH DECADE – not so well-defined, yet it zipped past like all the rest. After spending much time through all the decades serving on several nonprofit boards (and one for-profit community bank board where I implausibly chaired the audit committee for 23 years), my focus this last decade has been on the boards where I've served longest: Steppenwolf Theatre in Chicago, the Illinois Arts Council, and Carleton -- where highlights have been working with students as student life committee chair and returning to campus multiple times to chair the blue sky working group in the last strategic planning process. I also began volunteer tutoring in elementary school ESL classes, overcrowded with an influx of refugee families in Evanston. Max and I celebrated our 40th anniversary in 2013 on a Carleton alumni trip circumnavigating the Black Sea. But the truly big hallmarks of this decade were reminders of the circle of life: the birth of our two granddaughters (3½ years and 5 months) and the death of my dad just two months short of his 100th birthday – lots of both joyful and sad caregiving.

So I feel like the last five decades have mostly reached out and grabbed me, twisting my path this way and that. Perhaps the next decades (if I'm lucky) will be subject to a bit more shaping. I especially look forward at reunion to learning how classmates are planning to use and enjoy however many decades we may yet share.

Christopher Bowen

Before and during my time at Carleton I dreamt of being a scientist. At Carleton I became interested in ecology so after graduation I entered a new M.S. program at the University of Montana in Environmental Studies. Following that I moved on to the University of California at Davis, one of the few PhD programs in Ecology. However, lack of financial support and the drudgery of finishing my doctoral research lead me gradually to ennui, and I dropped out without finishing my degree there.

After working for three years as the land manager at a large rural residential community with about half the acreage owned in common I decided to combine an interest in wine with a love of working outdoors. I took a job driving a tractor at a vineyard while studying viticulture at a community college. I had found my niche and became a vineyard manager, a profession I continued for almost forty years. I loved the seasonal rhythm of farming and the challenge of applying what I learned each year to making the next year better. So, I guess you could say that I tried to farm like a scientist.

For most of that time I was manager of Hunter Farms in Sonoma Valley, responsible, eventually, for about 100 acres of wine grape vineyards. During some of this time I was also general manager and part owner of Robert Hunter Winery, a small operation best known for its sparkling wine, but also producing Pinot Noir, Chardonnay and Cabernet Sauvignon.



Along the way I served on the boards of a couple Sonoma County grape grower organizations including one year as president of the Sonoma County Grape Growers Association. I also enjoyed coaching youth soccer, served for several years on our local youth soccer club board, and served in various church volunteer positions.

My wife, Ellen, is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker who has a private practice in psychotherapy and special expertise in domestic violence treatment. She has a great love for history, especially women's history, and historical reenactment. In 2020 she will be involved in many events commemorating the 100th anniversary of the ratification of the 19th Amendment. She is an accomplished seamstress and sews, often designing herself, all her historical outfits. I sometimes join her in doing historical reenactment.

We have two kids. Meredith teaches sixth grade and is the most amazing mom I have ever known. She and her husband Matt have twins – Lydia and Jack, whom Ellen and I dote upon. Our son Andrew is a journalist for the public radio and TV station in San Diego and his husband Lucas, originally from Brazil, is a ballet dancer.

Over the years I've maintained contact with friends from Carleton, and I always have a blast at our reunions, so I hope to see as many of us as can make it next June.

Mark Bramhall

We were supposed to join a commune and live close to the earth. Instead, after Jan and I married, I joined the world's second largest computer company, Digital Equipment Corporation. The first two decades of my 1970 to 1996 tenure were remarkable and exciting. In 1996, at my first performance review in three years, I was told to "stop rocking the boat." I said the boat was sinking and I was trying to keep it afloat. They said, "Don't rock the boat." I quit. It was hard to do after twenty-six years of some of the best work ever. Digital was sold within a year of my leaving; the boat sank.

I joined the technology group of a consulting company. This was the .com era and we grew with it. We were bought by an umbrella company creating a large consulting company by acquisition. There was an IPO. It went nowhere. Too committed to .com, too over-extended, the "dot bomb" event was our death.

At another small consulting company, we did well, got some big contracts. I traveled to Paris, Amsterdam, Sydney, Hong Kong to install racks full of server equipment for equity pre- and post-trade analytics. I ran a large VPN connecting everything, designing, installing, and running it all. When we sold ourselves, the founder got his millions; I got a little. Again, sold to a slightly larger consulting company, I was head of internal IT and ran a couple of large "legacy" clients.

As the first consulting company "dot bombed", our



three children went off to college. Two went to Carleton with no pushing on our part. Empty-nesters, we found a small house on fifteen wooded acres in our town of Acton, MA, affordable only because it was in a state-sponsored tax abatement chapter. We promised no development; they drastically lowered taxes. It is off-grid: no power, cable – or anything. We have solar panels, a battery bank, and an inverter to give us 110 VAC. We rely on an LP-gas generator when solar isn't adequate – September to March. The stove, heat, refrigerator, etc., are all LP-gas powered. Fortunately, it is only two of us, living a simple life. We have a TV, seldom used. It is not a commune, but we are living much closer to the earth than I would have ever expected.

I retired in 2016. I had developed an "idée fixe" about living in France, so, after some French lessons, I spent three months in Paris in the Spring of 2017. I really enjoyed it, except for loneliness. Jan visited for a few weeks but can't leave her dogs for too long.

In 2018, I heard from a friend from Digital whom I had not talked to in twenty-five years. He offered a job in his start-up company building a new hardware product that required firmware and host side device driver and library support. The clincher was that the company is Paris-based. I un-retired.

I now live in Paris and commute to our Boulogne office four days a week. There are two software people. My colleague is literally half my age. I get ten across-the-Atlantic round-trips a year, so I visit home or Jan visits Paris frequently.

I continue to live a full life with marriage, children, grandchildren, retirement, work, and a brief death (pulmonary embolism).

Kathleen Brooker

I married Tim McDonald in 2006 and relocated to Tacoma, WA, from Denver. Now retired from my last job as Executive Director at Historic Seattle, but volunteering with Historic Tacoma and the NW School of Wooden Boatbuilding. I get to see my old CC friends Barb Bennett, Craig Rennebohm and Liz Sims often.

My preservation career started after a year of museum work in NYC and led to NM, where I got a M. Arch. From there, satisfying jobs in Santa Fe, Lowell, MA, Denver, and then Seattle. I feel very lucky to have found a niche that combines architecture, history, the American experience, politics, and community-building.

Tim and I enjoy sailing...I'm not of much use but being back on the water after growing up in Duluth is a thrill...and continue to run weekly. We bought a modest place in the South of France and travel there yearly. It's brought us a bigger life, one that we have enjoyed sharing.



Richard Brown

According to the noted gerontologist Robert Butler, old age is often a time of “life review”. Looking back on one’s life is especially interesting if you were a witness to history. I had a great grandfather, Henry Poehler (1833-1912), who at my age (72) wrote about his working at a trading post in Henderson, Minnesota, and experiencing the Indian wars of 1862. Likewise, my grandfather, Edward Brown (1851-1938), wrote about the influence of germ theories of Pasteur and Lister on his medical education. (He must have taken the lessons seriously because I was told he disapproved of blowing out candles on birthday cakes).

In my 2010 Bio, I wrote about studying psychology in the 1970’s and encountering in Harvard Square, many of the countercultural movements described in Harvey Cox’s book *Turning East*. It occurred to me that my fascination with “altered states of consciousness” dates to Summer Term 1966, long before I became a psychology major. I recall checking out piles of books and hiding out in a windowless study room in the basement of Goodhue composing a term paper on the mystical experience. One book in the pile was *The Varieties of Religious Experience* by William James. For William James, one of the characteristics of the religious experience was transiency, which is the hallmark of a state (vs. trait). Looking back, it occurs to me that many of my areas of interest centered around mental states, from pain perception, to meditation, to creativity, to my dissertation on “Kinesthetic and Cognitive Determinants of Emotional State”. My dissertation was inspired by an idea from William James that altering one’s body posture can affect one’s mood state and



not just the other way around. A few years ago, I attended a book signing by Amy Cuddy, a Harvard Business School professor known for her viral 2012 TED talk on “power posing.” Her thesis, like mine, was that altering one body posture can alter mental state and she inscribed her book: “To my kindred fan of William James”

While I do not have too much to add to my 2010 Bio Book entry, I continue to be interested in family history (my brother and I have a database of over 7000 ancestors and relatives). The book on collected writings of my advisor, Frank Jones, got cited as a footnote in Wikipedia, under Alexander Technique. I have co-taught some courses at a local Senior Center in Dover, MA, on Health Psychology and also Hearing Loss. I see it is time to submit this because I still suffer from procrastination. (The paper on mysticism I referred to above led to my first all-nighter and I turned in the “rough draft.”)

As a fan of longitudinal studies, I am looking forward to the reunion.

Al Buettner

My wife, Leigh, and I (married 45 years and counting) have lived in Colorado Springs since moving from Chicago in 1997. We're delighted that our three children live in state as well with our eldest daughter and three granddaughters in Denver, and our son and daughter in the Roaring Fork Valley on the Western Slope. We see them whenever we spend time at our second home in Snowmass.

I've been "retired" for many years but hardly disengaged. I currently serve as Board Chair for Theatreworks, one of two leading theater companies in the Springs. Other board service includes the Colorado Springs Philharmonic, for which I was a past Board Chair and now serve as an honorary member as well as sponsor of a concert series along with my wife.

Another interesting chapter for several years was with the board of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, which, during my tenure, concluded an alliance with Colorado College. That institution occupies a prominent place in our community and the combination has proven to be very successful.

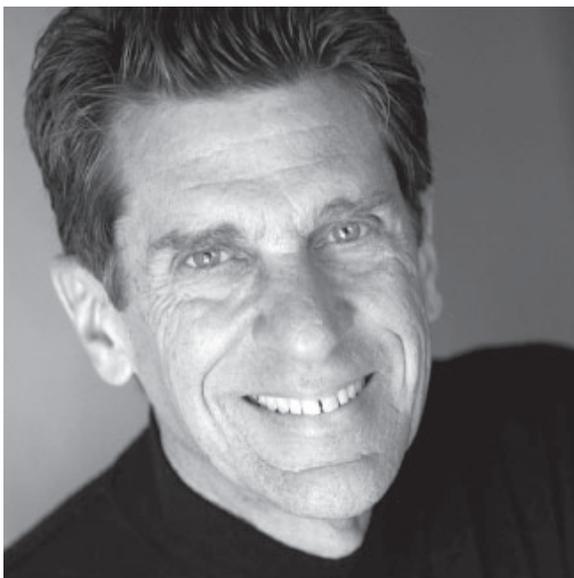
The performing arts, in a variety of manifestations, have been an important part of my life and one for which, happily, Leigh has been very supportive.



I've enjoyed performance opportunities as well, in a variety of plays and musicals at a number of venues both here and before we left Chicago. So whether in front of or behind the footlights it's all been very good.

We stopped in Northfield a couple of summers ago on our way to our summer cabin in the Northwoods of Wisconsin. Spent a night at the Stewart Hotel to give Leigh the full flavor of the old town of "cows, colleges and contentment". Everything looked wonderful and remarkably like I remember it with various notable enhancements. Wally Weitz, you've done yourself, your classmates and the institution proud! Thank you.

Greetings to all. I'm not presently planning to attend but will be there in thought and spirit.



Cleo (Bugelas) Alexander

The Threads of Carleton Woven Through My Story

It began with Scotch, on an airplane with Harriet Sheridan. Jerry Facciani and I had been elected to sit on the Presidential Search Committee that ultimately selected Howard Swearer. We were on our way to NYC to interview candidates. Harriet declared she was going to “teach me to drink.” Scotch, as it turned out. Because it wouldn’t get me, a woman, into trouble.

At my first meeting of the National Association of Fund Raising Executives, I ordered a Scotch, surprising my Art Institute of Chicago boss. When he left the AIC, I was given his job: Director of Development of the School of the Art Institute - at half his salary. I copied the AIC on the letter I was about to send to the EEOC. My salary was doubled. Harriet was a very formidable woman. I learned more from her than how to drink.

The Carleton thread revealed.

I first visited Chartres Cathedral when I was 17 years old. The next year, I took Philip Niles’ medieval history course. I have visited Chartres on every major birthday since: 21, 33, (had a baby at 30 – visit delayed); 40, 50, 55, (realized time was running out); 60, 63, (a very bad year which required the Cathedral’s perspective); 65, and 71, (spent 70 with my children and grandchildren).

The Carleton thread revealed.

I participated in the Carleton in Japan program after my freshman year. The Art Institute of Chicago has a 10th century Yakushi Nyorai, the Buddha of Healing. I visited “my Buddha” every day of the 5 years I worked there. Later, as President of the Woman’s Board, I received a badge that allowed me to visit my Buddha, even when the gallery was officially closed. When my children were at Evanston Township High School, I arranged a \$50,000 grant from my Japanese company client to establish a Japanese language program there. It has been expanded to include study in Japan. Who knows what other Buddha stories have resulted?

The Carleton thread revealed.

African-American boys were spending a lot of “time out” time in the hall outside of their classrooms in the elementary school my children attended. I went to the Principal and asked for the school district’s test scores, disaggregated by race. He laughed and sent me to the guardian of scores in the central administration. She, too, laughed, and said the only way I would see those scores would



be to run for the School Board. Leaning back in her chair she added: AND WIN. And so I did. There was a 40% gap between the test scores of African-American and White children. This was in 1985, in progressive Evanston, Illinois. Soon after, the Board made the scores public.

Nearly 30 years later I received an Evanston Township High Distinguished Alumni Award. Of 46,000 graduates, about 100 have received this award. It came with a bronze plaque, which hangs in a central corridor. I look tired.

The Carleton thread of student workness and the belief that we have the power and obligation to right wrongs is revealed.

Five years ago, I realized we are sending our soldiers to far off places to fight, and they often have little idea where they are going. I decided to address this issue by writing books for young children. I created a character, Shiny the Sea Star, who surfs to the major rivers of the world. <http://www.shinyseastar.com> Thus far, Shiny has made it to the Yangtze, the Mississippi and the Ganges. The Nile is next, its completion delayed by the most unexpected cancer diagnosis my son received a year ago. My books feature maps. I have illustrated them with Cut Outs made of Origami paper. My closest Carleton friend made amazing Origami paper creations.

The Carleton thread revealed.

And so I come to 2020. When I told my grandchildren I was having difficulty with this Tell Your Story assignment, they enthusiastically said “Write about us!” They are wonderful!!! I could go on and on.

This ends with Anejo Tequila, toasting the sunset and the Santa Monica Pier (Shiny’s Home Base), from our balcony.

No Carleton thread.

Priscilla “Cilla” Burbank-Schmitt

I graduated with the class of '69 even though I started with the class of '70. After marrying Daryl Schmitt in Evan's lounge the afternoon of graduation fifty plus years ago we lived in Hanover, NH, Tunbridge, VT, Brookline, MA, and Leicester, VT. I taught high school math, mostly in Hanover and Brookline. While at Brookline I was awarded the Presidential Award for Excellence in Math Teaching.

Along with backpacking and camping in the Sierra and Rockies we raised three wonderful daughters. Then we took up recumbent bicycling. In 2006 we rode our tandem recumbent bike from Brookline, MA to Grinnell, Iowa where we continued a long tradition of visiting Tom and Emily Moore before participating in RAGRAI, an annual bike ride across Iowa. Quite a way to see the country in all its nitty gritty. In total we have cycled over 46,000 miles.

In 2010, after retiring, we moved to Lake Dunmore in Vermont. I took up single sculling and gave Daryl



a little bit of help as he built an octagonal workshop, modeled after a barn I photographed in Iowa on RAGBRAI. It is a work in progress.

After our three daughters moved out to the Pacific Northwest, taking the grandchildren with them, we decided to spend the winters in Seattle. So currently we are bicoastal, summers in Vermont and rainy season in Seattle. Good thing we still enjoy walks in the rain which we started doing at Carleton.



Linda (Butler) Spight

“I am an ordinary person who has been blessed with extraordinary opportunities and experiences.”

I must confess that Carleton was not my first choice – really not my choice at all! I had always been a pretty cautious individual, so although I got many letters requesting that I apply to various colleges and universities, I had decided to attend a respected university in my own backyard. My high school counselor, however, had other plans for me. She had met with a representative from this small liberal arts college in the middle of nowhere, and she agreed to accompany me on a college visit. I was not impressed with Carleton, perhaps because I had already decided that I wasn't going to attend, or perhaps because I saw no one during my visit who looked like me! My counselor loved it, of course, and convinced my parents that it would be a privilege and an honor to attend. And so, I went! Though I had planned to transfer after my first year, I ended up meeting some wonderful people with whom I shared some awesome experiences. Those experiences had a positive impact on my life; I was able to step outside of my comfort zone and become involved in the many changes in our nation that were being reflected on our campus. I felt involved and empowered, characteristics that have served me well.



While at Carleton, I had the opportunity to spend a semester in Chicago, completing my student teaching. That experience only confirmed my commitment to give back to my community by educating and mentoring our youth. I have been blessed with the opportunity to serve as teacher, reading specialist, activities coordinator, department chair, assistant principal, principal and mentor. Over the years, I have had the pleasure of watching countless students graduate and not only become luminaries, but more importantly, become positive citizens, activists, and role models. They have invited me into their lives to share in their celebrations of life – marriages, births, baptisms, promotions – and to share in the celebrations of loved ones gone, but forever remembered. I have formed flourishing and enduring friendships with colleagues, students and parents.

My greatest blessing has been my family. My daughter has brought me immeasurable joy, nudging me towards living my best life as I watch her live hers! My sisters and I maintain the strong bond and legacy forged by our parents, keeping our children and their children surrounded with familial love and support.

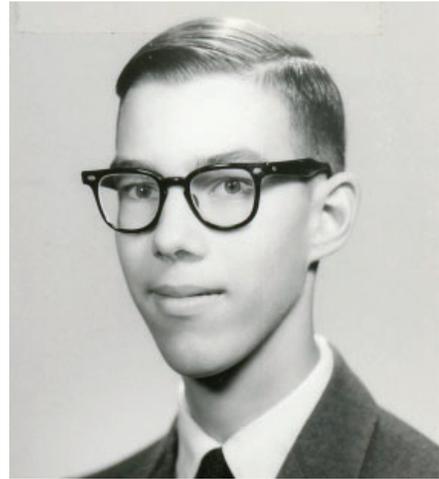
Since retiring, I have tried to keep my mind and body active. I dance, read, volunteer in the schools, serve on various educational and civic boards, and spend time with family and friends. At the end of the day, I am thankful that my blessings are bigger than my problems, and that I am able to be a blessing to someone else.

Don Camp

Where I am now: a retired foreign service officer living with my wife Betsy (brother of Bob Hart, '70) in Falls Church, VA. Doing occasional gigs in New York City as an advisor at the US Mission to the UN.

Where I've been: My foreign service career was more in Washington than overseas. Nevertheless, I had great years in Sri Lanka and Barbados. Then, after marriage, we spent six years in China, one in Taiwan, two in Beijing and three in Chengdu. The last tour included our children Matthew and Catherine. Matt went to three years of kindergarten in Chengdu and at one point was fluent in street Chinese.

In retirement, I work occasionally for the State Department and also keep busy running a local friends of Sri Lanka group, working on the local library board of trustees and raising money for same, and consulting and writing for the Center for Strategic and International Studies. I hope there will be more traveling in our immediate future.



Lately, it's been a great pleasure to work with some terrific classmates to plan our 50th reunion. I hope to see many of you there.

In my spare time, I spend far too much time on social media. Follow me on twitter at @donacamp. I also recently put together a personal website which you may or may not want to look at for additional information. Don't judge me - .guru was available and .com wasn't. Somehow it seemed appropriate. <http://www.donaldcamp.guru>



R. Todd Carlson

Susan (Davol '76) and I designed and built our home on the banks of Prairie Creek near Northfield many years ago. It was there that we raised two children and many dogs and cats. Our organic gardens have fed friends and family and are now changing their role to become habitat for birds, bees and butterflies.

I was forty-five years a teacher working with adolescents young and old. I was fortunate enough to always be able to design my own job in interdisciplinary studies programs and to work with architects to design the physical buildings that would serve a rational educational philosophy. The last 21 years I was on the faculty at the School of Environmental Studies at the Minnesota Zoo and taught often in the Hamline University graduate program. Students and their families gave me the opportunity to travel the world with them to introduce them to different ecologies, cultures and the expert people who taught us all.

As a break in the mid-90s, Susan and I, with our two young children, taught in a Danish village school for a full year. When given refurbished bikes on our first day there, we knew the adventure would be a joy. It was much more.



In a classroom the stage belongs to the students, with a teacher serving as a subdued director. That made me find my post-athletic stage in theater, where I've been fortunate to be cast in numerous musicals and a bit of Shakespeare with The Northfield Arts Guild. Susan has pursued a career on the west of the Cannon River at St. Olaf working with new faculty and those resourceful students who seek to design their majors. Theater is her own great passion.

Our life together has been beautiful. Peace and be well. Todd and Susan

Margit (Carson) Johnson

A recent conversation prompted me to reflect on what was important to me when I was 14 and then at 25. I would never, in my wildest dreams at 14, imagined that in those 11 years I would live in Sweden for a year, attend Carleton, marry Eric (class of '68), move back to Northfield, and begin a so-called portfolio career. But first we traveled around the country for a year, living on \$25 a week (including gas) while hiking, biking, kayaking, camping and exploring the hinterlands.

Once we returned to Northfield, we bought a “starter home” six blocks south of the campus. We decided that we could read some books and figure out how to restore the old house. Eric resumed his high school teaching career, while I began a degree in library science while working at the Northfield Public Library. In time I decided that I was not cut out to work in a library all my life, much as I value libraries. I retired from that job two days before our daughter Tekla (class of '97) was born.

The intervening years were filled with parenting, working on our old house, gardening, keeping chickens, volunteering in the League of Women Voters, serving on the Northfield Planning Commission, and following a circuitous career path. I managed a fiber arts store in downtown Northfield. I became Rice County's Recycling Coordinator, although when school children saw me outside the



classroom, they greeted me as “the garbage lady.”

Each of these endeavors lasted about 7 years, during which time we continued to work on our old house. We went on several long distance bicycle trips, one when Tekla was 16 and on her single bike could outpace Eric and me on our tandem. A family cabin on the North Shore of Lake Superior has always been our favorite home away from home.

My last paying job lasted a full 12 years, working in Carleton's Off Campus Studies Office. A Masters degree in Intercultural Communications from Pacific University added useful strategies to my off campus studies toolbox.

Since retiring from Carleton I garden during the growing season, both at home and as a volunteer in the Carleton Japanese garden. I tutor third graders in reading. The old house is done, as far as we're concerned, and remodeled so that we can “age in place.” We created a studio apartment above our garage that we rent to visiting Carleton professors during the year and host family and friends in the summer. Our 9-year old grandson Aksel, a native of Santa Fe NM, spends summers with us.

We spent 15 years caring for our elderly parents. With some luck and our genetic makeup, we figure we have another 25 years. If prognosticating now is anything like it was between the ages of 14 and 25, I have no idea what is in store for us. But it promises to be interesting.

Elevation in Northfield is 922', therefore, my blog: <https://elevation922.com>

Kim Cheung

Because I matriculated at Carleton with the class of 1971 and graduated with the class of 1970, I spent most of my Carleton days in classes and labs and studying. Recently JoAnn Riecke and Jean Thomson both reminded me of that fact. My professors at Carleton had prepared me well for my many years of further education. I received an MA and PhD in Biochemistry from Princeton University and an MD from Tulane Medical School.

My husband, a PhD in Chemical Engineering, also from Princeton, moved the family a few times because of work relocation. We currently live in Houston, Texas, and yes, we survived Hurricane Harvey! Thank God our house did not flood! We are active in our Chinese church where Richard serves on the Board and I still play the piano and provide interpretation between English and Chinese for our congregation. We are blessed with a lovely daughter.

As a pediatrician in an academic setting, I see many patients daily together with medical students and



residents, in hospitals and in clinics. Because of my interest in injury prevention, I have developed expertise in Child Abuse Pediatrics, Child Fatality Reviews and Foster Care. The majority of my patients are in foster care. Their life stories truly touch my heart and their resilience uplifts my spirit!

If you are in the Houston area, please stop by and visit. Will treat you to a Texan BBQ or Chinese dim sum.



Rose Christopherson

Carleton. Their admissions team was focused on having the proportion of black students similar to the national proportion – I think about 6% at that time. So they spent most of their energy recruiting those students. I made Carleton my first choice school because when I went there to interview, I picked up their yearbook and it was actually interesting and entertaining. At Carleton I switched majors from biology to philosophy, and met Dan Clouser. He joined the faculty of Hershey Medical School, and asked me to replace him for a year so he could take a sabbatical. That's where I met John Combs, whom I eventually married.

I am a retired anesthesiologist who does acupuncture. I retired in 2015. I spent the last 15 years of my career at the Portland VA Medical Center, and the first 15 years at Johns Hopkins. One of my colleagues at the VA founded the Veterans' Acupuncture Clinic, where I volunteer. People know and respect Hopkins, so I want to talk about the VA.

When I arrived, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven, as I had access electronically to every record of my patient, from any VA in the country. No more shuffling through papers and wondering if I've seen all the EKGs. And veterans watch out for each other in a way that wouldn't have occurred to the Hopkins patients.



On a more personal level, I was unable to get pregnant, but I have wonderful stepchildren and grandchildren from my husband John Combs' first wife. John died in 2014. He had been ill since shortly after I retired in 2010, with vascular disease, a stroke, and later an MI. I was able to care for him at home, mostly, and was really exhausted by the time he died. My grief has been deep but I am recovering.

On a more physical level, I had hip replacement surgery in November, which went well. That's why I can now plan forward, and I hope to attend the reunion.

Glenn Craig

What I've Done Since Carleton

San Francisco Theological Seminary
Lived for four years in Berkeley
Spent a year in Germany studying the Old Testament
Traveled to Iran during Ramadan (before the Ayatollahs)
Presbyterian minister
Phillipsburg, Kansas 1975-1981
Grove City, Ohio 1981-1987

Married Bobbie, adopted Danny, 1979
Bobbie first introduced herself after church by pointing out that I had made a mistake in the morning's sermon. Seems I had confused Mary Tudor with Mary Queen of Scots. Very impressive.

Med school, age 39
From "our young minister" to "Who's the Old Guy in the front row?"
Bobbie died, 1996
Green Country Emergency Medicine, a company I founded to supply ER doctors to small and non-small hospitals.
Made lots of money, but too much work
GCEM: 1994-2008, R. I. P.

Married Stacey, 1998
Katy and Elizabeth - twins, freshmen in New York colleges. Both considered Carleton, though
New Zealand, 2011 - worked as an ER doctor for a year.
Best year of my life

My brief fling with retirement

Didn't like it
Needed the money
Went back to work
Worked at Community Health Connection, a mostly Latino clinic in East Tulsa
Great place to work (2014-2019)
Learned Spanish

What I'm Doing Now

In September, I am moving back to New Zealand for good. I will be working in Wellington in a clinic serving Maori, the underserved people who discovered the place.
Trying to learn the language.

Whom I've Loved

Bobbie and Danny
Stacey
Katy - singer, dancer, charisma itself
Elizabeth - pianist, dazzling student, introvert (like me)
George Miller - friend of 53 years
My dad



Regrets

I wish I had studied harder in college. Thought I could do it on glide. Big mistake.
I wish I had been a better son.
Stacey has decided not to go to NZ with me. Divorce amicable.

Greatest Accomplishment

Married well - twice

Skiing adventures

Elizabeth, about 6 years old, was on the slopes for the first time. Predictably, she'd ski a few feet and then fall, after which Stacey would ski over, say something encouraging, and help her up. Another five to ten feet, and then down again, boom. Fifty or sixty times this must have happened. Finally, glum and all out of happy talk, Stacey scooped her up yet again. Crusted in snow, Elizabeth with a big grin: "This is FUN!"

A hapless Lothario

First time I called for a date, Stacey thought I was a vacuum cleaner salesman.

Second best year: 2000

Stacey pregnant
OU national champs
Bush won
It snowed at Christmas

Katy, who doesn't have a boyfriend yet, was recently on a church trip in Boston. She was sitting outside Quincy Market, talking with a friend, when a drunk came up. He looked at Katy, looked at Kyle, looked at Katy again, looked at Kyle ...and high-fived him.

Just so, I'm often (understandably) mistaken for the girls' grandfather. A few years ago in Walmart someone made that mistake and was duly corrected. "You're their Dad?"
"Yes"
"Way to go"

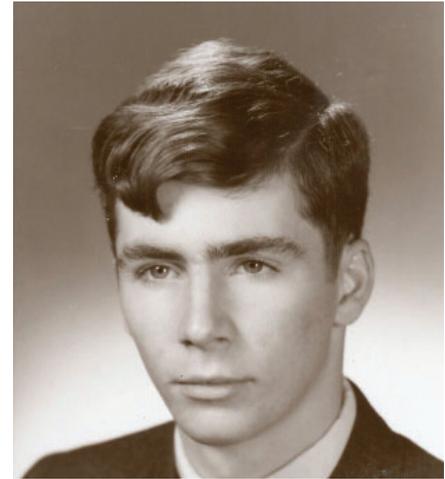


Bill Craine

Where has fifty years gone; nearly fifty-four if you count from 20 September 1966. I am fortunate to be surrounded by good friends and family. And, to paraphrase Bob Dylan, “I was older then; I’m younger than that now.”

My artist wife and best friend, Jackie, and I have four children (including Katie ‘00) and six grandchildren all living within a few hours of our Central New York home. Billy, our youngest, just got married in December, 2019, so we may have more 529 accounts to fund. Fortunately all of the kids, and their families, are actively involved with life.

By my choice I am still working and volunteering in areas of my interest. But, with the marvels of modern technology we are able to spend more time at our Clearwater Beach, Florida, residence. To me my professional and volunteer careers have always been about meaningful engagement. My interest rapidly wanes unless we are adding significant value to the equation. Recently I was elected Board Chair of Munson Williams Proctor Arts Institute which is affiliated with Pratt Institute (Jackie’s alma



matar), and Willow Run Foods, Inc., a 425 person employee-owned logistics company.

One of my great good fortunes is to have been involved with Carleton since the mid 1980’s. I continue to be amazed and energized during and after my return from each one of my 125 or so trips to Northfield. Each visit is like a new beginning.

It will be wonderful to see everyone in June as we split time that weekend between Northfield and a family wedding in Utah.



Len Crowley

'70s – no clue – necessary first step to encountering God

- Played in first ever NFL “Monday Night Football” game (Saturday pre-season trial run) – KC Chiefs vs. Lions, Tiger Stadium, Detroit, MI (You could look it up!)**
- Began with The Churchill Group, nation’s first REIT – CA
- Alumni Director, Harvey Mudd College, CA – creating investment opportunities for non-profit donors.
- Assistant football coach Div. III for Claremont-Mudd.
- Hard left turn: Became a follower of Jesus. Graduated from Talbot Seminary, CA

'80s – a clue – beginning to understand Who God is, what He is like and how He works.

- Married Linda Anderson (40 years and still growing)
- Meghan '83, and Evan '86 + 4 granddaughters in Detroit & Croatia
- National & International Instructor with Walk Thru the Bible.
- Pastor in PA, just south of Philly (not in South Philly!)
- Assistant coach Div. III football at Swarthmore College
- Taught biblical leadership two summers at Pretoria Seminary, RSA.

'90s – not exactly the clue I was looking for – moving toward bi-vocational ministry

- Pastor in MI, just north of Detroit
- After the “Fall of the Wall” helped fund church construction and start 1st Bible school in Bryansk, Russia



- Served on mission boards and taught in Three-Self seminary in China

'00s – there’s a clue – developing a comprehensive picture of forgiveness, grace, and usefulness to God

- Moved to CO to become Managing Director of Counsel & Capital, a non-profit investment bank, building bridges between “left-brain donors” and ministries.
- Planted NorthWord Church as a bi-vocational pastor
- Executive Director of PLI Global, (worldwide character-based leadership training).
- Guest lecturer, seminaries in West Africa, Hungary, Croatia, & Albania
- Manager of three real estate partnerships.

'10s – beginning to “get a clue” – hopefully growing from a teller to more of a listener

- Began Forgiven Community (promoting biblical church purpose and principled governance) and co-founded Whole in One (multi-ethnic collaborations).
- Helped establish TLC, adjunct character-based leadership training – now in fourteen Chinese universities.
- Director of the Residency for Strategic Renewal and The 6:4 Fellowship
- Chairman of The Cross Ministry Group – experiential weekend encounters with God.
- Published first book, Longing – finding our way back to Eden

**Noted with a smirk the following line from an obscure scene in the movie “Whiplash” (2014). “Big deal. Carleton College, it’s Division III. And here are five words no Carleton football player will ever hear. ‘Welcome to the NFL rookie.’” Exactly what Dick LeBeau (Detroit Lions CB) said after punching me in the kidney – summer, 1970. Correction please!

Edwin Danielson

“You missed your calling,” people would tell me whenever I would do something competently. “No, I didn’t,” I would reply. “I never had a calling.” True enough -- unless you want to count working as a jazz disc jockey a “calling.”

I first caught the radio bug at KARL, of course, and it has stuck with me for a half-century now. My radio career in Denver began at a middle-of-the-road station (a format that has mercifully disappeared), and that job lasted a couple of years, until the station was sold, the format altered, and all the personnel let go. Since I was married with a very young son, I decided that radio might not provide the sort of stable career necessary to support a family. So I pursued other opportunities, often with some success: film production, until the company owner drank himself (and his company) into bankruptcy; advertising, until my employer, a retail company, was bought in a leveraged buyout (a hostile takeover) and people were fired in a cost-cutting frenzy; stock brokering, until I realized I didn’t have the kind of mind-set enabling me to make 300 cold calls every day; and finally computer network administration, which I worked at for 22 years. I retired in 2014.

Meanwhile, a public radio station devoted to jazz and minority programming was started in Denver in 1985, and a friend suggested that I audition for it. (After a divorce, people are encouraged to try new things. Golf didn’t work for me.) The audition was good enough that the program director put me on the air the very next day, and I’ve been there ever since, in one capacity or another. I was the paid daily morning drive-time host for nearly eight years, and a weekend volunteer host for the other years... while working my full-time network administration job. The station streams at kuvo.org.

My other interest, as anyone who knew me at Carleton knows, is jazz. Some years ago, a man I had known since high school started a traditional jazz festival in the Denver suburb of Evergreen, and lost



\$35,000 of his own money. A board of directors was created for the festival, along with a business plan. My acquaintance became the festival’s music director, until he began feuding with the board. Both he and the board asked me to take on the position of music director (which means picking musicians for the festival), and we’ve had several successful years. The Evergreen Jazz Festival is held yearly on the last full weekend in July, if anyone might be interested in attending.

The marriage didn’t work out, but our “union was blessed with issue,” as James Thurber once put

it. My son wasn’t interested in Minnesota winters and so didn’t apply to Carleton; instead, he wound up at Knox College in Illinois (not much warmer), where he graduated magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa, with honors in physics and two academic prizes. (He took after his old man.) After earning a PhD from Wisconsin, he worked on the Higgs Boson project, and is now a systems engineer at a company in Santa Barbara.

I have never remarried – I’ll never get divorced again! – but

have had some rewarding relationships with interesting women. I’m currently with someone pretty terrific. We’ve been traveling and having a really good time.

A “calling?” I remember the words of Ray Davies: “All life we work, and work is a bore. If life’s for living, then what’s living for?” Maybe you could call that my koan.



Liz (Davenport) McKune

My Carleton BA in history has stood me in good stead for decades. Frankly, graduate school was much easier. I went straight from Northfield to Bologna, Italy, and then Washington, DC, where I received an MA in international relations from Johns Hopkins School of International Relations.

As an Army brat, I had always travelled. So, the lure of the Foreign Service attracted me, where I spent 33 exciting years, most of them abroad. I met my wonderful husband (46 years and counting) at the State Department's equivalent of "boot camp." His love of the Middle East inspired me to give it a try. During the course of my career, I encountered fascinating people and places. Living for long stretches in places like Israel, Egypt, Tunisia, Lebanon, and the Sultanate of Oman. I had the honor of being appointed as U.S. Ambassador to the State of Qatar from 1998-2001, serving under Clinton and George H.W. Bush.

Along the way, I had TDYS and spent wonderful years at the National Defense University (NDU), both as a student and professor. One of the books I co-authored, *The National Security Policy Process: The National Security Council and Interagency System* remains in use today not only at NDU, but at other academic institutions like Georgetown University. Later assignments included a senior advisor at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, an Ambassadorial staff member at Embassy Baghdad after the second Gulf War, and a senior liaison position coordinating with Pan-Arab media in London.

The State Department has a euphemism for retirement, transitioning. My transitioning took place in



2006, shortly after which my father became terminally ill with pancreatic cancer. So, I was fortunate in having close time with him before he passed. The same is true for the time I spent with my mother, now deceased.

In 2007, I became executive director of the Sultan Qaboos Cultural Center, a non-profit funded by the Omani government. It was interesting to work closely with the Omani Ambassador, now dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington. One of the major highlights of that experience was working to launch a new musical production called "Oman! Oman!" at the Kennedy Center. Much to my surprise, I was listed in the Kennedy Center's playbill as a contributor.

My SQCC experience was interrupted by a bout with cancer. I am happy to say that I am now cancer free, and have embarked on some writing. Although Ken and I do not have children, we have long co-habited with dachshunds. Right now, we are parenting Gretel, a 12-year old rescue dog, who is a delight and mistress of our home.

Bob Davidson

Thoughts about retirement, in no specific order

1. You never retire, you simply enter a different phase of your life.
2. Transitioning into retirement by phasing out of your current job, and perhaps into a similar or entirely different field requiring fewer hours of your time and early mornings, is, for many (...like me) easier than going “cold turkey” and totally leaving the paying job field.
3. Beware of saying “yes” to all those volunteer positions, as you’ll be consumed by them. Pick those opportunities which you have a passion for and feel you can make a difference.
4. Family becomes even more important than earlier in life.
5. As the old saying goes, “Make new friends, but keep the old ones,…”
6. You find yourself wondering how one can slow the clock down; time seems to be accelerating.
7. Take time to enjoy the simple things in life, like sunsets, butterflies, and walks in the woods.
8. Now that we have the time (no excuses), do something to make this planet (...your community, your country) cleaner, safer, more united.
9. Stay active, physically and mentally... swimming and reading come to mind.



Where did you go after Carleton?

1. 1970-1972: Math teacher, Owatonna (Mn.) Jr. and Sr. High School/ Swim Coach
2. 1972-1975: G.A, Saxton, NYC – securities analyst with the brokerage firm/ OTC Market Maker.
3. Thanks to Wally Weitz for introducing me to this firm
4. MBA from NYU
5. 1975-1976: PricewaterhouseCoopers, Minneapolis, auditor
6. 1977-2005: Honeywell, Minneapolis: accountant, price analyst
7. 2005-current: Retired in Alabama

What would you like your classmates to know about you?

Married (to Jamie, for 40 years). Have 2 adult children, Jim (38, English teacher in Shouguang City, China) and Laura (35, analyst with The Capital Group, a financial service firm in southern California).

Still enjoy swimming (on team at Carleton, along with Wallace (Gaard) Arneson, '70, math major as well). Raising our 14 year-old grandson, while his dad and mother work in China. As my daughter tells me, “now you can do this child rearing correctly” :).

Polly Detels

What have I done since I wrote about my life in 1995? I finished a PhD in history at University of North Texas, while transitioning gradually from Music faculty to the History Department at Texas A & M- Commerce. I continued with interdisciplinary team-teaching with my husband Charlie, a political theorist, and my tenure was moved to history in 2000. Never attempt this! It is too hard for academic administrators to imagine, let alone accomplish. We began a step-down retirement in the mid 2000s, and when that ended, I spent one more year in music teaching opera and voice. (Those who recall what an academic slacker I was at Carleton, are permitted a few giggles over my career in higher education. I was a late bloomer.) In 2014 we left our lovely four acres in NE Texas and moved (back for me) to the Pacific Northwest. In Bellingham, WA, we bought a geezer house, and spend our time hiking and volunteering at an animal therapy farm that helps veterans, kids and young women in recovery. It is a good life, and we are grateful. Don't know if I will make the reunion, but it has been great fun connecting with a few Carls on facebook.



Anne Dickison

Pithily summarizing my path through life is impossible. More correctly, my paths. Many ran concurrently, some zigzag or in pogo stick hops, some ending in blind alleys, but most as on-ramps to hamster wheels.

I left Carleton to move to Cambridge, MA, for the Radcliffe Publishing Procedures Course and springboard to fame and fortune. I was mugged my first night at Radcliffe, and it went downhill from there. I did find a job at the Harvard Business School, but was laid off while out of town for Christmas and the death of my grandfather. Unable to find employment or pay the bills, I sampled a series of life experiences including door-to-door encyclopedia sales, becoming one of Boston's first female licensed bartenders, being turned down as a Playboy Bunny because I was too short and ill-equipped for costume falsies, and working as a medical secretary. The latter, plus poverty and a forced redirection, led me to apply to the BS,RN program at Columbia University in NYC.

My three years in NYC were eclectic. Concurrently to the nursing curriculum, I took graduate courses in nutrition and theology; became certified/licensed as an EMT and LPN; worked for NY City Ambulance and as an LPN in the Columbia-Presbyterian ER and the PICU or surgical floor of Babies Hospital; and was a Spanish-speaking Visiting Nurse in the South Bronx. I celebrated my 25th birthday at the Top of the World Restaurant in The World Trade Center, but was refused alcohol because I looked too young and scrawny. Ultimately I landed a "workshop" assignment as an animal tech in the research lab of Dr. John K. Lattimer, the discoverer of the renin-angiotensin-aldosterone axis, a pioneer in transgender surgery, and famous for his analysis of ballistics in the Kennedy assassination. I catheterized rats for his urine studies, and escorted sheep to the lab before placing temperature probes in their uteri to study thermal factors for miscarriage. Neither the rats nor the sheep were appreciative of my skills, but Dr. Lattimer thought I had promise. He sponsored me to



take pharmacology and physiology with the medical students, and when I proved competitive, he encouraged me to pursue medical research.

By that time, I'd accepted a job as an RN at Texas Childrens Hospital in Houston TX so I could continue my affiliation with the Houston-based Amigos de las Americas volunteer inoculation program in Central America. I was introduced to this program at Carleton, and it spurred my ambitions to become

a medical missionary. During my last semester at Columbia and my first year in Houston, I experienced ill health and several hospitalizations. TCH reassigned me from the pulmonary and infectious disease wards to be the night charge nurse for the combined NICU-PICU that saw high volumes of pediatric and cardiac surgery patients. My medical director was Dr. Denton Cooley, a pioneer of surgery for congenital heart disease. In 1974, along with more than 20 other providers associated with the PICU, I caught hepatitis. The CDC shut down all cardiac surgery until the epidemic cleared. During PICU downtime and my recovery, I took chemical engineering courses at nearby Rice University to meet requirements for application to medical school. For a year and a half after that I worked as the night charge nurse in the PICU 7p-7a 4x/wk, slept an hour in the back seat of my Gremlin, then attended courses and labs until it was time to return to work. I was as pale as the underbelly of a fish.

Read more about Anne in the online version of our class' website.

Bill Donohue

I am a retired lawyer. Graduated from University of Minnesota law school in 1974 and worked for the MN Attorney General Office for 8 years. I then went back to the University of Minnesota as a lawyer representing the school in litigation for 33 years. For the last few years I served as General Counsel. Great job!

I am married to Jane Prohaska from the class of 1972. We have two children who are now grown. Ben lives in San Diego, and Sarah lives in Chicago. They both graduated from college, though not Carleton, and Sarah is in graduate school at Northwestern. Success!

We have lived in St. Paul for many years. Since retirement, we have traveled on several fabulous Carleton trips to the Serengeti, Galápagos Islands, Machu Picchu and Madagascar! All wonderful and a good way to interact with Carleton faculty.

I am also active with the U of M Retirees Association helping to arrange speakers and events. Also got to work on the 50 reunion at the urging of Don Camp.



John Dunne

Clinical and forensic psychologist (29 years); retired (11 years) married to Margy (46 years); living in the same Chicago house 31 years.

Four years ago our son John's wife Nikki was promoted to the Chicago office of her financial management firm. Margy and I, as well as Nikki's mother (also a Chicago resident), were thrilled to have our children and our grandson Ronan relocate from Los Angeles. John, a self-taught craft brewer and three-year brewer at Golden Road Brewery in Los Angeles found a job as lead brewer for Pipeworks Brewery in Chicago. Three years ago John and Nikki presented us with twin grandchildren: Ingrid and Ryder. John and Nikki bought a house less than three miles from our home so their three children are very much a welcome part of our life. Our daughter Margaret (an elementary school teacher who is a math specialist) and her wife Bela (a mental health therapist) live in Vermont with their two children: Greta, 11 years old and Theo, seven years old. Margaret and her family visit us in Chicago twice a year and Margy and I visit them biannually in Vermont.

Margy and I continue our passion for traveling. In the last two years we have been to England, Costa Rica, Greece, Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Oman, India, France, Switzerland and Portugal. This March we will travel for the first time to South America, visiting Chile, Argentina and Brazil. That leaves Antarctica as the only continent not visited.

When not traveling I keep active volunteering for our local library's friends' group and am a mem-



ber of two book discussion groups. I read between 70 and 100 books per year (favorite non-fiction includes history, economics, personal finance and science). I am very physically active, walking an average of six to nine miles per day, weight lifting and bicycling (when Chicago weather permits it). After years of visiting art museums throughout the world, Margy and I began taking oil painting lessons and are now in our second year of classes. My other artistic pastimes are photography and creative writing.

My attendance at Carleton was a significant event in my life. My family was very limited financially and I have a deep appreciation for the financial aid package that allowed me to attend Carleton College. I think that my Carleton degree was instrumental in facilitating my acceptance into the Psychology graduate program at the U of Iowa. I believe that Carleton played a significant role in my world view and in my politics, including my receiving conscientious objector status (to the Viet Nam war) from my draft board. As a CO I did two years of alternate service at a state mental hospital (earning \$325 per month). My work there led to a lifetime dedication to working with and advocating for the chronically mentally ill. An unexpected benefit of my CO work was meeting an activity worker/teacher from a female adolescent unit that resulted in our marriage in the same month that I completed my two years of service. Despite being financially independent for the last 11 years, I remain solidly and progressively liberal in my politics.



Katherine (Enrich) Sacks

After graduating from Carleton, I moved to Philadelphia, where I completed a doctoral program in clinical psychology at Temple University, and then remained in Pennsylvania for many years. My husband Ed and I married in 1979, and we have two children, Bill and Rebecca. In 2013, we retired and came to Boulder, Colorado, to be near our son's family. Bill and his wife, Jessica, have two children, Jason (age 10) and Caitlin (age 8). After first coming to Boulder as a temporary move, we found that we loved living here and being part of our grandchildren's lives, so after a few years of traveling back and forth (along with our three cats), we sold our Pennsylvania house and have fully settled in Boulder, where there always seems to be plenty to keep us busy and happy. (Trips to Rocky Mountain Park bring back memories of my first introduction to Colorado on summer camping trips with my Carleton roommate, Maygene, and her family.)

For 29 years until I retired, I was a supervising psychologist at a community mental health center in Norristown, PA, working with adults, children and families, and training psychology interns--a job that was always challenging and engaging. Before that, my first few years as a psychologist were spent at a Philadelphia Child Guidance program serving non-public schools, which involved evaluating children, working with families and obtaining supervision in family therapy. After retiring, I've enjoyed some interesting continuing education as a psychologist but have no longer been working.



I met Ed at a summer program at Yale, between our junior and senior years, and we have great memories of visiting each other at Carleton and at Yale during our senior years. His primary interest has been studying and teaching classics (Latin and Greek). After working for a while as a lawyer, he got a doctorate in classics, briefly taught at the college level, and then taught classics at a private girls' school. Now he audits classics courses at CU.

Our son, Bill, works at the National Center for Atmospheric Research (NCAR) applying NCAR's computer model to climate research. Our daughter, Rebecca, lives in the Boston area where she teaches music theory and piano, and works as a composer.

Many of my favorite retirement activities are similar to those I enjoyed at Carleton: beautiful walks, music, and volunteering – and now, in addition, spending time with our children and grandchildren.

Gerald Facciani

As graduation approached in 1970, just about every Carleton senior had to deal with the Draft lottery. When I received my low number, I resigned myself to the reality that I would go into the military. However, when I got a 4F (shoulder injury playing baseball), I was forced to look for a job, as I never applied to grad school or law school. Having majored in History, I was fortunate to land a job with a life insurance company in Minneapolis and struggled there for 9 months (trying to sell life insurance to college students), after which I got a job as a pension sales trainee at Minnesota Mutual in St. Paul (note: Bob Richey started there at the same time). I loved the complexity of the employee benefit business. After 10 months of basic training, I was assigned to the Columbus, Ohio office (Bob lucked out and got DC). I worked at MMLIC from April 1, 1971-March 31, 1980, after which I created my own fee-for-service employee benefit consulting firm in the Akron-Cleveland area (ultimately named Facciani & Company).

From 1980-1991, I worked harder than I ever worked at Carleton, and in September 1991, the firm was sold to Willis Corroon, a trans-Atlantic public company listed on the London and New York stock exchanges. When sold, it was the largest individually-owned fee-for-service benefit consulting firm in the US. I worked for the public company until January 1994, at which time I retired to Nevada due to a disabling injury. At the time of our 50th reunion, I will have been retired 26+ years.

From 1994-2006, I was in constant pain and basically horizontal, always working hard to recover my health. In early 2006, and after having been to just about every major clinic and rehab facility in the US, the last piece of the recovery puzzle was discovered, and then after another 18 months of painful therapy, my health was 90% improved.

In my truncated business career, mostly from 1976-1991, I earned the following professional designations: Chartered Life Underwriter; Member, American Society of Pension Actuaries (ASPA); Member, American Academy of Actuaries; Treasury Department Enrolled Actuary.

I “gave back” to my profession by serving on the



Boards of many organizations, including: ASPA (President 1982); U.S. Chamber of Commerce Employee Benefits Council; The Employee Benefit Research Institute; The White House Office of Policy Development; The Senate Governmental Affairs Committee; The President’s Commission on Pension Policy (small plans study); The Department of Labor ERISA Advisory Council; The Miami University Center for Retirement & Pension Research; and other smaller organizations.

I published many papers and spoke at many conventions and for many groups, including the American Law Institute-American Bar Association, the Society of Actuaries, and the International Foundation of Employee Benefit Plans, among many others.

In Nevada, I continued to “give back” by serving on the boards (and ultimately becoming Chairman) of the Nevada Institute of Contemporary Art and The Las Vegas Art Museum. In 2003, my wife and I created the Nevada Foundation for the Arts, a 501(c)(3) organization dedicated to encouraging writing and visual arts excellence among Nevada’s middle and high school students.

I have served on the Boards of many small public companies, mostly junior mining and oil and gas companies listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. I continue to serve on the Advisory Board of Transactis (recently sold to Mastercard) and Coravin (the wine access company).

Read more about Gerald in the online version of our class’ website.

David Finkelstein

About three weeks after I graduated Carleton I married the love of my life, Jan. We're still together and will celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary one week after the 50th reunion. When I graduated Carleton, I was totally qualified to be a secondary school social studies teacher. Unfortunately, there was an incredible glut of new social studies teachers looking for jobs at the same time. So, I went back to school and earned my Master's Degree in Psychology of Reading so I could teach reading.

And the next year I got a job as a junior high school (remember those) reading teacher. After five years of that I got transferred to a high school as a social studies teacher, a position that I kept for the next thirty five years. And it was a great fit. I couldn't imagine doing anything else. After sort of "getting it" after three years, teaching became a perfect fit. I can't imagine doing anything else for a career that could have been more fun. When you have complete control over teenagers for fifty minutes they're great. It's a little more difficult when it's your own teenager.



Speaking of that Jan and I adopted an infant, our son Jordan, who is now thirty four and living with his girlfriend in Connecticut. As for other events. I finally shed the pounds that I put on for my draft physical and became a marathon runner, having run in about seventeen of them, my last one finally getting into Boston in 1998. And now I'm working out in a gym, with Jan, and doing fine. I just can't wait to see how old everyone has gotten. Looking forward to reunion 2020.

Karen (Flint) Berry

Today I am an alpaca farmer. This all started twelve years ago when our kids, concerned about their Dad's retirement, suggested raising alpacas. Tom, an attorney, and I, a former librarian, had both considered other paths (veterinarian and rancher) before embarking on the above. Some time later, when fully involved, I said to our daughter that we attributed our venture to her and her brother. She gave me a wide-eyed look, and said, "Mom, we were kidding!" Happily, our three grandchildren LOVE the animals, and are always eager to visit. And alpaca is a delightful knitting medium. I have (probably) a lifetime supply of yarn from our animals for my projects.

Through farmers' market, a wonderful way to meet the locals, and our website, we keep our customers toasty warm. Take heed, you who live in northern climes.

MetLive in HD came to the next town several years



ago, and I have been a regular, as well as traveling to Chicago and cities around the world to indulge this lifelong passion. And, thanks to my awesome teacher, I am getting really good at piano. Yoga/pilates and dog walking keep me moving.

I absolutely LOVE living in New Hampshire, with its five distinct seasons, and fascinating people (scratch the surface of a potter and discover a marine engineer).

Kathy Floerke

Where have the 50 years gone?

1970-1972 – I was in the Teacher Corps at New Mexico State University, getting a Master of Arts in Teaching.

1972-1977 – I taught in a Spanish/English bilingual program (2nd and 3rd grades) in the Chicago Public School system.

1977-1986 – I lived in Minneapolis and had a variety of paid and volunteer jobs in both education and secretarial positions (but see next entry).

October 1984-April 1985 – Long-term volunteer with Witness for Peace in Nicaragua, stationed at the administrative office in Managua.

1986-1994 – I joined Jubilee House Community, an intentional community operating shelter ministries in Statesville, NC.

1994-present – I moved with Jubilee House Community to Nicaragua where we operate the Center for Development in Central America (CDCA) in Ciudad Sandino. Our website is www.jhc-cdca.org I was the Administrative Director for many years, but in July of 2018 I “semi-retired” and now serve only as the bookkeeper.



Other activities – I enjoy listening to classical music; I can listen in Nicaragua to radio station WFMT in Chicago on my Alexa! I read and read and read, mostly fiction. I also write. *Friends in Need* by K Lynn is available for Kindle on Amazon.com. I draw zentangle art:



Choosing Carleton for my college was one of the best decisions I’ve ever made in my life. I learned so much, both in and out of the classroom. I have such wonderful memories. Our freshman year was the Centennial. I had so much fun that year that I decided to live another 100 years and come back for the Bicentennial. Wouldn’t that be something?

Susan Fraker

I've spent all but two of my post-Carleton years living and working in New York City, first as a journalist, then, in an unusual (!) career move, as a nurse practitioner. Although I'm fully retired now and don't waste much time on "what-ifs," I do regret not using my medical training to volunteer for Doctors Without Borders, an organization I've long admired. Instead, I volunteer in Central Park, at the ASPCA, and with my beloved therapy dog at hospitals and schools.

I began my career as a journalist in the Third Willis office of the Carletonian. From there I went to Columbia University's graduate journalism program, then to Newsweek, where I was hired as a writer in 1973, shortly after the female researchers successfully sued for sex discrimination; the settlement required management to hire women as writers and editors, not just as researchers. (It was during this suit that Katharine Graham famously said, "Which side am I supposed to be on?" Graham was better known as the owner of the Washington Post, but her family also owned Newsweek.)

Although I worked out of Manhattan, I made some memorable trips for Newsweek, including to China



in 1979 (not so long after Nixon's historic 1972 visit) and to Rhodesia in 1980 to cover the election that culminated in the new country of Zimbabwe. After a decade writing and editing at Newsweek, I moved across town in 1983 to do the same for Fortune Magazine. My husband was soon to become editor of Newsweek, and the place simply wasn't big enough for both of us.

Life was good until it wasn't. In 1998 my husband died of leukemia. Our sons were 12 and 8, and I was growing restless as a journalist. I had always been interested in medicine – 40 years ago I took a chemistry course thinking I might leave Newsweek to attend medical school – so in 2004 I enrolled in prerequisites for Columbia University's combined BS/MS nursing program, which culminated in my nurse practitioner degree in 2008. For the next six years I worked in NYC emergency rooms and bemoaned the sorry state of U.S. healthcare. After my younger son graduated from college in 2013, I could have gone abroad for Doctors Without Borders. But by then I had a new dog I just couldn't leave behind. Excuses, excuses!

My sons seem to be well-launched; one even got married in July. Like me, they are animal-loving news junkies. And I still travel periodically to far-flung places (Indonesia, Patagonia, Namibia) seeking adventure and a break from the two things that worry me most: partisan politics and climate change.

Planning our 50th reunion with an enthusiastic group of classmates has been an unexpected pleasure. I expect the reunion itself to be at least double the pleasure!

Roxanne (Fredrickson) Ezell

After we graduated, I continued to study voice in Austria, Colorado, and Iowa, singing the roles of Gretel in “Hansel and Gretel,” the mathematics teacher in Menotti’s “Help, Help, the Globolinks!,” and Miss Wordsworth, the literature teacher, in Britten’s “Albert Herring.”

While at the University of Iowa, I received an M.A. in Music, learned choral conducting skills, acquired a teaching certificate, and worked as secretary and office manager for several child psychiatrists at U of I Hospitals. Best of all, I married Roger on June 17, 1972. We welcomed our son David James Ezell, born January 17, 1976.

We left Iowa City for career opportunities in music education. In Iowa, I taught vocal music grades 1 through 12 as well as private students. With a friend, I wrote and published *legato!*, a monthly newsletter for private music teachers.

In 1981, Roger had a significant career change; we moved to Dubuque, Iowa, where he studied to become a Presbyterian minister. While he was in seminary, I sang the Mother’s role in a local production of Menotti’s “Amahl and the Night Visitors.” I also earned a second degree in Computer Science. This enabled me to work as a programmer/analyst for a national truck line, and later, for a technical consult-



ing firm in the Twin Cities, for nearly 25 years. During these years, Roger was Pastor at a Presbyterian church in Chillicothe, Missouri, and later, in Long Lake, Minnesota.

My first retirement, from computer programming, was in 2009. I continued to direct a church choir, taught music privately, was active in a local community theater, and tutored middle school students until 2014, my ‘final’ retirement.

I continue to be active in a writing group, a Tai Chi Chih practice, and the Plymouth Congregational Choir: to study voice: to read voraciously: and to have a happy and active social life. I’m looking forward to seeing my Carleton classmates at our Reunion in June!

Marcia Frost

My life has taken me places I never imagined. I spent the 1st decade after Carleton teaching (Troy NY), in grad school (classes at UW-Madison & RPI; degree at UPenn), research in London, Bombay and Gujarat (India), teaching again (UC-Santa Barbara & LA, Occidental). I spent far more time in India than in the US. Then I embarked on a completely different life; at one time or another in the 1980s I started & ran a number of family businesses: international consulting, real estate, manufacturing. Entrepreneurship was challenging and exciting, but divorce took me back east teaching, finishing my Ph.D. (Economics of all things), and returning to research in London and India.

My last job wasn't the most interesting, but I took advantage of the opportunities offered at Wittenberg to shift my focus from India to East Asia. Faculty development grants & programs took me to Mongolia (twice), both Koreas and multiple times to China, making it possible for me to develop unique & interdisciplinary courses, including a study abroad program along China's Silk Road. I retired in 2016 after one last trip to the DPRK to evaluate a AFSC



rural development program. I still dabble in some academic pursuits, volunteer for various AARP programs, and spend increasing time with parents in their mid-90s. I have had little contact with Carleton - a drive-through Northfield on my way to St. John's/Saint Benedict, visits with Don Camp, and indirectly through a high school friend who married Henrik Strandkov. It is highly unlikely I'll make it to Reunion as I'm caring for parents, but my home is open to anyone who lives near or passes through western NC.

Maygene (Frost) Daniels

In 1970, when I graduated from Carleton, I dreamed of an academic career, fueled by the excitement and curiosity inspired by Art History Professor Lauren Soth and Carleton's intellectual life. Minimal exposure to graduate school made me question my commitment to academia, and a stolen suitcase in New York (a long story...) and a summer at the National Archives in Washington sent me in a new direction. I returned to graduate school in the fall and, a year later, master's degree in hand, began my professional life as an archivist. I worked at the National Archives for a dozen years, and then founded the archives program at the National Gallery of Art – a rewarding adventure. In the course of more than 30 years at the Gallery, I tried to bring the excitement of history to the museum, writing innumerable articles, conceiving exhibits, and creating a space where scholarly research could flourish. While working I also had the fun of teaching about archives and leading professional organizations nationally and internationally.

I met my husband of 48 years, Steve Daniels, in Washington and together we settled into urban life



on Capitol Hill – a nurturing community and great place to raise children Eddie and Leah (Carleton 2002). After leaving the museum several years ago, I'm now busier than ever, still living on Capitol Hill, and engaged with neighborhood historic preservation, organizing community lectures, piano, music history, databases, spreadsheets, web promotion, photography, gardening, reading, languages, a book group, opera lectures, plus family and visits to grandchildren in Brooklyn. It's a wonderful life!

Leni Fuhrman

Shortly after graduating I met Charlie DeFanti at a Filipino Halloween party (I was dressed as a witch and he, typically, was not dressed up at all) and we've been together ever since, though it took us ten and a half years to get married (by Bardwell Smith!). No kids but have had a variety of dogs, cats and parrots over the years.

Went back to school after not finding a job, got my MFA in painting/printmaking from Pratt Institute and ended up teaching Studio Art at Kean University in New Jersey for 26 years - the last thing I ever thought I'd be doing. I stayed long enough to get my health insurance and then retired early to do my own artwork. I do enameling and metalsmithing, making sculpture and jewelry, and have had my enamels appear in many books and domestic, as well as international, exhibitions. I work at a wonderful shared metalsmithing studio in Manhattan since I don't dare keep an acetylene torch in my New York City apartment!

Went through the horror of renovating a SoHo loft in the late seventies and, after 18 years, used the money to buy a pre-war full-service apartment in



the village where Charlie is no longer the unpaid super/managing agent getting hysterical phone calls in the middle of the night. He can now go back to his writing/editing/publishing (he retired from teaching English at Kean University).

Life is good. We spend much time traveling (frequently with Peter and Cynthia Hecker), and taking care of my 100-year-old mom who only retired from her full-time job at the United Nations at 92 (imagine my telling her I was retiring at 51!).

Many of my memories of my Carleton years are blurry, since I was basically shy and unhappy. I often wish I could do it all over again.

James Furze

Brevity is not my strong suit. My-our-story can be made to fit if I trim off all the dead-ends, bad judgments, embarrassing moments, and wrong turns, but that would be New Mexican cooking without the green chile.

I grew up in the Black Hills in western South Dakota, so close to the Wyoming line that knowing which state you were poaching in was often a problem. Lead, the town, proudly proclaimed itself as “Home of the Largest Underground Gold Mine in the Western Hemisphere” throughout most of the 20th century. I was always suspicious of the metric used and the truth of the claim, but the jobs helped pay the tuition.

Carleton was a revelation. During vacations I’d ease my spirits from the rigors of college life by working underground, and then return to daylight and coed life with renewed gusto.

The next six years were passed in Seattle where I got married, went on a long, hippie grand tour, got an M.D., went on another long, hippie grand tour, and then moved to Albuquerque! Pam broke into tears as we rolled into town on Route 66. They were not tears of joy. Best move we ever made. The sun-



shine and high desert melted the spell of sub-zero temperatures and gray days forever, and we never looked back.

After the radiology residency we decided to postpone growing up and took jobs in Samoa. The snorkeling was fabulous. A Hobie-cat on giant South Pacific swells made me feel like Shackleton on his way home. But the climate and confinement did not suit us well. A long year.

We then moved to Durango in S.W. Colorado in 1981. For the next 14 years I worked in a group of 4 radiologists who served 4 community hospitals in the Four Corners area and 6 I.H.S. hospitals scattered across the northern Navajo and Hopi reservations. The commutes were, well, awesome. I wish I could say I listened to Shakespeare on the box, but, being young, I mostly rocked. Over time, as I became less of a jerk, the social and cultural experiences were enriching.

We retired in 1995, and since then much of our passion has been spent on bicycle touring—mostly overseas, always alone and unsupported. The rest of our life is rounded out with gardening given the constraints of 6500’ Colorado seasons, studies—we can confuse and confound in five or more tongues, which usually suffices, reading, cooking, four season fitness, and lively conversation.

From here and now the path leads straight to our door, but from 1970 it seems like a “long and winding road” indeed. Jim

Thomas Gamble

I am writing this in Mexico, which is somehow appropriate as that was where my family was living when I was at Carleton...

I left Northfield in June and was living in Sydney by September. I met my future wife, Jen, in Queensland, Australia, the following year. We traveled to her hometown in New Zealand and spent six months working and touring most of the North and South Islands together. We were married in 1972 in Townsville, Queensland and a year later spent most of our savings (I was working as a laborer for the Queensland Railroad at \$51 a week) on a three month trip to Europe and West Africa.

In 1974 we moved to Minneapolis (long story) and somehow never left (a decision Jen has never quite forgiven me for).

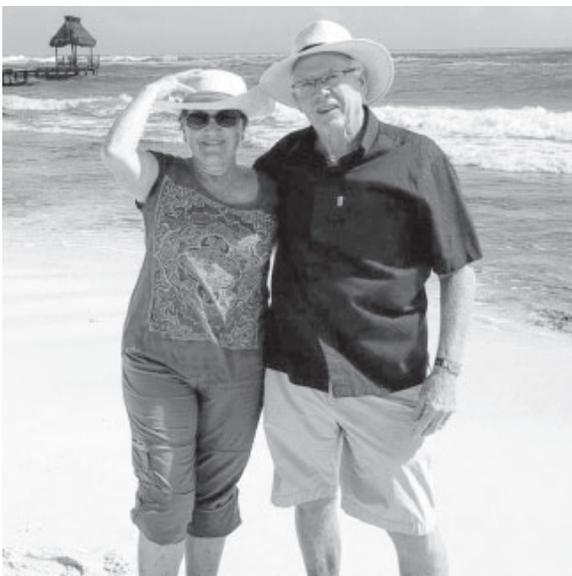
When it came to a career, the only thing I had ever wanted to do was to be a writer, and though it wasn't exactly the kind of writing I had in mind, I have been fortunate enough to make a living at it for almost 50 years. I started as a copywriter with a small advertising agency. Seven years (and several agencies) later, I started a marketing communication company with a couple of friends. We stuck together for almost 20 years, worked with great clients and had a good time...most of the time.

In the early '90s, I went back to school for a Master's Degree in Adult Education and made the switch to training and development. My first job



was with the St. Paul Urban League teaching job search skills (something I had lots of practical experience with). A couple of jobs later, I started working for Best Buy in their training department. I loved it. Everything moved at a hundred miles an hour, and no two days were ever the same. I was 30 years older than almost everyone but no one seemed to mind.

Of course, most of what really matters doesn't have anything to do with work, and we have been blessed in so many ways. We have two wonderful daughters, a great son-in-law (and his extended family), and three amazing granddaughters who always seem happy to see us. We've kept traveling over the years. We stay involved in the community and spend time with family and friends. It's been a good life.



John Gendler

Today, I am a happily retired attorney, pleased to be married to classmate Janet Hollis for 48 years (our 49th anniversary will be during Reunion), father to two, grandfather to three and at times a grumpy old man, especially when watching baseball. Having grown up intending to become an attorney, I went to Carleton with blinders on, and now regret not having taken any geology or astronomy classes (I have been told you could still see things through the Goodsell telescope when we were there). I did go to Cornell Law School, worked for the Hennepin County Attorney's Office for 6 years and then spent more than 35 years in private practice, most of them in a firm I helped start in 1987. Our firm had a narrow focus--negotiating with assessors about the value of various office buildings, warehouses and large apartment projects. Janet and I have been lucky enough to travel to all seven continents, frequently on Carleton Alumni trips. Because our son worked in Japan, we were able to visit there a number of times. While at Carleton, I had never imagined visiting many of the places we have been such as Botswana, Burkina Faso, Uganda (visits thanks to gracious hosts Jimmy Kolker and Britt-Marie Forslund), Mali, Thailand or Antarctica.

As you all know, I have been involved in fundraising for the Carleton Alumni Annual Fund since shortly before our 25th Reunion. I think this is an attempt at repayment for the financial aid I received which allowed me to attend Carleton, and it has allowed me to stay in touch with a number of



classmates (no matter how many of you are tired of hearing from me). Connecting, or reconnecting, has been the highlight of working on our 50th reunion committee, and I look forward to seeing many people in June.

Thanks to Janet's hard work, our downsizing to a condo in downtown Minneapolis has worked well, even after I retired from practicing law. Condo living makes going to see our children and grandchildren in California much easier. I still have never adopted winter activities in Minnesota.

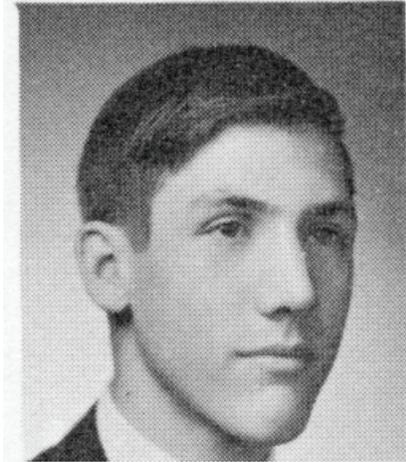


Timothy Gilles

For a couple of years after Carleton, I was a reporter for a listener-sponsored New York radio station where my best assignment was anchoring our coverage of the Ervin Committee's Watergate hearings. While I learned a lot, the station did not make sense for the long term, so I went into government and politics, becoming press secretary and policy director for the NYS Attorney General. His retirement 15 years later in 1994 led me to the financial sector – at Merrill Lynch and Bank of America – where I was a communications executive supporting investment banking and other businesses. I retired from BofA a few years ago and started a part-time consulting practice (<http://gillesconsulting.com>), advising companies, law firms and nonprofits on a variety of public relations matters, including how to manage legal and regulatory crisis situations. I enjoy the continuing challenge of helping clients, with a more relaxed and nearly pressure-free work schedule.

I'm blessed to have had a fabulous marriage to Sealy (Hicks, Class of '71) Gilles, to whom I was introduced in September 1967 by Nancy Shoemaker. I remember Nancy telling me there was this "really cute" freshman right across the hall from her on 4th Norse, and when I said why not, she introduced us – at an SDS meeting no less. How 1960's is that!

Sealy and I settled in Brooklyn right out of Carleton. She worked for a couple of years, got a Ph.D. at CUNY and became a medieval literature profes-



sor at Long Island University. Along the way we had four children and now enjoy our four grandchildren, three of whom live within walking distance in Brooklyn.

At age 71, I think a lot about what interests and excites me. Some of my passions are of long standing. I've sung in a well-known amateur chorus – the New York Choral Society – for 25 years, performing at Carnegie Hall and other major venues and traveling on tour to China, Europe (four times) and Mexico. I also have a rather twisted fixation with finding new museums wherever I go and keeping a life list of museums visited. As I'm writing this, I just added a museum to the spreadsheet from this afternoon, number 376.

Some activities are new. Since retiring from full-time work, I started taking piano lessons for the first time since age 10. I was elected to the Board of Trustees and Executive Committee of our local civic association. Sealy and I started a book group with local friends that has been great, and for the past two years, she and I have been taking Spanish lessons together and traveling to various Spanish-speaking countries to practice.

I had never been to a Carleton reunion until our 45th. Because it coincided with our daughter Nellie's (Class of 2010) fifth, Sealy, Nellie and I went, and we had a blast. I also reconnected with Nancy, Don Camp and Susan Fraker and ultimately succumbed to their blandishments to join the Reunion Committee.

I'm very much looking forward to our 50th!

Charles Green

“Have fun”...not exactly the advice I expected from my father at the beginning of my four years at Carleton, but being a dutiful son of the 60's, I did my best.

I learned I'd been admitted to Carleton from Coach Bill Huyck...his letter inviting me to join the cross-country team arrived a day before the official letter from Admissions! Although a so-so runner in high school, under Coach Huyck's guidance, encouragement, and belief in me, I was able to play a significant part in beating St. Olaf twice in 1969...the duel meet (by 1 point) and the Conference Championship (again by 1 point)!

Bill Terry spurred me to try out for musicals, for which I will be eternally grateful. It was through musicals I met the love of my life, Barb Arnett, and we're still together 48 years later. And that musical experience led to an invitation to join the Knights.

As a Singing Knight, I was blessed to become a part of Dacie Moses' "family." One of my best memories of Dacie was during our 10th Reunion...she was holding our son, Corey '02, while my parents, Harry '34 and Mary '35, sat on the couch, always referring to her as "Mrs. Moses." They could never bring themselves to address her so informally!

Music has been a major part of my life thereafter, including a five-year stint on the staff of the Society



for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America, Inc. (now the Barbershop Harmony Society).

As a Knight I was introduced to the field of fundraising (singing for donors and prospects), and then encouraged by VP Walt Reeves to pursue it as a career. I was something of an anomaly in my U of MN Law School class...I was the only one not planning on practicing law.

Most of my professional career has been in higher education (Macalester, William Mitchell College of Law, United Theological Seminary, Augsburg) as well as with the barber-shoppers. Now that we are both retired, Barb and I are able to give more of our time to volunteer work with our church, along with organizations dealing with homelessness and food insecurity. We're also traveling more often, both within the US and overseas.

We've been delighted (and amazed) that our three children all live within 20 minutes of our house! In spite of having no operating manuals or previous experience, we seem to have done most things right...they all have careers in which they are happy and doing well, they get together with us for family dinners, and they no longer seem embarrassed to be seen with us.

Looking forward to seeing everyone at Reunion!

Ronald Greene

As a recently retired progressive United Methodist clergy person, I see more clearly now in some ways. Still, to paraphrase Lawrence Ferlinghetti, I'm still looking for that vision that will finally make all things clear, and I am perpetually waiting for a new rebirth of wonder. I and my wife of nine years love to immerse ourselves in nature in our new home beside a tidal marsh within view of the South Carolina coast. I'm seeking service opportunities where I might employ some of the drama, poetry, and scripture that has long inspired me.

I grew up immersed in nature on a Minnesota farm, reading Carl Jung, and dreaming of a bigger world. Carleton was my doorway from that rural world to that bigger dream. As the first in my family to do college, I thought I was so incredibly unique. Now I suspect I was just part of a 1960's trend, leaving the smaller farms and enjoying a boomer exodus to higher education and urban living.

My urban dreams took me into professional acting for a couple years. Soon I realized I needed a better script. I began to notice the bigger visions of Scripture. I left theater for seminary and pastoral minis-



try. Meanwhile I listened to the insinuations from several remarkably vivid night dreams. Eventually, this all led to a doctoral paper on Jungian dream interpretation as a source for spiritual vision and pastoral supervision.

In 2019 I retired from 44 years of ministry and counseling work in the Chicago area. I am tremendously grateful for the fellowship of Carleton alumnae, for friends of every faith and no faith, and for the great authors who continue to challenge and uplift. In the words of Goethe's Faust, "Da steh ich nun, ich armer Tor, und bin so klug als wie zuvor."



John Hall

After graduation, I dropped out of Univ. of Chicago med school to take up a life of travel and poetry. Sounds bizarre, maybe sick, but it was a key decision of my life. Over the following few years I got some short stories and poems published and had many travel adventures, which led to my spiritual awakening and, ultimately, my conversion to Christianity. (I'm leaving out many juicy details here, and can provide them if anyone is interested.) Anyway, I went to Yale Divinity School and spent 32 years as an ordained, local church minister in the United Church of Christ. My final 21 years of that stretch were here in Middletown/Portland, CT, where my 2nd wife Susan and I now live, with our cocker spaniels. I retired from the ministry in 2011 to devote more time to environmental advocacy and the nonprofit I started in 2004, the Jonah Center for Earth and Art. www.thejonahcenter.org. I am very lucky to be healthy in mind and body, and am enjoying life immensely. We won't be at the reunion because June is when we have an intense series of work parties to remove invasive aquatic plants (water chestnut) from a local river. I'm sure everyone there will have a great time.



Margaret “Peggy” Hall

I was only with you at Carleton for part of freshman year. You probably only knew me if you were lucky enough to live on 3rd floor Gridley during its final year, or if you also survived Owen Jenkins’ freshman class. But I have kept in touch with you through Voice and other Carleton publications. To update you on me in the impossible-to believe 50 years that have passed:

I earned B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Minnesota. For most of my working life I was a law librarian for Hennepin County Law Library during years that marked transitions from card to online catalogs, from print West reporters and treatises to online Westlaw and Lexis, and from attorney, law clerk, and judge patrons to pro se patrons saving money and checking on their lawyers. Remarkably enough there was also romance at the Law Library...there I met my husband Lee Barry, who was a prosecutor in the County Attorney’s Office. We raised two daughters and now have two granddaughters.

A life-changing and nearly life-ending event for me was a major automobile accident in 2004. I spent months in the hospital, in rehabilitation, and in physical, occupational, and speech therapy. My gratitude and respect to any of you who worked in those professions. I also learned that every day is a blessing.



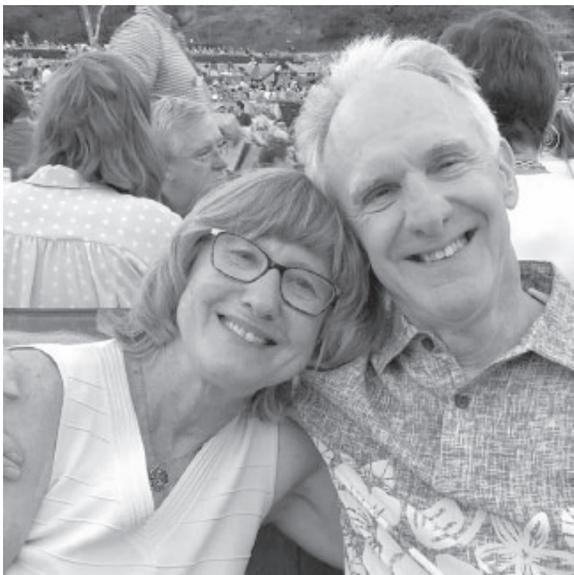
These days I enjoy gardening, theater, genealogy, yoga and Pilates, summers at a lake cabin just across the St. Croix in Wisconsin, and travel. I regret that I did not get to know and become friends with more of you. Have fun at our 50th!



Ann Hamilton

I looked back at what I wrote at 25 years and everything seemed so significant back then. Now I guess I have rolled with enough punches, so to speak, that I am much more easy going about things and am trying to do things that are meaningful to me. I haven't retired yet from my job as a Professor at Keck School of Med at Univ. of So. Calif in Los Angeles, but thoughts about it are creeping in. (My educational path went from biology to demography to cancer epidemiology – something I couldn't have predicted). I have grant funding and continued work to do, but I am spending more time mentoring younger investigators to take over projects that I have been involved with. I have a leadership role in a large study of African American men with prostate cancer where we are trying to recruit 10,000 men nationwide to study factors associated with aggressive disease. Over my career I have been involved with several studies involving surveys and research with population based samples selected from cancer registries, and this study involves coordinating work among 9 registries. I have worked with several of the investigators over the years. The study has expanded my involvement with community outreach and I have spoken about the study (called RESPOND) at a number of events.

One of my passions is growing cactus and succulent plants. I have traveled to South Africa and Namibia to see succulents growing in their native habitats. It has been interesting seeing the people and animals (on safaris). I also love doing contra dancing, which



I have done for 25 years now. It took getting divorced to discover it, but I love the exercise, music, and sense of community that it provides.

Probably the most amazing thing that has happened to me is that I got remarried this year! After 25+ years as a single person, it was a big decision to get married again, but I reconnected with Paul Reeves, a high school friend, about 3 years ago. It turns out that he likes to hike, go to baseball games, concerts at the Disney Hall and Hollywood bowl, eat healthy food, teach my dog new tricks, and talk! I decided I could do it again when he asked, and so we got married in August in Yosemite. Life is good.

I have one son, now 40, hard to believe. He's married but no children, so I don't have grandchildren stories to share. He has always been a bit of a challenge, and a mother's worry is never done, but I think he is doing OK, going through some re-evaluations of his career path.

Carleton over the years has probably meant more to me than when I was there (struggling at times) as a student. I went on two alumni trips to the Grand Canyon and the Galapagos Islands. I hosted a Carleton student doing an externship close to where I live. He looked me up in the alumni directory and asked if he could stay with me and it was great to connect with a current student. I was impressed and definitely support our class's plan to support these programs.

Maybe now, more than ever, I can harken back to the liberal arts education I received at Carleton to find insights into the meaning of life going forward. Having a chance to read more, travel, appreciate nature (while we still have it), and even take piano lessons, all seem like joys to me.

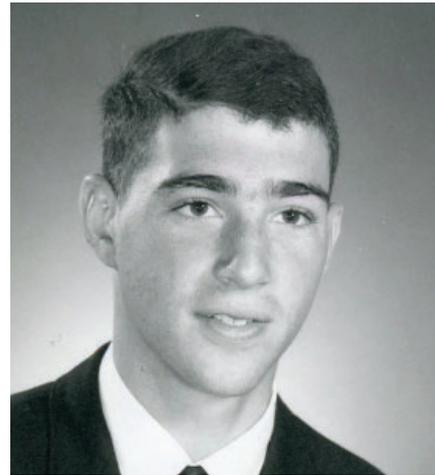
Dirk Hartog

I have been a husband, a father, and now a grandfather. I was incredibly lucky to have found Nancy Larson, first at an SDS meeting at Carleton. I watched her ream out the speaker at that meeting. I ran after her, as she left, and asked if she would go out with me. Miraculously, she said yes. She has made all things possible.

Professionally, I have been a historian, a law professor, then a history faculty member. For more than a decade I directed an American Studies program, where I collaborated with a wonderful group of humanists and social scientists to create a mostly new interdisciplinary program at Princeton University. Now, I am retired; on July 1, 2019, I became a professor emeritus. I wrote four single authored books, and edited a bunch of others; I was the coeditor of a book series for a number of years. I hope there are more books coming in the future, but I am not sure what will happen. I have been the advisor to more than 25 completed doctoral dissertations, and there are seven or eight more still in the pipeline.

I have had a strong identity as a legal historian. That is, for sixteen years I was a historian teaching in a law school, and for the past 27 years I was a law trained member of a history department. During those 27 years, I held a “chair” at Princeton devoted to the study of “the history of American law and liberty.” I have always known that the Princeton alumni who put up the money for the chair would, if they had lived long enough, have been disappointed to discover that I held their moniker (Apparently, they had hoped it would go to Robert Bork.).

What did I do, as a legal historian? I wrote books and articles, and advised others who were entering into the field. I taught American legal history, first to law students, and then to undergraduates and graduate students. Working with graduate students has been a particular joy in my life, and has led to several deep friendships. Along the way, I participated in



the transformation of a small and recondite “subject.” I watched it become a robust and increasingly global field of study and debate. That field changed from one that occupied a small place in the academic firmament of a few law schools to one that was something more. Today, many scholars, in law schools and in history departments (including those who study the histories of slavery and race, of gender, of labor and class, of empire and colonialism, as well as many law professors who study many legal subjects), think of themselves as legal historians in whole or in part. I also participated in various academic legal movements, including critical legal studies, feminist legal thought, and critical race theory. Throughout the past forty plus years, I have been much involved in the American Society for Legal History, somewhat less so in the Law and Society Association.

And yet, if there is a transformative political goal lurking somewhere in all this, I have to say that I have accomplished little. Or there is so much that remains to be done.

Still, I have been incredibly lucky. I found work that was immensely satisfying. We, like most families, have had stresses and difficulties. But overall, it has been a wonderful life. I have always been employed. Nothing that I did, except maybe running after Nancy that evening, was planned.



Carolyn Hayek

I am happily retired, enjoying traveling and exploring new activities. Since becoming a grandparent 7 years ago, four additional grandchildren have been born. I'm crazy about these delightful young people who have come into my life, but challenged to figure out the best way to handle our long distance relationships, since they live in Chicago and San Francisco.

My life post-Carleton involved completing Law School at the University of Chicago (where I met my husband), 9 years of private law practice, 13 years as a limited jurisdiction judge, 33 years as a wedding officiant, 2 years employed as executive director of the non-profit Peoples Memorial Association, many years as a leader within the American Association of University Women, many years as a member and leader within the Unitarian Universalist Church, and active involvement in my former community of Federal Way, WA. And, now Kirkland, WA, and family life with my husband Steve Rosen, children Laura and Jonathan Rosen, and their spouses. You can learn more about my activities and thoughts on life from my blog: <http://www.CommonSenseRefle...>

I take an active interest in politics, locally, nationally and internationally, since I ran for office five times, many years ago, and appreciate the efforts of those who enter public service. I've also served on numerous government and non-profit boards and commissions, including eight years on our local



planning commission.

Continuing education has been an important part of my life. I returned to school at our local technical college and earned a certification as a Webmaster, with a programming emphasis. While initially somewhat terrified of being a student again, I was proud of my good grades and many completed projects as a returning student. I was also pleased to be able to help my daughter with projects that involved using the computer, rather than the way it was with my older son, who often had to help me. Aside from being a regular reader of numerous newspapers (mostly online) I participate in several book groups and a Great Decisions discussion group that addresses international issues.

I have stepped away from many past leadership positions and limit most of my volunteer time to church-related activities, serving as a Sunday morning greeter or lay leader of a service, coordinating programs for the Women's Group, and assisting widowed church members with property and financial management challenges. I put together a workbook to help with end-of-life and financial management and continue to get requests for copies of it, since I have presented workshops on these issues in the past. Some of my end-of-life-related materials are found on the website of People's Memorial: www.peoplesmemorial.org. You won't find my name there, however. The documents have been updated since they were first created, but I'm proud of the work I did to make useful planning documents available to anyone who needs them.

I have enjoyed working on the Reunion Planning Committee and will be at the reunion with my husband.

Peter Hecker

Life has been good to me since our Carleton days. Good health, loving family, close friends, stimulating work and fun travel.

School and Professional

70-75 — UC Berkeley law school. Fell in love with Berkeley but left to work in NYC in Mayor Lindsay's law firm, Webster, Sheffield, Fleischmann, Hitchcock & Brookfield. Found my NYC apartment by answering an ad in the "Village Voice." The former tenant was pop artist Allan D'Arcangelo, and when we left, in moved star ballerina Suzanne Farrell.

75-08 — Moved back to Berkeley and worked at Heller, White & McAuliffe, venerable 118-year-old firm that dissolved in 2008. Represented McDonald's in the highly publicized cases brought by Hindus, vegetarians, and kosher Jews over beef flavoring in French fries. At age 35, in 1984, represented Steven Spielberg in a case about licensing ET products. I was painfully aware, even then, that it would be the most glamorous experience of my career.

08-present — Partner, now retired, at Sheppard Mullin. Change was hard after 33 years, but it worked out well.

Personal, Family, etc

75 — Met Cynthia Mollenkopf, now Hecker, an associate at my law firm. Her first husband, John Mollenkopf (Carleton '67), was my proctor freshman year! She went to Wellesley, then Harvard Law (she founded the Harvard Women's Law Ass'n, which still exists). Cynthia stopped practicing law in early '83 when we adopted our wonderful daughters, Amanda,

now 37, and Nathalie, 36. They are three months apart; we had an instant family after 4 years of dealing with infertility. Eventually Cynthia got

an MSW at Berkeley and worked as a therapist in an intensive day treatment program, helping adolescents (mostly boys) get through life and avoid jail.

*Amanda lives in San Jose, CA, with her husband Graeme and a Jack Russell terrier mix. Nathalie lives in Jerusalem, Israel, with her husband Coby, children Etian (2 1/2) and Malayan (1), 4 cats, and a Swiss Shepherd.



We've kept in touch with my good friend and senior-year roommate Tom Gamble and his wife Jenny, and with my girlfriend from Carleton days, Lisa Pickhardt

Kippen. I have only fond memories of my years at Carleton. Going there was one of the best decisions of my life.

I will not be at reunion - a trip to Belgium, the Netherlands and the south of France conflicts and beckons.



*We've traveled all over, mostly as a family. To the tropics: New Zealand, Tahiti, Hawaii, the Bahamas and Guadeloupe (to visit my mother Jean, who wintered there from age 60-95!). And all over Europe: Greece, France, Italy, Spain and Portugal; England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland; Turkey, Slovenia and Croatia. And now at least annually to Israel.

*Many of those trips were with our classmate Leni Fuhrman and her husband. Leni and I had been out of contact for 37 years but met up again on a Carleton Baltic cruise in 2007. The four of us hit it off and have been traveling companions and close friends ever since.

I'm loving retirement. Sleeping in, long lunches with old friends, and making new friends. My main interests, in addition to traveling, are reading, movies, walking (I'll not use the overblown "hiking"), and art/architecture. The trumpet was my whole extracurricular life in school, and after a 45-year pause, I'm playing weekly in a jazz workshop and loving it.

Douglas Henry

After graduation, I sojourned around the country, first living in Boston, then in New York City while attending Union Theological Seminary. Those were fascinating years. I was attending the Metropolitan Opera when the performance was interrupted to announce that Richard Nixon has resigned as President. Loud applause.

After realizing that I was not cut out for the religious life, I moved back to my home state of Georgia and eventually enrolled in the Georgia State University College of Law. After graduation I worked for a judge, and then opened up a law practice in my home town of Clarkesville, Ga., which is a small town in north east Georgia, not too far from the Smokey Mountains.

I continue to practice law and will probably retire at the same age as Ruth Bader Ginsburg. In my work I deal with characters who might as well have stepped out of a Flannery O'Connor story. Young



men drive down main street in their pick up's flying Confederate flags, and Trump flags are popular.

I am married with children and step-children, or as Zorba the Greek would say, "The whole catastrophe".

I look forward to celebrating our 50th reunion.



Diane (Hinton) Perry

On June 28th of this year (2019), I finally retired after working 35 years in the field of Grant and Contract Management, though not consecutive years. This career included almost equal time with three different types of organizations: (1) corporations (mostly small businesses); (2) American University in Washington, DC; and (3) two International NGOs at career's end. In the final years, my global experience provided the opportunity to travel to Kenya, Ethiopia, the Democratic Republic of the Congo, South Africa, Malaysia, and Jordan.

Grants and Contracts have been my livelihood, but all things literary have been my passion. At mid-life I quit my job to pursue two graduate degrees full time – first an MFA in Creative Writing from the Iowa Writers' Workshop and then an MA in African American and African Diaspora Studies from Indiana University, focusing on African American literature.

I'm a fiction writer who loves storytelling in all its forms. Besides creating my own stories, I love teaching African American literature, which I did while in graduate school at both Iowa and Indiana. I enjoy a variety of literary and writing activities, such as book festivals, writing workshops, author readings and signings, visits at bookstores, writer conferences, retreats, residencies, book clubs, and films. For example, I ventured to Galway, Ireland, a few years ago for the Cúrt International Festival of Literature, participated in a fiction workshop with



Richard Russo in Key West, Florida, this past January, and trekked to Portland, Oregon, in March for the annual AWP conference (Association of Writers and Writing Programs). For a sample of my fiction, search me on Amazon to find my short story "The Eyesore." Now that I'm retired from my full-time job, a demanding one, I'm grateful for more time to write.

It took me twenty-five years to return to Carleton after graduating, but the first Multicultural Alumni Network (MCAN) reunion drew me back. Since then, I have dedicated time volunteering, including a three year tenure as a member of the Alumni Council and co-chair of the MCAN committee. Currently, I'm one of the co-chairs of the Outreach Committee for our 50th reunion.

Let me close with a bit about my family. I married our classmate Phil Perry in 1973. We stayed married a long time, but we're both on our own now. We raised a remarkable son, Phillip Craig Perry, Jr. He and his wife Erica have blessed us with a granddaughter who is six and a grandson who is one. Phillip is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, where he majored in Systems Engineering and played varsity lacrosse. He's currently Vice President of Business Engagement for Enterprise Technologies at NBCUniversal in Los Angeles.

I'm looking forward to seeing everyone at the 50th reunion. I had a ball at the 45th reunion, my first class reunion (i.e., not MCAN). Since I had such a fun time, I regret that it took me so long to show up. Please don't miss this one. But if you do, you can find me living in Baltimore.

Emily (Hoel) Moore

In December of our senior year I married Tom Moore '69. I had extra credits from summer term, choir, and independent study to allow me to finish early. I came back to campus in the spring to take comps and finish my language requirement, and in June for graduation. Ah, the impatience of youth. My goal had been to teach high school mathematics. Fifty years later I am retired from a rewarding career teaching mathematics at Grinnell College. In between I earned my PhD in mathematics at Dartmouth, taught for a time at Marietta College in Ohio, returned to graduate school for work in the relatively new area of Computer Science, and luckily ended up at Grinnell College in 1980. I have enjoyed teaching excellent students. I also benefited from renewed energy in exploring mathematics during sabbaticals with colleagues at Mount Holyoke and Smith Colleges, and later at Carleton and Macalester, coauthoring papers in graph theory and a book in difference sets.

The Profession: Research by the alumni office found that I am the second woman math major to graduate from Carleton and go on to get a PhD in mathematics. This is a comment more on society and less on my mathematical prowess. Many of you know the difficulties faced by couples with two professional careers. Tom and I read about two Carleton grads sharing a college teaching position and used that model for our careers. This gave us flexibility to raise children, and allowed us to expand the position as needed.



Speaking of children: Amy was born in Hanover, NH, as we were finishing our degrees at Dartmouth, and Phil was born in Marietta, OH. Amy studied at Carleton for close to three years and finished at Grinnell. She and her husband live in Duluth, MN, and have three children. Amy now has a photography project on Facebook – Onward – that encourages women in endurance sports. Phil got his BA at the University of Iowa and now lives with his son in Durham, NC. His career with the music group The Bowerbirds is supplemented with a job in computers.

Retirement: I am finding many things to do in retirement including volunteering in the local food pantry, the VITA tax program, the United Way board, an after-school mathematics program for 3rd and 4th grade girls, and our dental coalition that works to bring dental services to children. I also garden, read, and knit.

Constance (Hoffman) Berman

Fifty years on still happily married. My husband David Berman (class of 67) and I live a comfortable life in Iowa City. Our son Ben was a Suzuki cello student and cello (but also weather) was one of the reasons he refused to go to Carleton, although several of his friends did. He now has a PhD in Computer Science and has been married for five years. Our daughter-in-law Natasha is sweet and smart and they both love living in Squirrel Hill in Pittsburgh.

I've been retired for three years from teaching medieval history at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. After years of saying I wouldn't teach PhD students I one day woke up to the realization that I'm a much better graduate advisor than most. I've trained about a dozen excellent students (often with the unsung help of people who teach at places like Carleton). My students have been trained to do research in untouched archival collections, they are good editors and writers, they have become versed in what has become my particular brand of common-sense feminist theory and in the critical approach that I learned at Carleton. In my last book as in my first, I have reported what the documents tell me, even if that means going against engrained assumptions and conventional wisdoms. As at Carleton, I have been an activist, a trouble-maker, stirring up controversies, often not taking the most-travelled road.



In all this, in a world without many academic jobs, my Iowa students and I have all landed on our feet; my last five grad students all finished up in my last semester of teaching and are making names for themselves. I've been fortunate to have David supporting me and my work even when I was unemployed, and very fortunate that when it came to hire a medievalist, the History department here had actually read my work. My research and David's have allowed us to travel lots – living for a year in Trondheim, Norway, another in Cambridge, UK, three in Vancouver, BC, and several semesters in southern France. I was in Paris on the day that Nixon quit; I'm hoping someone else will quit when I'm in Paris again in October.

We're both orphans now and both of us have also lost a sibling. My sister still lives in Maine and I have three brothers (each with two kids) on the East coast. David and I find ourselves doing maintenance, charity or book-club activities (rather than religious ones) at our synagogue. I go to yoga and such, plant flowers and have various knitting activities, because I love the colors. We are active in politics when there is a caucus coming up and sometimes in local environmental groups.

I have become increasingly distressed by the state of the union, the globe, the planet. I think that our Senior year at Carleton was the year of the first Earth Day, but have we made any progress? Well, there are many adorable wind-mills in Iowa and in Iowa they don't cause cancer. Indeed, mills have become one of my special medievalist interests; I know the location of the first documented wind-mill in southern France and more about the water-mills in Paris than you would care to hear.

Holly (Hoffmeister) Davies

Yes, you are still incredibly dear to me in spite of everything....

But, facts are facts. And the truth is: Our divorce was initiated in the fall of 1967 when I told my father over the phone, "I can't stand this place any longer!"

Carleton was his idea, not mine. Even at eighteen, I was quite taken by the thought that with just a little planning, winter can be avoided! I was from St. Louis and wanted to head south for college; my father sent me to Carleton.

But here's the thing: the heart wants what the heart wants. Nonetheless, though I was never at home at Carleton, I was permanently imprinted by the college, by Minnesota, and by all of you! To this day I think of the beauty of the campus after an ice storm when every twig is encased with glass. And of the day when a friend from our class, Red, invited me to go ice skating on a pond that he had noticed was frozen over. I can still remember whirling around it in the sunlight of a winter day and how he spoke to me of California, his home state, as though it were El Dorado! And Jane Headington who is reportedly missing. How on earth could that tall and striking beauty be missing when she would stand out in any crowd? And, Herr Mendel, one of my favorite professors, who once had a heart attack or at least an incident right in front of the class! I will never forget the shade of gray-purple that his face turned-- But, back to my father. "Apply to the Critical Languages Program at Princeton," he calmly replied. So I did!

He knew I would be accepted and he was right! Japanese was a passion of mine and I had studied it for years! In the spring of '68, the fat envelope arrived from Princeton and our divorce was final. That is why you never saw me again after our sophomore year!

It was a requirement of the Critical Languages Program that I study Japanese during both the summer before and after my junior year. Against my will, my father sent me to Stanford, a decision he came to rue, for once I saw the Bay Area, I realized that



there's a place warmer and even more fun than the South: it's called California! (Red was right!) One night I was leaving the library, and a handsome and athletic man walked up to me and started talking to me, all the way out the door and down the sidewalk to Wilbur Hall.

He asked where I went to school during the year. "A little school in Minnesota that you've never heard of--"

"What little school in Minnesota?"

"Carleton College!"

Well, it was Thomas W. Davies, Minnesota born and bred, who had gone to Carleton for his freshman year, then transferred to the U of Minn., and had just graduated from Stanford Law School. He was studying for the California bar exam. Three years later, we were married. Eventually, we bought a home in the town of Saratoga and I built Tom a law office to protect him from the rapacious landlords of California. (Red, you forgot to tell me about them!) Tom has an Estate Planning and Probate practice; I am the bookkeeping and business arm of the enterprise.

In 1980, we were blessed by the birth of a son, Andrew, who is now a practicing attorney; and in 1985, a daughter, Morgan, who is an environmental scientist. We also have two grandchildren, Adrian and Ava.

Love to all of you.

Janet (Hollis) Gendler

Act 1: Preparation and Beginning

Marriage to John Gendler just a year after graduation. (We were babies!) A brief career of paid employment as a technician in bio-medical research and labs paid the law school tuition and our support in those very lean years.

Act 2: Implementation and Exploration

I was a full-time mom, allowing me time and flexibility to explore a full range of unpaid careers. I've been a board member for non-profits, advocate for abused and neglected kids, public policy study writer, study committee leader, lobbyist, PTA volunteer, and moderator of candidate and issues forums.

John and I began our life of travel together, beginning with the annual visits to family in New England (although he often sent me off with the kids and his good wishes, claiming work but now admitting that our time away was a staycation.) The first international destination was a trip to Sweden, visiting classmate Jimmy Kolker. We continued to take advantage of Jimmy's excellent hosting and visited as many of his posts as time and Jimmy's tolerance allowed. Our son's study and work took us to Japan many times. The two most memorable were Christmas in Toyama prefecture to see first-born granddaughter Marie and 100 days later in Tokyo (which was barely two weeks after the tsunami and nuclear accident in Fukushima.) We've been to all 7 continents and continue to work on the list of states. Some of the best trips have been with Alumni Adventures.

I would now advise my 18-year-old self to explore some poli-sci and econ classes to prepare for "real life" – plus a semester or two studying abroad or a gap year in another culture.



Act 3: Continuation and Conclusion

My retirement from paid employment became official once the Social Security checks arrived, but the biggest difference now is John's retirement. We moved to a condo and downsized – possessions, not activities – five years ago. Travel continues to California and our two wonderful children and three grandchildren, annual visits to Rhode Island and Hawaii, and a variety of other countries. I also do

a fair amount of connecting and reconnecting with family and friends. There have been – and will continue to be – visits with long-time friends, joining new social groups, hosting Thanksgiving and bridal showers (college did NOT prepare me for this), attending extended family events, and more. Being part of the reunion committee reminds me how much I enjoy the many different people I met through Carleton, including alums of other classes, new faculty, and staff.



Goals:

1. As much traveling as time, money and energy allow.
2. Continuing involvement with grandchildren, possibly moving nearer someday.
3. Keeping those social connections strong.

Rush Holt

Looking over seven decades, I mostly have feelings of enormous gratitude and astonishment. Gratitude that more than a few people invested their trust and hopes in me, from faculty at Carleton like Mike Casper, to bosses and colleagues in a variety of jobs, to my wonderful wife and her children, to a number of friends, and to hundreds of thousands of people in New Jersey who voted for me to be their representative in government over almost two decades. And astonishment at my good fortune, to have chosen Carleton and to have been chosen by Carleton, to have been given a great variety of professional and personal opportunities, to have come out of every one of my various professional and personal setbacks and disappointments in a better situation (specifics on those setbacks and disappointments provided on request, if anyone besides me cares).

At Carleton there seemed to be the opportunity to do everything – from theater, to campus government, to sports, to taking an odd mix of courses and off-campus experiences, to intentionally getting to know a large variety of people. Not being discouraged in doing that, I set off after graduation on a meandering career doing everything from selling housewares at Bloomingdales; to working at Swarthmore and Princeton and the US Department of State; and after voluntarily stepping aside from the US Congress, to heading up the world's largest general science membership organization, the AAAS. I always hoped I could do some good on a large scale and I always tried to remain principled even



on the small scale. I did not always do excellent work, and I often felt, and some others might have said, that I was often working a little beyond my abilities. Overall, though, things turned out remarkably well.

I am retired since September, and as you know, retirement can mean many things. I am trying to shape a more focused (if that is possible for me) existence of trying to accomplish some good things – one is restoring the traditional American respect for evidence-based thinking in public matters. I am not into reminiscing yet, which is why I find this piece a little hard to write, but I can evoke some delightful reflections – wonderful times with my wife, Annie; uplifting friendships with some heroic figures like John Lewis and Nancy Pelosi and with my long and durable friendships with some Carleton folks like John Nason, Jay Summerville, and the whole Mature Male Image crowd; appearing with Art Fleming (remember him?) six times on Jeopardy! And successfully taking on Watson; winning a couple of Truman-loses-to-Dewey-like elections; traveling (sometimes in style, sometimes definitely not) to many countries and all continents; spending an entire afternoon with the Dalai Lama; having a dinner for four with the King and Queen of Jordan; and a private breakfast with the Prime Minister at 10 Downing; having Carole King put her arm around me and sing Happy Birthday to Rush; and sitting on the dock at our restorative place in the Adirondacks. I hope there are miles to go.

Margaret (Howell) Nesse

When I look back on the last 50 years, I realize that my first focus has been on taking care of family: my husband Randy ('70, who charmed me on our first Carleton date by teaching me to snowshoe!), our two daughters, our parents as they aged, our grandchildren, and a long line of family pets, including cats, dogs, hamsters and a rabbit. I never intended my main identity to be wife, mom, daughter, grandma, and petting-zoo keeper, but that's how it has turned out.

In the gaps between family duties and pleasures, I earned an MA in English literature, taught basic writing skills to college freshmen, worked as a PR writer at the University of Michigan, and completed three novels, one of which has been published. I've kept on singing with a large variety of musical ensembles, from massive choruses to church choirs to an all-female early music group. And I've done lots of volunteer work, with a preference for lowly hands-on tasks like ladling oatmeal at my church's daily breakfast for the needy, or transplanting baby milkweed plants as part of the Great Milkweed Grow Out at the Phoenix Desert Botanical Garden. Twenty years ago I became an Episcopalian, and I seek out the beauty and goodness of that branch of Christianity wherever I go.



Mostly, I've lived in Ann Arbor MI, and Michigan with its lakes and huge trees is still my summer home. But we've had lots of opportunities to travel and have spent two separate years abroad, in London, UK, and Berlin, DE. Six years ago we moved to Phoenix, where Randy said yes to a dream job offer at ASU. Four months ago, in advance of Randy's retirement, we bought a home in a gorgeous, nature-oriented 55+ community near Tucson, where we continue to care for each other and our little white poodle, to enjoy friends, including Steve and Pat Bielke, ('70, '71), and where we're daily in awe of the blooming desert and the purple light on the mountains at sunset.

Stephen Hulke

1970's

What: Peace Corps/Micronesia, UT graduate school, geologist, marriage to Anne Schultz, Golden Retriever enthusiast and Longhorn fan forever

Where: Yap District, Micronesia; Austin, TX

1980's – 2000's

What: petroleum geologist, husband, fatherhood, Anne's health issues

Where: Austin, Midland, Dallas, Midland, Oklahoma City

2010's

What: petroleum geologist, husband, fatherhood, father-in-lawhood, retirement, Anne's death, downsizing

Where: Oklahoma City, prepping move to MN

If you're reading this, it must be late on a night when insomnia has you firmly in its grip. Stop worrying, I'm here to help. Have a pillow near because what follows is really boring, better than ZzzQuill, and I don't want to be sued for the keyboard bruises on your forehead. It's a new year, and I've got a full ration of run-on sentences burning a hole in my pocket. Relax, you'll be asleep within a few words...

I've wandered quite a way from Carleton '70, but I'll go out on a limb and guess that many of us have. In our common northland past, I received my unsmudged diploma with GEOLOGY on it. A few years later, in my southwestland past, I got another diploma. It turned out that these were union cards, and the start of a long paper and digital trail of data, reports, collaborations and presentations. My profession was oil and gas exploration, and I loved it. There was fear on that trail...that some snitch would catch on, lodge a complaint that I actually liked my work, whine about that unfairness, and my



coffee/sweat/oil-stained diploma/union cards would turn to dust. But no, my little personal scam, my so-called work, went on for 42 years.

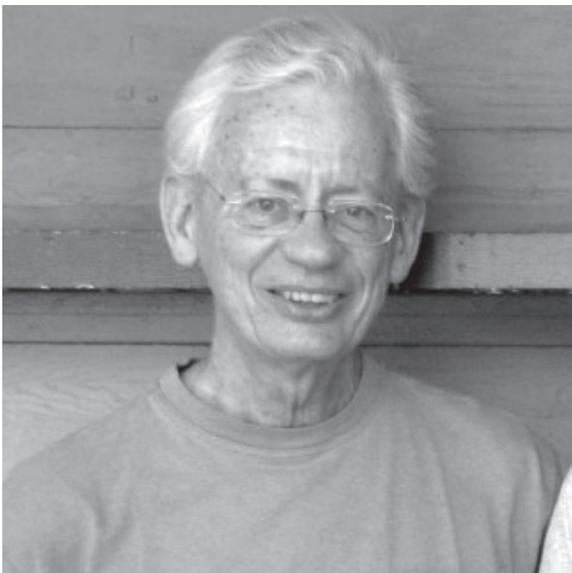
Who am I today? Well, Carleton friends might remember, as my professional colleagues (co-conspirators?) do, that I was always a straight-arrow, no-nonsense, "Just the facts, ma'am", nose-to-the-grindstone kinda guy, and that I never ventured into the slippery pit of irreverent, crude, skeptical, slacker humor. That part of me hasn't changed. I haven't even dipped a gnarled toe into the snarky humor pit. Nope, not me. Not in thought, word or deed. Except for those very few, hardly-ever times I did... Well, I wish I could re-live every single one of those black swan moments, dragging each other willingly through the comfort of the mud pit again. So our lives continue, and I'm the guy hoping I'll never be too old to act immature.

These days my enthusiasm for Carleton is muted, memories have faded and been overwritten. Especially since Anne's death, I've reconnected with old friends, some from Carleton. We've shared coffee, truth-bending emails, long meals, shaggy dog stories, and long phone calls, trusting that recorders were turned off and that names/places/dates would be forever redacted. The over-arching lesson for me has been that we never let facts get in the way of a good shared narrative... and that my friends are thoughtful, kind and generous. I have warm memories of many of you. Full disclosure requires a fine print warning that "memory" is a slippery word in my life, a word that allows for faulty face-to-name accuracy, embarrassing total blanks, and some... umm... selectivity. If I don't attend Reunion 2020, I will certainly think of you all on that weekend.

Monte Hull

After leaving Carleton so many years ago I returned to Hawai'i and spent thirteen years in graduate school, earning a Ph.D. in Asian philosophy. The job market was terrible, so why finish and leave Hawai'i? I particularly enjoyed Buddhism (in its many forms) and Daoism, and wrote my dissertation on *mujō* (Ja.: impermanence), or more specifically, on its aesthetic engagement in classical Japanese literature and its meditative engagement in Dōgen's Zen. During that long period I had the happy opportunity to earn a living in an artists' cooperative, The Artist Guild in Honolulu, where I made engravings on stone, using old slate roof tiles removed during a renovation of 'Iolani Palace. I love the miracle of sight and seeing, so it was, and is, a delight to create images of what moves me in Hawai'i. That was also a welcome relief from the often hypercritical intensity of graduate school.

After receiving my degree in 1984, I taught for a year at Case Western Reserve University. While in Cleveland I met my ever surprising and energetic future wife, Janet, who is an Emergency Room RN. Eventually I wound up for ten years at Lake Forest College, IL., teaching Asian and Comparative philosophy as well as environmental ethics. One of the most important gifts from my Carleton education had been David Sipfle's rigorously Socratic model of teaching engagement; it profoundly shaped my own teaching. Among the highlights of those years, other than our annual sojourns to Kaua'i (including a honeymoon on the Na Pali Coast during a tropical



depression – waterfalls everywhere), were hiking trips in the Himalayas. We went to Nepal, Ladakh, and Tibet (“circumambulating” Mt. Kailash).

As pleasant as teaching at Lake Forest was, we longed to return to “The Islands,” where I could resume my artwork and Janet could swim in a tropical ocean everyday (yes, literally). I gave up my tenured position, and we moved to Kaua'i, where I also became involved in environmental issues. Unfortunately the art market in Hawai'i virtually collapsed after 9/11, so I headed back to academia and taught at Temple University in Philadelphia, this time in a religion department. The need for cross-cultural understanding seemed as pressing as ever, and it was also meaningful to help students in a thoroughly urban environment discover the depth of their interconnections, and of course interdependence, with nature. Teaching about East Asian approaches to the natural world in art and literature was also a joy. After a dozen years I still loved teaching, but being seriously overworked is not good for anyone, professor or students; so I quit when I reached a “retirement” age.

We presently live on Whidbey Island, Washington, looking out across the Samish Sea (a.k.a., Puget Sound) at the often cloud shrouded Olympic Mountains. I do volunteer instruction in alpine climbing with the Everett Mountaineers, practice zazen at a nearby Zen monastery (Tahoma Sogenji), and am reconnecting with my art work. We hope eventually to move back to Kaua'i. We have had, of course, our hard times, especially the loss of our only child, but mostly I am simply astonished to be present in this extraordinary world. Hopefully I have made some contribution to it.

Bruce Jacobsen

From Bruce's wife Ann Morrissey

Bruce was diagnosed with Huntington's Disease in November, 2014, a great shock to us as he had had no symptoms, had been enjoying a great life and career as an internal medicine physician and we hadn't actually given it much thought, plus his age seemed to have put him past any danger point.

We always knew, of course, that he had a 50/50 chance of getting the disease since his mother had had it. It took quite a while to assimilate and get used to it.

That said, Bruce has been fortunate in that the progression has been slow and he is still enjoying an active life. He is still cross country skiing and we went on several weekend and a couple of week long trips this past season. We get out for a good walk every day, he reads avidly and participates in a classics book club, and, though our travel has been cut back, we're still taking a few U.S. trips, Civil War, family etc. Exercise and social/mental activity are the best prescriptions for slowing the progression.

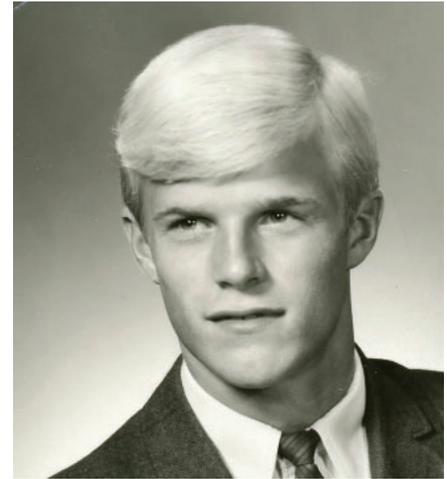
We also participate in a support group monthly which has been very helpful, and Bruce is an active supporter of the Huntington's Disease Society of America (HDSA).



Jeffrey Jacobsen

My wife Liz and I have lived in Wayzata since the late '70s and we have three children: Kristin, Lindsey and Michael, and four grandchildren with a fifth on the way. I retired as CEO of Gopher Resource in 2018 following the sale of the company to a Private Equity firm and remain on the Board of the new Gopher.

I play golf during the summer, ski during the winter, walk and swim regularly. We also love to travel.



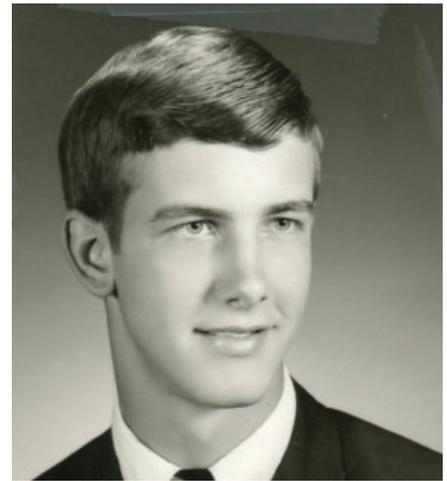
Brian Johnson

I learned many things at Carleton. I learned that it wasn't a good idea to have no Spanish at all and be in Señor Obiad's Spanish 1. After a few visits to the Dean, I learned that I might be over my head. Needless to say, I had to work very hard for very average grades, but by my fourth year, I had to buy beer for getting my first A (Conceptual Physics). I learned Bothwell was a better football player and Mauzy a better rugby player.

I married Kate in 1971. We have 3 sons and 3 Grandchildren. This was without a doubt the best decision I have made in 72 years!

I finally got the study thing down and received a DVM from the U. of Minnesota.... yes a veterinarian! A horse veterinarian! 44 years and counting. I can't claim many records from the elite Carleton alumni, but I believe I have done more horse rectal exams than any Carleton graduate. A bold statement, but I am computerized!

The true loves of my life, not in order, except for the first: Kate and our family, veterinary medicine and surgery, horses, team roping, endurance riding, endurance running, and believe it or not off- road auto racing, restoration of older VW and Porsche autos.



Toivo “TK” Kallas

I was born in Germany to Estonian parents, grew up in Minneapolis, and learned English in kindergarten. Thus I’m one of those undesirable immigrants. Majored eventually in Biology at Carleton. Spent my junior year at the American University, Beirut, where I gained some insight into the tensions and upheavals to come in that region. Enjoyed the culture of Lebanon and relative tranquility of those times skiing in sight of the Mediterranean, learned to scuba dive, and traveled with friends.

After work in a high school dropout program in Minneapolis, spent a couple of great summers on Hornby Island, British Columbia, making pottery and feasting on salmon. I was ready to buy a plot of land there and give pottery a serious shot, but my folks convinced me to seek a more certain occupation – graduate school? Nearly bought an old fishing boat as a backup if graduate school fell through. Wound up in a PhD program in Microbiology in Eugene, Oregon. I was attracted to simple forms of life that often live on the edge, in environments such as thermal springs – such as the cyanobacteria that made life on earth possible for the rest of us because of the oxygen they began to produce billions of years ago. I started work in Yellowstone Park, but ended up on the darker side trying to understand the molecular mechanisms of life in these organisms. Microalgae and photosynthesis have remained as themes. I bought a shanty home, built a sauna, and in a particularly good week, married fellow graduate student Beatrice Holton in Elijah Bristow State Park, defended my thesis, and found that I had a



postdoc fellowship for the Institut Pasteur, Paris. Bea already had a fellowship.

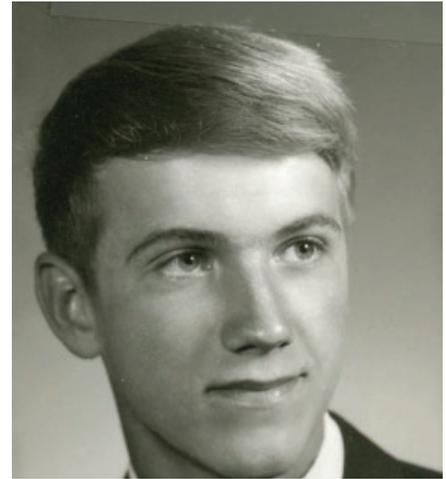
We spent several great years in Paris among friends, traveled, including one trip to Soviet-era Estonia; and gave birth to our daughter Kari. Next Berkeley, California, an old house in Oakland, the birth of our son Marti, and reconnection with my old Carleton friend, Tamim Ansary and his family. After Berkeley I took a faculty job at UW Oshkosh and thus because the first person to have made the Carleton, Paris, Berkeley, Oshkosh trajectory. Bea got a job in the same department. In Oshkosh we had a nice home with a fireplace, husky dogs, and a boat dock connected to Lake Winnebago, and the kids grew. Worked with a bunch of good students, friends, and colleagues via conferences and sabbaticals at the Institut Biologie Physico Chimique, Paris, and UW Madison Biotechnology Center.

In 2012, two colleagues and I founded a startup company, Algoma Algal Biotechnology LLC, to pursue algal CO₂ capture and conversion into chemicals and fuels. We are now working with a Wisconsin iron foundry to capture their flue gas CO₂ emissions, and with a fluid dynamics colleague on potentially game-changing photobioreactors to help dent climate change. I retired from UW Oshkosh in 2018 but not from other pursuits and enjoyment of life. Daughter Kari (a classical singer and piano instructor), son-in-law Gavin (a great jazz saxophonist), granddaughter Ellie, son Marti (a Google software engineer), and Bea are all now in LA. We bought a house there with some mountain views and a garden in an old neighborhood, near nice walks. I’m between LA and Wisconsin. Old friends and new are welcome.

John Kennedy

I've practiced intellectual property, technology and data privacy law in and around New York City for 35 years. As of 1/1/20, I've stepped halfway over the line to retirement by going part time (following a friend's advice that jumping 'cold turkey' into full retirement can be hazardous to health and lead to cribbage playing, binge streaming, coupon clipping and other risks). But my wife Polly (30 years this May) and I are in a great place to work out the rest of the retirement game. After 25 years in Westport, CT, and nearly as many years commuting on Metro North into Manhattan, we moved to Old Saybrook, an hour east up the line on the Connecticut coast. We are delighted to be living in a lovely New England forest, across the street from a nature preserve, steps from the Connecticut River and great bird life, minutes from beautiful beaches and parks, and a two-hour, one-crossword puzzle train ride to New York or Boston. Wonderful spot.

The road from Northfield to Old Saybrook included some interesting stops and side trips along the way. In rough chronology: two years as a VISTA volunteer in and around New York as a community worker with the Legal Services Corporation in the 'war on poverty'; for a change of pace, three years teaching English in a New England prep school in the Berkshires (with my then-wife and continuing friend, Sara Peters) -- when we arrived, the school had just turned co-ed and was in the middle of a collective nervous breakdown as a result (this was the early 70s, after all); during the seven years after that, I lived in Chicago as a graduate student in English and American Lit. at the University of Chicago (got a master's degree and an ABD ("all but dissertation" or "anything but this dissertation", depending on your perspective); other activities in Chicago included free-lancing for the Chicago Reader (a Carleton production as you all know) on subjects such as prairie chickens, the Steppenwolf Theater and gastroenterologist conventions, and also working in the Office of Strategic Planning of the U of



C; going to Columbia Law School in New York in the early 80s and then to work on Wall Street; soon centering my legal practice on the emerging law of software and information technology – intellectual property rights, technology transactions, e-commerce, cloud services and data privacy (i.e., the loss of privacy that came hand in hand with the advent of big tech). It's been a challenge, but rarely boring, to practice for over three decades in an area of law that, as my daughter Kate ('03) says, didn't exist when I started law school.

But the best stops and side trips beyond everything else in the last 50 years are my daughter with Sara Peters (Kate, now a successful lawyer in Seattle and mother of two impossibly beautiful and delightful girls); meeting, marrying and making a life and family with Polly Parker, an advertising art director I met in New York in the late '80s and who made me laugh on day one and still does; and our daughter Nora, an aspiring actor and writer in New York who was practically born singing, dancing and doing dead-on imitations. Among her many gifts is her love of the music, stories, humor and spirit of the 60's. Helps Dad stay young. Things do come around again.

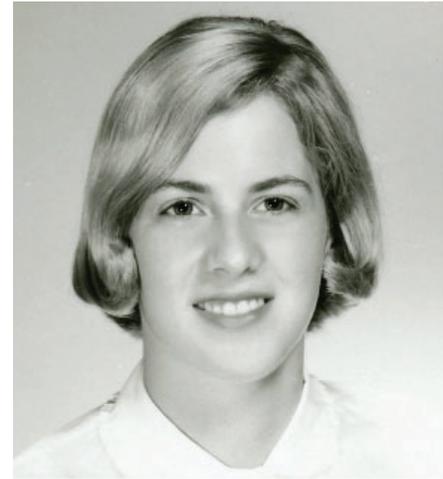
I don't know if I'll make it, but a wonderful 50th celebration to all in June. Is there still a Muni-train?

Nancy Kerr

To return after 50 years – will it seem smaller – as I have grown? Will it seem empty – as souls have flown?

What is the agenda – will we be challenged to laugh and ponder, problem solve, soul to soul share? Will there be pitches, bullshit and wonder, peace, love and care?

I am a restless person who struggled with sitting zazen; hiking, biking and skiing zazen works better for me. My Buddhism is now more attempting to accept and spread compassion, as per the Dalai Lama. My muse pushed me through the med school and an obstetrics & gynecology agenda and now after 45 years of physician karma and 10,000 babies, I have evolved to focus on global women's issues and research and other public health needs. Current big project is the simple postpartum hemorrhage device made of a binder and soccer ball that we have developed. No woman should die in childbirth – in the US or anywhere on the planet. I am more a scientist now than back in the day, yet still melt at Monet and Van Gogh, Bach, Gabrielli and Brahms.



Internationally I focus primarily on Nepal and Papua New Guinea (co-medical director for PNG Tribal Foundation.) Big push there now to combat domestic and sorcery-based violence. Plus my emergency medicine husband gets gigs with National Geographic/Lindblad, allowing seafaring expeditions – my favorite is South Georgia and the Falklands. Three kids, 4 grandkids, scattered in CA and AK. My home is now Telluride, CO where you can do almost anything at some time of year (except the ocean stuff.)



Margaret Kitchell

I started Carleton with the class of 1970, but left after my sophomore year. I was a Midwesterner, but the West Coast appealed to me, and I ended up at Reed in Portland for the rest of my college years. I had loved philosophy classes at Carleton, especially Professor Sipfle, and while I majored in philosophy at Reed, it was more modern and narrow. At Reed I was told I seemed like a square Midwesterner, but I soon went to Goodwill and picked out hippie clothes and transitioned into the '60's rebellious spirit. I traveled to San Francisco for be-ins, and loved Gary Snyder and the Whole Earth Catalog. But I had long planned to go to medical school, and so went to Washington University in St. Louis, thinking I would participate in some social justice efforts. Once there, it was so different from my beloved Portland, but it was excellent training, and I participated in efforts against lead poisoning and with the Medical Committee for Human Rights. Later I went to Rush in Chicago for a medicine internship, and then back to the west coast for psychiatry residency at University of Washington. I have practiced general and geriatric psychiatry in the Seattle area.

When I arrived in Seattle I joined Prag House, a housing cooperative, and then was a groupie of sorts for Shelly and the Crustaceans, a protest song and dance group. I met Jack who was part of that, and we married in 1981, had a daughter and son, moving out to our own house. He was a videographer



and did documentaries, and later was a Metro bus driver and artist, did quirky illustrations and wrote a graphic memoir.

We got very excited about the WTO protests in 1999, and I marched as a turtle. However, it was disappointing how that event turned from peaceful to disruptive. Since then I have been more concerned with climate change, through Washington Physicians for Social Responsibility. I have retired from psychiatry, but I think my work in geriatrics has helped me prepare for this stage of life. Jack passed away in 2012 from cancer.

I miss aspects of my psychiatry work, but enjoy my volunteer work, for example with Peoples Memorial Association, educating and advocating around end of life and funeral services. I have a new partner, Kim, and we have joined the nearby Unitarian church, and I enjoy singing in the inter-generational choir. We have a small dog of our own and two grand-dogs in Colorado.

Barbara (Klopke) Kuennecke

After Carleton, I spent a year in Regensburg, Germany on a Fulbright Fellowship, followed by a year in Champaign-Urbana, IL to complete a Master's Degree in German. Then out to the University of Oregon for PhD studies and two years back in Regensburg to complete my dissertation. Successful defense of said work and degree granted in Dec 1976.

Following a major change in my life, I joined the Air Force in April 1978 and was commissioned in June. My first assignment after intelligence training was to USAF headquarters in the Pentagon – a place many officers went out of their way to avoid during their careers. I found it quite interesting and a great way to learn about the entire intelligence community. Other assignments included teaching German at the Air Force Academy, running the graduate program at the Defense Intelligence College, then a tour in Heidelberg, Germany at headquarters, 4th Allied Tactical Air Force – a NATO entity that no longer exists. I was fortunate enough to be selected to attend the German Armed Forces Staff College. We started class on 1 Oct 1990, and then had a day off on 3 Oct to celebrate German unification. During our class trips, we were able to visit several sites in the former East Germany and talk with those who were still on active duty about their experiences. My time in Europe continued with a tour in Mons, Belgium, at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers Europe (aka SHAPE).

All good things must end, as did my European tours for the time. After SHAPE, I was assigned to 8th Air Force in Shreveport, LA, then out to the RAND Corporation in Santa Monica for a year. When I was looking at assignment options after RAND, the only thing that looked at all interesting was in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, at the Joint Intelligence Center for the Joint Task Force – Southwest



Asia (another entity that no longer exists). US Central Command asked me to join them in Tampa, which I did for two years. Europe called me back with an assignment to Stuttgart, Germany in European Command, then two attaché tours – first in Kosovo (before we recognized it as an independent country), then in Romania. As I finished that tour, I also had 30 years in service, so I hung up my uniform and was hired by the Defense Intelligence Agency as a civilian. Six years later – and with a new chief of the agency – I decided that it was time to retire.

Once I moved to West Virginia, I became very active in the National Active and Retired Federal Employees (NARFE) Association. As I write this, I currently am a chapter president, district representative, and vice president for legislative affairs for WV. During tax season, I'm kept busy as a volunteer tax preparer for AARP three days a week. The only problem with doing that is the limitation on when I can travel – which I try to do as much as possible – when I'm not working at turning my almost 5 acres into a bee, bird, and butterfly friendly habitat. This year included trips to see grizzlies in Alaska and polar bears in Canada, plus hiking in the Poconos.



Jimmy Kolker

Am I the only class member with TWO degrees from Carleton? In June 2019, I was Carleton commencement speaker and received an honorary doctorate. My 2019 speech recalled the determination I expressed as our class speaker in 1970 that we would do better than older generations had to end wars, eliminate poverty, fight racism and combat pollution. How have we done? Despite good intentions, we are leaving to new graduates the same unfulfilled agenda we protested 50 years ago.

“Preparing for Jobs that Don’t Yet Exist,” was the title of my graduation address last year, encouraging the class that Carleton does provide the knowledge and cross-disciplinary skills to take on big issues.

Politics and Diplomacy: My own career is an example. After Carleton, I worked on political campaigns and then on the U.S. Senate staff of Jim Abourezk (D-SD) 1972-76. Wanting someone to pay my way back to Africa, where I’d spent 1971 on a Watson Fellowship, I joined the Foreign Service and served at U.S. embassies in Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Sweden, the UK, Botswana and Denmark. In 1999, Pres. Clinton nominated me to be ambassador to Burkina Faso, and in 2002, Pres. Bush named me as ambassador to Uganda, where I served through 2005.

Doing Jobs that Didn’t Exist Before – AIDS Diplomat: The fight against AIDS was a major part of my time in Uganda, and I spent the next 12 years working fulltime on AIDS and global health – as Deputy Global AIDS Coordinator, leading implementation of the President’s Emergency Plan for AIDS Relief



2005-7 and then as chief of the HIV/AIDS Section at UNICEF’s New York headquarters 2007-11.

Ebola and Health Security Diplomat: I returned to government in 2011, as Assistant Secretary for Global Affairs in the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, an Obama appointee. As the Department’s chief health diplomat, I represented the U.S. at World Health Organization meetings, and helped lead the US response to the Ebola and Zika outbreaks.

Retired since 2017, I co-teach a graduate course on global health security at Georgetown’s School of Foreign Service. I am on the boards of seven foundations and NGO’s (all but one unpaid) connected to Africa and/or global health; Rush Holt enlisted me as a visiting scholar at the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and I also hang out at the Center for Strategic and International Studies and the Council on Foreign Relations. I’ve been a speaker on health diplomacy at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, American U, Pomona, Cal Tech, UNC, Road Scholar, and the Uniformed Services Medical University.

Family: My wife Britt-Marie Forslund was a Swedish politician when we met in Stockholm in 1983. Since 2006, she has been working at the Swedish embassy in Washington. We have two daughters: Anne (Swarthmore ’08) is a lawyer in Washington and Eva (Brown ’10) is a behavioral economist in the UK. Our Ugandan foster son Moses is an IT major and will complete Army ROTC at the U of Maryland in May 2020.

We spend summers in Sweden, on the island of Gotland and in Stockholm, where we have an apartment. Over the years, I’ve crossed the Atlantic 335 times and visited 96 countries.

Jeanne (Krause) Kosek

Remember in high school we read Wm Shakespeare's *As You Like It*?

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

Shakespeare goes on to describe these seven ages of man, but alas, at this point I must have dozed off at my desk, thus depriving my schoolgirl self of the invaluable imprinting of a proper road map through life. The consequences of my poorly timed snooze have proven to be occasionally embarrassing... such as at this moment, when I find myself in one of the later acts of my own life, and, rather than submitting to my Carleton classmates a picture showing off my cute grandchildren, I'm sending a picture of myself...showing off my guns. Should have paid closer attention in class. Oh, well.

Despite the absence of grandchildren, cute or otherwise, my life turned out quite well, all in all. Like most lives, it was cobbled together out of opportunity, preparation, inspiration, perspiration, and a lot of dumb luck. I fell into a career of writing and producing for the local Minneapolis/St. Paul television stations – all three network affiliates, as well as the independent station. It was a creative and challenging profession. And fun. Well, sometimes.



One career highlight worth sharing in this forum was a meeting with Tom Hanks, which resulted in a date with him that evening. He was then starring in some goofy network comedy. He was very young and a tad odd looking, but I found him to be as comfortable as a favorite pair of old shoes. Make that a pair of old clown shoes ...or, as it turned out, old exploding clown shoes, because the guy was explosively funny. At the time, a private evening of hilarity with Tom Hanks was no big deal. It was later that he became a big deal. (I, on the other hand, remained a deal of more modest proportions.)

On the domestic front, I got lucky as well. I have a loving partner, Tom. We laugh a lot together. We love our home and our garden. I have reconnected with old high school and Carleton friends, which not only makes for a richer social life, but also gives me a fascinating opportunity to observe how my various pals from days of yore have played out their respective acts on life's stage. Few of us have escaped the tragedies life metes out, but I truly hope that you, my Carleton classmates, have found some bona fide joy in your lives, and lots of it, especially in these later years.

To borrow again from Old Will, "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

Ya, that sounds pretty good. Let 'em come via that route.

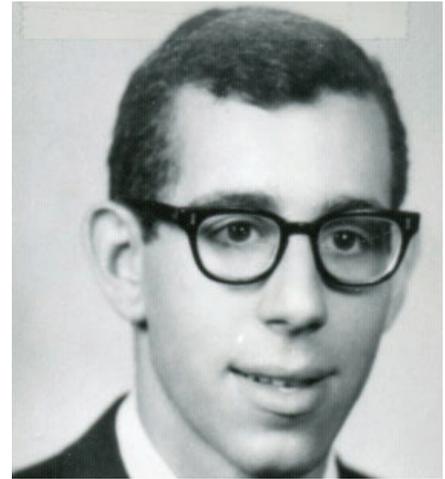
Michael Krischer

Where have I lived?

I grew up on the north side of Chicago and moved back home for the year after Carleton. Next was the Hyde Park neighborhood near the University of Chicago. I spent a year in Frankfurt, Germany researching a potential history dissertation (which I did not complete). I then lived for a year in Skokie (a Chicago suburb) with my mother and siblings helping out after my father's sudden death, before moving back to Chicago. In 1980 I left the city for Sandwich, Illinois, (out in the cornfields) and a job with the Illinois Department of Corrections. In 1988 I came to Kalamazoo, Michigan, (with my wife for her job; unfortunately the small college where she taught closed a year later. However, we both found other things to do and we liked the area so we have stayed.

How did I make a living?

Teaching – I taught fifth grade in Chicago for a year after Carleton, worked as an elementary substitute teacher and adult education instructor (also in Chicago). I was an educator at a medium security prison with assignments that included high school completion classes, basic education, and career development. Later stints at teaching included more substitute teaching in Michigan, a community education program at a county jail, and reading, study skills and writing classes at Kalamazoo Valley Community College and Western Michigan University.



What about family?

I met Janet, my wife-to-be in 1980 at the only singles event I ever attended, and we married in 1982. No children, but we have over thirty nieces, nephews, their spouses, and children. As expected, they are scattered around this country and Europe.

What keeps me busy today?

I am in the back of the viola section of the Kalamazoo Philharmonia, which is composed of Kalamazoo College students and community members. In addition to the usual symphonic works, we have done world and US premieres, operas and choral works. I also supervise the student stage crew. I am the tour director for KalTour, a one day bicycle tour at the end of June sponsored by the Kalamazoo Bicycle Club. I am the volunteer coordinator for the Michigan Festival of Sacred Music, an annual concert series of programs drawn from a variety of religious and cultural traditions. I enjoy bicycling (not fast), playing chamber music, gardening, and wood working.

What have I learned (since Carleton)?

A few miscellaneous skills: to speak German, to change the oil in my car, to shift gears with a manual transmission, to tie a bow tie, to read viola clef, and to send email (this was in 1990 on a mainframe using command lines). I have master's degrees in history from the University of Chicago and in adult education from Northern Illinois University and a doctorate in educational leadership from Western Michigan University.

Jan (Kschinka) Bramhall

I have always disliked personal drama and hated adrenaline, especially since I was 5 and my brother talked me into riding the Octopus at the Lions Club fair in our little town. My years at Carleton and since reflect instead stability and security.

Mark Bramhall and I married one week after graduation, moved to Massachusetts, and we are still married, living in the same town. We raised 3 children, Blake, Dylan, and Wescott—Dylan, our middle child, adopted as an infant from Vietnam a year before the infamous babylift. His zest for danger, fire, guns, and explosives kept my adrenal system strong. All 3 survived our parenting, grew up reasonably unscathed and stable, and Blake and Wes both graduated from Carleton. We always say we either did something right or terribly wrong raising them to be confident and capable, since they didn't look back when they settled far from us and each other, where they now have their own families and our 5 grandchildren. (Our grandson, Liam, hopes to be accepted into the Carleton class of 2024.) While the kids were at home, I worked part time at a 3-woman educational non-profit, from which I am now retired.



We sold our lovely Colonial home when we became empty-nesters, and moved to a small off-grid house in the woods. We use solar, LP, and wood for all appliances and heat, a retro Hippie life without the drugs, although marijuana is now legal in MA.

Our first dependent was a cat, and then a dog, but ever since the kiddos entered primary school, I have had numerous Golden Retrievers, who I raise, train, and show. (As an English and writing major raised by an English teacher and grammarian, I choose my pronouns deliberately. The dogs are not things, but beings.) I still have eleven Golden Retrievers and 2 cats.

We both love to travel, and have been fortunate to visit many countries, mostly together. Mark unretired two years ago to accept a job in Paris. His salary includes 10 round trips between Boston and Paris, so I visit for 2 or 3 weeks as often as I can, and he returns home often as well. I'm not ready to move permanently, to give up my dogs or the community carefully nurtured through 50 years. We realize how precious our life together is, especially since April, when a pulmonary embolism nearly took Mark's life, and we plan to enjoy and appreciate the years ahead.

I support the Constitution of the United States, gun control, LBGTQIAAP+, alternative energy, immigration, families, veterans, the UN, NATO, the Paris Climate Accord, women, Planned Parenthood, etc. I'm a "libtard" and proud of it.

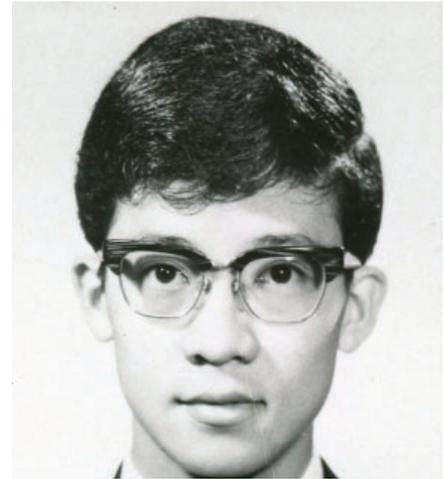
Paul Kuo

Fifty years since we graduated from Carleton, here I am thinking how best to tell what all has taken place with me, in a few paragraphs. Perhaps best to start with what truly has mattered to me.

The accomplishment I am most proud of is to have raised, with my dear wife Les, 2 beautiful children. They have grown to become kind, thoughtful, and industrious adults. My daughter Lindsay is an academic general surgeon with a sub-specialty in endocrine surgery. Amidst the busy hours of education, training, patient care, and now teaching and research, she is managing, along with her dedicated husband, to raise her first child who just turned 3. My son Andrew has started a career in real estate development and finance.

I am most fortunate to have enjoyed good health. We bike and take long walks, weather permitting. We hiked for a week in the Canadian Rockies last fall, and before that in Monument National Park. We climbed Huang Shan (would do that again) and earlier Fuji (only a fool would climb that twice) to watch the sun rise. All within the past 5 years. I haven't played bad mitten much since Carleton – it isn't a popular sport in the US, and there aren't many courts even in colleges and universities.

I am most happy to have chosen maxillofacial and oral surgery as a profession. I like taking care of patients and seeing them do well under my care. I have had various experiences as a surgeon. For the past 20 years I was in private practice here in



Boston. I was able to narrow my practice scope and patient mix, on a shortened work week, and manage to minimize stress and better enjoy my work.

So how did I get from Carleton to here? The first decade of life after Carleton was dedicated to post-graduate studies, dentistry, medicine, and residency training, all at Harvard except 2 years of residency at Sinai in NYC. On completion of clinical training, Les and I started our academic careers in Chicago. We returned to New England in 1998 when Les was asked to chair the Orthodontic Department at Harvard, and I accepted a position at Dartmouth Hitchcock. Commuting between Boston and Hanover became too difficult, so I left Dartmouth after 2 years and started my private practice.

I am hoping to transition my practice to my associate in the near future to have time to tackle items on my bucket list. Les, however, plans to continue her work for another few years. And I will simply travel with her to interesting countries where and when she goes to lecture. “And that’s the way it is,” to quote Walter Cronkite, the most trusted man in America, whom we watched every evening on the CBS News in our lounges at Carleton.

Chuck Kureth

After leaving Carleton, I worked for a short while for a hydrogeological firm out of Wayzata, MN. From Jan., 1971 – June 1974, I served in the NOAA Commissioned Corps (a branch of the Navy detached to NOAA, Dept. of Commerce except for declared war). My last duty station was Detroit, MI (I had commanded the R/V SHENEHON). At the time of my discharge, I had attained the rank of full LT. I then worked for the Corps of Engineers for 2 years. Following the Corps of Engineers, I worked as the Assistant Director of the Coastal Zone Laboratory at the University of Michigan from 1977-1979. I then joined the Traverse Group, a coastal geology and engineering consulting firm located in Ann Arbor, MI, as Vice President from 1979-1987. While there, I managed several projects ranging from Belgium to the Alaskan arctic to Hawaii and Jamaica. In addition, I earned an M.S. in Marine Geology and Geophysics from the University of Michigan in 1980. From 1987-1989, I had my own consulting firm. Following that experiment, I joined Delta Environmental Consultants as their Michigan District Manager from 1989-1991. I followed that with a stint as the Great Lakes Division Manager for the Coastal Remediation Company until it was closed in 1993. I then landed a position as the Southeast Michigan Regional Manager for WW Engineering & Science out of Grand Rapids, MI. I became a casualty of the buyout by EarthTech in 1994.

At that point, it seemed a career change was in order, so I joined Primerica Financial Services as an



agent. I eventually opened my own agency under Primerica in 2000. I retired in 2010. Since 2011 to present, I teach a life insurance pre-licensing course in Michigan and Indiana 2 times a month.

I met my wife, Camille (Cam) in 1970 and married her in December 1971. When she matched with Children's Hospital in Detroit for her residency (she is a pediatrician), I resigned my commission and we settled in the Detroit area, living there for about 40 years. We moved to the South Bend, IN area in 2014. We have 2 children and 4 grandchildren. Our daughter is a veterinarian in Indianapolis and our son is a journalist in Warsaw, Poland.

I have served as President of two congregations and two homeowners associations, served as Chairman of my hometown's planning commission, Chair of the adult committee for a local Boy Scout troop and coached Little League football. I have also served on many local and regional committees in Southeast Michigan. I was given a Distinguished Citizen and Outstanding Citizen awards by my community in 1988.

My wife and I love to travel together and have visited all 50 states and 23 countries.



Tom Kysilko

I am still married to Shirley Jones Kysilko, '72, so the 50th reunion year will also be our 50th anniversary year. We have one daughter, Janna, who has followed in her parents' footsteps, being ABD and self-employed. She trains dressage horses and sings in an early music group. Shirley and I are still playing chamber music at least weekly.

Shirley calls herself 'mostly' retired from the piano tuning and repair business. She has stopped rebuilding and tunes just enough to keep her skills up. Unfortunately, the last piano in her shop tipped over onto her toes. She managed to keep them, but recovery is ongoing after two years. Shirley's volunteer activity is helping a friend (Carleton '81) with MS get around and manage her affairs.

I retired from my health data management position at the end of 2015. As much as I enjoyed that work and the people I worked with, I enjoy retirement even more. Our home backs up to a wooded regional park. I can bird and do dishes at the same time. My volunteer activity is attacking the extensive buckthorn there. I also write limericks for OEDIFL.com under the name Mr E S. One recounts a true incident in 'our' woods.



While I never employ GPS,
In the woods today I, nonetheless,
Found a geocache poke
In a hollowed-out oak.
That is quite a coincidence, yes?

Shirley has outfitted our mini-van as a camper. We travel around quite a bit, mostly within Minnesota. We visit birding hot spots and Carnegie libraries. We occasionally undertake to drive the entire length of a highway, visiting whatever there is to be found along the way. So far we have done MN-23, the MN portion of US-75, and MN-1.



Jim Levett

As Charlie Benoit mentioned in his very interesting bio, we traveled to Europe together following graduation and then ended up in medical school in our respective states. I greatly enjoyed med school but frankly found it less challenging than many courses we took at Carleton (think physics, quantitative analysis chemistry, calculus). Following med school I completed general and thoracic surgery residency/fellowship programs at the University of Chicago and have practiced adult cardiac, thoracic and vascular surgery since then. On the professional side, I served as president of the Cedar Rapids Healthcare Alliance for many years and am currently Surgical Director, Perioperative Services at St. Luke's Unity-Point Hospital in Cedar Rapids.

Over the years I served as chair of the Healthcare Division of the American Society for Quality, and since 2001 have been the advisor for the Society of Thoracic Surgeons on the Relative Value Update Committee of the AMA. In January 2019 I was deeply grateful in being recognized for this work by receiving the distinguished service award from the society. During the '90s I was chairman of the department of surgery at Lutheran General Hospital in Park Ridge, IL, and served as Chief Medical Officer of Physicians' Clinic of Iowa from 2001-2013.

Some years ago I became interested in quality systems in healthcare and in 2003 led PCI to become



certified to ISO 9001:2000, the largest medical group in the U.S. to achieve this distinction.

I have been blessed with a great wife of 34 years, Paula, and four beautiful daughters who are active, healthy and employed. Our first grandchild is on the way next month, and I'm planning to retire in September this year. I feel fortunate to have enjoyed good health and to have had the privilege of working as a physician in a wonderful community in Iowa. We're waiting for the caucus next month (may God save the Union) and looking forward to catching up with old friends and traveling during retirement.

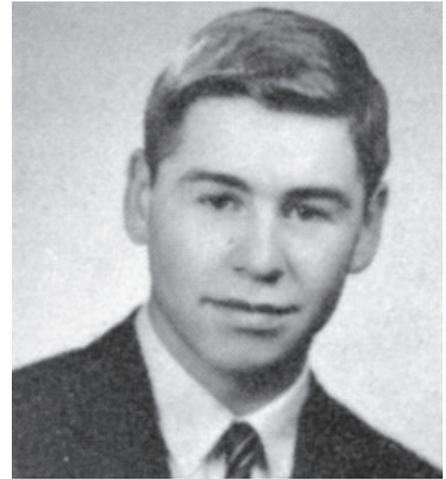
Richard Libbey

I am married and living near my home town of Grand Rapids, in the woods and lakes of Northern MN. We have two fine children and a spirited 4-year-old grandson within a 20-minute drive of our house on Hale Lake. They are now the center of our lives, and we are fortunate to have them close. My son works for the Department of Natural Resources and my daughter is in Early Childhood Development.

My two years at Carleton were ones of change. My freshman year I lived on 2nd Burton, the hotbed of political and social upheaval on campus. I arrived as a small town kid and left questioning the world and the status quo. My first 3 years were spent choosing a major. After quickly finding math, chemistry and physics were not for me, I explored many non-science majors and finally graduated with a degree in biology. On the website read about 2 of my vivid memories involving confrontations in Northfield.

After graduation I spent 3 years in Minneapolis teaching at the state's first program for potential high school drop outs. I then traveled to Mexico with 2 friends for a month with \$300 in my pocket. Read about our adventures on the website.

After spending the winter in Ft. Lauderdale, FL, working to, save money, I returned to Grand Rapids. Finding a job was not easy. I was "schooled out," and lived at home with my parents on beautiful Pokegama Lake. After I testified against Minnesota Power build-



ing the biggest coal-fired power plant in northern MN, ironically I was hired as a security guard. I then got hired by the company constructing it and worked as a laborer for 7 years. After the first year of work, I bought 24 acres of forested land on a small lake, with no houses, a mile off the nearest road and 30 miles north of town. I put in a road, cleared a big area for a garden, and bought a cheap trailer house. More on the website about my adventures living in the "wilderness."

I met a school teacher in town, we decided I should get a permanent job, and I was hired by Minnesota Power. We got married, bought our house on Hale Lake, she retired, and we had our 2 children. After working 28 years at various jobs at the plant, I retired 8 years ago. I was known as the college-educated tree hugger that tried to keep the plant running as cleanly as possible.

Following in my dad's footsteps (he helped establish the Boundary Waters Canoe Wilderness Area) I have been active in many environmental causes and Lake Associations. Read more about my environmental preservation activities on the web, including currently opposing the first-ever proposed copper-nickel mine in northern MN.

I took a film course at Carleton and made 2 movies on my 8MM camera. Now I photograph and video community events. I post these on YouTube and have over a million views!

It has been a long and winding road since my Carleton days. I have kept in touch with a few of my Carleton friends, so it will be good to return for our reunion and reconnect with others.

David Lingren

After graduation, I attended Washington University School of Law and married Kathy in 1972 before my last year of law school. We moved back to Minnesota. After passing the bar exam I practiced law in Minnesota for 42 years, the last 39 in a small firm in Cloquet. Primarily my practice included Estate Administration, Estate Planning, Real Estate, and Small Business. Part of living in a small community requires participating in community activities.

Our first child, Nicholas, was born in 1975 and he died as the result of a brain tumor in 1980. Our daughter Sally was born in 1977; she has four daughters and is the reason we moved to Prior Lake, to be near her family after retirement in 2015. Alexander was born in 1981, lives in the DC area with his wife and son, and has been in the military for about 17 years. Youngest son Mitchell was born in 1982 and was killed in a 2012 accident while riding in a Carlton County vehicle on his way to a job site. He is survived by a wife and two children. Children and their activities have been a significant part of our lives; now it's grandchildren.

Retirement has been as good as expected with travel, golf, and especially time with grandchildren.



Carol Linkswiler

Well, here I am at the deadline for submitting a bio, and unfortunately it is January in Interior Alaska which means I am basically asleep. Not the best time to be writing about my life till now... it is -35 and dark, as January is inclined to be...So, 2020 marks my 50th anniversary of graduation from Carleton, my 45th year of living in Alaska, and my 40th year of marriage to retired wildlife biologist John Rose. Life is so good...aside from the state of the country and the world, and of course the usual assortment of failing body parts!

After graduating from Carleton, I saved money from a crap job in Washington, DC, until I had enough to go to Kyoto, Japan, where I lived for 2 1/2 years, teaching English and, for a short while, practicing zazen. I spent the next couple of years in Phoenix, Arizona, where I got to do the majority of the backpacking I've done in my life, culminating in four months on the road in the west, backpacking for a week at a time.

By this time I was ready to head back to graduate school, or so I thought, so my first husband and I headed to Alaska, and I started graduate studies in wildlife biology, studying moose behavior in Denali National Park. After one of the longest stints on record, I finally got my MS and was cured of seeking additional degrees. I worked for several years as a wildlife biologist for consulting firms, by that time John and I were married, and one of us needed



to get a job with some benefits. So I moved into a public health job with the State, where I worked for the next 18 years and got to travel throughout northern Alaska, mostly in small planes. That was a minor transition compared to getting chronic fatigue syndrome in my mid-40s, a real life changer.

Luckily I had completed my first and last marathon the year I turned 40! I retired as quickly as possible at 55, and since then have had a wonderful life with John and our pets (down to just 2 cats at the moment), taking classes through our local lifelong learning program at the University, gardening, traveling, and volunteering at the local bird banding station, where I walk in the woods and remove song birds from mist nets, for me a joy. We recently returned from a once-in-a-lifetime safari with 10 friends to Botswana, which has gone to the top of an Incredible Experiences list that also includes the Galapagos, rafting the Grand Canyon 3 times, and the bears of McNeil River. Oh yeah, we forgot to have children.

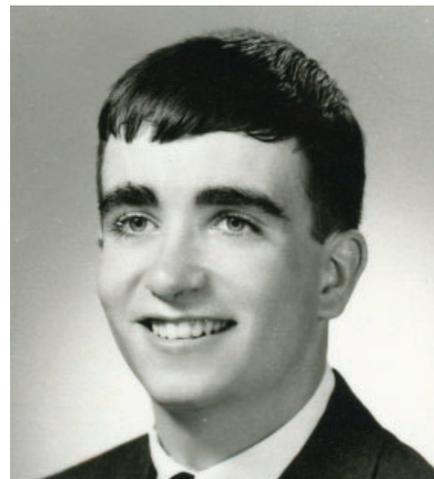
Mark Love

My one regret is not living a Benjamin Button life - at least as it pertains to Carleton. I could have benefited so much more at a mental/experiential 72 than I did at 18-21. But wouldn't we all have?

With draft #51 I left Carleton and headed to the Coast Guard recruitment office in Portland, Maine, (our boot camp "class" was one of the most highly educated on record). I spent 3+ years sailing a large steel desk at the Oceanographic Unit Headquarters (CGOUH) in the Navy Yard SE DC, with periodic month-long assignments, mostly on International Ice Patrol cruises (interesting stories - see me at reunion for more).

I learned at CGOUH that working with computers was great fun, so off I went to UMass Amherst for an MS in Computer Science. This was fortunate timing because it put me on the ground floor of the computer revolution. With a freshly minted MS CS I landed a dream job at the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics (more great stories that won't fit here). But 7 years living in Boston was enough for me, so I returned to Maine (with a new wife who kicked and screamed all the way for leaving her friends network) and worked pretty much for the rest of my career in the semiconductor industry.

The biggest benefit for me to working in semiconductors was traveling the world at corporate ex-



pense – Glasgow, Munich, Grenoble, Milan, Singapore, Malaysia, Shanghai, Seoul, Bangkok, Penang. My wife and 2 children were able to spend 2 weeks in Bangkok and experience an Asian, developing culture. My son Noah has now visited more countries than I have!

Some people are fortunate to love their work and never retire, but I said "enough" in 2008, took the offered severance package and never looked back. I try to divide my life now into thirds – adult learning, volunteering and "fun and games." I volunteer in the AARP Tax Aide program, preparing low and moderate-income returns for free; my technology/digital skills are valuable here. And the fun and games – a mix of skiing, biking, traveling, reading (I used to watch lots of TV, but 2 book groups leave no time now), and singing (regrettably, something I never did at Carleton).

Marcia & I love to travel and try to schedule one major trip each year, although sometimes it's enough to just rent a cottage on the Maine coast and chill on the beach. We've visited Africa (specifically Tanzania), many of the National Park gems out west on our "great American road trip" (lesson learned: never do this in a Prius), spent 6 weeks in New Zealand (cut short by the birth of our first grandchild), walked in the Cotswolds, visited Paris, Normandy and Burgundy, escaped a winter in the Dominican Republic, toured the deep south (visiting the Peace and Justice Memorial in Montgomery) and spent some time in and around Santa Fe enjoying the same landscapes that inspired Georgia O'Keefe.

I'm looking forward to reunion, particularly to hear the perspectives of our state department classmates.



Mike Lovett

In the summer of 2017, I retired after 47 years of teaching and administration in public schools. That included 47 first weeks of school, innumerable classroom visits, school board meetings, speeches, articles, graduations, public appearances, sporting events, concerts, and one of my favorites, reading to elementary school children.

My education career began in the fall of 1970 on Long Island where I taught history in a large suburban high school to students transplanted from NYC boroughs. I returned to Minnesota to work part-time in a law firm for a couple of years while getting my MA in Educational Administration and Policy at the University of Minnesota. I spent four years as a junior high school assistant principal and then returned to the University of Minnesota to complete a PhD in 1979. My career afterward included time with the Minnesota Department of Education, a district position in Rosemount, twenty years as assistant superintendent in Minnetonka Public Schools, and nine years as superintendent in the White Bear Lake Area Schools. During those years in Minnetonka, and then White Bear Lake, my work included maintaining a partnership with a middle school/high school in Hangzhou China, and at the same time hosting many teachers from Hangzhou, as well as exchange students from around the world.

Since my retirement from the superintendency I have earned the acronym PIP (Previously Important Person). Now I can enjoy getting out to run, bike or



hike, when everyone else is working or in school.

Retirement, however, is partial: I continue teaching in graduate level education leadership programs at the University of Minnesota and the University of St. Thomas and serve on several non-profit boards. To keep in touch with young people, I help out with high school students at our church and frequently mentor young college grads and professionals. I'm beginning to catch up on old friendships, am improving my photography skills, and through the patience of a good friend and skilled sailor, am learning to crew on a 38-foot racing sailboat.

But my true priority is family- and being available when they need or want me. My wife, Sylvia, (Carleton '73) keeps me grounded, and a married daughter with two granddaughters in Denver, a married son in New York City, sons in Chicago and San Francisco, as well as a large extended family, keep us on the move.

As I write this, we are finishing up a two week visit in Denver, where I am "BaPa" to our 6 and 2 year-old granddaughters. Along with "Gemma," we take the early morning shift with the 2 year-old, play endless games of Chutes and Ladders, read dozens of books, play in the park, and marvel at these (usually) sweet children. As Sylvia and I reflected this morning, we wonder how we ever managed to raise our own four children. Grandparenting, we've decided, is the world's best profession and the titles that go with it, the most endearing.

Floy (Macmillan) Zittin

When I look back over the last 50 years, I see themes of art, nature and travel running through my life beginning at Carleton with biology classes and exploring the arb, travel to Japan, and the open art studio.

After graduation, I went to a marine lab in California where I got a Masters in Marine Biology and met my husband, Dave. Dave's studies took us to British Columbia where we lived for ten years and where I worked as a biological illustrator. Eventually jobs brought us back to California. Besides illustration jobs I developed an elementary school art program, taught adult classes in watercolor techniques and worked on selling my own bird paintings. Dave and I have two daughters and three grandchildren which we see regularly. Since Dave retired, birding and travel have completely taken over our lives – Recent trips include Turkey, Guatemala, Morocco, Ecuador, Alaska, Mexico, Croatia, Nova Scotia. We volunteer with the Santa Clara County Audubon and have helped lead birding trips



to Arizona We find birding a great pastime and focus for travel; we can get outdoors, get a bit of exercise, continue learning about our natural world and be creative photographing and drawing.

You can see my paintings at <https://floyzittin.com/>
Dave and I also have a blog, birding by camera and paintbrush, at <https://www.birdsbydavidandfloy.com/>.

Claire (Matthews) Reitter

My first day at Carleton was the beginning of the rest of my life, where the next four years totally re-wired my neural networks. It was first place I'd ever been together with so many students where having a synergized multidisciplinary mind was actually cool. One thing I've always admired about Carleton is that everyone was expected to mix it up with everyone else, get outside your comfort zone, and don't just socialize only with people having similar backgrounds to yours. After graduating from Carleton, I spent the next 2-1/2 years at the University of Michigan pursuing a master's degree in their new statistics department. The most stimulating part of my time at U-M was living in a well-organized grad student house in which half of the residents were foreign students. I got along especially well with the many students from India.

In January 1973 I moved to Columbus after accepting a job offer at Battelle, a large scientific contract research firm. My career at Battelle has been quite varied and has taken me through 3 departments over that time. In the early 1980's I transferred into a group which has now evolved into the Health and Advanced Analytics department, in which I've been happy to be working ever since. We perform contract research projects for a wide variety of clients such as the EPA, pharmaceutical companies, chemical/biological defense agencies, and so on. My job as a biostatistician involves working with data from experiments to develop vaccines and antidotes to biohazards such as botulism, anthrax and the plague virus. The thing that's kept me going all this time is that I've continued to stay in the technical side of our projects, devising statistical methodologies with my friendly colleagues, while successfully avoiding being promoted to the management ladder. After 46 years at Battelle I am the oldest member of our department, and for some reason the 30-ish techie jocks in our group are quite respectful and nice to me (no one has said "Okay boomer" to me – so far)! I am still working 3 days a week, and am having a hard time deciding when I should totally retire. If anyone has any unconventional words of wisdom about making this transition, I'd like to hear them.

Going back to my first apartment in 1973, I often listened to the local PBS radio station and was



soon attracted to a weekly volunteer show called Jazz Roundtable on WOSU-FM. Then I joined the Columbus Jazz Society which produced the show, where I met Al Reitter, who was eventually to become my husband of 41 years now. Al and I hosted a number of radio programs together, playing records out of Al's extensive collection and discussing the performing artists. Al and I have been grooved into our home in north Columbus since 1977 and enjoy our garden, mutual love of music and other hobbies, such as birdwatching and hunting for flint artifacts in the Ohio Valley area. My extended family includes my 48-year-old stepdaughter Carrie and 9-year-old step-grandson Neil, who is an amazing and ultra-precocious young guy, winning spelling bees and creating programming code for kids' games. Also included are my brother's two daughters adopted from Russia, and one sister's son and another sister's daughter who are living and teaching in Taiwan and southern China. Another niece is attending Cornell, performing harp concerts and going on advanced ornithological tours in Puerto Rico and Australia recording birds and songs. Since I have never travelled abroad, the good thing about these younger family members is that I get to live vicariously through their adventures!



As with most folks, the hard part about growing older is losing parents, many relatives, and friends. We've had our share of biopsies, gum grafts, back surgery and radiation treatments (Al), and being put on blood pressure medication. I am grateful that Al and I are in reasonably good health at present, and continue to enjoy our daily nature walks every weekend. Needless to say, I have spent many hours telling Al all the stories and experiences I remember from my Carleton years and the countless wonderful people I knew.

Deborah Mayer

Carleton was a formative experience. The years that followed, thank G-d were life changing, and now, I am living near my children/grandchildren in Israel – a dream come true, leading our lives infused with and governed by Torah.

Guard your own health and take care of those in need. Wishing everyone the best of health, inner peace and tranquility.



Jenny (McGilvray) Favell

Young woman in pink suit, queen-waving from open convertible, a-knighting, cribbage and cinnamon rolls at Dacie's, "Stop the World", "Kismet", "The Piano Lesson", dreaming child of the Sixties, innocent of little girls in white dresses, German shepherds, fire hoses, Selma, napalm, boys, hatred, fear. Later. / Learning loves, libraries, teachings, research, healing trauma, griefs, suffering, violence, neglect, abuses, living and writing "Sofia in Broken Time", my own. / Into this winter solstice, darkness into light. Grandmother now, wondering flocks of hundreds, lo, I could touch mountains, clouds, rivers, moon, stones, trails together.

Jenny McGilvray Favell

<http://www.jenniferfavellphd.com>



William McHugh

It's hard to believe it's been a half century since we were all together at Carleton, and that so much has changed in the world and in our lives.

I spent most of my 20s trying to figure out what I wanted to do with my life. I worked for a year in the public welfare office in Coffeyville, Kansas, and then returned to my home town of Wichita. I picked up a master's degree in English, and finally wound up working at the Wichita Public Library for a number of years. Then, in my early thirties, I decided to get a Master's Degree in Library Science at the University of Chicago. I then got a job at Northwestern University, where I worked for 35 years, until my retirement a year ago.

For most of my career I was a general reference and instruction librarian, with various other responsibilities added on. It was a role I found very congenial, helping students and faculty negotiate the riches of a research library and the world of knowledge beyond. And, gaining in expertise myself. It's a job where everything you know can come into play, and I'm grateful for the remarkable education I received at Carleton. Librarianship has undergone massive changes in the last 35 years, of course, and one (that I have mixed feelings about) is the phasing out of general reference librarians, at least in many academic libraries. So, the last years of my career were more focused on collection work, research support (increasingly by appointment), and what the profes-



sion now calls "liaison work." I was specifically charged with supporting the Classics and Philosophy Departments. All in all, it's been a good run, working with many fine and intelligent colleagues, students, and faculty.

I've also been privileged to do a great deal of national work in the field, mainly with the American Library Association, including three elected offices. This work has greatly expanded my network of colleagues and friends and enriched my professional life. I've published a few articles and one significant piece of library history (well, at least I think it's significant).

Now that I am retired, I spend my time going to symphony and opera, folkdancing as much as my arthritis will allow, reading, meeting with friends, remaining active in my Episcopal church, playing trivia with my niece and her family, and just relaxing. It's been a good life, and I'm glad that Carleton has been a part of it.



Marcia Meldrum

I only spent three years at Carleton, leaving in 1969 – for many reasons, but certainly a major one was that I was a year away from graduation and had no idea what I would do after that. For the next few years, I worked at something like 30 different jobs, joined a labor union and went out on strike, spent six great months in Europe, volunteered on a couple of political campaigns and took extension classes at the University of Minnesota. In 1974, I found I had enough credits to graduate with a BA in history; they mailed my diploma. Some of those 30 jobs had been in health care programs and that experience directed my next move: an MBA in Health Care Management from Boston University in 1977. While at BU, I became convinced of the value and cost-effectiveness of single-payer health care, a conviction that has never wavered. Over the ten years that followed, I had really great, interesting jobs managing health care programs in Vermont (I helped create two new outpatient clinics and developed a day-care program for staff kids), Colorado (the first recognized case of AIDS contracted through blood transfusion happened in our hospital), and New York (rotating as administrator on 24-hour call weekends and holidays).

But I missed academia and in 1987, enrolled in a graduate program at SUNY Stony Brook. My income dropped precipitously, I found myself part of a cohort of students 15 years younger than I was, and I was never happier in my life. Stony Brook had a program in the history of Science and Medicine,



which allowed me to integrate my past experience with my new research work. My dissertation was on the history of randomized clinical trials, which led me over time to my current interests in chronic pain, opioid addiction and mental illness. After earning my PhD in 1994, and doing postdoctoral fellowships at UCLA, the National Institutes of Health, and the University of Sheffield in the UK, I was invited to return to UCLA in 2001 to be part of an interdisciplinary pain research team. Here in California, I seem to have at last taken root. I live in Culver City, a wonderful little enclave in the middle of LA, and have a faculty position in the Center for Social Medicine and the Humanities. No plans to retire yet, as I love my work. This year I will teach courses on the history of neuroscience and the history of psychology, and am part of a research team evaluating services for the homeless mentally ill in Los Angeles County.

Mark Michelson

40-plus years in Asia – and it's (almost) all Carleton's Fault.

For almost the entire half century since we graduated from Carleton, I've been based in Asia – in Japan three different times but mainly in Hong Kong, where my family and I still live. I do a lot of things, maybe because I've never been able to figure out what I want to do when I grow up.

The main thing I've been doing for the past decade is to chair a group of regional CEOs of multinational companies, the Asia CEO Forum. We meet regularly and talk about the economy, politics and business operational issues. It's similar to what I used to do in the 1980s with Business International and later the Economist Group in Hong Kong and Japan. I also consult in public/government affairs with APCO Worldwide, a Washington DC strategic communications firm; I opened APCO's first Asian office in 1997. And I teach two courses in the master's programs in Global Political Economy and Public Policy at the Chinese University of Hong Kong.

I unexpectedly spent 2004 to 2008 as a Hong Kong government official, managing marketing, communications and IT for InvestHK – the department responsible for attracting and retaining foreign direct investment.

I came to Carleton in 1966 with the idea a liberal arts college could help me somehow discover what I might want to do with the rest of my life – and that I would get the opportunity to sample and test a lot of different areas and activities. That largely happened.

The last place I thought about was Asia. I really



didn't have any connection with that part of the world.

Carleton changed that. I contributed to the Carletonian as a freshman and interviewed Prof John Perry, who taught Chinese and Japanese civilization. Two years later when I was looking to fill my schedule for my junior year, I saw that Chinese Civilization was being offered and I remembered our conversation. About halfway through the course, Prof Perry suggested that I take Japanese Civilization during the next term and consider the summer program in Japan – led by Bardwell and Charlotte Smith. I ended up going and getting hooked on Japan and Asia.

That led me to focus on Japanese studies – a combination of history, politics and economics – and eventually a PhD at the University of Illinois. I also joined a 'mini-MBA' program at NYU to expand my career options.

I ended up getting a job in HK with Business International – a publishing, research and consulting firm – with responsibilities for Japan, Korea, Taiwan and HK. The rest was history, at least for me.

For the first 20 years in Hong Kong, I traveled to Japan 4 to 5 times a year, and moved back there for 12 months in the mid-1980s.

In my 'spare time,' I have served as chair of the American Chamber of Commerce (1996), just before Hong Kong returned to Chinese sovereignty, and have headed two committees for the HK General Chamber of Commerce. I've also served on advisory committees to the HK Government and NGOs.

Kate and I have raised two sons, born in Hong Kong. They both went to colleges in the US, but now are living and working in their birthplace.

I guess we're likely to stay a bit longer. And it's almost all Carleton's fault.

Nancy Miller

The day after graduating from Carleton, I drove with my parents to Boulder, CO, to see my older brother who had just graduated from college. (Recall the draft was hanging over our brothers, loved ones and friends). I still live in Boulder (although I now divide my time between Boulder and Santa Fe, New Mexico). Living in the foothills of the Rockies is a daily source of inspiration and gratitude.

On a more mundane level, I went to law school at the University of Colorado and have been in private practice, currently “of counsel” to a firm. My practice areas are primarily bankruptcy, real estate, professional liability defense.

My pro bono work these past few years has been with the Tribal Wills Project, working with and supervising law students who draft estate documents for tribal members in various communities, primarily in the Southwest. Most recently we were on the Tohono O’odham Nation, where the border conflict is ongoing. The ecological grief is disconcerting. Representing tribal members resonates with my sociological and anthropological interests which were fostered by Professors Rodner and Rosin.

My interest in art and art history blossoms in Santa Fe and northern New Mexico. We have been working on an adobe casita in the historic eastside of Santa Fe with an ‘orchard’ of plum, apple, pear, and apricot trees, and a few aspens. I am grateful to Pro-



fessors Lauren Soth and Alison Kettering for nurturing beauty, perceptual acuity and visual refinement.

We were recently rescued by two young terriers of mixed heritage; they demand endless dog walks and play time.

In my quest to rewire, I also was fortunate to study yoga and meditation at Naropa University, realizing the irony of studying classical Hindu philosophy and meditation at a renowned Buddhist university. I am certified to teach yoga and meditation and do so and continue with my personal practice. For more fun and pleasure, I enjoy all things outdoors, in nature – hiking, swimming, kayaking, exploring the mountains, canyons, arroyos, rivers and valleys of the mountain West and Southwest.

I travel, although more locally with an increasing concern for my carbon footprint. I went to Afghanistan. I was part of a Sister City delegation to Lhasa, Tibet, traveling through Hong Kong, various Chinese cities, and across the Himalayas to Katmandu. I have explored Mayan temples in Guatemala and Mexico, and Cuba on a law-sponsored excursion. Last summer, we had a 50th reunion of the Carleton group that went to Danane, Ivory Coast, to do anthropological field work. It was a sweet, lively gathering, learning so much from others’ memories, and rekindling old friendships.

I am looking forward to reconnecting, reminiscing, visiting the Pat Lamb tennis courts, walking in the Japanese garden (thanks to Bardwell Smith) and exploring the Arb! A sense of place, a sense of time.

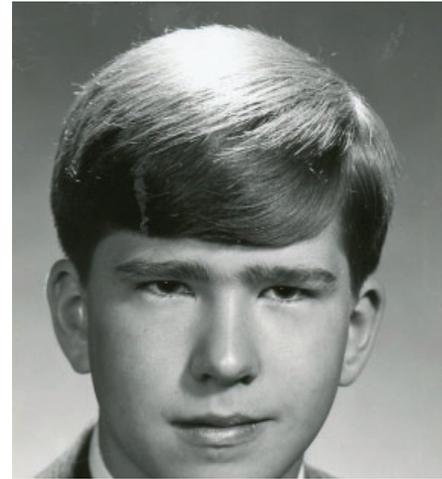
Dale Moberg

For the last twenty years, my wife Ginny and I have lived in Scottsdale, Arizona, and for 10 of those years my daughter Stephanie lived with us. Stephanie went to public school partly in Dublin, Ohio, and partly here. Stephanie attended Carleton, graduating in 2010 and is now married and working on her PhD in psychology at Tulane University. I met my wife at a college we both taught at in New York, where she taught and chaired the Dance department. I worked in the trenches as a philosophy professor.

I came to Scottsdale to work with a software startup company that had a superior implementation of a cryptographic networking protocol that I and others had specified for the Internet Engineering Task Force: RFC 4130, as it is officially known (“AS2”). This protocol is used to identify participants in global and national supply chains and securely exchange their business documents, such as purchase orders, invoices, and whatnot: the stuff of logistics. How did I get to there from philosophy is a story probably not fitting into the allotted limits, and probably not of much interest anyway, but I will touch on a few high points of the long strange trip.

I had been a consultant and employee of various software companies, mainly working on internet and cryptographic problems after leaving a tour of duty at Ohio State University, in their Laboratory for Artificial Intelligence (LAIR). I worked on sponsored research projects there, mainly for government research for agencies such as NSF, AFOSR, DARPA, and other commercial folks with all caps names, like IBM.

My real research interests, which only partly overlapped my official duties, did find some support from a philosopher who visited there, who shared my interest in exploring scientific theory development and evolution via computational processes, forming a Computational Philosophy of Science. The technologies of AI during the late 80s were really precursors of what has now taken off of late, but was anchored by investigation of various approaches to knowledge representation, and compu-



tational processes utilizing those representations in solving problems – which can be lumped together as inference processes. Some of these resembled logical proof techniques, some general like resolution, others specific to fragments (description logics) and some others that were data retrieval techniques. Problems ranged from diagnosing blood type compatibility to designing machine parts for various functions to figuring out faults in chemical, industrial, nuclear processes or to planning flight control actions for when fighter pilots passed out when pulling too many Gs. In other words, a typical AI lab of the time.

I did some consulting on the side, and when the dark days of the AI winter descended on our sponsored research lab, I moved on to helping companies understand internet technologies which were rapidly emerging to replace the previous SNA networking technologies used commercially. I had picked up another advanced degree, so introducing the more advanced approaches of public/private key cryptography provided me with an interesting way to support Ginny and Stephanie.

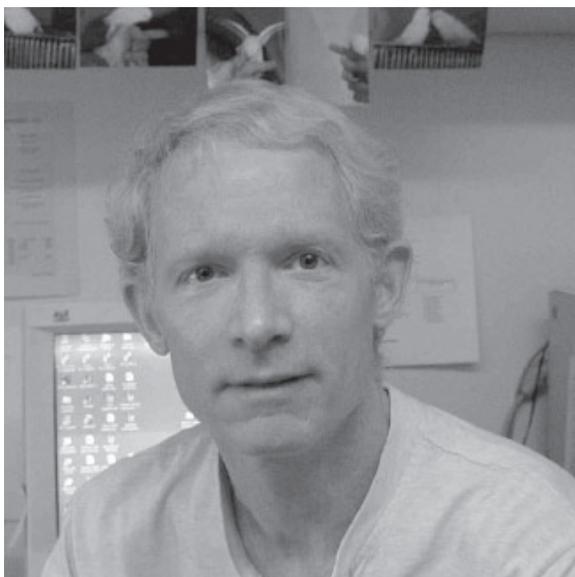
In retirement, I still have research pursuits: scientific discovery issues “the unreasonable effectiveness of mathematics” in natural science is one that is responsible for me working on issues in higher order logic and the HOTT types, and I struggle with group representation theory and the Langlands program every other Tuesday.

Paul Nachman

I started college at Grinnell and – being a physics major – transferred to Carleton in the middle of sophomore year to follow Professor Bruce Thomas, a fantastic teacher. Starting in fall 1970, I went to grad school in astronomy at Caltech for a year. Hated the place (grad students were regarded as a nuisance, with all their bureaucratic tending being dumped on the most junior faculty member – quite the contrast with Carleton!), so I transferred to the University of Chicago. I finally received the PhD in 1978, but by then I no longer wanted to do astronomy.

I moved to St. Paul and did “common” jobs for a while (e.g. an astronomy & astrophysics PhD working swing shift in a 7/11!) to get school out of my system. But then I headed back in, switching to lasers and optics. A part-time tech job at Honeywell and a “volunteer” postdoc at the UofM gave me the connections to get a ****real**** postdoc at the University of Colorado. After that were another postdoc at the University of Southern California and a job doing R&D in southern California’s aerospace industry (TRW, which became part of Northrop Grumman), interrupted for five years in the middle as a physics professor at New Mexico State University. (I perished in the publish-or-perish grind – I was a renowned teacher but only marginally productive in research, the equivalent of good-field-no-hit in baseball.)

I retired from aerospace in 2005 and moved to Montana to enjoy my favorite of the mountain states (which



are my favorite part of the country) and try to get back to basic physics as a volunteer in a research group at Montana State University. The latter ambition has been partly fulfilled, but a large fraction of my energies have been waylaid into the attempt to save Western civilization from its ongoing suicide, what those of us involved call “The National Question.” (Examples of related writings I’ve done are here: <https://vdare.com/writers/paul-nachman>)

While in grad school, I “discovered” (for myself) the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, which was the subject of some controversy while we at Carleton, but I hadn’t paid much attention. By the mid-1970s, though, I was heavily involved in what turned out to be a knock-down/drag-out national campaign lasting about four years to improve the BWCA’s protection as a wilderness. I was the leading activist in Chicago and made a number of trips to Sodom-on-the-Potomac to lobby on Capitol Hill. Consistent with this, I’ve done 33 canoe trips in the Quetico-Superior, my favorite sub-area being the Lac la Croix country (Warrior Hill, Iron Lake, Rebecca Falls, Curtain Falls, the pictographs ...) plus a couple of winter visits.

Comment: The “then” photo is apparently from my high school graduation, but its presence here is mysterious since – being a transfer student – I wasn’t in the Zoo Book (or whatever it was called). Meanwhile, the “now” photo is actually from 2003. Today, there’s not much red left in my hair, but otherwise the photo is about right.

Joe Nathan

Like many of us, I find myself asking this question: “What Makes the Most Sense?” What should I be doing with the remaining years of my life? Having a serious heart attack that almost killed me in 2015 “encouraged” me to think about this.

Before listing five priorities, here’s one impact of that heart attack. I try to spend at least 5 minutes a day doing something that I would do if I knew today was the last day of my life. Not wanting to be grim – but that has been very rewarding.

As a child of the ‘60’s I see some progress, but far less than I hoped/expected. I feel blessed and frustrated. So here are 5 ways I’m spending time.

1. Family – very much a blessing. Married 45 years to a wonderful woman I met after Carleton. We have 3 kids (first two are twins) and five granddaughters. Our twins had twins! They all live within 10 minutes of us in St. Paul. We see them regularly.

2. Writing a twice a month column on education and youth issues for a number of suburban/rural Mn newspapers. Over the last 40+ years, USA Today, the Wall Street Journal, Atlanta Constitution, Philly Inquirer and a number of other papers have published guest columns I wrote. If you check my regular columns out, (https://www.hometownsource.com/morrison_county_record/opinion/columnists/two-great-family-books-build-bridges-of-hope-and-healing/article_3151f4f4-fcba-11e9-8af8-8781adb-db5f0.html) you’ll see recently I managed to anger the Minnesota Department of Human Services with a recent column. DHS has messed up many things over the last few years, and I think their (mis) use of millions to help homeless is another example. That leads to



3. Co-leading a group that’s trying to dramatically reduce youth and family homelessness in Minnesota. It’s a growing problem here and in many states. Research I’ve seen shows that homelessness has an impact on many other problems in the economy, education and health areas. Our group include currently and formerly homeless students, along with representatives of local district & chartered public schools, city and county elected officials, a concerned doctor and others. The group reflects a key passion for the last 50 years – that young people should “be at the table” and that educators should help young people by combining classroom work and community service (aka “service learning”)

4. Helping more youngsters, especially from low income families, American Indian and people of color participate in Minnesota laws that allow high school students to earn free college credit. They can take courses in the high school, on line or on college campuses. Helped start a group that works with students, families and educators on this.

5. Helping create and encourage more public school options – district & chartered public schools, along with a state law that allows high schools student to take free courses on college campuses or on line. This is one of the main things I’ve worked on since 1970. This summer I made a presentation at a national conference about this. <https://centerforschoolchange.org/2019/07/eyes-on-the-prize-presentation-on-being-named-to-the-hall-of-fame-national-alliance-of-public-charter-schools/>

Sorry to go on and on.

Joe Nathan, joe@centerforschoolchange.org

Randolph Nesse

Carleton offered lots of great experiences, but the best one was getting together with Margaret (Peggy Howell then.) We have two daughters and two granddaughters, and we enjoy each other and life in Arizona, where desert dog walking overwhelms us daily with natural beauty.

Before coming to Arizona, I spent my whole career at the University of Michigan. I ran the psychiatry residency program and helped to create a clinic for treating anxiety disorders. Treating patients was satisfying; almost everyone could be helped. And teaching and research was interesting. But I got restless as it gradually became clear that psychiatry lacked a solid foundation.

I found my way to the Museum of Natural History, where a group of biologists who studied animal behavior welcomed me. Instead of asking how mechanisms worked, they asked how behavior gives a selective advantage. They pointed me to an article by George Williams that answered the question I tackled in my term paper for Patrick Milburn's invertebrate biology class – why didn't natural selection eliminate the genes that cause aging? The answer turns out to be simple: many of them give advantages early in life when selection is stronger. I wrote a couple of papers that supported his theory.

Soon I started asking myself why natural selection left us so vulnerable to cancer, schizophrenia and depression. When I finally met George Williams, he was asking the same questions. We wrote a paper and a book, *Why We Get Sick*, that advanced a simple idea – every disease needs not only an explanation of how the body's mechanisms go awry, but



also an evolutionary explanation for why natural selection left the body vulnerable. That inspired development of the field of evolutionary medicine. Thanks to a farsighted provost, I was able to move half of my appointment to main campus, where I taught courses and supervised the work of graduate students. I joined six other professors to create The Evolution and Human Behavior Program. We were at the center of the ferment that brought evolution to psychology, and we started the Human Behavior and Evolution Society.

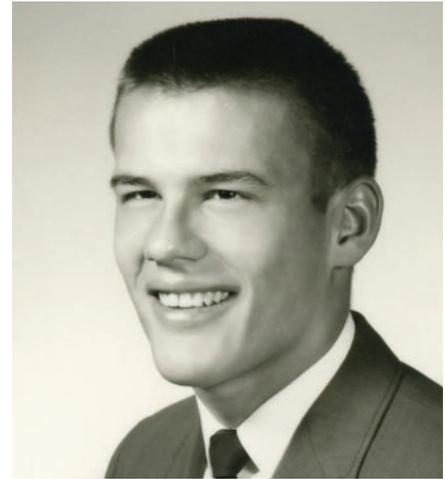
My subsequent career has been devoted to bringing evolutionary biology to medicine. It is satisfying to see that half of all universities in the USA now offer a course on evolutionary medicine, but frustrating to realize that not one medical school teaches the principles of evolutionary biology crucial for medicine, despite major advances including new, more effective evolutionary strategies for chemotherapy. One can only hope that some of those undergrads become deans who care about more than grant funding.

Six years ago, Arizona State University invited me to create the Center for Evolution and Medicine. Generous allocations of space, funding and eight faculty lines made it possible to develop the Center and the field and to start the International Society for Evolution, Medicine, and Public Health. The Center and the Society are thriving, and I am delighted and relieved to have turned over leadership to others. Having summers off gave me a chance to finish the book I had worked on for years, *Good Reasons for Bad Feelings: Insights from the Frontier of Evolutionary Psychiatry*. I will soon see if retirement proves relaxing or just gives me more time and freedom to work on what I want to work on.

Richard O'Connell

Since graduating, I've pursued a variety of career paths and a single personal path. I've worked in aviation, banking, oil and gas exploration, mining and manufacturing, hospital administration, economic development; and now retirement. All have been interesting and challenging. Midway through my business career, I became more interested in public service and spent the last 30 years working to improve health care and economic development. I believe the rigorous and challenging years I spent at Carleton have served me well.

My personal path has been shared with Kay Laube (University of Denver '71) and our four children. We've lived in eight homes in four states (Colorado, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, and now Arizona). With our daughter, son-in-law and five grandchildren all living within a few minutes of our new home in Tucson, we are certainly not really "retired."



Nancy Onkka

The Basics:

- MA (Public Affairs), Environmental Quality Board/State Planning Agency
- JD, large private law firm, in-house with large corporation, law school administration
- Married, adopted mirror twins from Korea, stayed home for a few years, divorced
- Lea (left handed) and Rae (right handed) live in Seoul teaching English (and, no, we didn't know they were mirror twins when we named them)
- Now: contract legal work (no management hassle, schedule flexibility, constant stream of new and interesting puzzles)

Carleton:

- Entered Centennial Class of 1966, graduated in 1971
- Dropped out, spent a year in Finland as an au pair. Learned that there are different ways to organize and live life. Experienced the Czech uprising impact when Russian ships started to do exercises by Helsinki so I was hidden in the country for two weeks. The joys of cross-country skiing.
- At Carleton: very introverted, yet I so appreciated the professors and their expectations; the benefits of women's sports (thank you, Ellie Hanson and Pat Lamb) and the exposure to the new issues of environmentalism, civil rights, women's rights and the notion that people could work for change. Pretty heady stuff for a kid from a small town where women were wives or teachers/nurses.
- Carleton changed immensely in that time. Freshman year: girls to wear skirts to dinner or to go downtown, no open houses fall semester. Senior year: Skirts – what are they? Coed roommates.



Now:

- Still the same after all these years: still love bookstores; in fact, favorite souvenirs are books (came back from London (land of Brexit) this year with 14, Paris with 8 and a large jigsaw puzzle). Still pretty introverted, but now more comfortable with how that shapes my life. Still love to travel and now (thanks to that schedule flexibility) can do it much more often. Vacation travel is much more fun than work travel, I've found.
- And the differences: from writing letters to Skyping each week with my daughters. Connection is so much easier. Late discovery of soccer: started playing it after graduate school, loved watching my daughters who were really good rather than really determined (me), maybe this will be the year that I finally see a home game at Anfield. And I think it's okay to say now that I travel as much for the food as I do for all the other joys.
- I'm glad that Carleton continues to search out new ways of challenging and supporting its students. The world needs the creativity and dedication that this effort encourages.

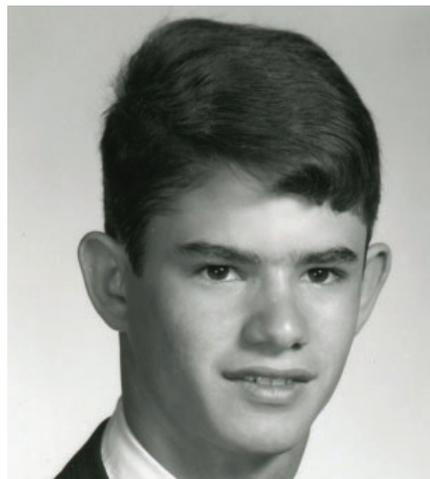
Alfred “Roc” Ordman

I released a nutritional supplement I have developed to extend our Healthspan. Mito-C is now available at <https://www.mdr.com/mito-c/> Please email me for information on tablets that will reduce your risk for Alzheimer’s, Parkinson’s, and other age-associated diseases you want to avoid as we look to our 50th, and 75th reunions! I am submitting a patent on another supplement, not yet available. Triumph is to reduce the risk for cancer and heart disease.

I retired in 2015 from Beloit College, after 38 years as Chair of the Biochemistry Program, which I created in 1978, the first Biochem major at a liberal arts college in the US! I married Eliza Freeman ‘73, whom I met folkdancing my senior year. We have 6 children and 7 grandchildren.

My research has been human healthspan. In 1994, I discovered the oral dose of vitamin C that saturates the blood, 500 mg every 12 hours, which was the banner headline page 1 of USA Today around the world. I have written a nutrition newsletter about twice a month since 1999, that goes to about 1,000 MD, PhD, and friends worldwide.

For more information on supplements or to get my newsletter, email ordman@beloit.edu
GROK!!!



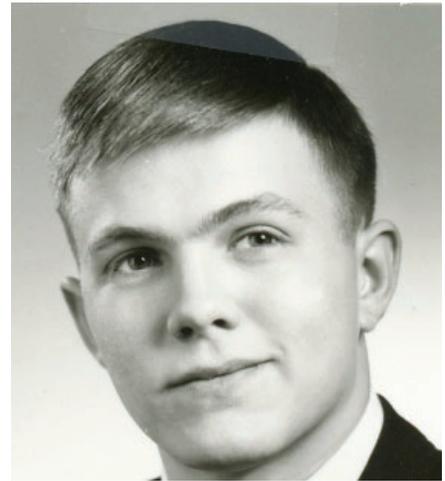
Dayton Osland

Despite being baffled by a book on Fortran II, purchased at the Carleton Book store, I have spent 50 years in Information Technology. I am nearly retired, having three firms in Chicago area still needing my help from time to time.

My wife, Diana, passed away in 2013. Our children, Rebecca and Erik have established themselves as the kind of adults we had hoped they would be. Rebecca has a law degree from Northwestern and has used it to lobby for good, including writing the laws that she worked to pass. She is now the head of the Combined Soil and Water Conservation Districts of Illinois. Erik has followed Dad into IT but is clearly way out there. He has a Masters in Artificial Intelligence.

Erlinda Colby and I were married last March. In November, we completed a move from Sedona, AZ, to Lake Havasu City, AZ. We are enjoying the lake and the weather and the surroundings.

Having performed in the Joe Powers Country Band



for the past ten years or so, I am looking to find a outlet for my music here.

I am continuing to enjoy fishing and birding. I am refining my photography skills and hope to put something together on Lake Havasu's local birds.

Linda and I will be heading for Alaska in an RV Caravan at the same time as the start of the reunion. It's a real shame to miss the 50th, but I really want to see Alaska. We will be on the road for over 60 days.



Douglas “Doug” Owen

I moved from Wellesley to Great Neck in Ipswich, MA, a few years ago with my partner of 15 years, Eileen. Great Neck is a peninsula, bordered by an inlet on one side and by the Great Marsh on the other. The marsh breeds biting, blood-sucking Green Head flies from early July into August. The local conversational sport is to complain when the flies arrive and then speculate (incorrectly) when they will die. Deer frequent the property; turkeys roost in the trees; hawks fly overhead; vultures land to eat carrion; and hunters invade the peace by blasting their shotguns at dawn. We’ve seen fox occasionally (including a blue fox once). Last summer coyotes roamed the area, and our black lab, Molly, once fiercely chased one of the interlopers off the property. She also touched noses and played with a fearless and curious young deer; poor Molly was so confused. When King tides occur, the peninsula becomes an island. We’ll need to buy a boat soon.

I finished my career in biopharmaceuticals a decade ago, having worked on a cystic fibrosis program at Vertex and anti-inflammatory disease projects at Millennium. Prior to that I worked at Genzyme with a focus on Gaucher disease. With time on my hands, I picked up my camera and started shooting landscapes as well as portraits, scientific meetings, political events, and a few weddings, earning a few bucks along the way. I also take photos of grandchildren, but nobody pays me for that.

Eileen and I both have three kids of similar ages



from previous marriages (two boys, then a girl, in that order for each of us). They bristle whenever someone says “Brady Bunch”; we don’t have a live-in housekeeper. The family now includes 8 grandchildren, the oldest 6 years old, the youngest 2. Family gatherings are riotous.

Our previous marriages had withered over the years, then ended like supernovas. Fortunately, we get along well with our exes and their spouses, and they visit with some frequency.

Mental illness was a contributing factor to the demise of both of our marriages. My oldest son, Chris, was diagnosed at an early age with Tourette’s and OCD, expanding to include oppositional and psychotic features as he grew older. Hospitalized frequently over the years, he has been institutionalized continuously for the last 10 years (including prison for 6). He is to be released to the community soon, with what I hope will be close monitoring and assistance. It’s terrifying, honestly. He has never been willingly compliant with his meds.

The droll but essential stuff: My family and I lived in Chelmsford from 1987 to the early 2000s, when I worked at Genetics Institute, one of the early biotech startups. The science was cutting edge and the success we achieved at developing novel protein-based therapies for previously intractable diseases was thrilling. From 1979 to 1987, we lived in Queens and Long Island, where I worked as a scientific editor at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory. From 1977 through 1979, we lived in Amherst, MA, where I was an editor and office manager at an environmental institute at UMass.

Read more about Doug in the online version of our class’ website.

Donna Parke

My assigned freshman roommate at Carleton was Rachel Rosenfeld from Little Rock, AR. One of her distinctions was beautiful, long reddish hair; two of her enthusiasms at Carleton were sociology and Bill Egbert. Rachel and I were roommates for several years, but sadly the opportunity to reconnect with her and Bill now can happen only in remembrance. Among the vignettes: Rachel and me, unprepared for the weather, taking the most direct (but slow) route through deep snow to get to freshman English class after having overslept; Rachel declaring as delicious the dubious 'brownies' that I made incorrectly from a boxed mix. Because Bill was a physics major, he was my savior in helping me with some basic principles of introductory physics, done with kindness in the face of my mental blocks. Physics was a necessary impediment on the road to a major in biology, begun in my junior year. By contrast, Professor Muir's botany course was like dessert.

Post-Carleton, the years have been Yale-centric: graduate studies there, a post-doc in Michigan doing plant research with someone whom I knew through



Yale, followed by a return to Yale where I worked with microbes and a string of wonderful higher organisms. Doing research allowed me to indulge my curiosity, within the bounds of grant funding and renewals. In retirement, I try to keep my too-persistent curiosity within bounds so as not to drive my husband crazy. Beyond our children and grandchildren who live at a distance, we delight in simple pleasures, which include reading, lengthy walks on a wooded greenway near our house, and gardening for beauty and for food.

Cynthia Parker

I spent two wonderful years at Carleton, and then left to get married, graduating from Indiana University in Bloomington with a BA and later an MBA. Each school was a good fit for me at different times, and each gave me lifelong friends. But there's something about the first two years of college that can never be replicated.

I often think about the past fifty years in two parts: work and family. While immersed in it, my work life was important to me: fifteen years in commercial banking in Detroit and Philadelphia, followed by eighteen years as the Director of Career Services at Colby College in Waterville, Maine. However, early retirement at sixty has put that time in a different perspective. A satisfying succession of new opportunities, including deep involvement in our local UU church, regular volunteering at a preschool, and lots of travel to grandchildren and abroad has made me wonder what all the fuss was about at the time. Add to that a longtime yoga practice, good friends near and far, an old farmhouse in Dresden, Maine, with a big garden and all the seasonal pleasures this state can offer, and I can say with sincerity that I rarely look back.

Regarding family, Arnie Yasinski '70 and I had a long marriage followed by divorce in 2001; each



of us has happily remarried. Our three children and their spouses continue to be important glue in holding this extended family in good balance. My marriage to Steve Eagles (Haverford '70), now approaching its tenth anniversary, is the best second act a person could hope for. He brings three more adult children with partners, and together we have six grandchildren spread around the country. One of our great joys is the comfortable friendship and camaraderie among this disparate group ranging from 9 months to 51 years, east coast to west, male, female, straight, gay, black, white, community college to multiple graduate degrees. If I could take any credit, I'd say this is our proudest accomplishment and the one that puts the last 50 years in its proper perspective.

Despite my short tenure at Carleton, it made a lasting mark on me, and feels as authentic an alma mater as the school that actually awarded me a degree. I attended my 20th reunion (so many years ago!), and I am intrigued to see what 50 years looks like.



Katherine (Patnode) Dawes

I am writing ‘my story’ from my favorite place in the world...a cabin on Lake Manitou on the Manitoulin Island, Ontario, Canada. My husband Dana’s family has owned this property since the 1920’s and it has become our home away from home twice a year. It is 2,000+ miles away from our other home for 46 years in Moscow, Idaho, where we live just 2 blocks away from my Carleton roommate, Anne Zier Dwelle! Small world, huh?

With my teaching certificate in hand, I left Carleton to teach high school science in West Allis, WI, where I was the only female in the science department, and the teachers immediately went on strike. After surviving a month without pay, I continued teaching for 2 years, got married and then took a year to live at the cabin, which was a great adventure. We then moved to Idaho where we received our Master’s degrees and I worked as a lab tech until our son, Andrew, was born. Three years later our daughter Sarah arrived from Korea. I had a home business doing graphics for science journals until the kids started school, and then worked as a paraprofessional in Special Education at the high school until I was hired to teach 7th/8th grade science, which I enjoyed for many years until I retired in 2008.

As some people say, I have flunked retirement. I am busier now than I was when I worked full time. I had started several non-profit groups (Moscow Arts



Commission, Concerned Citizens for Education, Moscow Community Theater, Palouse Discovery Science Center, Friends of Phillips Farm, Inc.), served (and still serve) on several boards, wrote (and still write) grant proposals, developed and delivered science outreach programs for our local science center, and have now become very politically active by co-writing, with two other women, a weekly “Challenges” email suggesting actions to take to be involved in our government. But the most fun I have (other than visiting my 6 grandchildren in Oregon and California!) is when I’m playing African marimbas. I belong to an adult women’s ensemble taught by two great instructors from Zimbabwe, and I’m the advisor to a local Marimba Club for students in grades 3-11. The music is vibrant, rhythmic, and uplifting, and it’s very satisfying to use mallets to pound on wooden keys as part of an ensemble that gets people clapping and dancing!

I can “See Clearly Now” that my time at Carleton gave me the confidence to do all that I have done these past 50 years and that my Carleton involvement in science, music, and theater gave me an appreciation for all of those that has allowed me to make a difference in my community. I am enjoying being on the 50th Reunion Committee with my ‘roomie’ Anne and lots of other fun folks, and look forward to seeing everyone who comes back in June, 2020!

Scott Persons

After Carleton College, I was in the USAF for 4 years. Then I went into the radio station business with my parents in 1973 in Brainerd, MN. In 1971, my wife, Bozena (originally from Poland), and I started a home-based health and wellness products business...which we still do today!

We love the freedom! Our new dreams include “walking the beaches of the world with our best friends!”

To make this happen, I have started a new business - BeneYOU (a better you) to bring cutting-edge super healthy drinks and life-changing micronutrients to everyone! It's also a way to become financially free!

After 43 years of marriage, Bozena and I are very passionate about helping people we care about to live a life of more meaning, happiness, and love... and to be extraordinary :)

We invite you to join us!

<https://m.youtube.com/watch?feature=youtu.be&v=DvaaHDfbaYo>

Blessings and love to you.



Sara (Peters) Stalman

I am, essentially, the same person I was a Carleton – except somewhat better socialized. I was there for the education, always thrilled by the words “an education teaching us to think critically.” Carleton gave me those tools; they have carried me through thick and thin. So I despise this idea that we’re getting together simply to remember the good old times. For me, the good old times were those few when some professor realized I could think differently from the madding crowd – and that it mattered.

My relevant history is on a website written for the sole purpose of protecting my research findings. Totally non-threatening, totally recognizing the beauty of the human species, those findings threaten those who most threaten our Democracy/our Earth: <https://bornforjoy.com>.

I’ve put off writing this thing, but it comes at a time when, coincidentally (are there, really, any coincidences?), when I’m realizing a need to grow old with a companion. My kid is terrific; I don’t want



to depend on her. John Kennedy, a great guy, has his own wonderful family. I’m looking for someone fun, outrageous. Someone who doesn’t buy an ounce of The Bullshit. Sex is not the issue . . . but could be. An open, fighting disposition tempered by age and wisdom. Good health a must.

Hoping my college colleagues have had as much fun as I have had and wishing you all the best.



Penny (Peterson) Needham

I do better with a plan.

I chose Carleton because music was taught within a liberal arts setting. Carleton was not a conservatory and I was not a prodigy. In addition, Carleton was not a Lutheran college, where the vast majority of music teachers in Minnesota graduate. I wanted many kinds of music, a variety of subjects, and great discussions of ideas.

Carleton was full of music. Many students took music classes, music lessons, or participated in music ensembles. Singing in Carleton Chamber Singers was a pinnacle experience for me. Director Prof. William Wells chose amazing and beautiful repertoire from Renaissance and Classical periods plus works by avant-garde and contemporary composers including Gian Carlo Menotti's *The Unicorn the Gorgon and the Manticore* or *The Three Sundays of a Poet*. The lyrics began, "There once was a man in a castle, and a strange man was he." The poet's life was described in three stages – youth, middle age, and old age with a mythical animal representing each. We performed *The Unicorn* on campus and on tour during the Spring of 1970. Fifty years later, the music is still in my head and fellow performers are remembered fondly.

Because I was drawn to children, I considered a career in pediatric medicine; but after volunteering in a hospital, it became clear that education would be less heartbreaking.



Teaching music to children was an easy career choice. When I was in 7th grade, my piano teacher said, "You can do this," then taught me her methods of instruction and gave me students from her waiting list. I was already teaching.

Music, Carleton, teaching - it was a plan.

After graduating a year early (a plan made possible by petitioning the College to give credit for Chamber Singers and all music ensembles, plus taking a few summer classes at the U of MN), I enjoyed a 36-year career teaching K-12 music (vocal, choral, classroom, music theory/composition, band, directing concerts and musicals) plus being music department chair, student government advisor, and facilitator of peer support groups for adoptees.

Approaching Manticore stage (old age), it seems fitting to reprise the *Unicorn* or at least try to reunite the 1970 cast. (A plan for a reunion of *Unicorn* performers is in the works for the June 2020 reunion.) I still teach occasionally by appointment, but my days are more open to surprises than plans. My husband and I enjoy traveling and frequent visits to granddaughters who live in Montana.

It seems odd to be as old as my grandparents. I don't feel as old as I saw them. Becoming a grandparent was an amazing surprise - a new way of falling in love. Watching your child become a parent and watching his baby grow into herself is amazing and heart-filling. It's also a bit humbling and eerie to hear your first-born grandchild say, "I do better with a plan."

May we continue to be delighted by the joys and surprises of the planned and unplanned.

Steven Peterson

A hirsute, whimsical history

As I searched for a point of reference to begin my story, I remembered reading Ann Dickson's recent submission on our Class of 1970 Facebook page. I was intrigued by her reference to her Rosetta Stone of Hairdos as a device to retrieve the emotional and philosophical peregrinations of her life after Carleton. It dawned on me that I too have a Rosetta Stone of sorts associated with evolving hair styles and facial hair that pull me back to earlier versions of myself.

I hated haircuts because, as a child, my dad would use an old electric clippers to give me and my two brother's military-style Buzz Cuts. He rarely sharpened the blades so the dull clippers would cut/pull the hair and it hurt! I plotted my revenge by vowing that when I was old enough I would never again allow him to force me to get my hair cut.

By the time I reached the 10th. Grade, the Beatles were becoming popular and Beatle Bangs became the coolest style on the planet for teenage guys. I let my hair grow long and my father and I battled regularly about the length of my hair. Things finally came to a head the day I was to drive down to Carleton to start freshman orientation. My dad refused to drive me until I got my hair cut. "No son of mine is starting college looking like a Beatle." I finally relented and went to a barber but only because I promised myself that this would never happen again. Unfortunately, the barber butchered my hair and my cowlick stuck straight up in back like Alfalfa's, completely unmanageable. Thank



God for the green Freshmen Beanies! I wore mine religiously until my hair grew out and I could get a decent cut.

The evolution of my facial hair was less traumatic because I could experiment at school and avoid parental censorship. My first adventure was growing a mustache. Immediately I was more manly because I could sport a full, dark caterpillar on my upper lip. I was suddenly a rebel, a free thinker and a nonconformist. The Establishment's values were not mine! I had an emphatic badge to prove it.

Inevitably it transmogrified into a Fu Manchu and I knew I was no longer a clone of my middle class upbringing. The U.S. Government had hoodwinked us into an immoral war: Viet Nam. I wasn't fooled and I wasn't going to kill or be killed for a bunch of fat old politicians like Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, Richard Nixon or Henry Kissinger. There is a photo in Carleton's archives of me with my Fu Manchu as part of the crowd of Carleton Students who bused to the State Capitol to protest Nixon's Bombing of Cambodia. I felt angry and righteous about what we were protesting about.

In law school my hair was even longer and I grew a full beard. I felt my beard gave my face a weightier, more considered appearance and gave more gravitas to my opinions which would aid me as I became a practicing attorney. I once had a judge grab my beard as we debated a point in his chambers and then he apologized and granted me my request. I had to make a living and I was married and a father by now so I felt the need to fit in more. My daughter Samantha, who is now a medical doctor, was about three when I asked her if I should shave off my beard. She said, "Oh no! Then you wouldn't be Daddy!"

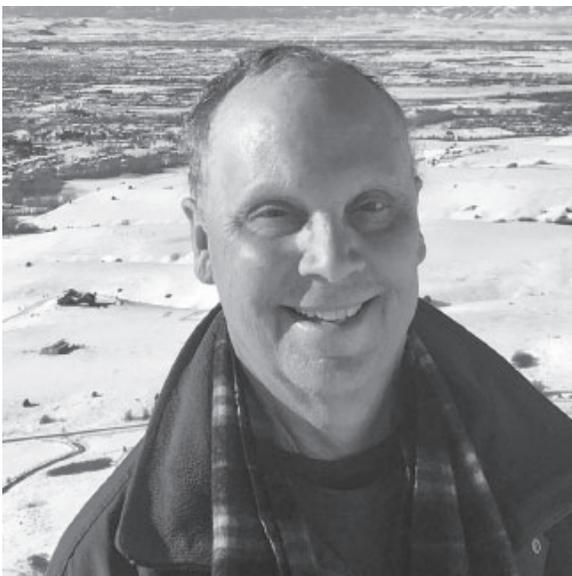
Read more about Steven in the online version of our class' website.

Tim Preheim

My Carleton years were like a Dickens novel; ‘it was the best of times, it was the worst of times.’ The transition from rural Kansas was daunting the first two years, especially after Owen Jenkins trashed my first writing assignment. Thankfully, sports and music held me together, and eventually I was a passable student. With my appointment to the Admissions Office by President Nason, my two years working for the College was what I thought college would be like as a student; i.e. a ‘beautiful day in the neighborhood’. Marrying Trish Hunt ’72 (August 22, 1970) was a significant bonus!

We are blessed in many ways including our family, friends and work experiences, which collectively made/make all things seem possible. After marrying young, Trish and I grew in (mostly) the same directions and both completed our MBA’s from the University of Chicago, which gave us a lot of tailwind to move forward with professional careers. To help us stay grounded and appreciate the important things in life, Marshall Hunt Preheim arrived in September of 1973 while I was at U of C and Clayton Hunt Preheim (’99) arrived in Mpls. in December of 1976.

We made our home in Chicago from 1977 through 2016, building a corporate computer training business together after other independent careers. With many evenings during those days spent back at work for a few hours after dinner (pre-internet!), both Marshall and Clayton learned how to use personal computer technology in grade school



and have been able to leverage their skills in their own professional endeavors. Marshall enjoys life with his longtime partner Joanna Lakatos, working in Chicago. Clayton, his wife Stephanie, and our three amazing grandchildren Ellery (10), Hunter (4 ½) and Adrian (3) live, work and play in Jackson Hole, WY. I served on the Board of the La Lumiere School in La Porte, IN, where Marshall went to high school, in the nineties and was board chair the last two years. I also was honored to serve Providence-St. Mel School in the inner city of Chicago as a board member. Our company also ‘adopted’ (training, service & desktop support) the school to help them move from virtually no technology to leading edge technologies for their students.

We are now mostly-retired (with a few consulting engagements) in Bozeman and enjoy hiking, biking, and xc-skiing. I have resisted camping with the exception of some international hiking trips (notably Machu Picchu and Kilimanjaro). I also have served on the board of our regional opera company, Intermountain Opera. We are excited to celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary, a bit early, when we take the entire crew to Hawaii for a week in a beach house at the end of March 2020.

I think of myself as a positive person. While that was tested over a number of months in 2018 and 2019 after a metastatic prostate cancer diagnosis, I have held on to a belief that the power of positive thinking can and does make a difference. As I write this, I am in remission and intend to stay in that position. “I get by with a little help from my friends” – or maybe a lot of help from my wonderful classmates from the Carleton College Class of 1970!

Dan (Danny) Proud

Fifty years after being at Carleton I feel like I am the same person. The four years on campus was a period of exploration and questioning, and now I am clear about what I want to do and what is important to me. Music is my passion, especially music in community: leading and participating in singing opportunities (choirs, folk music, a veterans guitar group, giving guitar lessons, learning to play the harp), continuing personal growth (drawing classes; Welsh language, music, and culture; Landmark Education, travel), and maintaining strong family ties.

I have been married to Robin Rogg Proud ('72) since 1974 and have two children and three sisters. Along the way I was drafted into the Army as a I-A-O conscientious objector, found a career in technical writing in the computer field as a near perfect fit, formed Scrabble clubs and tournaments, enjoyed participating in several sports, explored my Welsh roots, became a Unitarian, lived in Minneapolis where our kids grew up, and moved to Madison, Wisconsin, to be near my parents for the last years of their lives. And all the while kept in touch with my college roommates, my best friends in life.



Diane Punttenney

I'm currently retired, living in a floating home in Alameda, California, with my partner, Bill Cox. We have no children and currently no dogs, our last Cardigan corgi having passed away last year.

After Carleton I spent a year as a costume apprentice at the Milwaukee Repertory Theater, which convinced me that professional theater wasn't my destiny. I did various jobs for the rest of the decade, including several years as a telephone installer. Then I went back to school at the University of Minnesota for a bachelor's in Mechanical Engineering. That led to a decade at IBM as an engineer and manager.

After IBM I did miscellaneous jobs until 1996. At that point, having ended a long term relationship, I had a chance to start a new career as a technical writer in the Bay Area. I met Bill at Wind River and worked there, documenting real-time operating systems and tools, until I retired in 2006. Now I'm tutoring in adult literacy and doing some editing.



Helen Raizen

After being the only senior woman to participate in the Third Burton coed housing protest in 1969, I left Carleton early and was backpacking on the Appalachian Trail when our class was graduating. I wandered through my twenties with many fun, interesting experiences, including traveling to Cuba and coming out as a Lesbian the year I turned 30. In 1982, I landed in Boston with a masters in Computer Sciences. My forty years of work as a software engineer included being named Distinguished Engineer in 2009 and holding 60 US patents, but it was the people I worked with, the problems we solved and the products I helped build that stand out when I look back. I wasn't ready to stop working in 2018 when my then employer decided to let me go. But, it was a good thing to stop working, because now I exercise almost every day and get more sleep.

I met Kathy through the Boston area Lesbians Choosing Children Network and partnering with her changed my life. After years of fertility treatments, once I met Kathy, I was able to start inseminating and the day after we moved in together, I became pregnant with our first daughter, Trude. Five years later, Kathy gave birth to our second daughter, Billie. Kathy worked as a social worker, and now consults one day a week. Our girls grew up in a loving, lesbian-headed household, attended Boston Public Schools, a secular, progressive Jewish Shule, and a lesbian-headed families camp every August. Trude graduated from Swarthmore, served in the Peace Corps in Rwanda, joined the Foreign Service and married Bryan Schubert in 2014. She has served in Venezuela and the Philippines, and is now working at the State Department in DC. Billie graduated



from Simmons College, lives with us and works as a substitute teacher, as well as running an Etsy shop selling custom made soap. Both our children have connected to half-siblings and their once anonymous donor fathers, expanding our family in lovely and loving ways. No grandchildren for us yet, but Trude has two nieces and a nephew on the way.

I've always been active in various progressive struggles and in electoral politics. I currently serve on the Boston Ward 19 Democratic Committee and work on Israel/Palestine human rights issues. We try to spend a good deal of the summer at our house on Center Pond in Lincoln, ME, where I swim, kayak, play games and read. When we aren't there, I go to many Redsox games. I became a season ticket holder in 2004 and have thus attended four World Series. I also garden, knit, crochet and sing in the world's largest Yiddish Chorus, A Besere Velt.

A better world is what I've always strived for. I remember the victories we've experienced: legal second mother adoption in 1994, legal same-sex marriage in 2004, helping elect an African-American governor in 2006 and an African-American president in 2008. Also the personal satisfaction of finding our long lost cousin in Austria in 2003 and thus healing a rift caused by the holocaust more than sixty years earlier. Losing both my parents at the end of 2017 was hard, but I am now fortunate to be surrounded by some of their possessions in a beautiful home on the border of Olmsted's Emerald Necklace. I'm working with my brothers on publishing my mother's memoir and I took possession of the family archives, so there's plenty to keep me busy. Plus, we are still a long way from that better world, so I'm going to keep on striving.



Jody (Rhody) Foster

After 50 years (gosh!) the thought of Carleton still brings me pride and more than a splash of gratitude. What a tumultuous time, those late '60s! I still have a passion for civil rights, a respect for protest and a love/hate regard for politics.

The Carleton community was my “interventionist” in a long season of self-destruction (anorexia). It was my rehab community. It was where I found my feel (folk dancing) and tuned my voice for praise, singing in chapel on Sunday mornings. But most of all, you classmates were there for me in so many patient ways, and you know who you are.

I've made a life of wordsmithing, since graduating from Carleton and completing my credits through the Associated Colleges of the Midwest India Studies program. I took the Radcliffe Publishing Procedures Course and worked in New York in book publishing/public relations for nine years. In the meantime I took some courses at NYU in Journalism and in 1980, left the city for a newspaper job in Beckley, WV. I should have stayed forever. I'm pretty good at questioning and listening, the fruits of a Carleton education. Instead, I either listened to my own desiring or to the Lord, and in 1987 went in pursuit of an M.Div. at Austin Presbyterian Theological Seminary.

I can't imagine that you readers can imagine me in a pulpit (of any size). It's a stretch for my imagination, too, after all these years. But I seem to have had a “leg” in two worlds (the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of GOD), working as a counselor in secular work and working in the church.



For the past 16 years I've been the pastor of a small PC(USA) congregation. Much of my time is volunteered as a guardian ad-litem in this state.

I married “late” but not too late for the birth of a healthy son born to Rodney Allen Foster and me in 1991. I couldn't talk him into applying to Carleton. That's been Mani's only judgment error (lol), for he married wonderfully to my well-named daughter-in-love, Grace, and he's pursuing what he wants to do: flying the refueler for the USAF Reserves.

I have not been a faithful forever friend of you, my Carleton friends. That's on me. But as I think of you, you rest with me fondly and I am profoundly humbled both by your hearts for service and by the many significant lifetime accomplishments you represent.

In faith we can say, GOD has richly blessed us all.

Bob Richey

One word describes who I am today and how I got here: Blessed. After a brief interlude with Uncle Sam, my career spanned 34 years in the institutional money management business dealing with large corporate pension funds, eleemosynary trusts, and labor-negotiated retirement plans. At career end I was Executive VP and acting CEO of a \$20 billion asset management firm, American Express Asset Management Group (formerly IDS Advisory). I was blessed to be able to retire at the end of 2004.

I have been blessed with good health, other than the expected aching joints and a little cancer.

I have been blessed with many valued friendships from all walks of life.

Most importantly, I have been blessed with two daughters, Kelly and Sara, who are incredibly beautiful, competent, intelligent and powerful women. Sara has expanded my life with two amazing grandsons.

Today I am 71. Who woulda thunk it.



JoAnn Riecke

When I took biology in ninth grade I knew right then I wanted to become a biologist. When I arrived at Carleton I was quite disappointed to find out majors didn't take Intro Bio until the spring. Despite what I considered to be a late start, I managed to take 10 bio classes, but when I graduated I still had no idea what I wanted to do with my biology degree.

As a bio major, I most enjoyed learning about the Big Picture, particularly ecology. So in graduate school at the University of Illinois I took many natural history/ecology classes where I learned to identify many plants and animals and how they were related to their environment. In Champaign, I became involved with a high school Audubon group and loved sharing what I was learning with these eager young(er) students. When I moved to Seattle to attend the University of Washington, I studied Natural History Interpretation and eventually worked as a naturalist in a 600-acre city park located along Puget Sound.

My mother was an elementary school teacher, and growing up I used to say, "I don't know what I want to be, but I don't want to be a teacher." However, teaching was my favorite part of being a naturalist. So, for various reasons, I got a teaching certificate when I was 40. I have taught preschool, k-5 science, but spent most of my career teaching in a K/1 multiage classroom. In 2004 I moved to Madison,



WI, to be closer to relatives, and I continued teaching. Even though I had lived in Seattle for 28 years, it felt as if I were coming home. In a few years I expect to move to Iowa City, returning to the place where my Riecke family has its roots.

As a junior and senior at Carleton I took Chinese religion classes from Bardwell Smith. What an amazing journey into another peoples' culture and way of thinking. At the time China was a closed country, which spurred my desire to go there. Eventually in 1998 I was able to travel on a 4-week group Fulbright trip with 14 educators from Seattle. We travelled to Beijing, Xian, Chongqing, Hangzhou, Shanghai, Suzhou, and Guilin. Then in 2000 I went on the Carleton trip organized by Burt Levin and which proved to be the trip of a lifetime. We visited Beijing (where we connected with Roy Grow and his students), Xian, Wuhan, the Yangtze River, Chongqing, Chengdu, Shanghai, and Hong Kong. Currently I volunteer helping international students and scholars with English conversation and participate in the Chinese ministry at my church. I have "dabbled" in learning Mandarin, but now that I am retired I am putting more effort into it. This language learning journey surely will last the rest of my life. I hope to be able to understand conversations some day!

Deborah Robson

It's been an interesting journey, and nothing I could or would have envisioned. I left Carleton at the end of second term of our junior year, worked at Northwestern University for a year (secretary in the geology department), then spent a year at the University of Iowa (undergrad writing program), followed by a year at (and graduation from) the University of Washington in Seattle. After a break from formal education, I earned an MFA in writing from the Goddard/Warren Wilson program, as part of the class of students who initiated that first non-residential program of its type.

I've been a writer, editor, and textile artist/artisan throughout the past 50+ years, working in literary, scholarly, and trade publishing and, since 2000, freelancing happily as a researcher, writer, and instructor focusing on fiber-related topics. These years have included terms on the boards of directors of some arts organizations and of what is now The Livestock Conservancy (then the American Livestock Breeds Conservancy).

Whether you'd call me retired or not depends. I do spend an hour most days at the local Senior Center doing jigsaw puzzles with friends I've met there, after I've dutifully cycled my way to nowhere on a recumbent bike while reading. The puzzling offers a nice break from preparing to teach workshops and facilitate retreats for handspunners and other fiber folk about natural fibers, especially those grown by animals, and wool in particular. I've written a few books, including *The Fleece & Fiber Sourcebook* and *The Field Guide to Fleece*. Now I'm mostly



creating monographs on specific breeds of sheep and on topics related to the history of humans and domesticated sheep, genetics, the environment, and more.

I love traveling to teach workshops, many of which focus on rare breeds of sheep, and have taught in the U.S., Canada, England, Wales, and Scotland (the recent photo was taken in Shetland). An invitation to Australia didn't work out because for many countries (including the U.S.) there is no visa that accommodates short-term cultural-exchange instruction for specialized groups. I've spent a lot of time working on the visa issue, and substantial investment of time and money by both me and a British contact resulted in an extensive and fully visa'd U.K. trip (our efforts gave us documentation for our points about the difficulty and raised some awareness with policymakers, but the method is not practical to repeat). Fixing that problem for all of the affected countries is going to take a concerted group effort and a lot of luck. Over the past four years, I've developed some sort of autoimmune condition that no one, traditional or alternative, seems to be able to diagnose. As a result, I am limiting my teaching travel to between four and six trips a year, and am staying on this side of all oceans for the time being.

I have one adult daughter who lives with me and designs custom websites, most often for artists and writers, and we rescue herding dogs, giving two (or sometimes, temporarily, three) a home at any given time. We've done regular obedience, agility, and rally with them. Currently in residence are Ceilidh, a Border collie picked up as a stray in Missouri, and Tam, an Australian Shepherd cross who was pulled from a high-kill shelter in Utah--our sweet "special needs" guy.

Anita (Rosenberg) Ross

Well first of all, my mother is 101, although bedridden for the past 6 months. Her sister is 99, and her brother is 94 – both still very active; one brother died at age 98. I have longevity on both sides of the family, so I will be the first to break the pattern, as I was diagnosed with stage 4 pancreatic cancer in February (despite having no risk factors). I am still hoping to be able to attend the reunion, but *quién sabe?* It's been a long and winding road.

The early '70s marked my exploration period. I stayed an extra 1½ years in Northfield, inheriting directorship of the Alternative Press Index/Radical Research Center, and dragging it from the red into the black. A group of us attempted to start a summer theatre, but were distracted by having to earn a living. The summer theatre idea actually came to fruition the following year, but I had already started traveling. Over the next few years, I lived in Greece for a total of a year, between travels through Europe, the British Isles, and Israel. From there, I moved to the Pacific NW, where I lived in communes and homesteads and eked out a living through Forest Service firefighting, gogo dancing, editing, and bookstore work.

In 1977, struck by a regrettable sense of social mission, I went back to school: 2 years of pre-med studies, followed by entrance into the University of Washington School of Medicine (with the goal of being a rural family practitioner). The street Greek I had learned while living in Greece made medical terminology easy to remember. I married my wonderful husband, Scott during my third year of medical school, and spent three years in family practice



residency in Utah. After residency had thoroughly disillusioned me from entering rural practice, we backpacked through Europe and the Mediterranean for six months, and then returned to a rapidly expanding Seattle.

While practicing medicine in and around Seattle, I took up belly dancing and began to win awards, titles (Belly Dancer USA), and grants, while performing and teaching. It was tricky performing while on call for the clinic, and I was pulled into a physician role several times during performances (for example, when a speaker fell on a member of the audience).

In 2005, while continuing medical practice, I joined the IT team at Group Health (now Kaiser), to develop and improve their Epic electronic medical record. Although I still have mixed feelings about computers, the job was exciting and challenging, and featured a great team of coworkers. The difficulty of juggling three careers eventually prompted me to drop clinical practice entirely in 2013.

In 2015, I retired from both performing/teaching dance (while still dancing for exercise) and from my IT job. I've kept my physician license active, just in case, but it's unlikely I'll return to family practice (other than the ubiquitous consults for family and friends).

Hip arthritis and replacement surgery hijacked my first two years of retirement, but then I had a glorious 9 months of dancing and freedom before the cancer diagnosis.

Now I'm amazed at how much time having cancer steals from every day, but I still dance when I can and hope to do more traveling before my time is up. I'm typing this at the end of a wonderful 10 day trip to Washington DC and NYC.



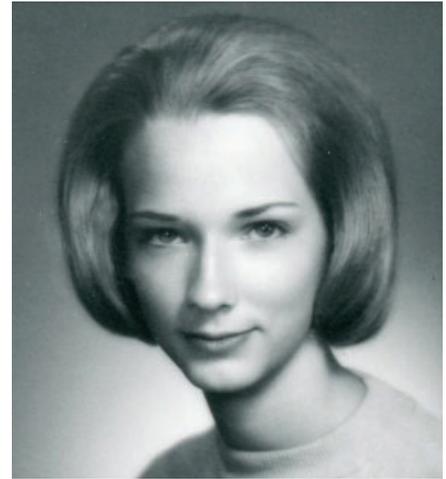
Mary “Moby” Rudser

You’ve already been subjected to both the macrocosm and the microcosm of my life in prior reunions’ brochures, so I will spare you a detailed history. In a nutshell: like so many of the rest of you, I pursued further education, moved a lot, reinvented myself more than once, married, divorced, married and acquired a stepdaughter, had a daughter and, through it all, continued working. It seems I’ve never done anything that wasn’t trendy – the plight of so many Boomers.

I am still plugging away at a career that remains challenging and often fun, surrounded by people who are mostly smarter than I am (shades of Carleton). Can’t beat that.

I am halfway through my fourth decade on the left coast (in pretty much the same destination that I headed to when I took two terms off our sophomore year) and consider myself fortunate to have avoided Midwestern and Northeastern weather for the past thirty-five years.

My sixteen-year-old Mini Cooper and I still conspire to make each day’s two-mile commute to work exciting for one and all. They’ll probably be taking my license away one of these days.



I try my best to get my scull out on the water at least once a week, year-round. I’ll never win any races because I’m constantly stopping mid-stroke to watch the ever elegant herons, the kamikaze pelicans, or – my personal favorite – the hard-working cormorants, who never fail to amuse.

I finally got over being a cat person and (sort of) became a dog person five years ago. The dog and I share my husband. It’s working so far.

My daughters and I enjoy one another’s company, a circumstance that I will never take for granted.

These days, what I mostly strive for is my daily dose of bemusement. It’s there for the taking, if I just pay attention.



Mary (Saarnio) Wiley

Today I am happily retired (since 2012), still living in our (too large) Edina home of 36 years, still married to the same guy since 1972. We have 3 adult children, Dr. Christopher (PhD/Cell Biology/Genetics), Melissa (MBA/Marketing from Carlson School of Management), and Megan (BA/Journalism, writer and jewelry designer). Proud grandparent of Vivian (daughter of Chris), born 4/17, and Oliver (son of Melissa), born 9/19. They are my joy!

I was a stay-at-home mom until our youngest was 7, then I rejoined the workforce part-time. By 1993, with college looming for our oldest and 2 more upcoming, my husband was “surplussed” by IBM after 23 years. Instead of uprooting us all and moving to Rockford, IL, he took the last of the “good” buyouts and left. We were all stunned. He then took a job as a consultant, working on mergers and acquisitions for a major bank, which he did for 3 years. In the meantime, I was offered a senior management position with a local privately held company, so I hung up my part-time spurs and jumped in to the full-time workforce. I remained at that company for 17+ years, advancing my position to include managing the accounting and HR functions for 8 locations.

Since I was now the primary breadwinner, DH decided it was time to pursue his passion, investing. We agreed he could take his severance pay from IBM and see how far he could go with it. (He has done very well.) By 2005, with all 3 kids through college, he told me we had enough money that I could retire. I, foolishly, said I wasn't ready. Then one morning in late 2011 I woke up and decided I



was ready, so I went into the office and submitted my resignation. End of career. No regrets, other than not leaving in 2005.

Besides parenting and my work career, I have done a fair amount of volunteer work, mostly with the Edina Federated Women's Club (EFWC), a member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, US headquarters in Washington DC. We are both a social and a philanthropic group. EFWC has raised over \$1 million for local charities since inception in 1969. I joined in 1983 and have served in many different capacities, including president and head of the yearly fundraiser.

What do we do for fun? I play bridge 4 times/month (or more), do water aerobics and yoga at our local Y, and we travel. In 1997, DH surprised me at Xmas with a Caribbean cruise for January. We liked it. We agreed to do one every 3 years, so the next one was in 2000. Then 2001, 2002, 2003. You get the idea. We have now completed over 40 cruises (the last one was a transatlantic in April/May to Barcelona, our 4th crossing) and look forward to more. And yes, 40 is more than one per year. We love the ambiance, food, service, and only having to unpack once. (Our favorite was 23 nights transpacific Golden Gate to Sydney Opera House via Hawaii, Tahiti, Bora Bora, Fiji, and Noumea.) After trying 6 different cruise lines and settling on 1 as our favorite, I'd be happy to give recommendations to anyone who is considering jumping onboard but hasn't yet.

We have had our aches and pains (including a ruptured disc 2 years ago) but keep on keepin' on. We could live more extravagantly but choose to live beneath our means. It's a good life.



John Schlipf

June Perisho (who started Carleton in 1968) and I were married in August 1970 and went to the University of Wisconsin. I entered the PhD program in Mathematics, graduating in 1975. She transferred, getting a BA in Linguistics and an MA in Library Science, and worked for 2 years in the UW library. In 1978 we had twin sons, born two months prematurely; medicine then was good enough to keep them alive but not good enough to avoid very serious brain damage. So thereafter June switched to being a full-time mother of disabled children, and I was involved part time. Both sons ultimately died from complications, Bob after 25 years, Art after 38. They were very limited, but they didn't understand how limited they were, so they had largely happy lives. Our daughter, Meg, was born in 1983 and was a lively, healthy, happy child. Unfortunately, after she nearly died of a ruptured appendix, her tendency to worry expanded into disabling obsessive-compulsive disorder. Being a parent of disabled children is hard, but I think that in many ways I am a better, more understanding, person for it.

While I was in graduate school, most mathematics departments decided they were finally filled up with faculty, and I ended up drifting among 4 jobs in 8 years: 2 post-doctoral positions, teaching in a small college with political problems (I almost decided to go back after the president was fired), and working for a computer consulting firm. I ended up drifting to Computer Science, finishing a career with 29



years at the University of Cincinnati before taking early retirement.

Ironically, when I worked in the computer lab at Carleton in 1966-67, I found computer work to be distressingly picayune, and swore off it. But ten years later beginning computer work was different. (Or maybe I just missed seeing this in 1966.) My mathematics research became too esoteric for even my taste! And, especially at the end of the last millennium, I found the way introductory CS was usually taught to be more creative than the way freshman calculus was. So the drift that I had sworn off was good.



Bob Schober

Many of you probably remember me as an unpleasant guy, a loudmouth at best and an arrogant, amoral clown at worst. And you'd be right. I entered Carleton already a heavy drinker possessed of little to no self-esteem enameled over with aggressive, right-wing views I inherited from my father. I was discourteous to black students, bullied my first roommate, Cy Shelley and criticized everything around me. To everyone I insulted or treated poorly, I apologize and am so deeply sorry.

My life changed on November 2, 1985, when I had a burning bush type of experience that I had to quit drinking. I wasn't living in the gutter and still had my health, but I was surely drinking myself to death for lack of any hope, trust, love or faith in anything, anyone or myself. I'm not a religious person, but I know that moment was a miracle, which over the next 34 years transformed my life, my way of living in the world and how I treat others.

I essentially wasted three of four years at Carleton. My attitude was negative in all degrees. I challenged professors and fellow students for their faulty thinking, confronted others with open-minded discussion and detested the Nam obsession that seemed to me to override teaching and define social status on campus.

So I went to work. Sophomore year I took a full-time, \$1.25 per hour job as delivery guy for Gertie's Pizza, where I befriended most of the Northfield



policemen who always came in for some coffee. Junior year, they helped me land a night desk job at the Police Department, and I was hired as a Northfield policeman for the summer of 1969 to fill in as the other officers took their vacations. That gig drew the attention of the Wall Street Journal, which published a front page article about me on August 26, 1969. Senior year I worked as Saturday day clerk at the Muni off-sale and tended bar at the Muni on-sale Saturday nights.

Junior year saved my Carleton experience. I came to Carleton wanting to be an astrophysicist but the calculus course freshman year disabused me of that notion. Second year I chose Government and International Relations as my major, and Prof. Fjelstad recommended I take courses from Reggie Lang my junior year, which was to be his last.

Prof. Lang was the best teacher I have ever had, and he helped open my mind, ignited my interest in history, political theory and philosophy. He affirmed me as no one had ever in my life, and I worked hard with him and learned much. Lang sponsored me for a full scholarship to Cambridge to study political theory, and I was accepted.

But I turned it and him down. The thought of attending graduate school in England, the land of Shakespeare and More and Carlyle, terrified me. I simply couldn't do it, I didn't believe I could, with alcoholism muttering in my ear.

Read more about Bob in the online version of our class' website.



Barbara (Schultz) Carmichael

Not exactly a straight path from Carleton to here, but I am sure that is a story shared by many. Chuck Carmichael (class of 68) and I celebrated our 50-year anniversary in 2019. Of course, if you count the year we were secretly married my sophomore year before Carleton allowed married students, it was actually 51 years. Long story.

Somehow, I translated an English major and All-But-Dissertation in 17th Century Lyric Poetry (!) into a business career. That led to my being named a corporate officer and then a Batten Fellow at the University of Virginia's Darden Graduate Business School. That led to Columbia University Press publishing my co-authored book, *RESET. Business and Society in the New Social Landscape*. Who knew 17th century poetry could be so pragmatic?

My most memorable Carleton experiences were after graduation.

1. Chuck and I were publicly married at Skinner (the secret marriage still being secret) in 1969. Carls Len Crowley ('70) and Dick Langer ('68) graciously joined the wedding party.
2. Early post Carleton in the early 1970s, Harriet Sheridan recruited me to teach Rhetoric at Carleton and a lit survey course when more frosh accepted admission than they had anticipated. So, for about 2 years, I saw the other side of Carleton as a faculty member from my tiny third-floor Laird office. I still feel her influence and try to pay forward her mentoring.



Chuck became managing partner of his law firm but then retired when my work required moving out of state. He became an expert sailor and woodworker while being home base for our daughter since my work would take me literally around the world. In fact, he sailed our Cape Dory with then 7-year-old Kelly, a dog, and two cats from the Apostle Islands to Saginaw Bay. Quite an experience for all of them.

Continuing our boating thing, we will be taking our modified tugboat on a Great Loop adventure during the class reunion. By that time, we will probably be on the Great Lakes on the way to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. I have a perfect record of never attending any reunion of any kind. I have wonderful memories and a great attachment to Carleton. Just don't do reunions!

Richard Schumacher

Writing on the day after I retired, lots of thoughts jump out. It's been a good 47 years since law school, with a great variety of legal and business positions. I had 20 steady and fulfilling years of sophisticated corporate practice in a small firm, then the fun began. Next was 5-1/2 years as in-house Corporate Counsel, then 2 more years in private practice, then recruited into the world of trust banking. I was rified 3 times, the last at age 64, but amazingly a great opportunity came along when a Chicago area community bank hired me at 66 to lead their trust department. I had mixed feelings to leave at this point, but was tired of some of the responsibility and felt I'd best retire while I'm still healthy and can enjoy family and friends and travel.

I've been blessed with a great wife of almost 42 years, Kristina, and two children. Both are married and live in the Chicago area, with 4 granddaughters between them (ages 5, 4, 3 and 3 months). We've enjoyed a lot of cruising with friends in Europe, Southeast Asia, South America, Canada, and plan for New Zealand/Australia in March. I have also long been involved with various local non-profits



and my church, which have been important parts of my life.

My time at Carleton was generally very good, and it certainly prepared me well academically. Ironically, some of my strongest memories are the two quarters I spent in the Bruges program junior year, which really opened my eyes to different viewpoints and helped me mature. But most of what I recall now are friends and experiences. We have really enjoyed the 40 and 45th reunions and are enthusiastic to see people again in June.

Roxanne (Scott) Barry

Oct. 2, 2019 – I just returned from a brisk afternoon walk through the Upper Arb. The red, yellow, brown, and gold colors of fall dot the maples and oaks whose trunks are dark after last night's heavy rain. The women's soccer team was finishing up their practice on Evans field and a few runners whizzed by me as I rounded the corner by Goodhue heading across the Lyman Lake bridge toward home.

After 40 years of teaching abroad and on the east coast in Massachusetts, Don Barry '70 and I retired to Northfield, MN. We now live four blocks from our first date! It feels very natural to be in this ideal place in retirement.

Though I was born and raised in Turkey, the Carleton campus was quite a familiar place. After graduating from Carleton in 1937, my parents went off to Turkey to teach for 34 years. Every 5 years their furlough would bring them back to Northfield where their families lived. I remember sitting on the hill above Lyman Lakes and watching the May Fete performances several times as a child.

Don and I followed in my parents footsteps. After our wedding in 1971 and graduate school where we got our education degrees, we also went to Turkey, teaching Turkish students in a dual language United Church mission school in Tarsus. Don was the only math teacher in the high school division, and I taught the first year 6th graders the English for the mathematics that they already knew. After 3 years in Tarsus we moved to Istanbul where Don taught



at Robert College and I taught at the Community School. It was a joy to introduce Don to the country I had grown up in and loved so much and where two of our three children were born.

After 7 wonderful years in Turkey we returned to the US and spent the next 34 years working at Phillips Academy in Andover, MA. While Don taught in the math department, I helped him with the boys in our dorm. I also directed the Office of Summer & Gap Year Opportunities for the Andover students and was involved in numerous school and church organizations. I especially enjoyed being the guide teacher of a community service project called PALS. For 20 years I was responsible for sharing math and language arts teaching techniques with the high school volunteers who then worked with 6 – 8th graders from the nearby town of Lawrence.

Though it was hard to relocate to the Midwest after such a long career at our beloved Phillips Academy, we love living so close to Carleton once again. The many concerts, plays, and lectures we attend are stimulating. We've also taught several courses in the Elder Collegium, one on the history of math and the other on Turkey. To our surprise and delight our former professors have become some of our best friends as well as students in our courses!

Most recently Don & I have enjoyed getting back in touch with some of you as we work on the Outreach Committee for our upcoming 50th reunion. We initiated a video project and have interviewed 13 of our class's former professors who live in Northfield. They may be older, but they are sharp, interesting, and many are involved in local Northfield projects. They and we are planning on coming to our 50th reunion next June and look forward to seeing you.

David Shetler

I live in western South Dakota, a prime area for tourism, and for most of my adult life I've worked in jobs that would be classified as part of the tourism/hospitality field: at various motels and hotels, managed a country hotel in a state park for a time in the 1980s, worked for a tour-planning company, worked as a tour guide, etc.

I am now "semi-retired" but still continue to work part-time, in the summers and autumns, in my favorite of those jobs: as a guide and narrator on motor-coach tours of the Black Hills and Badlands, something I've done for almost 30 years... Everything adds up to a half-century of frequent contact with the traveling public, with the visitors to this area. What's the charming advantage to that? You get to meet the people of America. What's the disadvantage to that? Sometimes you have to meet the people of America... As for my non-working life, I exist somewhere in the era of the late 19th to the mid 20th centuries, managing to get by without a computer or smart phone. (In fact I still have a manual typewriter; and in order to complete this request for a bio via computer, I'm begging help from Don Camp.)

I love to go walking in the Badlands National Park. I'm still crazy about the Beatles, but my current



passions in my later years include Mozart and Dvorak, the Great American Songbook, the cool jazz from the era of Chet Baker and June Christy, and (especially!) Brazilian Boss Nova music... My lifetime passion: reading. And I reflect with gratitude upon the people who helped teach me how to read good books: my professors at Carleton and at the U. of Montana, where I got a graduate degree in history. Since my college years I have, I think, read more than 1600 books; and my former teachers would no doubt be pleased to know that I've compiled and kept notes on most of those books. My all-time favorite is Jane Austen's *Emma* – I've read that one 6 times, which of course still places me well behind Prof. Owen Jenkins in that respect.

Nancy Shoemaker

Gaard Arneson is living the life to which I always aspired but never achieved. For evidence, I offer the following from Gaard's bio: For forty years, I practiced at the same hospital. I still live in the same house, have the same wife, have not acquired any more children, still train for Masters swim competitions 5-6 days a week. We even have had six consecutive golden retrievers that only an expert could tell apart. I probably cannot even define change.

And then, there's my life:

There are places I'll remember...All my life, though some have changed...

I've had multiple jobs – including, but not limited to: teaching in Chicago's inner-city, managing lumber yards and a roof truss-manufacturing plant, consulting in non-profit governance, and serving as all-round suburban matron. I've lived in 12 different homes in Chicago, Geneva, NY, Sarasota, New Orleans, and Englewood, FL.

All these places had their moments...With lovers and friends, I still can recall:



I've been married _ times; had two children long after my parents had given up hope (and now have two grandchildren); raised my children as a single parent; exercise only when upcoming life events loom large (maybe our fiftieth will inspire me). As for pets, there have been 2 golden retrievers, 3 poodles, 1 golden doodle (current, 70-pound puppy), 4 cats, 2 baby squirrels, 3 hamsters, 1 horse (what was I thinking?).

But of all these friends and lovers...

Which brings me to my current life. A year and a half ago I moved from New Orleans to Englewood, FL, a small hamlet on the Gulf of Mexico about 25 miles south of Sarasota (where I grew up). I moved here after living in New Orleans for seven years to be with my first and last love, Tony Dunbar. We reunited after 40 years of separation (sophomore year at Carleton). He is a writer and retired attorney. We live on two acres on a creek – complete with manatees, mullet, eagles, ospreys, herons, armadillos, possums, bobcats, and the occasional alligator (during mating season when the males are out looking for love). We've become totally immersed in our tiny community – lots of political and environmental work. Alas, our children are not close – Chicago, Denver, and LA – but we see them often.

Our life is good, better than good, and we are so thankful....but shhhhhhh... we don't want to make the gods jealous.

Mauno Silpala

When I arrived at Carleton in September 1966, I was young, naive and ignorant. Today I am no longer young...

As a newcomer to US, I did not pay much attention to things that would have optimized the value of my Carleton experience; creating lasting relationships, learning networking, etc.

However, Carleton did teach me to be inquisitive, think about problems in context with each other and be critical of how information is published by our news media. As a consequence, I have, over the years, developed several soap boxes, from which I am apt to preach passionately (ad nauseum?)

Some of those soap boxes are: education, health care (equality related to both of those), the United Nations, the Israeli/Palestinian situation, international policies of the US in general, US political system, issues related to climate change, etc. When I arrived with a very rosy view about all of these matters, i.e. today I am bitterly disappointed with the future prospects for most of those aspects of American life and policies.

The education system is essentially elitist, mis-guided and discriminatory; you get the best education you can manage to afford (or fall into, as I did). By contrast, the country of my origin, Finland, long ago opted for equal education opportunity. In 1970's the government instituted a free, universal education system, whereby everyone has the opportunity to get educated to the profession of his/her choice; not everyone is pushed to academia, as is the "tradition" here. As a result, private schools have disappeared



from the education scene.

As for health care, the miserably unfair state of our system is being aired as part of the presidential campaign; Suffice to say, if Finland (as every other industrialized country in the world) can afford to provide a universal system for its residents, the richest country in the world should, as well.

The UN came at the insistence by the US, Britain and other winning countries of WWII, as an arena for preventing international disagreements from turning into wars. In retrospect, the military-industrial complex around the world has imposed its will on the world, mostly US. Since the end of WWII, how many years has the US NOT been at war somewhere?

The climate change and actions needed to cope with is my latest soap box. The existential threat it is becoming to our children and grand-children should shake us all to urgent action. Other parts of the world are waking up. Unfortunately president Trump and his ilk continue to fiddle even as parts of the world are already burning.

What prevents us from solving all those problems? Our political system! As proud as American are of it, I cannot accept it as democratic. Any system that allows the top- half of the population to trample the other half into mud (snow) is outdated in today's world of inter-dependencies! It is too prone to allowing the best paid lobbyists to dictate legislative action. In my view, coalition governments would be more likely to come up with solutions for the majority of the people, plus provide stability.

What about Carleton education? Well, without having learned to think inquisitively I probably would not have had the experiences I have in the last 50 years, or arrived at the view-points I have.



Siri Singh – formerly Ron Bush

After graduating from Carleton, I continued a dance career, which had been initiated at Carleton. I subsequently became a professional dancer, performing on TV shows such as The Merv Griffin Show, dancing with celebrities such as Donna Summer, Eartha Kitt, and on the Academy Awards with Juliet Prowse. I later danced in the original production of The Wiz on Broadway. My choreography was seen in companies throughout America and Europe, garnering reviews calling me “masterful”, even “genius.”

Simultaneously, with my dance career, I began studying yoga with the Master of Kundalini Yoga, Yogi BhaJan. With 20 years of study, I subsequently emerged as the First Director of Teacher Training of Kundalini Yoga in the '80s. As a yoga instructor, I taught throughout America, Europe, and Africa. I later entered and graduated from Antioch University with a Masters in Clinical Psychology while receiving a Ph.D. from Pacifica Graduate Institute. As a LMFT (Licensed Marriage Family Therapist) I have worked in social service agencies as a group facilitator, supervisor and clinical director. I most recently was featured on the Viceland Network within the



show, The Therapist, where I was featured conducting psycho-therapeutic sessions with celebrity musicians, including Katy Perry.

I thank Carleton for the challenging but stimulating education I received.

Siri Sat Nam, Ph.D, LMFT (formerly Ron Bush at Carleton)



Ellen (Smith) Sylvester

Bob and I live on a lake near our hometown of Hutchinson, Minnesota, where health care is easily accessed, where family, friends and good neighbors are near.

Our four children and grandchildren are thriving in NYC, St. Paul, Mpls. and Portland, Oregon.

Bob drives for the Disabled American Veterans routinely, fishes when he can and saunas daily.

I am in women's, neighborhood, and family groups that regularly play bridge, travel, dine, and support community projects and each other.

After busy years going to school, teaching, parenting, and volunteering we are enjoying our fulfilling and fun retirement.



Michael Smith

I never felt comfortable advertising myself as a Carleton alumnus. At the end of my second year it was suggested that I take some time off to reconsider my [unsociable] behavior and my ultimate education goals. So I did.

Following my sojourn with Carleton I did a brief 20 year stint in the Army, mostly with the US Army Intelligence and Security Command. Along the way the Army sent me on three pleasure trips to Monterey, California, where I picked up a smattering of Arabic and German. Near the end of my 20-year service obligation, U Maryland (Europe) gave me a piece of paper asserting my status as Bachelor of Management Studies. With that, I was deemed qualified for a short gig at a non-existent unit in New Mexico. With about three months remaining on my military service obligation, I was approached by a gentleman who offered me a position as a Department of Defense civilian contractor working for the same unit I was already serving in uniform. As my appointment book did not seem to have any overriding commitments listed following my retirement from the military, I accepted, and remained at my desk for the next 26 years.



Steve Smith

I am now retired, living in Upstate South Carolina, with Tina, my wife of 40+ years. Our three adult children live within 2-3 hours' drive of our home, so we meet regularly and share stories. Andy, our eldest, teaches AP English language and composition in Columbia, SC. His brother Tom mentors and practices psychological social work with students and families in the same city. Maggie, our youngest, is a forestry technician at Hobcaw Barony, while working on her master's degree in environmental science.

After Carleton, I took grad-level classes in cultural anthropology at U.W.-Madison. I traveled for nine weeks through Ecuador and Peru, completed archaeology field school in central Illinois, and learned photography. I supported myself with jobs in retail, the postal service, and summer handyman work.

I met and married Tina while we were both employed doing archaeological fieldwork near Cahokia Mounds, east of St. Louis. After more projects, we returned to school. I completed my master's degree in Library and Information Science at the University of Illinois. Tina earned a second bachelor's degree in agronomy and soil science there.

I found a job in upstate South Carolina "for a couple of years" at the Spartanburg County (S.C.) Public Libraries. In 2016, I retired from there with 35 years of service.

I served as an information services librarian, reference department supervisor, and collection devel-



opment / database manager. Ultimately I became Coordinator of Local History & Special Collections, working with a talented team to establish a community-based archival repository, with exhibits, humanities programming, an oral history project, public/academic partnerships, historical digital collections, and an independent small press. Our projects contributed to the history of the Reconstruction Era, WWI and WWII military training camps, textile mill villages and labor movements, the Soil Conservation Service, Negro League baseball, and desegregation of schools and public facilities, through a unique local lens.

I was president of the South Carolina Archival Association in 2015, and received SCAA's Career Achievement Award. I also served on the board of our local historical association.

Now there is time to hike, do nature study and citizen science projects, photograph, travel, audit classes, and tackle my reading list. I participate in qigong classes, group meditation practice, and quarterly silent nature walks. I still enjoy choral singing.

Tina and I both completed the South Carolina Upstate Master Naturalist program in 2008. I've enjoyed all the coursework and field study that has followed. Last year, I completed an initial retreat at Mepkin Abbey's Institute of Contemplative Eldering. Mepkin Abbey is a Trappist monastery located on a former rice plantation in coastal South Carolina. The Institute is an outreach of the monastic community. I plan to return there again next year.

I realize, upon reflection, and with gratitude, the connections between Carleton and my subsequent life. I often recall a professor, a classroom experience, a concert, a convocation, conversations with friends – too many to name!

Gretchen Steadry

My Story - I have always felt more like class of '71 (my entering class) than class of '70. It prevents me from embracing a "class" reunion. The following are the surface facts you would have learned about me if I were to have come to the reunion.

Current Status: Retired and loving it. Living in the same 1915 South Minneapolis house for 31 years and counting. Married to Jim Kerwin (class'68) for 46 years and counting. No publications, no awards, no kids, and no presence on social media.

Career: Law School at the University of Michigan. Lived in Japan for 8 and a half years working as a foreign associate for 6 years at a Japanese law firm. Jim studied Go and was the first non-Oriental to be made a Go professional by the Japanese Go Association. Worked in US in corporate law with/for two large companies from 1984 to 2015. I spent 3 years full time at each as in house-counsel and 25 years at the second as a part-time consultant or outside counsel with my own firm. Found that my time and sanity were more important to me than a high level career.

Looking back on my time at Carleton: During college kids are supposed to rebel and separate themselves from their parents, Carleton was a safe place to do that. It gave me the freedom to start finding out who I am, and an academic degree for going forward. While I did not follow my geology degree professionally, training in the scientific method was a great background for law school. Plus, geology was and is a good hobby - I still collect rocks; when traveling I still look at the land to see how it was formed and read materials on local geology; I still look at events through a geologic time scale. Global warming is real, the seas rise and fall, and man will probably not be a successful species.



What I do for fun: Travel (a lot. 12-14 weeks a year) or plan trips. This time includes 4 or more weeks a year visiting or traveling with family. We like to do "slow" travel where we go to a place and settle in for some weeks and try to understand the rhythms of that place. I particularly enjoy visiting local farmers markets and grocery stores. Or, and I will admit it, I like to take destination-oriented ocean cruises with good lecturers. This is how I get my tourist coup like Luxor or the Taj Mahal or am able to go to places that are hard to visit like Svalbard or Greenland. When homesick, we go back to Japan for a month or so. We also like to go to movies or theater, watch way too much sports on TV, read, and try to keep learning.

Fun fact: At Carleton I rejoiced when I tested out of the foreign language requirement. Since then, I have become reasonably proficient in Japanese, have learned a smattering of Greek, Italian and Brazilian Portuguese, and have been studying Spanish for the last 3 years. I tried, but Arabic defeated me.

What is important to me now: Time. Time to be with Jim, family and friends. Time to smell the roses. I also strive to maintain my sanity and balance in this increasingly divisive country.

Shan Steinmark

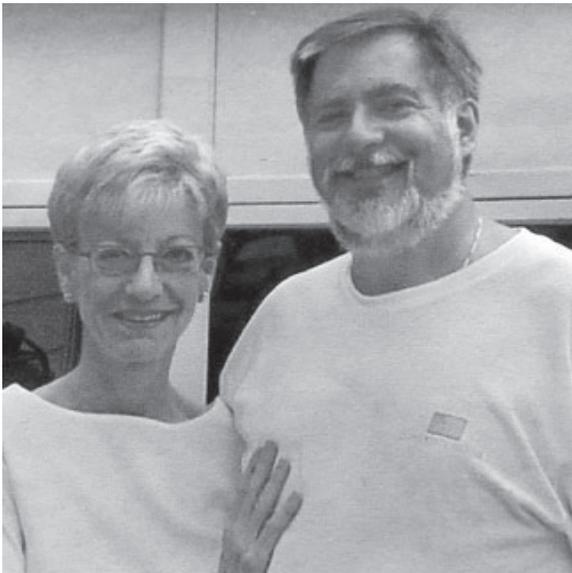
The Travels, Trials & Travails of Doc Quixote
*“The Older I Get, The Better I Used to Be” –
bumper sticker*

Prologue: “Be The Change You Want to See in The World” – Gandhi

While learning to become a psychotherapist & educator, I inadvertently morphed into an independent consultant to Big Business – strange given my perception of Corporate America as The Evil Empire. So I founded Strategic Transitions Research to enhance individual, team and organizational effectiveness. I loved the freedom to be creative. I loved the opportunities to be a change-agent. I loved my partners – esp. courageous soul-mate Melinda, assertive “sister” Abbey, stalwart brother Rich. I even loved most of our clients – albeit much of it was “tough love”, “unrequited love” or “you gotta love the journey”.

Act One: “Put Me in Coach, I’m Ready to Play Today” – John Fogerty

Whatever career success I have achieved is largely attributable to early volunteer work with Melinda in crisis intervention, group psychotherapy & assertion training. We tacitly bonded over “see something, say something, do something”. Generous mentors then volunteered to accelerate my growth, e.g. R.K. Janmeja Singh, Ph.D. in consulting, coaching, partnering and Margaret Thaler Singer, Ph.D. in building relationships, combatting coercion, leading change.



Act Two: Doc Quixote’s Insane Tilts with The Evil Empire

Our business grew rapidly as Melinda & I teamed up to help Fortune 500 companies with change management, leadership development, strategic planning, valuing diversity & accelerating innovation. We operated hubs in San Francisco, Chicago & New York. Eventually we developed a second generation of engagements as mentors or board members to founders of start-ups. We specialized in constructively telling truth to power – often requested, even demanded by fearless, progressive leaders. Success was sometimes fleeting, elusive or out of reach, but always challenging. Melinda & I had the great privilege of collaborating with pioneering women & disruptive innovators – in audacious attempts to “democratize” Corporate America by championing & facilitating empowerment processes.

Act Three: “Everybody Has a Plan – Until They Get Hit” – Mike Tyson

We moved to Hawaii to begin a new chapter giving back to the community, focusing on entrepreneurs and raising two puppies. All went well until Melinda was stricken with brain cancer and given 2-5 years to live. The toughest question I ever faced was my wife asking me “how long do you think I’ve got?” The good news: Melinda is still alive. The bad news: Her survival has been extremely debilitating, painful & exhausting. I have become primarily a caregiver and Melinda’s extraordinary courage inspires me every day. She has lived her life by the principle: “Choose the harder right over the easier wrong.”

Read more about Shan in the online version of our class’ website.

Meredith (Stenrud) Smith

I have been enjoying retirement since the fall of 2011. I decided to retire fairly early since I had decided to walk the Camino de Santiago Compostela in Spain. It was one of the highlights of my life, a 550 mile pilgrimage across northern Spain. I met a handsome Spanish man named Claudio who became my walking companion for much of the trip. While I was a French major at Carleton, I had studied Spanish sporadically over several preceding years but became much more proficient by conversing with a native Castilian 16 hours a day!

As for my career, I taught high school French in St. Cloud, MN, for one academic year after graduation before deciding it wasn't the job for me. By about 10 years later, I had steered myself into becoming a CPA and began working in that field. It's a long story of how I got from French literature to accounting, the details of which I will spare you here. I worked in many different settings throughout this career from public accounting, to a hospital, to Medtronic to finance director of several non-profit organizations before retiring. I think my liberal arts background led me to resist specialization which in turn allowed me to experience the fundamentals of many different industries including financial services, health care and medical devices, publishing, affordable housing and sustainable energy.



Along the way, I married and had two children, one of whom also majored in French and now teaches in the St. Paul French immersion school, L'Etoile du Nord. I went through some dark years during a divorce and its aftermath, but now I am happy to report that life is good again. I bought a beautiful old house in St. Paul near the St. Paul colleges Macalester, St. Thomas, St. Kate's and others, and am able to enjoy lectures and performances from all over the world. Most recently I have found 'a significant other' I'm having fun getting to know and with whom I'm sharing new adventures.

I'm definitely looking forward to the reunion and chance to catch up with what everyone has been doing.

Sally (Steusloff) Hart

I married Bob Hart, a classmate, a year after graduating from Carleton and moved from Chicago to Cleveland where he was in medical school. In the fall of 1973 I started grad school at the U of M in Ming history but ended up leaving ABD as I watched the academic job market dry up. Bob and I had two daughters, Laurel, born 1976, and Alexa, born 1979. When I left grad school I was pregnant, so I imagined, I'd have the baby and then job-hunt. But I ended up getting a job as a program director at the Midwest China Center a month before Alexa was due. That began a long string of jobs where I kept thinking I'd eventually need to reinvent myself as something other than an Asian historian, and yet I kept getting teaching jobs in and around the Twin Cities. I also had the opportunity to job-share running an Asian art gallery with a friend, and I spent two years as the adult and family program director for the Science Museum of Minnesota. In the end, I taught in a wide variety of places – sometimes more than one at the same time – for 30 years before I left teaching due to family obligations. Bob died just months short of our 60th birthdays, and the next few years were taken up tending to aging family members and pretending to run a family plating company in southwest Arkansas.



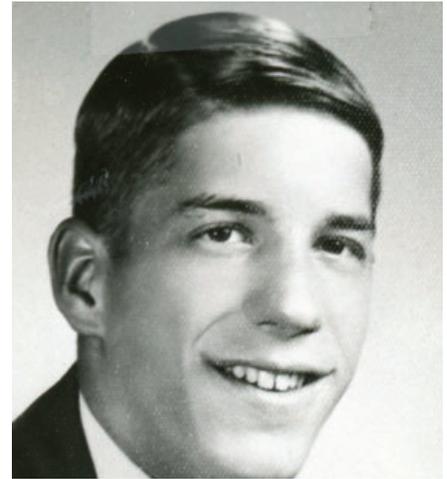
Bob and I had had the chance to do lots of traveling, to Asia and elsewhere, and I have continued to do that. I live in the house Bob and I bought together, and I've been engaged in almost continuous remodeling projects (think Money Pit) ever since. I retired completely just a little over a year ago, and that has given me time to take up things I hadn't had time for previously – Sogetsu Ikebana – and return to things like sewing that I've always enjoyed but lacked the time to do.

I married again just a little over a year ago today. He's another Carl who I'd known for around 30 years. I look forward to seeing folks at the reunion.

William Strachan

After graduating from Carleton, I attended the Radcliffe Publishing Procedures Course in Cambridge with three other Carls, then moved to New York to look for a job in book publishing. To my amazement, I'm still living in NYC and still working with books. In one of the (rare) conversations I had with a professor at Carleton, I asked Erling Larsen why he liked to teach his course on the contemporary novel. Professor Larsen, who also edited the Carleton Miscellany, replied: "Because the verdict isn't in on the books I choose for the course." What he meant, and what I've valued in my job, is the opportunity to read a work without the judgment of others, to come to a manuscript fresh, to discover (and publish) a new voice.

Over the years it's been my (and Pat, my wife's) great good fortune to work with writers who have opened up our world and affected our lives. It's also been rewarding to produce something that can be held in one's hands as well as in one's mind. And I've managed to live in a city where things that are taken for granted in the rest of America (a car, a washing machine) are considered luxuries, and things that are available here (seriously good food and culture) are part of the daily fabric. I grew up in a very different world than I live in now, and I'm glad to have had the experience of each. I count a couple of our classmates as regular friends, and I also think our shared experiences back then continue to influence me to this day.



Henrik Strandkov

After graduation I taught high school English in Columbia Heights, Minnesota. Knowing that I would be drafted, the school district hired me for only a year. I served two years in the Army at Fort Ord, California. There I met another soldier, Specialist Nicolette Petroff, whom I married while she was enroute to her assignment as a Russian interpreter in Berlin. I remained in California. Nikki is a graduate of Brandeis. We have been married for 48 years. We have three children, Niels, Cordelia, and Elinor.

After the Army, I taught English again for three years in Waseca, Minnesota. We then moved to Minneapolis. I began working as a civilian employee of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, St. Paul District, in 1977 and remained there until my retirement from the Federal civil service in 2005. I worked in various capacities in the Corps' regulatory program (water and wetland permits) for twenty years. From 1997 to 2005, I served as the Corps' National Sign Program Manager.

After my retirement, we moved to Brunswick, Maine, where most of Nikki's family lives. My retirement jobs included that iconic temporary job for folks living in our part of the world – holiday season work at L. L. Bean.

While in Maine I acted in two or three community theater productions every year for 10 years. My last six years in Maine were spent in a mini-career as an anti-money laundering specialist for

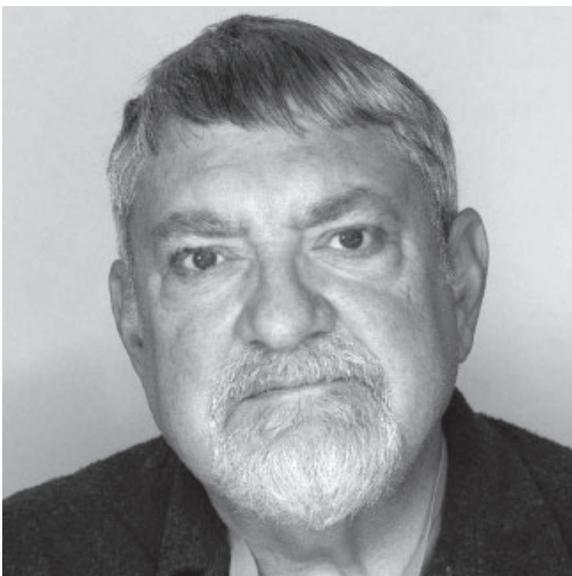


TD Bank. I worked in the basement of a converted textile mill in Lewiston, sitting in front of two computer screens for eight hours a day. I think of it as the factory job of the 21st century. In 2017 we moved to my mother's hometown, Luck, Wisconsin, to begin our real retirement.

Our son Niels lives with his wife Jane Franklin in Minneapolis, where he works for Ameriprise Financial and is a presence in the Twin Cities' anarchist community. Our daughter Cordelia is the pastor of the Second Congregational Church UCC of Norway, Maine, and is the mother of our only grandchild, the remarkable Beatrix. Our daughter Elinor is a Twin Cities area actor and singer, who has also worked as a Lyft driver, nanny, and professional dog walker.

I belong to the St. Croix Valley Camera Club, sing in the church choir, serve as the director of the annual West Denmark Family Camp, go on an annual solo wandering photography tour of New York City, volunteer as an AARP tax preparer, and regularly create messages with plastic letters for our church sign. It's a challenge to say something meaningful or witty or both in three lines, using no more than 22 or 23 letters per line. You might call it "sign haiku," or, to save space, "saiku." One of my favorite creations was "WORSHIP INSIDE./ WARSHIP INSIDE./ INTRIGUING, ISN'T IT?" That one referred to the beautiful ship model we have suspended above the central aisle in the sanctuary, a common feature of many Danish and Danish-American churches.

I look forward to seeing everyone at the reunion.



Dan Stubbs

After graduation from Carleton, I went to graduate school at Harvard University to study applied physics. During my time there, I learned from noted physicists and fellow students, attended talks by Edwin Land (Polaroid), P. A. M. Dirac (anti-particles), W. Heisenberg (uncertainty principle), got married to my wife, Cathy, and enjoyed camping and hiking around New England.

After graduating with a PhD in applied physics, I took a job in the Central Research Laboratory at Texas Instruments in Dallas, Texas where I worked on Charge Coupled Device (CCD) imagers. I developed some of the technology used for the first imagers in the Hubble Space Telescope – you know – the one where the mirror supplier messed up the ‘prescription’ which resulted in blurry images – oh, well.

After two years in Texas, we moved back to Minnesota, and I joined 3M, where I worked on electronic x-ray imaging, and new magnetic and optical recording media, got spun off into Imation, and worked on ‘SuperFabric’ after Imation’s optical group was eliminated. I am now retired.

We have 3 children and 6 grandchildren, two-thirds



of whom are close by in Minnesota. We moved into a twin townhome after 37 years on a 5-acre wooded lot north of Stillwater, MN, and we are no longer required to mow our own lawn nor plow our own driveway.

I volunteer with the local high school’s robotics club and at a local community service organization where I help with data analysis to support their grant writing efforts. I also attend various Twin Cities Meetups and recently have been studying Quantum Computing, and I have joined the local radio amateur club.

Jay Summerville

Reducing 50 years of life to 500 words is humbling. A eulogist gets 3,000. I'll give it a go but if anyone wants to share more, let's find a quiet spot for a relaxed chat.

After graduating from Washington University School of Law in St. Louis in 1973 and then serving a judicial clerkship in St. Louis, I fell into disabling professional and personal confusion. I passed the New York bar exam only to discover after 9 months that I didn't really want to live and practice in rural New York. And I had to deal with a debilitating clinical depression that grabbed me for the only time in my life. I returned to St. Louis, got a job, found a good psychiatrist and the right meds, and after 18 months of talking about not being able to imagine a future, just decided that Dorothy Parker was right and to hell with it: "You might as well live"! Having so decided, I never looked back and passionately embraced making a happy personal life and building a law practice that was successful and satisfying, first with a small "silk stocking" group, and then with a much larger national and international firm it merged with. I climbed all the right ladders for 40 years, becoming an equity partner at a young age, assuming significant leadership, thriving as a commercial trial lawyer, and eventually becoming the firm's General Counsel, the enforcer of Professionalism, Ethics, and Best Practices among all the firm's 250 lawyers.



But from childhood, I had felt a call to pastoral care. So, for many years I spent hundreds of hours working personally and in teams with ex-offenders, helping them find shelter, work, medical care, moral support and trust. For over 25 years, I have served as a "working" board member and senior officer with Missouri Goodwill Industries, Inc. serving clients with barriers to employment. For 40 years, I carried a personal docket of pro bono legal work for indigent clients. And I was always stretched to the limit in church outreach and pastoral care. Finally, in 2013, in my mid-60's. I retired from my law firm and entered Eden Seminary (alma mater of the Niebuhr brothers). After cramming biblical Greek and Hebrew and everything else necessary to pass the Presbyterian Church (USA)'s ordination exams, I received an M.Div. and was ordained in 2016. My first call was to be full time chaplain of a senior living community with 400 residents in 4 levels of care which I did until 2018. Since then I have been serving area congregations as a "gap" pastor. The new career's result: an extraordinary burst of new life.

I spend most vacations at Chautauqua Institution in western New York, a lifelong beloved spot, where I bought a second home in 1990. You can usually find me there in summer on the lake in my red Ensign sailboat ("Ketchup").

And, oh yes, for the last 40 years I have had a life partner named Michael, a lawyer, who is creative, energetic, empathetic, kind, generous, and funny, and one of the most truly good people I've ever known. All is well.

Karen Tarrant

I am currently a semi-retired attorney. Semi-retired means I work for my old firm two days a week. As of early 2019 I am spending two days a week providing child care to my grandson Hunter Raines. That is almost a meditative experience because I am not allowed to do anything a toddler is not interested in. Right now what Hunter is interested in is learning how to walk. Throwing balls is a close second. The other 3 days a week I run errands, ski, bike, garden and such.

The day care commitment is keeping the work commitment confined and so it is working. Next fall the day care will drop to 1 day every other week. So my life is very much a process that is developing. But then that has always been true.



Bill Terriquez

Having lived in Northfield for over twenty five years, I have finally escaped the land of “cows, colleges, and contentment”! There should be a fourth “c” added to the sign as you enter town; “cold”! As of August, 2019, I now reside in Bernalillo, New Mexico, where the weather is not as extreme.

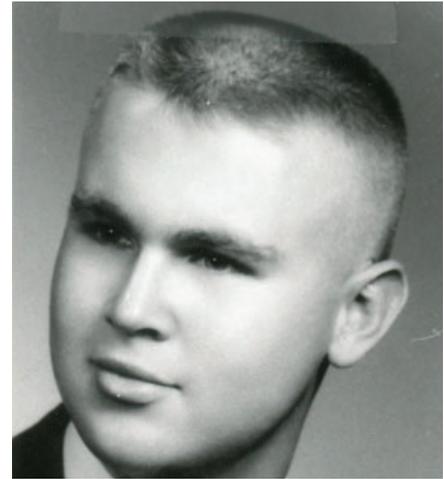
Unlike most of the class, I really didn’t venture too far after graduation. I spent thirteen years teaching and coaching at Eden Prairie High School, in suburban Minneapolis. In 1984, with the retirement of Jack Thurnblad and Bill Huyck moving on to the University of the South, opportunity knocked. And I became a member of the Carleton P.E.A.R. department. I spent twenty five wonderful years immersed in teaching, coaching, and interacting with Carleton students. I also had the opportunity to develop wonderful friendships with many of the faculty we had as students.

Carleton is a wonderful place and to be part of it as a student, faculty member, and parent of a student has been a special privilege.



William “Bill” Terry

As fate would have it, having a low draft number turned out to be a lucky break for me. From 1971 to 1991 I served in the U.S. Marine Corps. After boot camp at Parris Island, SC, I did a tour as a personnel administration clerk. Subsequently, I completed USMC Officer Candidate School and served as a combat engineer officer and logistics officer. Highlights of my military career included Operation Frequent Wind (the evacuation of Saigon); two years as the Minefield Maintenance Officer in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba; one year as an instructor at Officer Candidate School; and one year as the Commanding Officer of Beach and Port Operations Company in Okinawa, Japan. Upon retirement from the Marine Corps, I worked for the Town of Chapel Hill, NC as the Internal Services Superintendent, responsible for managing the Town’s automotive fleet and building maintenance programs. I completed course work for and was awarded a Master of Public Administration degree from N.C. State University in 1998. I worked with the Triangle Clean Cities Coalition, an advocacy group for alternative fuel vehicles, and served as the Chair of the Triangle Clean Cities Coalition Executive Committee from July 1, 2003 to June 30, 2004. I accepted the position of Town Manager in Pittsboro, NC on October 1, 2007 and served in that role until my retirement on October 1, 2012.



Not long thereafter, I was coaxed out of retirement and was elected to a two-year term as Mayor of Pittsboro, NC in November 2013. I am currently enjoying my third retirement as a full-time grandfather of four, husband of 48 years to Jennifer, man servant to Buster the Springer Spaniel, an occasional fisherman and an incompetent golfer. I occasionally return to northern Minnesota to visit family on the Iron Range and as a jumping off point for Canadian fly-in fishing trips with my two adult sons. Hobbies that I am actually good at include wildlife photography and playing poker with a bunch of other retired old farts.



Jean Thomson

I'm writing this from a plane just climbing out of Schwechat airport, Vienna, September 30, 2019, on my way home. I am marking an anniversary of sorts: I was on a plane heading home from Vienna just once before, on February 13, 1969, on my way back to Carleton, coming to a new world, indeed, for it was the weekend that co-ed housing began – that winter's great campus migration.

But today, the day of this flight, is September 30, my birthday, and it would be quite nice to be 20-years-old and returning to campus life. Who doesn't have that thought as we now turn a lot older than that. Quite often, when I reflect on aging, ruefully I will admit, I think of wonderful Professor Harriet Sheridan, who always reminded those in her classes that experience is what counts, and she wouldn't have traded that for youth. (Really!) Experience, she said, made her more courageous.

We now have 50 years – experience comes with the territory – since Carleton graduation. But courageous? For me, not so much: Basically, I've lived my life pretty much predicated on what nature and nurture afforded me. I was an English major and an 8th grade English teacher right out of Carleton, nurtured by Professor Sheridan. (Most fun memory: In practice teaching, my great nurturer pelted me with spitballs. I laughed so hard I nearly fell over. I carried that laugh forward to all the years of teaching, and it luckily stood me in good stead.)



While teaching, I achieved an almost-Master's in non-fiction writing, and in 1981, with a business partner, opened a small technical writing and training firm called Dashe & Thomson. We began when the PC hit corporate desktops. We wrote and trained for the corporate mass migration to everything digitized and systematized online. My firm is still small, does well, and we are all about online learning. But I really want to take myself offline from it, soon.

Why? It's because I am now most fully engaged with an activity (and non-profit organization) in a subject matter not at all owing to the nature and nurture of me. I sing. I love it. I'm not great, was never before in any choir or chorus (they wouldn't have had me). My singing skill doesn't matter, not for "Giving Voice," my chorus. We are a chorus composed of dementia patients and their caregivers. My dear husband and I sang, until he died of Alzheimer's-related causes in 2016, and then my mom and I sang till she died this year at 100-and-a-half, with mild dementia.

We enjoy the partnership, and we also enjoy the act of singing on our own, each to his or her ability, each deriving such a variety of rewards: pleasure, intellectual stimulation, the realization of boundaries broken, and a gratifying and life-sustaining sense of independence. Memory loss most frequently does NOT extend to singing and remembering lyrics. So little miracles are born every week. It reinforces the beauty of experience – would I have signed up for this 50 years ago? One does become more courageous. But the biggest reward: the birth of a feeling of newness, yes, of youthfulness. Maybe, Professor Sheridan, you can have a bit of both in ripening age.

Judith (Vanderberg) Boudreau

Today I am Judy Boudreau ... actually, I have been since 1981. But, now I'm retired (finally, in June, 2018, after 40 years at the MN DNR in a water resources position) and I've been asked countless times how I like retirement.

I hope I can soon say I DO like being retired but I've been very busy with a part-time gig at my YMCA, with an occasionally very busy treasurer position for my non-profit (Siberianbridges.org), with auditing Russian language at the U of MN; and with the loss of 2 brothers over the past 2 years (one of which has had a lot of paperwork follow-up, especially with his property in Puerto Vallarta).

Thank goodness I've had time to DO that follow up, to enjoy my sons' (31 and 28) ventures into med school and personal training, to enjoy their relationships with their dear loved ones, and to "zen out" with regular swims at my Y.

I am appreciating life and health more and more every day as I experience the grief of friends, family and co-workers with their losses and illnesses. My heart goes out to you if you have dealt with that same grief.

I have been lucky to be in contact with some of you over the past year. I hope to make it to the reunion but will know more as March approaches.



William “Bill” Van Dyke

In the course of my “random walk” through a number of career fields since Carleton – all of which were challenging and exciting – none quite beats the rewards of my current major activity, “grandparenting” a two year old and five-month old, with Susan, my wife of 41 years, in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. But I should start closer to 1970.

After leaving Carleton, I relocated to Portland, Oregon, where I got involved with the Ralph Nader-inspired Oregon Student Public Interest Research Group. Starting as a volunteer, I became a staff member and then it’s director for three years until mid-1979. I was lucky enough to meet my wife Susan working there, and we married in September 1978.

Working close to the legislative process in my PIRG work led me to volunteer for two political candidates’ campaigns in 1980. The first was a successful first time candidate for the U.S. House in a heavily Democratic district primary that also decided the fall general election. The second was an unsuccessful U.S. Senate run in the general election against an incumbent Republican.

In 1981, as EPA implemented the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, I entered the business of managing industrial process chemical wastes. The same year our first daughter was born, followed by our second daughter in 1984. Over the next few years my work evolved, first to remediating Superfund and other hazardous waste sites, then to

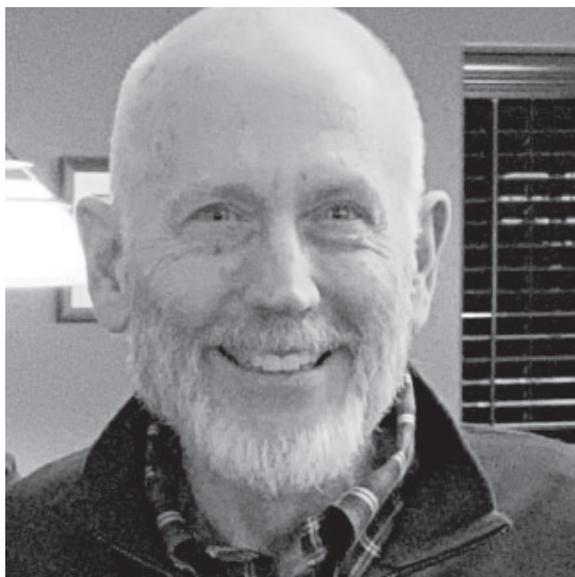


projects managing nuclear materials and clean up of U.S. Department of Energy weapons complex facilities. By the early 2000s I was leading a business exclusively in the nuclear weapons site clean-up field.

Along the way, Susan, my daughters and I experienced a variety of regional cultures as we lived in California, New Mexico, Alabama, Colorado, and, after our daughters left home, Maryland. Over time our daughters also have broadened my horizons in too many ways to catalogue: learning to coach softball, understanding women’s lacrosse and massage therapy, and gaining a passing acquaintance with Buddhism are only a few.

In early 2007 it was time for a change. I left the business, took time off for travel with Susan, and then searched for a new position. Late that year I joined an international engineering and construction firm to lead one of its six operating businesses. Over the next nine years, my travel extended well beyond the U.S. as our employees designed and managed construction of infrastructure for water in the Palestinian Territories, power in Afghanistan, and biological weapons and threat reduction in Ukraine, Armenia and other former SSRs. Domestically, our engineers designed a number of defense facilities and a range of domestic civil works projects, including post-Hurricane Katrina flood protection measures for New Orleans.

I retired in late 2016, with the idea that Susan and I would travel and I would cook more and follow other long-neglected pursuits. With the appearance of grandchildren on the scene, our home location became important. Susan and I relocated from Baltimore to Steamboat Springs in April 2019 and here we are.



Barbara (Veach) Weitz

Wow, 50 years and counting. Carleton has been part of my life since the first day I arrived on campus. Wally and I married in December after graduation and lived in New York City. Wally worked on Wall Street, and I went to NYU for my Master's in Public Administration. We both worked to defeat Nixon. Our efforts were rewarded with being removed from the voting rolls and receiving a tax audit. After 3 years in NYC, we sent our resumes to the three cities we knew best. Omaha had the best offer for Wally, and I was 0 for 3. We moved to be in a better environment to raise children: Katie was born in 1974, Roger in 1977, and Drew in 1980. Wally started his own firm in 1983, and I worked as an education director for a Presbyterian church. While there I decided to seek an MSW. After graduating in 1991 (it takes longer with 3 children), I worked for an agency serving poor women and children, and did internships in medical social work. I was invited to teach at the University of Nebraska at Omaha and worked there for almost 20 years. In keeping with my love to learn, I studied for a PhD at the Mandel School at Case Western Reserve and remain among the masses who are ABD. The last 10 years of my teaching I began to use community engagement in my courses where students worked with nonprofit agencies. Students could connect the dots and apply research tools to real projects, and the difference in attitudes about course work was absolutely amazing. The involvement of UNO faculty and students with agency staff and clients led to outcomes that



amazed us all. Now academic service learning is used in every department of every college. We have the only community engagement building on an academic campus in the country.

My connection to Carleton reasserted itself when Wally was asked to be on the Board of Trustees. The last 8 years we have been working to engage Carleton students in nonprofit work. Our family foundation offers one year fellowships to graduating seniors who come to Omaha and work in our community. They have the opportunity to use their education while learning about the operation of nonprofits. We rotate through 10 agencies; from advocacy, opera, museum administration, university engagement, film outreach, to others. We have loved all the students. In my many opportunities to spend time with Carls, I often think about the rich conversations, the breadth of knowledge, and the shared memories of you. See you in June.

In the last 3 years I have become angry and discouraged by the state of our political leadership. My whole adult life I had encouraged people to engage in leadership, public and private, particularly women. Lately it has been a nightmare to live in a red state. Our entire Congressional delegation stands with the most conservative, and to my mind, dangerous current President. It has been enough to take the introverted, behind the scenes me into politics. I decided I could make the most difference in education, so I ran for Regent of the University of Nebraska. By some miracle, and the hard work of many people, I actually won and now have a six-year term to turn the tide on those devaluing higher education.

Donna Wainwright

We've all experienced that weird and amazing feeling as we scroll down and down those online lists to land on our birthdate – just flinging the years away. All those years – what happened? A few glimpses:

ONE “What a way dat song sweeeet!” That was a student’s lovely exclamation at the end of class. It was the fall of 1970 and I’d happily traded the cacophony of the USA for a post at a school in a Jamaican hill town. That particular day I had encouraged my class to “translate” the poem they were studying, “Lord Randall,” into their spoken patois. So it was that I spent my first years after Carleton teaching English language and literature to grades 8 through Oxford A-levels. I relished Caribbean life – new foods and flavors, the sounds and folk stories of Jamaica, the rhythms of ska and reggae. It was such a long way from the Illinois farm where I grew up and the cows, colleges and contentment of Northfield.

TWO Later, I moved to New England, first teaching in a woodsy Vermont school and then, in Boston, completing an M.Ed. Financial realities led to my leaving underfunded counseling organizations and tentatively moving into a position doing training for a new electronics company. Turns out I loved it, those being the days when high tech offered challenging fun. On any given day I might be figuring out what needed to be communicated in a newsletter or bulletin, acting as liaison between major



account customers and the engineering department, untangling installation hassles, and using my Spanish in assignments in Puerto Rico. Later, I worked at a local Apple office and distinctly remember the day that new-fangled IBM PC burst onto the scene. I moved into marketing communications at Lotus and another start-up. All of this provided a great up-close look at the incredible pace of change in the industry – good to experience AND good to leave behind, which I did by the mid-90s.

THREE In the early 90s, I joined a chorus whose initial mission involved citizen-to-citizen diplomacy with choruses in the then Soviet Union. By the time of my first travels, we were off to Russia and Estonia, just two years after the breakup. We formed a strong bond with choruses in Yaroslavl and back in the USA organized homestays and concerts for these and other groups. I joined the organization’s board and, three years into the “new South Africa,” travelled to sing with one of the first mixed-race choirs there.. Along this musical way, I had the great good fortune to meet my wonderful partner, Alan. He and I formed a relationship with a school system in a rural, predominantly Zulu town and launched a large community project. Each year since then we’ve done a three-month stint. So many changes to be privileged to witness, yet so much entrenched poverty as the “rainbow” fades.

FOUR We wrapped up our South Africa project this past May – a bittersweet occasion for sure. These days, I’m involved with several organizations that focus on immigrants, the environment, and climate change. Right now, I am off to a meeting of our fantastic local watershed association.



Where in the World am I? What am I doing there?



● 1970-1972 PA-CT-VT-NY MSP, London	Summer stock tech director One Flew East theater company Montessori schools	Living fully as Bob. Founds theater company in Minneapolis. Enters U of M pilot transgender program. Earns Masters in Montessori Education.
▲ 1973-1975 San Diego Portland Palo Alto	United States International University NW Regional Educational Lab	Starts Ph.D. in Organization Development & Leadership Behavior, with field work in large school districts – Houston, Detroit, Virginia, Mexico Completes transgender process at U of O, Stanford.
▼ 1975-1980 Minneapolis 1980-1986 MN-ND-WI-MI-IA	University of Minnesota Hospital Human Systems Associates - leadership and HR training with health, education and service providers in upper Midwest	OD and Training manager; designs first competency based clinical supervision program. Buys home 1976. Finishes Ph.D. 1978. Goes solo, founds OD-training firm 1980. Marries Mary Benefiel 1984.
↻ 1986-1988 Minnesota and Brussels-Paris	Human Systems Inc. OD, HR, downsizing, change management, and strategic leadership with international offices of US companies and European NGOs	Mary B goes to France for 2 years. Bob gets work in Brussels. Commutes MSP-BRU-Paris every 3 weeks, starts over in the private sector, learns French and Dutch, gets work permit, swims in the culture.
★ 1989-2015 Brussels Iceland to India and beyond	1989-2005 Human Systems International (Western Europe) 1990-2011 Université Libre de Bruxelles Solvay School of Commerce MBA 1996-2009 EU program Emerging Leadership for Emerging Democracies (Central & Eastern Europe, South Asia) 2009-2014 Quaker Council for European Affairs (UK, Scandinavia, Russia, India, Palestine) 2011-2015 Center for Creative Leadership (Europe, Middle East, Africa)	Mary and Bob decide to stay. Bob forms 'world's smallest (?) multinational corporation'. Leads first faculty and curriculum for new international MBA program. Trains nonprofit and civil society leaders from former Soviet states. Moderates in the EU Peace, Justice and Environment strategy. Facilitates multi-cultural collaborations and mergers in the context of Arab Spring and recovery from the financial crisis. Mary and Bob divorce 2000; Bob becomes Belgian 2008; marries Lin Scott 2011; Lin moves from England to Brussels.
↻ 2015-2016 Brussels and Southern Oregon	Human Systems LLC Ford Family Foundation - rural community and organization development	Bob and Lin plan move to USA. Bob repeats commuter lifestyle and transforms career again, while Lin waits endlessly for visa and green card.
○ 2016-2020 Corvallis Oregon	Human Systems LLC - Pacific Northwest and EU hub cities	Lin changes career 3 rd time in 4 th country. Bob focuses on nonprofit network and alliance building, strategy, innovation, board development. Revives singing and performing. Ponders retirement or ??

Beverly Weber

I left Carleton at the end of my sophomore year because when tuition went up, I was offered a third job in addition to the two I already had (one was switchboard operator, remember that?). I finished at my Dad's and sister's alma mater the University of Washington in Seattle, majoring in Political Science. No hard feelings, though – I was in musicals at Carleton and qualified as a lifeguard, and at UW I was in the Husky marching band and tried my hand at being a sorority girl.

I then began a long and fruitful career with the federal government in different agencies in labor/management relations and moving up to assistant regional director of Administration at my last agency. Along the way I got an MPA (master's in public administration) and married Al Liu, divorcing after 19 years, though we remained close til his passing.

I've been retired for eight years and have found a whole new life back in the Washington DC area where I am a volunteer docent at the Supreme Court, a soprano in my church choir, an active participant in two embassy lecture/event organizations, and an avid member of ARCE (American Research Center in Egypt), an organization focusing on ancient Egypt (ask me about my trip to Egypt on the day the revolution started – well, yes, I did survive). I am crazy for travel, several trips a year, mostly



now to Europe in an in-depth way, unless I can find someone to go to Easter Island with me. And I must return to Malta. Oxford University summer classes are a lot of fun. And on and on. Culturally I attend opera musicals and various art museum openings, especially for the Asian art at the Freer/Sackler. And there's a special guy in my life, Tom, plus a new little Kitty.

Though I left Carleton early, I have always had a soft spot in my heart for Carleton, and for Carls. When I hear that a Carl is part of something I'm doing, I just know the conversation is going to be interesting. I attended the 40th reunion and am looking forward to the 50th.



John "Junior" Weddle

Photo is 2020 - still applying what I learned at Carleton.



Wally Weitz

I feel very lucky to be happily living in Omaha (the past 46 years) with Barb (just celebrated 49th anniversary), to have 3 kids (all Carleton alums) and 6 grandkids living in Omaha and doing well in their own pursuits, and still working at my “hobby”—investing (but having handed off most of the firm management chores).

Growing up in the South in the ‘50’s and ‘60’s, with a politically active social worker mother, I was aware (early) of poverty and injustice. I always assumed that working to alleviate both was an important calling. I was also hooked on the stock market by age 12. I rationalized that going into investing first would allow for more “service” work later, and took a job (literally) on Wall St. (Given the campus climate in 1970, I didn’t say much about that path.)

Investing has always been the “day job” for me and it has been a lot of fun. But Barb and I have always been involved in non-profit work of some sort. We were very involved in a Presbyterian church in the ‘70’s and ‘80’s but conservative social policies and lack of work towards social justice caused us to drift away. Several years working with Scott Peck’s (he wrote *The Road Less Traveled*) foundation on “community building” had a big impact on me. Now, we both work with several local non-profits and our daughter, Katie, manages our family foundation which is focused on local organizations. (The past 18 years on the Carleton board has also been a great experience.)



Our favorite projects are small, risky ventures that we can help start and grow to the point that traditional funders will take over. Seeing what energetic, creative people can do with minimal funding is inspiring (and helps keep despair about the current political climate at bay). Helping people get themselves out of poverty is the common denominator in most of our grants and education is the single largest focus. Carleton may not seem to fit these criteria, but we believe that what the world (desperately) needs is more well-educated people with a liberal arts frame of reference.

Our calendars are messy, with day jobs (Barb was just elected UN Regent!) and board work, but we travel a fair amount for fun. Amelia Island, FL is our home away from home, though we don’t get there enough. The travel highlight for me is an annual trip to Scotland with whatever branches of the family are available. My two sons, their wives, and my son-in-law play golf, my 8- and 10-year old grandsons are turning into golfers, and Barb will still play with me (and remind me that it’s only a game!). All in all, a pretty good mix of work and play.

Randy Wilkening

My post-Carleton life actually took shape senior year. Colleagues in the Chemistry Department will remember a fall Seminar Class during which we discussed important papers with the senior author. During a conference call to Carleton University in Canada, the males in group received their draft Lottery number; my number was one (September 14 for those interested in trivia). At the end of the call, I tried in vain to arrange a position in graduate school with that professor. Chuck Carlin, who replaced Thurlo B. Thomas (remember the Golgi body?) on the Pre-med Committee, probably saved my life. He knew the Dean of Admissions at my state medical school, which I am sure helped my admission. By the time I finished training in Perinatal-Neonatal Medicine at the University of Colorado, it was a long time since the last helicopter left the embassy.

I'll bet most of you remember the initiation of coed dorms. It began that same fall on third Burton where I was proctor. No more books in doors during visiting hours! More importantly for me, however, was the freshman woman I met at a retreat on Lake Pepin during winter term. Rumor has it I studied more at Carleton after I graduated than I did before. Greta Siegel finished all her requirements after her senior year winter term; she and I were married in March, '73, before her official graduation.



We moved to Denver for my training and stayed. Greta completed her Doctorate in Psychology and specialty training in Pediatric Neuropsychology. Based at Children's Hospital Colorado, we are both Professors of Pediatrics in the University of Colorado School of Medicine. Greta started the Pediatric Neuropsychology Program and remains its Head. I have been Head of Neonatology since 1992. We have published (some) and not perished (yet). While married early, we were late onset parents. First child went to Carleton East (Swarthmore), completed his MD/PhD and is in his internship year. Second child started violin in pre-school, graduated from Conservatory at Rice and is pursuing her PhD in Historical Musicology at Columbia University. It's all great!

Kaye (Williams) White

Since I didn't update my bio for the 45th reunion, I will pick up from what I last wrote in 2010. I was then still teaching 3rd grade in one of the Edgemont Public Schools in Westchester County, New York. After 25 years teaching about 500 students in K-3 classes, I was ready for a change. So on my 62nd birthday, the first moment when I could receive my full pension without any penalties, I retired. The financial and health care security I have now is all due to a well-negotiated union contract. Yay NY-SUT!

In retirement, I have pursued many interests that I had not taken time to develop while teaching. I took several art classes: drawing, oil painting, print-making, and watercolor. I also took a couple of creative writing classes, and I was very inspired by Diane Perry's presentation at our 45th reunion about her experience becoming a writer, but I have not followed through on the inspiration. Though art and writing are things I enjoy doing, I lack the discipline to pursue them on my own.

Music has become a larger part of my life. This is the fifth year I have been part of a community "Choral Society," singing choral works by Bach, Vivaldi, Britten, Poulenc, Rutter and others. My sight-reading has improved considerably! I have also been trying to re-build a handbell choir in my church, and start a handchime choir among the children. The biggest challenge is in finding a day and time when more than two or three people are available to rehearse and to play. When it works, the sound is wonderful!

Carleton's physical education program awakened my inner athlete, as my pre-Title 9 "sporting" opportunities had been confined to roller skating, bowling, and hikes at Girl Scout camp. Carleton gave me tastes of tennis, gymnastics, biking, and skiing, and I have continued an interest in tennis. As an adult, I finally began to learn to ice skate, and retirement gave me more time for both pursuits. However, both a knee replacement and surgical repair of shredded tendons in my left ankle have



required a lot of time off from such ankle-stressing sports for the last couple of years. Some intensive Pilates sessions are still giving me hope that I can regain enough strength and balance to get back on the court, and on the ice.

We continue to make several trips a year to our daughter's family near Chicago to stay in touch with our four granddaughters (now ages 14, 14, 10, and 7), as well as spending time with our son's family near Boston and enjoying the world again through the eyes of a young child. Our grandson is 3 ½. A highlight of each of the last ten summers has been a vacation with some or all of our granddaughters in various places: Mishawaka, Green Bay, Boston, Rochester, and New York.

Now that my husband Norman has retired, we have been traveling more on our own. We took our first cruise along the coast of Alaska 5 years ago. This fall we enjoyed a week of fantastic fall weather (and foliage!) along the coast of Maine and the Canadian Maritimes, celebrating our 50th anniversary with close friends who were married the same year. In between, we have explored several National Parks in Utah, Montana, and Arizona. My all-time favorite trip was a week of sailing on a catamaran and snorkeling in the British Virgin Islands on a Trade-winds cruise. Learning to sail is still on my bucket list. I think if I hadn't grown up in land-locked Colorado, I probably would have joined the Coast Guard!

Laura (Williamson) Doyle

I've waited until the last minute to submit this essay hoping for some great inspiration that would prompt me to write anything at all. The emails and Facebook posts from the Committee (Thank you, Committee!) mostly reminded me of Carleton activities that I didn't do and have never regretted missing out on. My most vivid Carleton memories (other than the panic of a totally blank mind when I stared at an empty blue book) are the books, music, and discussions that we all shared as we tried to answer the big questions: Who am I? Why are we here? What's truly important? How do we become better people?

What do I do now? As such a tiny place with so few people and so few daily mundane decisions to make (no requirement to put decision-making energy into what to have dinner!), Carleton allowed us to focus with energy, drama, and humor on ourselves, our classmates, and our place in the world. I still listen to the music I heard for the first time at Carleton when I want to remember how much fun we had sharing with friends: The Beatles, Otis Redding, several Chicago-sound Blues bands, Twin Cities musicians like Koerner/Ray/Glover and Leo Kottke. Although I've enjoyed watching our daughter live her college and 20s (and 30s) years with this intensity, I'm just as glad that I am not bringing that



sense of drama and importance to making all those old person decisions which require you to forecast who in our couple is going to die first. I still have many of the books that we read and thought were so wise and insightful at Carleton: *Siddhartha*, *Songs of Innocence/Songs of Experience*, *Catch 22*, etc. but no life events in the past 50 years have prompted me to reread them. I'm fine with moving past these books; especially fine with moving past all those good-for-me career, business and management books; and with moving on to birding, travel, and, of course the books like *Being Mortal* for people who are dealing with growing old.



George “Skip” Wittler

I was a student assistant in spring 1970 for Professor William Muir’s Vascular Plants laboratory. During one of the lab sessions “The Professor” took some time, when the students were otherwise occupied, to describe to me the Associated Colleges of the Midwest (ACM) Wilderness Field Station (WFS) program and encouraged me to attend that coming summer. At first, I didn’t take him seriously since graduation was a few weeks away and the WSF program followed soon thereafter. Nevertheless, I found myself saying yes and within few weeks I was on my way to the canoe country of northern Minnesota. Mark Johnson ’70 was the program associate that summer. Although I was poorly prepared for the rigorous “field station experience,” this, my first real immersion course, opened a whole new world. Hundreds of plants I had never seen before, nesting birds of all sorts, moose, beavers were our daily companions. At summer’s end after ten weeks in the wilderness, I wondered aloud to Mark whether I would get the opportunity to study in such a place again.

As it turned out the very next year, The Professor, though blind, began teaching at the WFS. To my great fortune he asked me to be his assistant, a sort of seeing-eye dog, for that and the following three summers. He gave me an opportunity to do a little teaching while helping identify plants for him while paddling hundreds of miles in the canoe country wilderness. These were very special years exploring the wilderness with students from all over the ACM. One of those students, Ellen Deason ’72, in conversation in the field laboratories, suggested I consider teaching. I never had the slightest ambition to teach,



until then.

As a result of that conversation with Ellen, I began graduate study leading to MA in botany at University of Montana. Ann Pengally ’66, Bob Dwelle ’70, Chris Bowen ’70, and Dave Shetler ’70 were enrolled in graduate programs there and helped me adjust to the mountains of western Montana. In 1975, I accepted a teaching position at Ripon College and earned a Ph.D. in botany at the University of Texas.

The student-centered, experiential approach used in WFS courses and the enthusiastic teaching style of Professor Muir were templates I used in designing most of my Ripon College courses.

As a Ripon College professor, I was eligible to teach in the ACM WFS program. Michele, my wife of 42 years, and daughter Meredith supported me for many of the over thirty summers I taught there and directed the WFS program. Note that Roger Powell taught at the WFS for many summers as well. (After The Professor died, Michele, Meredith, and I took several family camping trips into the wilds of the Quetico Provincial Park in Canada with Libby Muir and some subset of the Muir clan.)

In 1995 I helped establish 130-acre nature conservancy on the Ripon College campus of which 90 acres are restored tall grass prairie. (I still serve as the director of the conservancy and continue to manage it.)

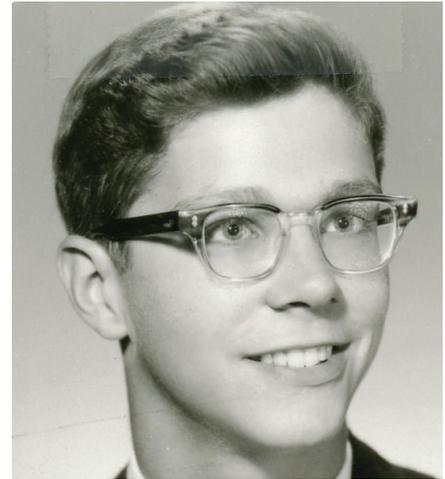
I retired from Ripon College (as William Harley Barber Distinguished Professor Emeritus) in 2018 after 41 years of teaching. I frequently think back to spring of 1970 and that casual conversation with Professor Muir that changed everything.

Robert Woolsey

There are 2 ties to Carleton from my Chicago birth on July 12, 1948 at 12:47 am Central Daylight Savings Time. The first is that my mother, Doris Neely Woolsey, was a 1939 Phi Beta Kappa graduate as well as Editor of the *Algol*. The second involved Scoville Hall and my draft status. My birthday officially became July 11 (11:47 pm, of course) because Chicago births were officially recorded on Central Standard Time. As I sat in Scoville waiting to find out my draft number, I didn't realize how lucky the numbers 7 and 11 would be to me. Instead of having draft number 15 for a July 12 birthday with all of those ramifications- as was the case for our classmate and my fellow soccer teammate, Colin Baenziger- my 7/11 birthday lead to draft number 244.

There are 3 people that I met at Carleton who altered the course of my life, albeit in different ways. The first is Bob Watson '71, who was planning a 3 month excursion to Western Europe during the summer of 1970. He invited me to accompany him. I had no other plans so I jumped at the chance. We had a wonderful and very eventful trip to 13 Western European countries. It took me 46 years to make it back across the pond so I remain extremely grateful to Dr. Watson for all of it.

In the fall I returned to my home town of Evanston, IL and ended up living back in the Chicago area for



the next 7 years. I enrolled in the School of Education at Northwestern, partially because I enjoyed life in Evanston. I ended up with a Master's degree in Counselor Education in 1973. I also met my first wife (there have only been 2) when I served as her supervisor for her summer job at the First National Bank of Highland Park. That role reversed rather quickly when we got married in September of 1976. My final position during these years was as a Head Resident at Elmhurst College in a western suburb of Chicago, which I began shortly before our wedding.

In the summer of 1977 I received a phone call from David Appleyard, whom many of you may remember as a Math Professor at Carleton. He was being tapped to serve as the "Interim" Dean of Students, and he asked me if I wanted to interview for the position of Assistant Dean of Students. I have a strong suspicion that John Dyer-Bennet, another Carleton Math and Professor and the Coach of the men's soccer team with whom I developed a very meaningful relationship, recommended me to Dr. Appleyard. (Assuming that this was the case, he was the second person from Carleton that had a profound influence on my life). With fond memories of Carleton and being interested in this kind of employment at the time, it was an easy decision. I resigned from Elmhurst relatively quickly and moved to a nice one bedroom apartment one floor above my office in Severance to begin my 7 years as an employee at our alma mater.

Read more about Robert in the online version of our class' website.

Jane (Yaeger) Keightley

I am a British American who has spent half my life in the UK. Originally a girl from a small, industrialized city in Southern Colorado, I have always wanted the chance to be just like everyone else.

Carleton gave me that opportunity. Rather than being the top student in my class, I was just one of many such high school high achievers. I loved Carleton for its liberal attitudes and its underlying traditionalism.

What I wish I had known fifty years ago was that the outside world would not treat women as well as we were made to believe at Carleton. We were equals intellectually and upon leaving college and entering early careers in the 1970's, I thought that men and women would climb the same steps to success. What I see is my daughters now struggling with the same issues: motherhood, marriage and work, just like I did.

Armed with an MA in Library Science from the University of Chicago I set out to do it all. Within ten years I was exhausted with trying to combine raising young children and moving up the career ladder. I reconsidered my goals. After all, this was the year of *Kramer v. Kramer*. Men could raise children, too. I capitulated to my lawyer ex-husband and agreed to joint custody of our two young children.

Career advancement, move to bigger state and I burned out trying to fulfill both roles of having a successful job and joint parenting. New Year's resolution no.1 in 1982, I went out alone and met the man to whom I have been married 37 years. We moved to England in 1983. I had just given birth to my third child. I felt I was given a second chance to rebalance my life.



After a few years and another child, I reentered the marketplace as a part-time systems analyst, then bookstore assistant, but always a library consultant. Raising two children during the school year and four children through the summers, I made adjustments to keep my career viable.

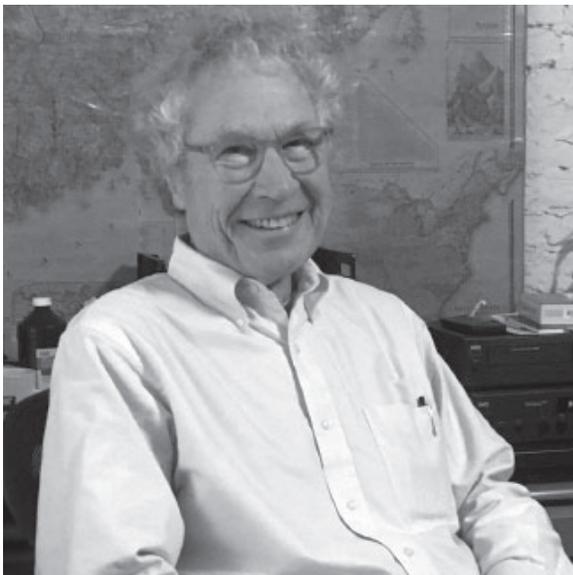
My youngest son was 12 years old when I became a full-time librarian again. I loved working at a horticultural college in the Midlands and was actively involved in a European-wide group of botanical librarians. This gave me a chance to travel more widely and to learn about different cultures through books and gardens. Eventually I became head librarian for a large multi-campus college spread over two counties. I managed a staff of 55 and a significant budget. Retirement a few years ago led to a new part-time career of assessing apprentices in the work place – a very British approach to vocational education.

At Carleton my favorite course had been on the history of the French Revolution. We had to read about the same events retold through the centuries and learned the lessons of history seen through current times of the writers. It was a powerful message and one that I have applied to my life. Put events into context, but remember the facts. I love the historical context the UK provides. Although I learn most of my history through reading historical fiction now, I wouldn't be without the DK book, *Kings and Queens of England and Scotland*. We often travel around the countryside, armed with our National Trust, Historic Houses and English Heritage membership cards and try to put history into context, marvelling at the architecture and gardens around us.

A move to Scotland is next and another chance to blend into a new culture. I'm sure our youngest grandchild will help with that.

Thomas Yoder

I am happily retired from my career in newspapers. I give thanks every day for my good fortune to have hooked up with Bob Roth ('69), Tom Rehwaldt ('70), and Bob McCamant ('71) in 1973 at the Chicago Reader, then a 12-page, struggling, free weekly. My job was Advertising Director. In 1986 I started commuting to Washington, D.C. to serve as part-time publisher of Washington City Paper, a younger paper we had acquired. I also commuted to Salem, Oregon to visit my girlfriend. We worked very hard, being smart about some things and lucky with others. We sold our papers in 2007 just as the door was slamming shut on the U.S. economy, websites like Craig's List were taking our advertisers, the retail landscape as we had known it was sliding downhill, and young people were losing interest in our kind of journalism. What luck! The commute to Oregon continues today, but the trips to Washington have been replaced with trips to Deer Isle, Maine where I have a house and woodlot. I have become a huge fan of John LeCarre and very much enjoy working with a chainsaw. I have much to be grateful for.



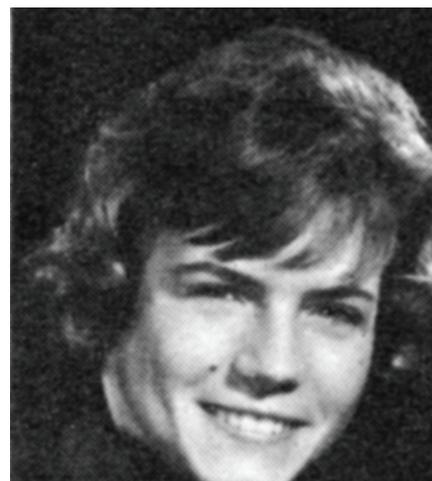
Ann (Zier) Dwelle

On a blizzardy night in March of our senior year, with many of you in attendance, Bob Dwelle and I married in Northfield. We were the first married couple at Carleton since WWII, and we spent the years thereafter following one another (and our respective careers) around the planet.

Bob's graduate work took us to Missoula MT, where he acquired a Ph.D. in plant physiology, I worked various jobs to keep us in tuna fish, and we backpacked through the wilds of Big Sky Country. And, thankfully, Wisconsin Boy was hooked on the West.

With me nine months pregnant, Bob took the first job offered: A research position with the University of Idaho, studying (what else?) potatoes. For the next 11 years, "Dr. Spud" became well known in his field (yeah, pun intended), and I was a stay-at-home mom to our two daughters Janna and Karin. Bob's job took him all around the world, and sometimes we all came along. In 1984, we spent nine months on sabbatical in Europe, traveling through 18 countries in a violent-green VW bus. I home-schooled the girls, Bob lectured at various institutions, and, as six-year-old Karin said, "We learned to flush in any language."

With Bob's career established, we agreed that it was my turn. While in London, I sat for the LSAT; and when we returned from sabbatical, we moved across the state, so that I could attend law school. What



was to have been a temporary move became permanent, when Bob was offered the chairmanship of the Plant Science Department at the U of I. Moscow is a small university town in Idaho's panhandle, full of interesting people from all over everywhere and close to the most wonderful fishing streams, hiking, and bike paths. AND we moved right around the corner from my Carleton roomie, Kathy Patnode Dawes!

In the intervening years, I've kept busy with Girl Scouts, church, CASA, four grandchildren, fly fishing, travel and diving. Bob and I cruised through the Panama Canal and along the coast of Alaska. Our oldest grandchild Christian and I went kayaking in Mexico, where we hopped from island to island in the Sea of Cortez. His sister Elena and I took a week-long raft trip on the wild and scenic Selway River.

Bob found his real calling in the classroom, and I found mine in adoption law...and I'm still practicing. When his failing health forced him to take early retirement, he fell into gardening with the same passion as teaching. Although we lost Bob in 2016, the bulbs he planted still burst out throughout the spring and summer, reminding me over and over of how fortunate I am to have said "I do" on that blizzardy night in March.

John Zignego

Carleton College 1970

Stanford Law School 1973

Occupation: Attorney at Law





15th Reunion, 1985

In Memoriam

More extensive memories and Carleton connections posted by classmates may be found in the In Memoriam section of the class website. Here you can also add your memories of these classmates.
<https://apps.carleton.edu/alumni/classes/1970/memoriam/>



Sandra Alexander 1948-2014

Sandra Kaye Alexander died at age 66 on June 24, 2014, at her home in Framingham Mass., surrounded by her family. She was buried on July 8, 2014, in the Alton City Cemetery in Alton, Illinois. Her funeral was held on June 30, 2014, at the Framingham Community Church in Framingham, Mass., where she had been a member for 30 years. Before attending Carleton, she graduated from Alton, Illinois, High School in 1966. She worked as a high school counselor for over 30 years.



Candace Baier Beaulieu 1948-2012

Candace Baier Beaulieu died on April 17, 2012, in Arden Hills, MN. After undergraduate studies at Carleton, where she made lifelong friends, Karen Tarrant and Jane Yaeger, she received a PhD in clinical psychology from Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. This was followed by an internship in Hennepin County where she worked until retirement. There she met her husband of 30 years, Dean E. Beaulieu. An avid doll collector, seamstress, gardener, and dog lover, she enjoyed traveling throughout the United States. She had battled cancer for twenty years. She is survived by a son, Mathew R. Beaulieu and by stepchildren, Annette, Edward and David.



Sally Beauchemin 1948-2002

No information available for Sally.



David Bookin 1948-2005

No information available for David.



Julie Boren Asick 1948-2010

Julie Boren Asick died on October 12, 2010, leaving behind loving husband Peter and loving children Peter III and Kari. She had been a Computer Programmer/Analyst at the University of Illinois at Chicago. Visitation was held in Countryside, Illinois, and a memorial mass at Saint Cletus church in La Grange, IL, in late November. The family asked that donations in Julie's name be made to Loyola University Chicago to support Dr. Patrick Stiff's Oncology Research Fund.



James Carson 1948-2015

James D. Carson died at home in Madison, Wisconsin, on February 11, 2015, after a one-year battle with cancer. He was born in Forest City, Iowa, where he graduated from high school in 1966 before attending Carleton. He served in the US Army, was wounded, and discharged. He soon received a degree in nursing from the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and then in 2003 a degree as Nurse Practitioner. He served in that capacity at the Milwaukee Veterans' Administration Medical Center until 2014. He is survived by his wife Mary Bumann to whom he was married on March 9, 1981. Early loves of learning, traveling, and animals remained lifetime passions.



Daniel Clawson 1948-2018

Daniel Clawson died June 21, 2018, of a heart attack at the age of 70. He was a well-known figure in public higher education advocacy and the labor movement and a University of Massachusetts sociology professor. He served as president of the Massachusetts Society of Professors – an affiliate of the Massachusetts Teachers Association, or MTA, which represents faculty and librarians at UMass Amherst. Much of Clawson’s organizing was within the MTA, which he took in a more participatory direction that favored rank-and-file empowerment and social justice activism. Clawson is survived by his wife Mary Ann Clawson, daughter Laura Clawson and grandson Danny Jaikumar.



Barbara Couture Will 1933-2009

Barbara Couture Will died on March 4, 2009. She had graduated from Greenfield MA High School and Northampton Business College before marrying Robert Will and moving with him to Northfield, when Bob began teaching at Carleton. Her professional life was in travel. She became director of Northfield’s Convention and Visitors Bureau and taught travel management as a faculty member at Rasmussen College in Eagan, MN. She helped found the Northfield Open Door Nursery School and served boards of the Cannon Valley Regional Orchestra, All Saints Episcopal Church, Northfield Area Foundation, Northfield Historical Society and Northfield Rotary Club. She is survived by her husband, Robert; daughters, Jennifer and Leslie and three grandchildren, Jackson, Franklin, and Zachary.



Robert Dwelle 1948-2016

Robert Dwelle died on September 4, 2016. A memorial service was held at Emmanuel Lutheran Church in Moscow, Idaho. He attended Carleton, graduating with a degree in biology and a wife: classmate Anne Zier. He received a PhD in plant physiology in 1974 from University of Montana. The couple moved to Aberdeen, Idaho, for a position at the University of Idaho’s potato-growing Experiment Station; their two daughters Janna and Karin were born there. Bob accommodated Anne’s career when they moved to Moscow, where Anne enrolled in UI’s Law School. There Bob discovered his deepest professional calling: teaching! and in Moscow Bob rose to become plant science chair in the College of Agriculture. He is survived by wife, Anne; daughters, Karin and Janna, and grandchildren, Christian, Elena and Clara.



William C. (Bill) Egbert 1948-2015

William C. (Bill) Egbert died peacefully at home in Minneapolis on July 14, 2015, in Minneapolis. Bill majored in physics at Carleton and then earned a Ph.D. in physics from the University of Wisconsin, Madison. After teaching for two years at the University of Georgia in Athens he returned to Minnesota to work in basic and applied research for 3M, receiving a dozen patents for the company. He was 3M's Principal Investigator on the first experiment to grow crystals from organic solvents on the Space Shuttle. After he retired from 3M he planned to return to teaching physics at Carleton. That was cut short by pancreatic cancer. Bill is survived by wife Linda Hart and children Dan and Lizzy.



Elizabeth Graves Robinson 1948-2003

Elizabeth Lee Graves Robinson died August 16, 2003, in Jacksonville, Florida. Services were held August 23, 2003, at St. Marks Episcopal Church, Jacksonville. Born in Pittsburgh, PA, she had lived in Jacksonville for more than 20 years. A graduate of Carleton and Jacksonville University, she had retired from St. Mark's Episcopal Day School where she developed the computer education program. She was a member of St. Elizabeth's Episcopal Church, where she was a lector and had served on the vestry. Elizabeth is survived by her husband, Samuel Robinson, III and sons, Samuel A. and Houston.

Sharon Hamilton Nolte 1948-1987

Sharon Hamilton Nolte, died at age 38 on July 11, 1987 of a brain aneurism. She received her BA from Carleton in 1970, MA and PhD in 1972 and 1979 from Yale. In 1971 she married fellow classmate Reid Nolte. She taught briefly at Appalachian State University in Boone, NC, the University of Wisconsin, La Crosse and the University of Iowa, before four years at Southern Methodist University. She moved to Chicago in 1984, and was instrumental in building a program in East Asian Studies as Assistant Professor at DePauw University. Her dissertation was on liberalism in Japan. At her death, Nolte was working on a book on women and the state in prewar Japan.



Robert Hart 1948-2008

Robert Hart died on March 20, 2008, of a brain injury. He grew up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and came to Carleton in 1966. He was known for playing the bass and any other string instrument he could lay his hands on, dancing the Haka, and pursuing Sally Steusloff. He was successful in the last effort, and they married in 1971 while he was at Case Western Reserve Medical School. Bob and Sally moved to Minnesota after med school, and raised two daughters in a rambling house in St. Paul. He was a distinguished medical practitioner. He left behind wife Sally, two daughters, Laurel and Alexa, and four grandchildren, Katrine, Theo, Kyra and Everett.



Julie Heilig Febres 1948-2017

Julie Heilig Febres, age 69, of New Hope MN, passed away November 11, 2017 after a long battle with pancreatic cancer, surrounded by her loving family. She had been a teacher of French, Spanish, and English. She is survived by longtime partner and friend, Jimmy Luedke; former husband York Febres, children York Febres II, Gina Morales, and William Febres and grandchildren Laygi, Leonardo, Elora, and Amelia.



Tien Yi Ho 1948-2018

Tien was a singular artist and, though small of stature, was instantly recognizable on campus as she strode confidently through the Minnesota winter in her miniskirt, high heeled clogs and open Afghan coat. She arrived on campus and immediately papered her Nourse double with pictures and photos from Women's Wear Daily ("WWD" to those in the know), which she continued to subscribe to throughout freshman year. She was an invaluable member of the Carleton theater community, lending her expertise to costume design for several productions. She spent her junior year off campus in Dublin and at Trinity College where her musical interests expanded from Donovan to include the emerging talents of The Incredible String Band, Bert Jansch and Pentangle, all of whom are now classics of folk music.



Thomas Iliff 1948-2000

Thomas Iliff died unexpectedly on November 8, 2000. After Carleton, Tom graduated from William Mitchell College of Law in St. Paul, Minnesota in 1974. As an attorney based in White Bear Lake, Minnesota, he was admitted to practice in the State of Minnesota, the State of Arizona and the United States Tax Court. He and his partner helped hundreds of people throughout the upper Midwest solve IRS tax problems of every description. He loved fast cars especially new ones, every one shiny red. He loved the movies, and sports, and to play athletics. He loved summers in Minnesota, and the Arizona sunshine in winter. Tom loved to laugh.



Philip Lane 1948-1971

Philip Lane died January 12, 1971. Said class-mate Gerald Facciani, "Phil was a great guy and a good friend while we were at Carleton. Sadly, he simply could not compromise in any way with the injustices he considered were going on in the country at the time he decided to leave it. A tragic loss, given what could have been a major contribution to the cause of social justice in America."



Randall Lebsock 1948-2008

Randall Lebsock died in June 2008. He had been married for nearly thirty years to Tessa Bridal, with whom he raised two beautiful and accomplished daughters. Randy had a long career with Golden Valley Police Dept and in his retirement went back to the theater he loved and won several awards in Indiana for his performances. He also became an accomplished wood carver and his beautiful work is on display here. I miss him profoundly. His parents are still living, as is his sister, Suzanne, also a graduate of Carleton ('71).



Sharon Li Neumann 1948-2000

Sharon Li Neumann, died at age 51 on November 14, 2000, at St. Francis Hospital, Poughkeepsie, NY. She received her MBA at Cornell University. She married Roland R. Neumann in 1991 and was the mother of J. Alexander L. Neumann. She had moved to Clinton Corners, NY from New York City at about the time of her marriage.



Janet Lowenstein Steinmark 1948-2014

Janet Lowenstein Steinmark died on September 8, 2014. She was born in Evansville, Indiana, and raised in Mt Carmel, Illinois. After her son, Eric, was born, she returned to Evansville to raise him. She worked for the Evansville Vanderburgh Public Library for 14 years, retiring on July 28, 2014. Jan loved helping teachers find ‘just the right book’ to supplement their curriculum. Eleven and a half years before her death Jan met her soul mate and partner, Susan Thomas, whom she leaves behind along with her son, Eric Steinmark and Susan’s children. A celebration of Life was held October 3, 2014.



Thomas Mathison 1948-2004

Thomas Mathison died Aug. 7, 2004, at the age of 56 of leukemia. Born in Eau Claire, WI, Mathison was the valedictorian of his high school class, a summa cum laude graduate of Carleton, and went on to Yale for a master’s and Ph.D. in philosophy, again graduating summa cum laude. He lived his entire life with cerebral palsy, which didn’t stop him from traveling by foot and public transit from one end of his beloved Manhattan to the other. In the late 1970s he came to New York, settling in the West Village, where he worked for an advertising agency. He was self-reliant, a good friend, and a kind and caring person.



Stephen Melges 1948-2005

Stephen Melges died January 3, 2005.



H. (Reid) Nolte 1948-2010

H. (Reid) Nolte died on October 17, 2010 after a long bout with cancer. He graduated from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, High School, then from Carleton and in 1973 received an MA from the New School for Social Research in New York City. As a college student, he spent a semester in Poona, India and he lived in Tokyo, Japan from 1974 to 1976. At the time of his death, he was a PhD student in American Studies at Purdue. He worked as a stock-broker at Dean Witter Reynolds and E. F. Hutton, in Dallas, Texas. In 1971, he married Sharon Arlene Hamilton (class of 1970); she died in 1987. In 1988, he married Sally Ann Hastings in Chicago who survives him. Services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church.



Kathryn Okuma White 1948-2014

Kathryn Okuma White died February 14, 2014.



Karen Rathgen 1948-1999

Karen Rathgen died on December 2, 1999. Her roommate, Ellen Sylverster, remembers her outgoing sociability as they learned the ways of life in our dorm. She described how Karen “developed her culinary skills making dinners for friends and occasional guests in the dorm. With Karen leading our flight, we survived our first panty raid; i.e., we were NOT thrown into the lake. After graduating in 1970, we moved to different parts of the country and seldom communicated. Nevertheless, I remember having vibrant catch-up conversation with her at the Black Forest Restaurant in Minneapolis, and years later, when she moved to Detroit Lakes and visited me in Fargo, the last time we were together.”



James Reaves 1948-1974

James Reaves committed suicide on 4/5/1974. He was enrolled at the University of MN and was working towards a PhD in psychology, doing most of his work at the Center for Research in Human Learning. He was married to Margaret Nead a class of 1973 non-grad.



Terry Lee Rittenhouse Gale 1948-2018

Terry Lee Rittenhouse Gale, of Minneapolis, passed away peacefully age 70, on September 14, 2018, after a long battle with cancer. She was born in Minneapolis, graduated from University High School in 1966 and from Carleton in 1970. After raising her son Sam, she turned her passion for design into Skeins Yarn Store in Hopkins, which she owned for 22 years. Deb Robson described her as “instrumental in getting me re-started with knitting.” In addition to her keen eye for style, Terry was a foodie, a voracious reader, a cosmopolitan woman who enjoyed traveling across the U.S. and internationally with her closest friends and cherished the friendships she made throughout her life. Terry is survived by her son, Samuel.



Rachel Rosenfeld 1948-2002

Rachel Rosenfeld, age 54, died on November 24, 2002, of lung failure resulting from metastatic breast cancer, after a battle of 14 years with the disease. She graduated from Carleton, then went to the University of Wisconsin Madison to receive a PhD in Sociology in 1976. She taught at McGill, worked at the National Opinion Research Center, and in 1981 was hired by the University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, where she was Chair of Sociology when she died. Rachel was interested in the influence of social stratification on career and job mobility, particularly for women, and had recently begun to focus on nursing. She was buried in the Old Carrboro, NC Cemetery, following funeral services in Durham on November 29, 2002.



David Ryan 1948-2003

David Ryan died on December 25, 2003, of smoke inhalation from a fire in his apartment in a New York neighborhood. He was involved in resisting construction of a subway station that would have devastated it. He was an outstanding advocate for gay and lesbian rights, and demanded the college's inclusivity, in the process becoming a friend of President Stephen Lewis. Lewis said, "All those who knew David would recognize the passion that he conveyed. . . I remember hearing from him how his two French B&B guests had left on a beautiful morning on September 11th and never came back... Every encounter with David was memorable.



Margaret Salter Jacobs 1948-1993

Margaret Salter Jacobs died on August 7, 1993. She had been a member of a group of Carleton students who lived in the Twin Cities and worked on civil rights issues in the spring after the death of Martin Luther King. "I enjoyed many late night conversations with her," said Connie Hoffman Berman.



Ardath Elizabeth "Beth" Saunders 1948-2011

Ardath Elizabeth "Beth" Saunders Stanford died February 10, 2011, after a brief illness in Hayward, California. After attending Carleton and living in Columbia, South America for a brief time, she settled in the San Francisco Bay Area, where she made her home and raised her two sons. Survivors include her husband Jim, sons, Renzo and Guthrie, and grandson, Santino. Memorial gifts were directed in Beth's name to the Lupus Foundation of America, 2000 L Street, N.W., Suite 710, Washington, D.C., 20036 or a charity of choice."



Anne Schultz Hulke 1947-2018

Anne Muir Hulke (Anne Schultz) passed away on April 16, 2018 in Oklahoma City. She was valedictorian of Larkin High School and went on to become a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Carleton. She was a very thoughtful, loving, and resilient woman who fought bravely through health issues and lived every day to the fullest. As a descendant of John Muir, she loved being outdoors and visiting the country's national parks and sites. She is survived by her husband of 41 years, Steven Hulke and daughter, Sarah. Funeral services were held Friday, April 27, 2018 at St Clement's Episcopal Church, St Paul.



Rae Schupack Nathan 1948-2001

Rae Schupack Nathan, beloved wife of Gib, devoted mother of Julia and Char, died May 25, 2001. Funeral services were held at the Larchmont Temple, 75 Larchmont Avenue, Larchmont, NY (914834-6120), Sunday, May 27, 2001. Memorials were directed to Carleton College or the Department of Radiation Oncology, Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center.



Mary Jo Scroggins 19487-2019

Mary Jo Scroggins died on April 15, 2019. She is remembered by two friends at Carleton, Jeanne Krause and Jean Thompson. The first remembers Mary Jo for her beautiful brown eyes, her tanned flawless skin, and her robust, uninhibited laugh. She was always up for a fun time, and she truly enjoyed the company of others. The second reported being glad to have seen Tom Scroggins ('68) at a small gathering of Plymouth Congregational Church members the evening before the service for Mary Jo. The service at Lakewood brought together a very nice group of family and friends. As someone remarked, it would have made her happy to see who remembered her.



Don Servine 1948-2006

Don Servine, 57, died Sunday, June 4, 2006, in Bettendorf, Iowa. Don was a 1966 graduate of Moline High School and a 1970 Carleton graduate. Don was in the U.S. Army, serving from September 1970 to April 1972 in Germany. In May 1975, he graduated from the College of Law at the University of Illinois, Urbana. He was employed for 30 years at Lohman Companies, retiring in 2005. He married Nancy K. Armstrong Oct. 5, 1991, at First Lutheran Church, Moline. Don enjoyed fine arts, literature and Japanese culture. Survivors include his wife, Nancy K. Servine; step-children, Dean L. Armstrong and Virginia K. Boysen; and three grandchildren.



Carol Thompson 1948-2017

The College was notified of her death from a family member in July 2019. Carol died December 8, 2017.



Robert Tritle 1948-1991

Robert Lester Tritle died Sunday, June 23, 1991, at the Brookings, MN Hospital at age 43. He graduated from Carleton in 1970 and in 1973 was inducted into the U.S. Army where he served for six years. After his discharge in 1979, he attended the University of Minnesota where he received his Masters of Hospital Administration in 1981. He then enlisted in the U.S. Air Force and served in the Medical Service. Major Tritle was proud to have served in the military. He was survived by his wife Catherine and two sons, David and Nathan.



Genevieve Yue 1948-2018

Genevieve Yue was born on October 30, 1948 and passed away on September 25, 2018. She was a resident of San Ramon, California at the time of her death. Roxanne Scott Barry described her “You were a star of the Physics department, Gen! Recently we talked with two of your former Profs, Bruce Thomas and Richard Noer who both remember you so fondly. You went on to get more degrees Gen, and finally became a doctor, an endocrinologist. Late in life you returned to Hong Kong to adopt a little girl, Olivia, who brought much joy into your lives. Olivia is a freshman at St Olaf College and a star on the women’s golf team.”



20th Reunion, 1990

Class Listing by Major

Class Listing by Major

American Studies

Rae Schupack Nathan (dec.)

Anthropology

Anita Rosenberg Ross

Art History

Roxanne Scott Barry

Cynthia A. Clingan

Maygene Frost Daniels

Douglas A. Kelm

Terry L. Rittenhouse (dec.)

Sally Degeest Sisk

Stephen C. Smith

Asian Studies

Sharon Hamilton Nolte (dec.)

Biology

Jo Ellen Voss Abraham

Paul A. Abraham

Dean L. Antonson

Charles H. Benoit

Stephen R. Bielke

Christopher W. Bowen

Kim K. Cheung

Phil S. Dafler

Katherine Patnode Dawes

Robin Smail Dietrich

Laura Williamson Doyle

Robert B. Dwelle (dec.)

Carolann Lipinski Gerhard

Gerald E. Gibbs

David L. Gildersleeve

John C. Hall

Ann S. Hamilton

Mark C. Johnson

Toivo Kallas

Frederick C. Koerner

Ernest M. Kuehn

Paul C. Kuo

Krishnanand Lalji

Richard Libbey

Carol Linkswiler

Joseph W. Mathey

Dayton A. Osland

Donna Parke

Joann Riecke

Elizabeth Graves Robinson (dec.)

Sylvia Smoker Shafto

Sara Peters Stalman

Jerry W. Stanke

Thomas R. Sultan

George H. Wittler

Floy Macmillan Zittin

Chemistry

Colin P. Baenziger

Robert J. Bastasz

John J. Becker

H. Jeffrey Elseroad

Douglas J. Emanuel

James M. Furze

Robert G. Haxby

Bruce E. Jacobson

Simon Y. Kan

Mark Love

Bernice E. Mills

Tom C. Moklestad

Anne C. Moore

Alfred 'Roc' Ordman

John R. Raines

Helen S. Raizen

Randall B. Wilkening

Economics

Allen Carlson

Elizabeth A. Downton

James B. Hardy

Thomas L. Iliff (dec.)

Jeffrey Jacobsen

Eric R. Jacobson

A. David Kelly

William I. Lorenz

Brian C. MacDonald

Gary M. Martin

Richard B. O'Connell

Robert K. Richey

Bruce Seifert

Ronald G. Silkey

David B. Smith

John R. Weddle Jr.

Wallace R. Weitz

English

Barbara A. Babcock

Tara English Blackmar

Jan Kschinka Bramhall

Robert R. Bruns

Norman R. Burdick

Barbara Schultz Carmichael

Margaret Andrews Collins

Pamela Wilcoxon Cook

Paul W. Cook

Glenn J. Craig

Beth Boosalis Davis

Anne Zier Dwelle

Dale W. Ekegren

Susan Fraker

Jennifer J. George

Ronald O. Greene

Ruth Hagerty

S. Anne Hendricks

Douglas L. Henry

Mark C. Homstad

Margit Carson Johnson

John B. Kennedy

William A. McHugh

Brian J. Mulhern

Kareen Heckmann Novak

Douglas L. Owen

Jonathan L. Owens

B. Diane Perry

Steven A. Peterson

Cy Schelly Ragger

Karen E. Rathjen (dec.)

Thomas L. Rhorer

Mary M. Rudser

Richard A. Scarlett

Linda Butler Spight

William B. Strachan

Henrik C. Strandskov

Jay A. Summerville

Catherine C. Swatek

Jean Thomson

Alice Westin Thornton

Donna J. Wainwright

Bob-Amndih Ward

Walter Washington

Kaye Williams White

Class Listing by Major

Pamela White
William S. Zale
Elizabeth Ravnholt Zipser

Fine Arts

Carole Sundstrom Markus

French

Meredith Stenrud Smith

Geology

Judith Vandenberg Boudreau
Steven D. Hulke
Charles L. Kureth Jr.
Gretchen Steadry

German

Jane Yaeger Keightley
B. Klopke Kuennecke

Government

David M. Anderson
John Clinebell Bell
Peter G. Bell
Rebecca Wilson Brunswig
William C. Craine
Stuart Drescher
John M. Gendler
Charles H. Green
Bruce I. Halla
Wilbert Harri
John F. Herberg
Jimmy Kolker
James M. Levett
David C. Lingren
Joseph H. Nathan
Nancy I. Onkka
Timothy C. Preheim
Kent Reigel
Robert N. Schober
Richard M. Schumacher
Karen L. Tarrant
William G. Terry
Gwendolyn L. Thomas
Barbara Veach Weitz
Robert L. Woolsey
John S. Zignego

Government/International Relations

Mary White Horkey

Greek

Katherine L. Floerke

History

Cleopatra Bugelas Alexander
Azna Amira
Alida Shale Becker
Jon C. Blue
Alfred P. Buettner
James D. Carson (dec.)
Anthony C. Eitreim
Richard C. Erickson
Gerald D. Facciani
David J. Finkelstein
Jody Rhody Foster
Marcia J. Frost
Richard E. Greenspan
Sally Steusloff Hart
Hendrik A. Hartog
Helen Welch Henwood
Anne Schultz Hulke (dec.)
Thomas Kavala Jr.
Michael A. Krischer
Michael J. Lovett
Christopher J. Martin
Elizabeth Davenport McKune
Stephen K. Melges (dec.)
Mark C. Michelson
Richard L. Miller
Mary Jo Scroggins (dec.)
Don J. Servine (dec.)
David C. Shetler
Nancy J. Shoemaker
Nancy Williams Stevens
William Terriquez Jr.
Murray E. Towill
Robert L. Tritle (dec.)
Patricia Jones Wakeley

Mathematics

William B. Allendoerfer
Wallace A. Arneson Jr.
Mark H. Bramhall

Priscilla Burbank-Schmitt
Donald A. Camp
David M. Casmer
Robert W. Davidson
John N. Dodge
David L. Libby
Emily Hoel Moore
Claire Matthews Reitter
John S. Schlipf

Modern Languages

Claire Haney Scriba

Music

Polly E. Detels
Roxanne Fredrickson Ezell
Janet Seebeck Fox
Christina Moore
Penelope Peterson Needham

Philosophy

Donald T. Barry
Sally J. Beauchemin (dec.)
Rose Christopherson
Gretchen Eichhorn
Monte S. Hull
Margaret A. Kitchell
Thomas F. Kysilko
Dale W. Moberg
Thomas J. Rehwaldt
John R. Snowberg

Physics

William C. Egbert (dec.)
Timothy R. Fox
Priscilla C. Hensel
Rush D. Holt
Robert A. MacLeay Jr.
Jose Masis
Paul Nachman
James M. Reaves (dec.)
Daniel P. Stubbs
Tom O. Videen
Genevieve M. Yue (dec.)

Class Listing by Major

Political Science

John W. Allen
Reynaud L. Harp
Deborah H. Mayer
Phillip C. Perry
Jeanne B. Krause Kosek

Psychology

Linda Francis Barstow
Candace Baier Beaulieu (dec.)
Karen Flint Berry
Richard A. Brown
A. Duncan Byers
William P. Donohue
John V. Dunne
Janet Hollis Gendler
Carolyn J. Hayek
Richard A. Huber
Brian D. Johnson
Nancy L. Kerr
Phyllis L. Koessler
Mark S. Laub
Randolph M. Nesse
Katherine Enrich Sacks
Michael Shafto
Siri Bush Singh
Shan W. Steinmark
Ellen Smith Sylvester
Ingrid Holmgren Taylor
William P. Vitous
Mary Saarnio Wiley
Thomas K. Yoder

Religion

Jeffrey L. Berglund
Anne E. Dickison
Thomas Estenson
Thomas F. Gamble
Mary Schilling Gutierrez
Jane E. Headington
Janet E. Levinson
Ann Curtis Mangold
Danny E. Proud
A. Elizabeth Saunders (dec.)
Mary Barisas Winder

Russian

Craig A. Arness
Mauno Silpala
Elizabeth A. Sims

Sociology

John Benson
Constance Hoffman Berman
Gail Mays Bradshaw
R. Todd Carlson
Leonard G. Crowley
Edwin Danielson Jr.
Phyllis Shelton Franklin
Timothy Gilles
Robert D. Hart (dec.)
Sharon Li Neumann (dec.)
H. Reid Nolte (dec.)
Jeff B. Olson
Thomas L. Porter
Mary J. Richardson
Rachel A. Rosenfeld (dec.)
David W. Ryan (dec.)
Jan Lowenstein Steinmark (dec.)
Leslie K. Stewart
Brett C. Trowbridge
Barbara Couture Will (dec.)

Sociology/Anthropology

Nancy D. Miller
Warren E. Simpson

Spanish

Sandra K. Alexander (dec.)

Special Major

Peter S. Hecker

Studio Art

Kathleen A. Brooker
Leni I. Fuhrman
Kathryn L. Jones
Elizabeth A. Keyes
Jeffrey W. Olson
Diane G. Punttenney



25th Reunion, 1995

Class Directory

The data for this directory was compiled on February 22, 2020 and reflects the information in the College database at that time. Corrections and additions are welcome and can be sent to:

Carleton College
Office of Central Records
One North College Street
Northfield, MN 55057
addresses@carleton.edu



Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory

Abraham, Jo Ellen (Voss)

Mrs. Jo-Ellen Voss Abraham
S: Dr. Paul A. Abraham '70
985 Cliff Rd
Eagan, MN 55123-1906
651-456-0600
pjabraham48@gmail.com

Abraham, Paul

Dr. Paul A. Abraham
S: Mrs. Jo-Ellen Voss Abraham '70
985 Cliff Rd
Eagan, MN 55123-1906
651-456-0600
pjabraham@msn.com

Alexander, Cleopatra (Bugelas)

Mrs. Cleopatra B. Alexander
S: Mr. James N. Alexander
2129 Central Park Ave
Evanston, IL 60201-1801
847-682-5475
cleopalex@gmail.com

Alexander, Steven

Mr. Steven T. Alexander
S: Mrs. Ila Alexander
18630 E Four Peaks Blvd
Rio Verde, AZ 85263-7077

Allen, John

Mr. John W. Allen
2316 Paseo De Laura Apt 125
Oceanside, CA 92056
johnwayneallen@hotmail.com

Allendoerfer, William

Mr. William B. Allendoerfer
S: Mrs. Beth K. Allendoerfer
2437 Cape Cod Cir
Elgin, IL 60124-4365
224-238-3139
wallendoer@yahoo.com

Amira, Azna

Ms. Azna Amira
408 Spring St N Apt 308
Northfield, MN 55057-1582
aamira469@gmail.com

Anderson, David

Mr. David M. Anderson
S: Ms. Janice Anderson '73
612 N Adams
PO Box 340
Boulder, MT 59632-0340
406-225-3250
davidanderso@gmail.com

Anderson, Robert

Mr. Robert Lee Anderson
S: Mrs. Colleen M. Anderson
13641 Oakwood Curv
Burnsville, MN 55337-4512
410-939-0572

Ansary, Mir

Mr. Mir T. Ansary
S: Ms. Deborah Krant
178 Gates St
San Francisco, CA 94110-5658
415-648-8370
tamim@mirtamimansary.com

Antonson, Dean

Dr. Dean L. Antonson
PO Box 540223
Omaha, NE 68154-0223
402-691-9977
deanantonson@reagan.com

Arneson, Wallace

Dr. Wallace A. Arneson, Jr.
S: Mrs. Ellen D. Arneson '73
2064 Greenview Dr
Ann Arbor, MI 48103-6110
734-994-6545
warneson@aol.com

Arness, Craig

Mr. Craig A. Arness
S: Ms. Rekha Visvanathan Arness
7384 Hallcrest Dr
McLean, VA 22102
703-821-1259
craigindk@yahoo.com

Babcock, Barbara

Ms. Barbara Ann Babcock
S: Mr. Mark Woodward
412 Thistle Dr
Phoenixville, PA 19460-5212
610-917-1216
bab@woodwardls.com

Baenziger, Colin

Mr. Colin P. Baenziger
S: Ms. Joy Baenziger
2055 S Atlantic Ave Apt 504
Daytona Beach Shores, FL 32118-5024
561-707-3537
colin@cb-asso.com

Barnes, Angela

Ms. Angela M. Barnes
5995 E Iliff Ave Apt 301
Denver, CO 80222-5725
303-717-6366
angela_barnes48@yahoo.com

Barnhill, Patricia (Clunn)

Mrs. Terry Barnhill
S: Mr. Terry Barnhill
415 Springbrook SW
New Philadelphia, OH 44663-9562
330-339-7231

Barry, Donald

Mr. Donald T. Barry
S: Mrs. Roxanne S. Barry '70
219 Maple St
Northfield, MN 55057-2338
319-640-8068
donbarry5@gmail.com
Seasonal: 01/01 to 03/20
72 7th St S Apt 101
Naples, FL 34102-6126

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory
Barry, Roxanne (Scott)

Mrs. Roxanne S. Barry
 S: Mr. Donald T. Barry '70
 219 Maple St
 Northfield, MN 55057-2338
 978-475-8024
 rbarry288@gmail.com
Seasonal: 01/01 to 03/20
 72 7th St S Apt 101
 Naples, FL 34102-6126

Barstow, Linda (Francis)

Mrs. Linda F. Barstow
 S: Dr. David R. Barstow '69
 791 SW 57th St
 Corvallis, OR 97333-4585
 512-289-0636
 linda@drbarstow.com

Bastasz, Robert

Mr. Robert J. Bastasz
 S: Ms. Kathy Tonnessen
 PO Box 8286
 Missoula, MT 59807
 406-542-5001
 bastasz@bresnan.net

Bauer, Mary (Miller)

Mrs. Mary Jo Bauer
 S: Dr. Richard C. Bauer
 2375 Simmental Dr
 Madisonville, KY 42431-9415
 270-821-0219

Baule, John

Mr. John A. Baule
 3513 Highview Dr
 Yakima, WA 98902-1513
 509-576-0596

Bebernes, Linda

Miss Linda K. Bebernes
 (Address Unknown)

Becker, Alida (Shale)

Mrs. Alida S. Becker
 S: Mr. John J. Becker '70
 PO Box 273
 Birchrunville, PA 19421

Becker, John

Mr. John J. Becker
 S: Mrs. Alida S. Becker '70
 PO Box 273
 Birchrunville, PA 19421
 atibecker@verizon.net

Bell, John (Clinebell)

Mr. John H. Bell
 S: Ms. Jomarie Bell
 8828 27th St E
 Edgewood, WA 98371-1954
 253-405-8523
 penguin822@msn.com

Bell, Peter

Mr. Peter G. Bell
 860 W Blackhawk St Unit 905
 Chicago, IL 60642-2534

Bennett, Barbara

Ms. Barbara Ann Bennett
 S: Reverend W. Craig Rennebohm '67
 196 Finis Trl
 Nordland, WA 98358-9557
 360-379-6371
 bbennett2520@comcast.net

Benoit, Charles

Dr. Charles H. Benoit
 S: Mrs. Joyce K. Benoit
 1229 Supplee Mill Rd
 Lewisburg, PA 17837
 570-524-0407
 cbenoitmd@gmail.com

Benson, John

Mr. John Benson
 S: Ms. Sandy Benson
 18252 74th Pl N
 Maple Grove, MN 55311-2313
 763-557-5255
 jbbenson@offcenters.com

Berger, Kirk

Mr. Kirk D. Berger
 S: Mrs. Ruth A. Berger '70
 530-895-3959

Berger, Ruth (Sloan)

Mrs. Ruth A. Berger
 S: Mr. Kirk D. Berger '70
 9 Lindo Park Dr
 Chico, CA 95926-3918
 530-895-3959

Berglund, Jeffrey

Mr. Jeffrey L. Berglund
 S: Mrs. Kaoru A. Berglund
 501-6 Kamikoriki-Cho
 Oike-Kiyamachi Agaru
 Nakagyo-ku, Kyoto 604-0923
 Japan
 (81) 075-231-5559
 jberglund49@yahoo.com

Berman, Constance (Hoffman)

Dr. Constance H. Berman
 S: Dr. David H. Berman '67
 1415 Cedar St
 Iowa City, IA 52245-3002
 319-338-9633
 Constance-Berman@uiowa.edu

Berry, Karen (Flint)

Mrs. Karen F. Berry
 S: Mr. Thomas J. Berry, Jr.
 897 Gould Hill Rd
 Hopkinton, NH 03229-2816
 603-746-3385
 kfberry@gmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory
Bielke, Stephen

Dr. Stephen R. Bielke
 S: Dr. Patricia A. Bielke '71
 PO Box 666
 Land O Lakes, WI 54540-0666
 262-424-4047
 sbielke@sbcglobal.net
Seasonal: 11/01 to 04/15
13859 E Langtry Ln
Tucson, AZ 85747-9637

Blackmar, Tara (English)

Tara English Blackmar
 215 10th Ave S Unit 705
 Minneapolis, MN 55415-2102

Blue, Jon

Mr. Jon C. Blue
 S: Ms. Jean Elmsblad Blue '71
 90 Gordon St
 Hamden, CT 06517-2012
 203-288-3366
 jeanandjon71@gmail.com

Boudreau, Judith (Vandenberg)

Ms. Judith Boudreau
 S: Mr. William Boudreau
 3237 Holmes Ave S
 Minneapolis, MN 55408
 612-859-3612
 juboudre@gmail.com

Bowen, Christopher

Mr. Christopher W. Bowen
 S: Ms. Ellen Bowen
 4827 Kieran Ct
 Santa Rosa, CA 95405-7459
 707-539-8203
 cwbowen3@sbcglobal.net

Bowling, Mollie (Shores)

Mrs. Mollie F. Bowling
 S: Mr. Herley J. Bowling
 1718 Wellesley Ave
 Los Angeles, CA 90025-3634

Bradshaw, Gail (Mays)

Mrs. Gail M. Bradshaw
 8514 S Jeffery Blvd
 Chicago, IL 60617-2266
 773-768-3886
 gbop8514@aol.com

Bramhall, Jan (Kschinka)

Ms. Jan K. Bramhall
 S: Mr. Mark H. Bramhall '70
 126 Quarry Rd
 Acton, MA 01720-5817
 jan@beaugeste.com

Bramhall, Mark

Mr. Mark H. Bramhall
 S: Ms. Jan K. Bramhall '70
 126 Quarry Rd
 Acton, MA 01720-5817
 mark@bramhall.org

Brooker, Kathleen

Ms. Kathleen A. Brooker
 S: Mr. Timothy B. McDonald
 417 North M St
 Tacoma, WA 98403
 206-619-9115
 kbrooker1@gmail.com

Brown, Richard

Dr. Richard A. Brown
 230 Farm St
 Millis, MA 02054
 508-794-1975
 R_A_Brown@hotmail.com

Brown, Susan (Johnson)

Mrs. William J. Brown
 900 Milwaukee
 Deer Lodge, MT 59722-1240
 406-846-1267

Bruns, Robert

Mr. Robert R. Bruns
 S: Ms. Fay C. Bruns
 1240 W Sims Way #202
 Port Townsend, WA 98368-3037
 360-301-1326
 bfbruns@q.com

Brunswick, Rebecca (Wilson)

Mrs. Rebecca Brunswick
 S: Dr. Robert Brunswick
 1700 Montview Blvd
 Greeley, CO 80631-5225
 970-371-4270
 rbrunswick@hotmail.com

Buettner, Alfred

Mr. Alfred P. Buettner
 S: Mrs. Leigh S. Buettner
 3810 Wakefield Dr
 Colorado Springs, CO 80906
 719-579-7165
 albuettner08@gmail.com

Burbank-Schmitt, Priscilla (Burbank)

Ms. Priscilla Burbank-Schmitt
 S: Mr. Daryl Burbank-Schmitt '69
 1115 Broadway E
 Seattle, WA 98102-4325
 617-913-4960
 dbscbs@gmail.com
Seasonal: 05/15 to 10/15
376 Mountain View Dr
Leicester, VT 05733-9223
802-247-0152

Burdick, Norman

Mr. Norman R. Burdick
 S: Mrs. Faith O. Burdick
 285 N Chambers St
 Galesburg, IL 61401-3834
 309-342-6789
 burdicknr285@gmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory
Burns, Nancy

Ms. Nancy Burns
S: Mr. D. Scott Harrison '65
PO Box 268
Lutsen, MN 55612
218-663-0065
nbums@lutsenresort.com

Byers, Duncan

Mr. A. Duncan Byers
314 State St Apt 6
Albany, NY 12210-2035
518-229-5767
dbyers3456@gmail.com

Camp, Donald

Mr. Donald A. Camp
S: Mrs. Elizabeth Camp
134 N Fairfax St
Falls Church, VA 22046-3527
703-625-8009
donacamp@aol.com

Carlson, Todd

Mr. R. Todd Carlson
S: Ms. Susan M. Carlson '76
2670 310th St
Cannon Falls, MN 55009-7001
507-581-6625
CarlsonT@Frontiernet.Net

Carmichael, Barbara (Schultz)

Ms. Barbara S. Carmichael
S: Mr. Charles R. Carmichael '68
PO Box 116
Hardyville, VA 23070-0116
804-776-0854
bcarmichael@va.metrocast.net

Casmer, David

Mr. David M. Casmer
S: Mrs. Debra Casmer
10797 Falling Water Ln Unit D
Saint Paul, MN 55129-5261
651-436-1565
davecasmer@comcast.net

Cheung, Kim

Kim K. Cheung, Ph.D., M.D.
S: Richard Yeh, Ph.D.
4910 Braeburn Dr
Bellaire, TX 77401-5316
kim.k.cheung@uth.tmc.edu

Christopherson, Rose

Dr. Rose Christopherson
14707 NW Cedar St
Portland, OR 97231-2621
503-757-6583
rose.christopherson@comcast.net

Chun, Elisabeth (Adams)

Mrs. Elisabeth A. Chun
S: Dr. Peter Chun '69
3695 Crater Rd Apt A
Honolulu, HI 96816-2355
808-734-2486
lizchun@hawaii.rr.com

Cline, Susan (Stevens)

Mrs. Susan Cline
(Address Unknown)

Clingan, Cynthia

Ms. Cynthia A. Clingan
7610 Wistful Vista Dr Unit 1001
West Des Moines, IA 50266-8053
515-537-1001
cclingan@hickorytech.net

Collins, Margaret (Andrews)

Ms. Margaret Andrews Collins
618 N Bend Rd
Baltimore, MD 21229-2210
410-340-6645
margecollins618@hotmail.com

Cook, Pamela (Wilcoxon)

Ms. Pamela Cook
S: Mr. Thorsten Cook
6453 55th Sq
Vero Beach, FL 32967-5389
203-312-0148
pwo@videoautomation.com

Cook, Paul

Mr. Paul W. Cook
S: Mrs. Wynne Cook
2820 State St
Durham, NC 27704-4446
paulcook707@gmail.com

Craig, Glenn

Glenn J. Craig, M.D.
1178 E 24th Pl
Tulsa, OK 74114-2639
gcem430@gmail.com

Craine, William

Mr. William C. Craine
S: Mrs. Jackie Craine
10 E State St
PO Box 542
Sherburne, NY 13460-0542
607-237-9897
wocraine@hotmail.com
Yacht House
851 Bayway Blvd Apt 601
Clearwater Beach, FL 33767-2621

Crowley, Leonard

Mr. Leonard G. Crowley
S: Mrs. Linda Anderson Crowley
17610 Shahara Rd
Monument, CO 80132-8302
719-488-1098
Lencrowley44@gmail.com

Crutsinger, Christine (Mack)

Ms. Christine Mack Crutsinger
S: Martin Crutsinger
4118 N 25th Pl
Arlington, VA 22207
703-243-8495

Cruzat, Susanne (Dudley)

Ms. Susanne D. Cruzat
(Address Unknown)

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**Dafler, Phil**

Dr. Phil S. Dafler
S: Mrs. Sandra Dafler
7529 Lake Forest Cir
Port Richey, FL 34668-5828
psdafler@hotmail.com

Daniels, Maygene (Frost)

Ms. Maygene Frost Daniels
S: Mr. Stephen M. Daniels
816 Massachusetts Ave NE
Washington, DC 20002
202-544-0495
danielsmf@comcast.net

Danielson, Edwin

Mr. Ed Danielson
2660 S University Blvd Unit P
Denver, CO 80210-6082
720-683-1256
mconvouty78@yahoo.com

Davidson, Robert

Mr. Robert W. Davidson
S: Mrs. Jamie E. Davidson
11 Baywalk Dr
Gulf Shores, AL 36542
251-504-4316
bobandjamie@gulfnet.com

Davies, Constance (Hoffmeister)

Mrs. C. Holly Davies
S: Mr. Thomas W. Davies '65
14478 Oak Pl
Saratoga, CA 95070-5929
408-867-6807

Davis, Beth Boosalis

Beth Boosalis Davis
S: Maxwell S. Davis, Jr.
450 Davis St Unit 453
Evanston, IL 60201-7602
847-864-6954
bethdavis3@comcast.net

Dawes, Katherine (Patnode)

Katherine P. Dawes
S: Mr. Dana S. Dawes
1018 E E St
Moscow, ID 83843-3228
208-310-2922
kdawes208@gmail.com

Dawson, Jan

Jan C. Dawson
S: Ms. Elizabeth R. Parker
1260 Harrison Ave
Blaine, WA 98230-5000
dawsonj@southwestern.edu

Dearing, James

Mr. James F. Dearing
3928 Fairly Rd
Santa Fe, NM 87507-3467
505-473-9102

Detels, Polly

Ms. Polly E. Detels
S: Mr. Charles Embry
2108 Ontario St
Bellingham, WA 98229-4030
pollydetels@gmail.com

Dickison, Anne

Anne E. Dickison, M.D.
108 Harbor Pointe Dr
East Peoria, IL 61611-5800
309-698-9890
adickison@aol.com

Dietrich, Robin (Smail)

Ms. Robin S. Dietrich
S: Richard S. Dietrich '69
312 Berkeley Pl
Staunton, VA 24401
540-886-3627
rdietrich@ntelos.net

Dodge, John

Mr. John N. Dodge
3687 Outpost Dr
Lake Havasu City, AZ 86406-8890
928-680-6575
johnd66@frontier.com

Donohue, William

Mr. William P. Donohue
S: Ms. Jane Prohaska '72
2444 Beverly Rd
Saint Paul, MN 55104-4902
651-644-9033
donohue@umn.edu

Downton, Elizabeth

Ms. Elizabeth Ann Downton
3470 Carpenter Rd Apt 102
Ypsilanti, MI 48197-9620
734-585-5881
elizabethdownton1234@comcast.net

Doyle, Laura (Williamson)

Dr. Laura B. Doyle
S: Mr. John T. Doyle
56105 High Point Rd
Otis, OR 97368-9505
541-994-9330
laura_doyle@charter.net

Drescher, Stuart

Stuart Drescher, Ph.D.
579 E 13th Ave
Salt Lake City, UT 84103-3234
801-485-2864

Dukuly, Lissanah

Mr. Lissanah Dukuly
(Address Unknown)

Dunne, John

Dr. John V. Dunne
S: Mrs. Margaret Bishton Dunne
4938 N Hamlin Ave
Chicago, IL 60625-6004
773-717-0865
Johnvincentdunne@gmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory
Dwelle, Anne (Zier)

Ms. Anne Z. Dwelle
409 N Blaine St
Moscow, ID 83843-3653
208-596-2277
anne.dwelle@gmail.com

Edwards, Jerald

Mr. Jerald R. Edwards
(Address Unknown)

Eichhorn, Gretchen

Miss Gretchen Eichhorn
7221 Upton Ave S
Minneapolis, MN 55423-2840
612-869-9325

Eitrem, Anthony

Mr. Anthony C. Eitrem
S: Mrs. Grace D. Eitrem
9702 Woodfield Ct
New Market, MD 21774-2912
aceitrem@gmail.com

Ekegren, Dale

Mr. Dale W. Ekegren
29463 422nd Ave
Battle Lake, MN 56515-9609
612-308-0387
dwecoyote@hotmail.com

Elseroad, H. Jeffrey

Mr. H. Jeffrey Elseroad
S: Mrs. Margaret J. Elseroad
6501 Crestwood Rd
Baltimore, MD 21239-1512
410-377-6689
jelseroad@aol.com

Emanuel, Douglas

Mr. Douglas J. Emanuel
258 Huff St
Winona, MN 55987-5267
507-452-9403
djemmanuel@hbc.com

Erickson, Richard

Mr. Richard C. Erickson
S: Ms. Marian J. Edwards
1811 E Luke Ave
Phoenix, AZ 85016
480-292-5286
colatonka@gmail.com

Estenson, Thomas

Mr. Thomas Estenson
4710 Warwick Ln NW
Rochester, MN 55901-3430
505-299-9151
tomeste13@gmail.com

Ezell, Roxanne (Fredrickson)

Roxanne F. Ezell
S: Rev. Roger D. Ezell
185 Cygnet Pl
Long Lake, MN 55356-9734
952-449-0783
roxanne.ezell@gmail.com

Facciani, Gerald

Mr. Gerald D. Facciani
S: Ms. Karen Barrett
76 Quail Run Rd
Henderson, NV 89014
702-379-1191
gdfacciani@aol.com
5 Copewood Ct
Manchester, MD 21102-2605

Favell, Jennifer (McGilvray)

Jennifer L. Favell, Ph.D.
4125 Nassau Pl
Boulder, CO 80301-6029
jenniferfavellphd@gmail.com

Fields, Christine (Taylor)

Ms. Christine Fields
1718 Auten Rd
Gastonia, NC 28054-1106

Finkelstein, David

Mr. David J. Finkelstein
S: Mrs. Jan Finkelstein
107 Fernwood Dr
East Longmeadow, MA 01028-1358
413-537-3778
capacity@aol.com

Floerke, Katherine

Katherine Floerke
De Km 10 Carretera Nueva a Leon
1.6 Km Abajo, Frente Villa Soberana
Ciudad Sandino, Managua
Nicaragua
011-505-7832-0244
klf005@hotmail.com

Foster, Jody (Rhody)

The Reverend Jody Foster
S: The Reverend Rodney A. Foster
716 Baldwin Dr
Sumter, SC 29150-3744
803-468-7516
fosterjody@ftc-i.net

Fox, Janet (Seebeck)

Mrs. Timothy R. Fox
S: Dr. Timothy R. Fox '70
5064 W Balmoral Ave
Chicago, IL 60630-1546
773-685-4366
fox5064@comcast.net

Fox, Timothy

Dr. Timothy R. Fox
S: Mrs. Timothy R. Fox '70
5064 W Balmoral Ave
Chicago, IL 60630-1546
773-685-4366
fox5064@comcast.net

Fraker, Susan

Ms. Susan Fraker
8 E 96th St # 4B
New York, NY 10128
917-478-9407
spfraker1@gmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory

Franklin, Phyllis (Shelton)

Mrs. Phyllis Kay Franklin
9702 Bassoon Dr
Houston, TX 77025-4609

Frost, Marcia

Dr. Marcia J. Frost
802 Lake Vista Ln
Taylorsville, NC 28681
828-635-7181
frostmj@yahoo.com

Fuhrman, Leni

Ms. Leni I. Fuhrman
S: Dr. Charles DeFanti
40 5th Ave Apt 6C
New York, NY 10011-8843
917-623-8345
lenifuhr@gmail.com

Furze, James

James M. Furze, M.D.
S: Mrs. Pamela J. Furze
875 E 6th Ave
Durango, CO 81301-5510
970-247-4767
jimikefurze@yahoo.com

Gaard, Carl

Mr. Carl B. Gaard
80 Chestnut St
Haworth, NJ 07641-1906

Gamble, Thomas

Mr. Thomas F. Gamble
S: Mrs. Jennifer A. Gamble
1229 Lakeview Ave S
Minneapolis, MN 55416-3630
612-741-6978
tom.jenny@comcast.net

Gendler, Janet (Hollis)

Janet H. Gendler
S: Mr. John M. Gendler '70
1201 Yale Pl Apt 502
Minneapolis, MN 55403-1956
612-920-3567
jhgendler@aol.com

Gendler, John

Mr. John M. Gendler
S: Janet H. Gendler '70
1201 Yale Pl Apt 502
Minneapolis, MN 55403-1956
612-207-3668
gendlerj@gmail.com

George, Jennifer

Mrs. Jennifer J. George
1612 W 51st Pl
Los Angeles, CA 90062-2338
323-527-3860
jjgeorge64.JG@gmail.com

Gerhard, Carolann (Lipinski)

Mrs. John Gerhard
S: Mr. John P. Gerhard
1985 New Hampshire St
Loveland, CO 80538-6287
970-669-3340
GerhardVA@aol.com

Gibbs, Gerald

Gerald E. Gibbs, M.D.
S: Mrs. Shelie A. Hartman-Gibbs
47375 NW David Hill Rd
Forest Grove, OR 97116-7537
503-640-3687
dr.gibbs@hillsboro-enc.com

Gildersleeve, David

David L. Gildersleeve, Ph.D.
7458 Red Bird Dr
Ypsilanti, MI 48197
734-547-0021
dglrslv@umich.edu

Gilles, Timothy

Mr. Timothy Gilles
S: Dr. Sealy Ann Gilles '71
175 Garfield Pl
Brooklyn, NY 11215-2105
718-965-3730
tgilles@gillesconsulting.com

Green, Charles

Charles H. Green
S: Ms. Barbara A. Green '71
4405 Curve Ave
Edina, MN 55424-1048
612-240-8370
greenref@comcast.net

Greene, Ronald

Dr. Ronald O. Greene
S: Ms. Lyna Michel
1232 Creek Watch Trace
Johns Island, SC 29455-6227
630-728-9034
ronogreene@gmail.com

Greenspan, Richard

Mr. Richard E. Greenspan
S: Mrs. Deborah S. Greenspan
5 S Ridge Dr
Bloomfield, CT 06002
860-242-4218
rgreenspan@greenspan.net

Gutierrez, Mary (Schilling)

Mrs. Mary S. Gutierrez
S: Mr. Claude Gutierrez
gutclaude@orange.fr

Hagerty, Ruth

Dr. Ruth Hagerty
13 Rue Charleval
34300 Agde
France
ruthchagerty@gmail.com

Hall, John

Mr. John C. Hall
S: Ms. Susan M. Hall '66
555 Main St
Portland, CT 06480-1103
860-398-3771
hall.john.c@sbcglobal.net

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**Hall, Lea (Hall)**

Dr. Lea Hall
2043 Princeton Ave
Saint Paul, MN 55105-1528
941-378-7852
lea.drgreenjeans@gmail.com

Hall, Margaret

Ms. Margaret S. Hall
S: Mr. Lee W. Barry III
1391 W Idaho
St. Paul, MN 55108-2113
651-647-0806
margarethall3@msn.com

Halla, Bruce

Mr. Bruce I. Halla
S: Ms. Carol Halla
110 Sweet Alyssum Dr
Ladson, SC 29456
843-871-9099

Hamilton, Ann

Ann S. Hamilton, Ph.D.
S: Mr. Paul Reeves
2697 Turnbull Canyon Rd
Hacienda Heights, CA 91745-5124
626-388-0233
ashamilt2@yahoo.com

Hardy, James

Mr. James B. Hardy
S: Jane Hardy
556 Ridgehaven Ct
Farmington, MO 63640-7675
573-756-0017
eleeears@aol.com

Harp, Reynaud

Mr. Reynaud L. Harp
300 Whalley Ave
New Haven, CT 06511
203-376-5455
riharpsr@gmail.com

Harri, Wilbert

Mr. Wilbert Harri
S: Mrs. Anne Harri
16652 N Windmill Pl
Tucson, AZ 85739
520-982-4418
wilbertharri@yahoo.com

Hart, Sally (Steusloff)

Ms. Sally S. Hart
1168 Portland Ave
Saint Paul, MN 55104-6943
651-647-1674
sally.hart1@gmail.com

Hartog, Hendrik

Dr. Hendrik A. Hartog
S: Ms. Nancy E. L. Hartog '71
350 State Rd
Princeton, NJ 08540-1406
908-313-3775
hendrik.hartog@gmail.com

Haxby, Robert

Robert G. Haxby
S: Elisabeth Grams Haxby '71
74 Village Hill Rd Apt 3S
Northampton, MA 01060-3663

Hayek, Carolyn

Ms. Carolyn J. Hayek
S: Mr. Steven M. Rosen
102 State St S Apt 206
Kirkland, WA 98033-6674
425-822-2794
carolynhayek@me.com

Hecker, Peter

Mr. Peter S. Hecker
S: Ms. Cynthia Hecker
721 Arlington Ave
Berkeley, CA 94707-1633
510-524-8799
phecker@sheppardmullin.com

Heggie, Marilyn (Wood)

Mrs. Marilyn B. Heggie
944 E Johnson St Apt 305A
Philadelphia, PA 19138-3200
wood.marilyn@gmail.com

Hendricks, S. Anne

Dr. S. Anne Hendricks
9173 E 29th Pl
Denver, CO 80238-2731
303-329-4711
a2hendricks@hotmail.com

Henry, Douglas

Mr. Douglas L. Henry
S: Ms. Barbara Steinhaus
307 Mary St
Clarksville, GA 30523-4636
770-312-6444
doughenry0848@gmail.com

Hensel, Priscilla

Dr. Priscilla C. Hensel
609 Woodbine Ave
Oak Park, IL 60302-1607
708-358-0897

Henwood, Helen (Welch)

Ms. Helen J. Henwood
35 Riverfront Dr S
Kerrville, TX 78028-8202
830-370-1520
hjhenwood@gmail.com

Herberg, John

Mr. John F. Herberg
S: Mrs. Mitzie M. Herberg
1805 Silver Leaf Dr
Loveland, CO 80538-4241
970-292-8191
ironwokking99@gmail.com

Holland, Brenda (Griffith)

Dr. Brenda K. Holland
S: Mr. Thomas M. Holland
21183 Fruitgrowers Rd
Austin, CO 81410
970-835-8761

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory

Holt, Robert

Mr. Robert Jackson Holt
 S: Ms. Janet Holt
 6420 NE 109th St
 Edmond, OK 73013-8361
 405-771-5290

Holt, Rush

Mr. Rush D. Holt
 S: Dr. Margaret Lancefield
 2500 Virginia Ave NW Apt 617
 Washington, DC 20037-1900
 rush@rushholt.com

Homstad, Mark

Mr. Mark C. Homstad
 532 N Lombard Ave
 Oak Park, IL 60302-2414
 708-383-0513
 mhomstad@gmail.com

Horkey, Mary (White)

Ms. Mary L. Horkey
 S: Mr. Michael T. Horkey
 5339 Cappleman Loop
 Brooksville, FL 34601
 352-397-3151
 mhorkey@tampabay.rr.com

Huber, Richard

Reverend Richard A. Huber
 (Address Unknown)

Hulke, Steven

Mr. Steven D. Hulke
 9609 Misty Hollow Ln
 Oklahoma City, OK 73151-9100
 405-771-5811
 steve.hulke@gmail.com

Hull, Monte

Mr. Monte S. Hull
 S: Ms. Janet L. Hull
 1282 Farragut Dr
 Coupeville, WA 98239-9739
 mshull678@gmail.com

Hutchens, Verlie (Elliott)

Mrs. Verlie J. Hutchens
 (Address Unknown)

Jacobsen, Jeffrey

Mr. Jeffrey Jacobsen
 127 Chevy Chase Dr
 Wayzata, MN 55391-1053
 952-473-1220
 jjacobsen@aveventsmn.com

Jacobson, Bruce

Dr. Bruce E. Jacobson
 S: Ms. Ann Morrissey
 372 Mississippi River Blvd S
 St. Paul, MN 55105
 651-698-4210

Jacobson, Eric

Eric R. Jacobson
 651-387-8908
 eirikr.rj@gmail.com

Johnson, Brian

Brian D. Johnson, D.V.M.
 S: Mrs. Kate M. Johnson
 4720 NW Cherry St
 Vancouver, WA 98663-1567
 kateandbrianjohnson@gmail.com

Johnson, Margit (Carson)

Ms. Margit Carson Johnson
 S: Mr. Eric Johnson '68
 613 Union St
 Northfield, MN 55057-2509
 507-645-5726
 johnson.margit@gmail.com

Johnson, Mark

Dr. Mark C. Johnson
 S: Mrs. Debra Z. Johnson
 4719 Innsbrook Ln
 Oklahoma City, OK 73142-5111
 mark.johnson@mercy.net

Johnson, Neil

Mr. Neil A. Johnson
 S: Mrs. Lindsay L. Johnson
 3726 323rd Ave NE
 Cambridge, MN 55008-9714
 763-689-1938

Jones, Kathryn

Kathryn L. Jones D.V.M.
 39656 County Rd 29
 Woodland, CA 95695-9320
 530-662-4786

Joseph, Carol

Dr. Carol L. Joseph
 S: Mr. L. Thomas Marshall
 22017 NW Reeder Rd
 Portland, OR 97231-1416
 anzac10@aol.com

Kallas, Toivo

Mr. Toivo Kallas
 S: Ms. Beatrice Holton
 5420 Ebay Ave
 Los Angeles, CA 90042-4905
 920-203-1769
 tkallas705@gmail.com

Kan, Simon

Dr. Simon Yat-Sing Kan
 (Address Unknown)

Kavala, Thomas

Mr. Thomas Kavala, Jr.
 S: Mrs. Kathlyn P. Kavala
 26 Foxfield Look
 Ormond Beach, FL 32174-2424

Keightley, Jane (Yaeger)

Ms. Jane Yaeger Keightley
 S: Mr. Stephen N. Keightley
 4 Seven Acres, Home Meadow
 Wardon, Worcester WR4 0JD
 United Kingdom
 303-330-2577
 44-1905-616848
 jane.keightley@gmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory

Kelly, David

Mr. A. David Kelly
 S: Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly
 525 Lexington Pkwy S Apt 604
 Saint Paul, MN 55116-1749
 651-291-1786
 adavidkelly333@gmail.com

Kelm, Douglas

Mr. Douglas A. Kelm
 2901 42nd Ave S
 Minneapolis, MN 55406-1819
 612-724-7711
 dakelm@qwest.net

Kennedy, John

Mr. John B. Kennedy
 S: Mrs. Polly Kennedy
 20 Watrous Point Rd
 Old Saybrook, CT 06475-1359
 212-259-8505
 jkennedy@wiggins.com

Kerr, Nancy

Nancy L. Kerr, M.D.
 S: Dr. Mark Hauswald
 PO Box 1830
 Telluride, CO 81435-1830
 970-728-4396
 nancykerr@gmail.com

Keyes, Elizabeth

Ms. Elizabeth A. Keyes

Kitchell, Margaret

Dr. Margaret A. Kitchell
 2643 NW 63rd St
 Seattle, WA 98107-2454
 206-226-0260
 mackitchell@msn.com

Koerner, Frederick

Dr. Frederick C. Koerner
 134 Mount Auburn St
 Watertown, MA 02472-3977

Koessler, Phyllis

Ms. Phyllis L. Koessler
 1351 10th St
 West Linn, OR 97068-4626
 plk0221@gmail.com

Kolker, Jimmy

Mr. Jimmy Kolker
 S: Ms. Britt-Marie Forslund
 1746 Hobart St NW
 Washington, DC 20009
 202-812-9148
 jkolker@gmail.com

Krause Kosek, Jeanne

Ms. Jeanne B. Krause Kosek
 S: Mr. Tom Alexander
 5309 York Ave S
 Minneapolis, MN 55410
 612-929-3571
 tomalex3@msn.com

Krischer, Michael

Mr. Michael A. Krischer
 S: Ms. Janet R. Heller
 2719 Pfizer Ave
 Portage, MI 49024
 269-323-2014
 mkrisch@chartermi.net

Kuehn, Ernest

Mr. Ernest M. Kuehn
 S: Mrs. Pamela R. Kuehn
 922 75th St NW
 Rochester, MN 55901-9709
 507-282-9399

Kuennecke, B. (Klopke)

Ms. B. J. Kuennecke
 57 Alanthus Ln
 Hedgesville, WV 25427-6978
 571-215-9030
 bkuennecke@yahoo.com

Kuo, Paul

Paul C. Kuo, M.D., D.M.D.
 S: Dr. Leslie W. Kuo

Kureth, Charles

Mr. Charles L. Kureth, Jr.
 S: Camille M. Kureth
 51775 Villager Pkwy
 Granger, IN 46530-9512
 248-767-8381
 ckureth@gmail.com

Kysilko, Thomas

Thomas F. Kysilko
 S: Ms. Shirley J. Kysilko '72
 4010 Crestview Ln
 Shoreview, MN 55126-2332
 651-675-9222
 tomkysilko@outlook.com

Lalji, Krishnanand

Mr. Krish Lalji
 S: Mrs. Shami Lalji
 500 SW 63rd Terrace
 Margate, FL 33068-1738

Langdon, Stephen

Mr. Stephen J. Langdon
 3013 Princeton Way
 Anchorage, AK 99508-4434
 907-279-8991

Laub, Mark

Mr. Mark S. Laub
 S: Ms. Jane Laub
 3750 211th Ln NW
 Anoka, MN 55303-8930
 763-753-1368

Lawrence, Louisa (Heilbronn)

Mrs. Louisa Lawrence
 837 Springcrest Blvd
 Jackson, MI 49203-2617

Levett, James

Dr. James M. Levett
 S: Mrs. Paula Kathleen Levett
 1950 44th St SE
 Cedar Rapids, IA 52403-3983
 jmlevett@hotmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**Levinson, Janet**

Ms. Janet E. Levinson
S: Mr. Stephen E. Smith
48 Chester St
Somerville, MA 02144-3017
jellevinson@gmail.com

Libbey, Richard

Mr. Richard Libbey
18603 Hale Lake Dr
Grand Rapids, MN 55744
218-259-9490
rdlibbey@mchsi.com

Libby, David

Mr. David L. Libby
S: Ms. Mary L. Libby
616 Spanish Way E
Fernandina Beach, FL 32034-9247
904-491-6053
libbydl@acm.org

Lingren, David

Mr. David C. Lingren
S: Mrs. Kathy Ann Lingren
2524 Waterfall Way NW
Prior Lake, MN 55372-4464
952-380-6673
kdingren@gmail.com

Linkswiler, Carol

Ms. Carol Linkswiler
S: Mr. John R. Rose
PO Box 82038
Fairbanks, AK 99708-2038
907-455-6418
clinkswiler@gmail.com

Lorenz, William

Mr. William I. Lorenz
S: Mrs. Julia Lorenz
N1293 566th St
Menomonie, WI 54751
715-664-8799

Love, Mark (Love)

Mr. Mark Love
S: Ms. Marcia Taylor
5 Sprucewood Ln
Falmouth, ME 04105-1979
207-774-7667
mlove196@maine.rr.com

Lovett, Michael

Dr. Michael J. Lovett
S: Mrs. Sylvia Elsen Lovett '73
2181 2nd St
White Bear Lake, MN 55110-3234
651-429-1869
mjlovett@hotmail.com

MacDonald, Brian

Mr. Brian C. MacDonald
S: Mrs. Karen E. MacDonald
4604 Lakeview Dr
Edina, MN 55424
952-929-3372
brimacdon@comcast.net

MacLeay, Robert

Mr. Robert A. MacLeay, Jr.
5819 SW 22nd Ter Apt 1
Topeka, KS 66614-1967
rmac@aol.com

Mangold, Ann (Curtis)

Mrs. Keith R. Mangold
S: Mr. Keith R. Mangold
PO Box 424
El Granada, CA 94018-0424
650-726-9119

Markus, Carole (Sundstrom)

Ms. Carole E. Markus
S: Mr. Jeffrey J. Markus
3136 Park Ave
Minneapolis, MN 55407
612-822-3662

Martin, Christopher

Mr. Christopher J. Martin
4539 W 37th Pl
Denver, CO 80212-2395
303-886-7423
cjmartindenver@msn.com

Martin, Gary

Mr. Gary M. Martin
PO Box 24391
Gallows Bay
St. Croix, VI 00824-4391
340-772-9459

Masis, Jose

Jose A. Masis
S: Ms. Bonnie K. Masis
Apdo. 383-2050
San Pedro Montes de Oca
San Jose
Costa Rica
(506) 2273-4138
jamasisb@gmail.com

Mathey, Joseph

Joseph W. Mathey, M.D.
S: Mrs. Cathleen E. Mathey
3366 Conhocton Rd
Painted Post, NY 14870-9044
607-936-4942
josephmathey@yahoo.com

Mayer, Deborah

Ms. Deborah H. Mayer

McHugh, William

Mr. William A. McHugh
1540 W Albion Ave Apt 1E
Chicago, IL 60626-6695
773-743-0497
bmchugh@northwestern.edu

McIntyre, Susan (Swogger)

Susan J. McIntyre
102 N Hayden Bay Dr
Portland, OR 97217
503-286-9833

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**McKune, Elizabeth (Davenport)**

The Honorable Elizabeth McKune
S: Mr. Kenneth R. McKune
5915 Frazier Ln
McLean, VA 22101-2406
703-254-9160
lizomack@hotmail.com

Meldrum, Marcia

Ms. Marcia L. Meldrum
4053 Irving Pl Apt 9
Culver City, CA 90232-2851
310-836-5008
mlynnmel@gmail.com

Michelson, Mark

Mark C. Michelson, Ph.D.
S: Ms. Katherine T. Michelson
Flat B, G/F, Mandarin Villa
687 Clear Water Bay Road
Sai Kung, New Territories
Hong Kong
(852) 2813 1005
mcmichelson@gmail.com

Miller, Nancy

Ms. Nancy D. Miller
3235 7th St
Boulder, CO 80304-2108
303-525-3196
ndm8848@gmail.com

Miller, Paula

Miss Paula Miller
(Address Unknown)

Miller, Richard

Mr. Richard L. Miller
S: Mrs. Karin Miller
5255 42nd Ave SW
Seattle, WA 98136-1228
206-236-5247
milomiller882@msn.com

Mills, Bernice

Dr. Bernice E. Mills
605 Geraldine St
Livermore, CA 94550-2327
925-447-2585
mills@sandia.gov

Moberg, Dale

Dale W. Moberg, Ph.D.
S: Mrs. Virginia S. Moberg
7718 E Buteo Dr
Scottsdale, AZ 85255-4656
480-473-0627
dale.moberg@gmail.com

Mohrbacher, Linda

Ms. Linda S. Mohrbacher
S: Mr. Donald R. Collier
1919 Dunn Ave
Richmond, CA 94801-2588
510-232-3579

Moklestad, Tom

Mr. Tom C. Moklestad
S: Mrs. Lorie-Ellen Moklestad
217 Starburst Cir
Castle Rock, CO 80104-7736
303-814-8499

Molland, Michael

Mr. Michael E. Molland
5000 Carroll Rd
Petaluma, CA 94952-9774
707-876-1885

Moore, Anne

Ms. Anne Carolyn Moore
1078 Lee Cir NE
Atlanta, GA 30324
404-467-1068
anne9455@att.net

Moore, Christina

Ms. Christina Moore
75 Green St Unit 2
Reading, MA 01867
781-944-3517
christiamoore@yahoo.com

Moore, Emily (Hoel)

Dr. Emily H. Moore
S: Thomas L. Moore, Ph.D. '69
1819 Prince St
Grinnell, IA 50112-1027
641-236-3006
emilymoore@iowatelecom.net

Mulhern, Brian

Brian J. Mulhern
S: Mr. David A. Wood
2756 Aldrich Ave S
Minneapolis, MN 55408-1316
612-871-5789

Nachman, Paul

Paul Nachman, Ph.D.
1611 W Koch St Unit 25
Bozeman, MT 59715-4168
406-587-2488
PNBL48@hotmail.com

Nathan, Joseph

Joseph H. Nathan, Ph.D.
S: Ms. Joann L. Nathan
519 Snelling Ave S # 17
Saint Paul, MN 55116
612-309-6571
joe@centerforschoolchange.org

Needham, Penelope (Peterson)

Ms. Penelope P. Needham
S: Mr. Dale Dramstad
penelope.needham@gmail.com

Neill, Kathleen

Miss Kathleen V. Neill
2430 Greenport Dr
Dallas, TX 75228-5346
214-328-4790
schrodingers.katze@gmail.com

Nelson, Robin (Wood)

Mrs. Robin W. Nelson
S: Mr. William A. Nelson
3442 41st Ave S
Minneapolis, MN 55406
612-729-5431

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory

Nesse, Margaret (Howell)

Mrs. Margaret H. Nesse
 S: Randolph M. Nesse, M.D. '70
 7615 S Galileo Ln
 Tucson, AZ 85747-9602
 520-333-7890
 margaretnesse@gmail.com
Seasonal: 05/01 to 09/01
 6150 Appleton Lake Rd
 Brighton, MI 48116-9103

Nesse, Randolph

Randolph M. Nesse, M.D.
 S: Mrs. Margaret H. Nesse '70
 7615 S Galileo Ln
 Tucson, AZ 85747-9602
 520-333-7890
 nesse@asu.edu
Seasonal: 05/01 to 09/04
 6150 Appleton Lake Rd
 Brighton, MI 48116-9103

Novak, Kareen (Heckmann)

Mrs. Kareen Novak
 S: Dr. James A. Novak
 1415 Wilbur Ave
 San Diego, CA 92109
 kareen.novak@gmail.com

O'Connell, Richard

Mr. Richard B. O'Connell
 S: Mrs. Kay O'Connell
 8221 E Circulo Del Oso
 Tucson, AZ 85750-2901
 970-466-0985
 oconnells@gmail.com

Olson, Jeff

Mr. Jeff B. Olson
 1016 Austin St Apt 1
 Evanston, IL 60202-2770
 312-479-2866
 jeffbolsen@comcast.net

Olson, Jeffrey

Mr. Jeffrey W. Olson
 S: Mrs. Ruth Ann Olson
 4729 County Rd 106
 Elbert, CO 80106-9655
 303-863-9065
 olsondomicile@msn.com

Onkka, Nancy

Ms. Nancy I. Onkka
 2035 Fairmount Ave
 Saint Paul, MN 55105-1548
 651-434-8486
 nancyonkka@gmail.com

Ordman, Alfred (Ordman)

Alfred 'Roc' Ordman, Ph.D.
 S: Ms. Elizabeth C. Freeman '73
 2007 Clinton St
 Rockford, IL 61103-4809
 608-219-1093
 ordman@beloit.edu

Osland, Dayton

Mr. Dayton A. Osland
 S: Ms. Erlinda Colby
 3812 Bluegrass Plz
 Lake Havasu City, AZ 86406-4360
 815-245-2435
 dayton.osland@gmail.com

Owen, Douglas

Mr. Douglas L. Owen
 48 Plover Hill Rd
 Ipswich, MA 01938-2838
 617-413-1037
 owendou@gmail.com

Owens, Jonathan

Mr. Jonathan L. Owens
 S: Mrs. Jonathan L. Owens '71
 PO Box 60081
 Las Vegas, NV 89160-0081
 702-256-6325

Parke, Donna

Ms. Donna Parke
 S: Mr. Leo Nicholas Ormston
 435 Brooksvale Ave
 Hamden, CT 06518-1222
 203-288-8134
 donna.parke@aya.yale.edu

Parker, Cynthia

Ms. Cynthia A. Parker
 S: Mr. Steven Eagles
 123 River Rd
 Dresden, ME 04342-3427
 207-737-8023
 cindyparker48@gmail.com

Perry, Diane (Hinton)

Ms. Diane Hinton Perry
 bdhperry@gmail.com

Perry, Phillip

Mr. Phillip C. Perry
 125 E Merritt Island Cswy Ste 107
 Merritt Island, FL 32952-4504

Persons, Scott

Mr. Scott D. Persons
 S: Mrs. Bozena Persons
 11806 Pepperidge Rd
 Brainerd, MN 56401
 218-330-2040
 golden@uslink.net

Peterson, Steven

Mr. Steven A. Peterson
 1441 N 15th Ave Apt 307
 Bozeman, MT 59715-8831
 612-309-5046
 stvnpeterson536@yahoo.com

Phelps, James

Mr. James O. Phelps
 (Address Unknown)

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory
Porter, Thomas

Mr. Thomas L. Porter
1918 W Winona St # 2
Chicago, IL 60640-2609
224-301-6801
thomasporter7@gmail.com

Preheim, Timothy

Mr. Timothy C. Preheim
S: Ms. Trish H. Preheim '72
17 E Lamme St
Bozeman, MT 59715-3614
630-235-7052
timothy.preheim@gmail.com

Proud, Danny

Mr. Danny E. Proud
S: Ms. Robin R. Proud '72
114 Glen Hwy
Madison, WI 53705-2622
608-212-3793
derrproud@att.net

Puntenney, Diane

Ms. Diane G. Puntenney
S: Mr. William C. Cox
2394 Mariner Square Dr Apt 145
Alameda, CA 94501-1039
510-502-4940
diane@pomonavisions.com

Raines, John

Dr. John R. Raines
S: Maribet C. McCarty, Ph.D.
4337 Snail Lake Blvd
Shoreview, MN 55126-2347
651-785-0315

Raizen, Helen

Ms. Helen S. Raizen
S: Ms. Kathy A. MacDonald
75 Arborway
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130-2753
617-522-6283
raizen@earthlink.net

Rambo, George

Mr. George Rambo
(Address Unknown)

Rankin, Randolph

Mr. Randolph H. Rankin
(Address Unknown)

Rehwaldt, Thomas

Mr. Thomas J. Rehwaldt
S: Ms. Hallie B. Rehwaldt
2611 Park Pl
Evanston, IL 60201
847-733-9155
trehwaldt@comcast.net

Reigel, Kent

Mr. Kent Reigel
S: Ms. Janet B. Reigel
5425 Donald St
Eugene, OR 97405-4069
503-281-1117
kbreigel@msn.com

Reitter, Claire (Matthews)

Ms. Claire Matthews Reitter
S: Mr. Alan S. Reitter
250 Canyon Dr
Columbus, OH 43214-3108
614-268-0454
matthewc@battelle.org

Rhorer, Thomas

Mr. Thomas L. Rhorer
S: Ms. Cynthia Patterson-Rhorer
W4249 Ridge Dr
La Crosse, WI 54601
608-785-1824
rhorer001@centurytel.net

Richardson, Mary

Ms. Mary Jean Richardson
4623 Russell Ave Apt 4
Los Angeles, CA 90027-4272
mary.rich@live.com

Richey, Robert

Mr. Robert K. Richey
S: Ms. Pamela Richey
13 Broomsedge Ln
Savannah, GA 31411-3016
612-770-2672
rkrichey@comcast.net

Riecke, Joann

Ms. JoAnn Riecke
179 Shato Ln
Monona, WI 53716-3796
608-819-1191
jriecke@att.net

Robson, Deborah

Deborah R. Robson
418 Goldeneye Dr
Fort Collins, CO 80526-3665
970-226-3590
robson@frii.com

Ross, Anita (Rosenberg)

Dr. Anita Erin Ross
S: Mr. Scott Hofmann
518 N 63rd St
Seattle, WA 98103
206-784-1532
sabura@comcast.net

Rotkin, Donnie

Donnie Rotkin
S: Linda Ellman
366 11th St
Brooklyn, NY 11215-4011
718-768-1797

Rudser, Mary

Ms. Mary M. Rudser
S: Mr. Daniel M. Gonzales
683 Longridge Rd
Oakland, CA 94610
510-701-0456
mrudser@donahue.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**Sacks, Katherine (Enrich)**

Dr. Katherine E. Sacks
S: Dr. Edward S. Sacks
3695 Silver Plume Ln
Boulder, CO 80305-7260
720-379-5054
kathybes@aol.com

Saldin, Susan (Lynn)

Mrs. Susan J. Saldin
S: Mr. Thomas R. Saldin '68
3138 S Abigail Way
Boise, ID 83706-5721
ssaldin@aol.com

Scarlett, Richard

Mr. Richard A. Scarlett
5301 Windsor Ave
Edina, MN 55436-2331
952-924-9270
rscarlett5205@earthlink.net

Schlipf, John

Mr. John S. Schlipf
S: Mrs. June P. Schlipf '72
347 Warren Ave
Cincinnati, OH 45220
513-281-9476
john.schlipf@uc.edu

Schober, Robert

Mr. Robert N. Schober
812 N Leroux St
Flagstaff, AZ 86001-3277

Schreiner, Linda (Steveley)

Linda Schreiner
S: Mr. Edward George Schreiner
5455 Deer Park Rd
Port Angeles, WA 98362

Schumacher, Richard

Mr. Richard M. Schumacher
S: Mrs. Kristina Schumacher
1305 Elliott Dr
Munster, IN 46321-3103
219-776-3215
rschum343@sbcglobal.net

Scriba, Claire (Haney)

Mrs. Claire H. Scriba
S: Mr. K. S. Scriba '67
715-554-1490
inc1@beartrapfarm.net

Seifert, Bruce

Mr. Bruce Seifert
640 Margaret Dr
Chesapeake, VA 23322
757-482-1064
bseifert@odu.edu

Shafto, Michael

Dr. Michael Shafto
S: Dr. Sylvia Shafto '70
979 Burgoyne St
Mountain View, CA 94043-3023
650-473-9464

Shafto, Sylvia (Smoker)

Dr. Sylvia Shafto
S: Dr. Michael Shafto '70
979 Burgoyne St
Mountain View, CA 94043-3023
650-473-9464

Shetler, David

Mr. David C. Shetler
138 Crescent Dr
Rapid City, SD 57701
shetlerdavid@gmail.com

Shoemaker, Nancy

Ms. Nancy J. Shoemaker
220 S Oxford Dr
Englewood, FL 34223-3522
941-302-2643
njshoemaker@comcast.net

Siedenburg, Frederick

Mr. Frederick Siedenburg
96 Briar Rd
Greenbrae, CA 94904
415-925-0934

Silkey, Ronald

Mr. Ronald G. Silkey
S: Mrs. Alice L. Silkey '72
5555 115th St E
Northfield, MN 55057-4424
507-645-5160
alicesilkey@gmail.com

Silpala, Mauno

Mr. Mauno Silpala
S: Ms. Elaine R. Silpala
417 Nathan Ln N
Champlin, MN 55316-1165
763-300-4621
mauno@silpala.com

Simpson, Warren

Mr. Warren E. Simpson
S: Mrs. Camille B. Simpson
4875 Knottingham Cir
Eagan, MN 55122-2793
ssdc@comcast.net

Sims, Elizabeth

Ms. Elizabeth Anne Sims
6300 19th Ave NE
Seattle, WA 98115
206-527-6729

Singh, Siri (Bush)

Siri S. Singh
6100 Nagle Ave
Van Nuys, CA 91401
310-346-1037
siri@sirisatnam.com

Sisk, Sally (Degeest)

Sally DeGeest Sisk
2200 S Roosevelt St
Aberdeen, SD 57401-8526
605-226-3554
ssisk9823@hotmail.com

Smith, David

Mr. David B. Smith
S: Mrs. Lynne W. Smith
3118 SE Spyglass Dr
Vancouver, WA 98683-3721

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory
Smith, Meredith (Stenrud)

Ms. Meredith S. Smith
2169 James Ave
Saint Paul, MN 55105-1319
651-690-5819
mercredi1048@gmail.com

Smith, Michael

Mr. Michael L. Smith
PO Box 3309
Edgewood, NM 87015-3309
michaelsmith1949@gmail.com

Smith, Stephen

Mr. Stephen C. Smith
S: Mrs. Christina D. Smith
225 Navaho Dr
Spartanburg, SC 29301
864-587-7538
jackspratt789@yahoo.com

Snowberg, John

Mr. John R. Snowberg
PO Box 144
Mound, MN 55364-0144
612-250-5655
johnsnowberg@gmail.com

Spight, Linda (Butler)

Ms. Linda S. Spight
15730 Ward
Detroit, MI 48227-4081
313-864-7168
lspight21@comcast.net

Spooner, Linda

Ms. Linda E. Spooner
6233 S 79th Cir
Omaha, NE 68127-4270
312-791-1910

Stalman, Sara (Peters)

Dr. Sara Leland Peters Stalman
4601 Phinney Ave N Apt 405
Seattle, WA 98103-6390
207-610-2003
sarastalman@gmail.com

Stanke, Jerry

Dr. Jerry W. Stanke
S: Mrs. Judith U. Stanke
1748 19th Terrace NW
St. Paul, MN 55112-5424
651-269-5891
jerrystanke@aol.com

Steadry, Gretchen

Ms. Gretchen Steadry
S: Mr. James Kerwin '68
4243 Harriet Ave S
Minneapolis, MN 55409
612-822-9513
james.kerwin@usinternet.com

Steinmark, Shan

Shan W. Steinmark, Ph.D.
S: Ms. Melinda A. Rockwell
245 W Broadway Apt 501
Long Beach, CA 90802-5017
808-463-9590
strsws@mac.com

Stevens, Nancy (Williams)

Ms. Nancy J. Stevens
S: Mr. Quintin V. Stevens
1180 St. Agnes Ln
Baltimore, MD 21207-4907
410-788-3105
nancy21207@gmail.com

Stewart, Leslie (Stewart)

Ms. Leslie K. Stewart
PO Box 1393
Lusk, WY 82225-1393
308-430-2464
leslie_sp@hotmail.com

Strachan, William

Mr. William B. Strachan
S: Mrs. Patricia H. Strachan
22 W 26th St Apt 4C
New York, NY 10010-2023

Strandskov, Henrik

Mr. Henrik C. Strandskov
S: Ms. Nicolette P. Strandskov
245 S Lake St
Luck, WI 54853-9019
207-607-1815
henrikstrandskov@gmail.com

Stubbs, Daniel

Daniel P. Stubbs, Ph.D.
S: Mrs. Catherine Stubbs
14833 57th St N
Stillwater, MN 55082-6712
651-439-1648
dpstubbs@aol.com

Sultan, Thomas

Thomas R. Sultan, M.D.
S: Mrs. Anne R. Sultan
215 Bradford Ct
Lake Bluff, IL 60044-1910
847-309-7425
ndp226@aol.com

Summerville, Jay

Mr. Jay A. Summerville
326 Edgewood Dr
Clayton, MO 63105-2014
314-973-6067
JayArthurSummerville@gmail.com
PO Box 97
Chautauqua, NY 14722-0097

Sutton, Anthony

Mr. Anthony J. Sutton
1959 Peace Haven Rd #242
Winston Salem, NC 27106-4850
336-785-2597

Swatek, Catherine

Ms. Catherine C. Swatek
26-1101 Nicola St
Vancouver, BC V6G 2E3
Canada
(406) 369-3009
cswatek@mail.ubc.ca

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory

Sylvester, Ellen (Smith)

Ellen Sylvester, Ph.D.
 S: Professor Robert K. Sylvester
 16430 Csah 9
 Hutchinson, MN 55350-7315
 320-587-2774
 ellensylvester@gmail.com

Tarrant, Karen

Ms. Karen L. Tarrant
 1361 Prior Ave S
 Saint Paul, MN 55116-2656
 651-303-0584
 KTarranT@tl-attorneys.com

Taylor, Bruce

Mr. Bruce L. Taylor
 S: Ms. Jacqueline P. Taylor '71
 PO Box 4077
 Evergreen, CO 80437-4077
 303-674-9864
 BLTaylor1@aol.com

Taylor, Ingrid (Holmgren)

Dr. Ingrid T. Taylor
 (Address Unknown)

Terriquez, William

Mr. William Terriquez, Jr.
 1004 Cristanos Dr
 Bernalillo, NM 87004-5646
 612-237-9401
 wterriqu@carleton.edu

Terry, William

William G. Terry, Major, USMC, Ret.
 S: Mrs. Jennifer Bruno Terry
 15943 Vale Ridge Dr
 Charlotte, NC 28278-8230
 919-616-6939
 wgtjdt@nc.rr.com

Thomas, Bruce

Mr. Bruce H. Thomas
 9148 Foxline Dr
 Corcoran, MN 55340-9656
 lhobr01@centurylink.net

Thomas, Gwendolyn

Ms. Gwendolyn Laverne Thomas
 3902 Daphne
 Houston, TX 77021-4016
 713-748-2041

Thomson, Jean (Thomson)

Ms. Jean Thomson
 1201 Yale Pl Apt 1704
 Minneapolis, MN 55403-1960
 612-387-7725
 jean.thomson@dashe.com

Thornton, Alice (Westin)

Mrs. Alice A. Thornton
 S: Mr. Timothy R. Thornton '71
 1746 Pinehurst Ave
 St. Paul, MN 55116-2117
 651-699-1351
 Alice.thornton12@gmail.com

Tickamy, Ann (Friedman)

Dr. Ann R. Tickamy
 S: Mr. Cecil H. Tickamy '68
 2423 Hickory Hill Dr
 State College, PA 16803-3361
 740-593-8453
 artickamy@gmail.com

Towill, Murray

Mr. Murray E. Towill
 S: Mrs. Pamela Towill
 1825 Birdie Ln
 Henderson, NV 89074-1703
 808-225-0489
 met377@yahoo.com

Trowbridge, Brett

Mr. Brett C. Trowbridge
 S: Ms. Jeannette Iverson
 209 4th Ave E Ste 208
 Olympia, WA 98501-6968
 360-456-8017

Tsui, Amy (Ong)

Mrs. Amy Tsui
 11268 Terrace Ln
 Fulton, MD 20759-2466
 443-287-3833
 atsui@jhu.edu

Van Dyke, William

Mr. William R. Van Dyke
 S: Ms. Susan Bridges
 2912 Blackhawk Ct
 Steamboat Springs, CO 80487-2018
 303-888-8494
 vandykewr@gmail.com

Vandercook, John

Mr. John C. Vandercook
 815 Pahumele Pl
 Kailua, HI 96734-3515
 808-536-0128
 chrisv@aloha.net

Videen, Tom

Tom O. Videen, Ph.D.
 S: Susan D. Videen, Ph.D.
 54 La Serena Trl
 Santa Fe, NM 87506-7780
 505-986-1247
 tovideen@gmail.com

Vitous, William

Mr. William P. Vitous
 253 Brewster Hill Rd
 Laurens, NY 13796
 607-431-9701

Wainwright, Donna

Ms. Donna J. Wainwright
 S: Mr. Alan H. Field
 27 Edward Dr
 Winchester, MA 01890-3606
 617-686-8641
 donna.wainwright@gmail.com

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**Wakeley, Patricia (Jones)**

Mrs. Patricia Jones Wakeley
S: Harold G. Wakeley, Ph.D.
2823 Embury Dr
307 S Pecatonica St
Rockford, IL 61103-9539
815-335-7483
patwake@gmail.com

Ward, Bob-Amndih

Mr. Bob-Amndih Ward
3930 NW Witham Hill Dr Apt 185
Corvallis, OR 97330-0927
bobward1948@gmail.com

Washington, Walter

Mr. S. Walter Washington
8382 Middleway Pike
Charles Town, WV 25414-9643
304-725-8832
swwash@comcast.net

Weber, Beverly

Ms. Beverly A. Weber
S: Mr. Tom Burns
2545 W Course Dr
Annapolis, MD 21401-6938
410-266-6823
saab1lady@aol.com

Weddle, John

Mr. John R. Weddle, Jr.
S: Mrs. Michele R. Weddle
11348 Clarion Way
Minnetonka, MN 55343-7980
952-929-6652
jrweddlejr@gmail.com

Weitz, Barbara (Veach)

Mrs. Barbara Weitz
S: Mr. Wallace R. Weitz '70
110 North 92nd St
Omaha, NE 68114
bweitz@weitzinvestments.com

Weitz, Wallace

Mr. Wallace R. Weitz
S: Mrs. Barbara Weitz '70
110 North 92nd St
Omaha, NE 68114
wweitz@weitzinvestments.com

White, Kaye (Williams)

Mrs. Kaye White
S: Mr. Norman D. White
94 Quinby Ave
White Plains, NY 10606-3118
914-260-4125
quaye4@verizon.net

White, Pamela

Ms. Pamela White
PO Box 59
Whately, MA 01093-0059
413-665-1064

Wiley, Mary (Saarnio)

Ms. Mary C. Wiley
S: Mr. Dean K. Wiley
6713 Hillside Ln
Edina, MN 55439-1319
612-834-1917
mwiley121@gmail.com

Wilkening, Randall

Randall B. Wilkening, M.D.
S: Greta N. Wilkening, Ph.D. '73
1140 Columbine St Apt 403
Denver, CO 80206-3177
randall.wilkening@ucdenver.edu

Winder, Mary (Barisas)

Mrs. John H. Winder
S: Mr. John H. Winder
13305 Clifton Rd
Silver Spring, MD 20904
301-384-2566
jmlwinder@verizon.net

Wittler, George

Dr. George H. Wittler
S: Mrs. Michele Wittler
W13837 Skyline Cir
Ripon, WI 54971
920-748-6506
wittlers@ripon.edu

Woolsey, Robert

Mr. Robert L. Woolsey
S: Mrs. Liz Woolsey
22040 Shannon Pl
West Linn, OR 97068-2887
503-908-8842
bobwoolsey711@gmail.com

Wuehrmann, Christopher

Mr. Christopher R. Wuehrmann
1456 Marvin Gardens Ln
Prescott, AZ 86301-5538

Yasinski, W. Arnold

Mr. W. Arnold Yasinski
S: Ms. Adele E. Carey
1321 Upland Dr
Houston, TX 77043-4718

Yates, Jacqueline (Roell)

Mrs. Jacqueline C. Yates
S: Dr. Ernest J. Yates '68
317 Wayne Ave
Lansdowne, PA 19050-1036
610-623-0395

Yoder, Thomas

Mr. Thomas K. Yoder
2136 N Seminary Ave Apt 2
Chicago, IL 60614-4114
312-329-1414
tyoder@quarterfold.com

Zale, William

Mr. William S. Zale
1079 Pear Tree Ln
Wheeling, IL 60090-5718
847-465-9368

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Class Directory**Zignego, John**

Mr. John S. Zignego
1028 Kingman Ave
Red Wing, MN 55066-3177
651-388-3837

Zipser, Elizabeth (Ravnholt)

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Zipser
S: Mr. Michael R. Zipser
1312 Tulip Poplar Ln
Vienna, VA 22182-1340
703-757-7840
bethzipser@hotmail.com

Zittin, Floy (Macmillan)

Mrs. David Zittin
S: Mr. David Zittin
10210 Lebanon Dr
Cupertino, CA 95014-2648
408-253-3258

* *Address Unknown*

** *Deceased*



30th Reunion, 2000

**Class Names
Cross Reference**

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Carleton Name Cross Reference
Carleton Name

Adams, Elisabeth
 Andrews, Margaret
 Baier, Candace
 Barisas, Mary
 Bugelas, Cleopatra
 Burbank, Priscilla
 Bush, Siri
 Butler, Linda
 Carson, Margit
 Clinebell, John
 Clunn, Patricia
 Couture, Barbara
 Curtis, Ann
 Davenport, Elizabeth
 Degeest, Sally
 Dudley, Susanne
 Elliott, Verlie
 English, Tara
 Enrich, Katherine
 Flint, Karen
 Francis, Linda
 Fredrickson, Roxanne
 Friedman, Ann
 Frost, Maygene
 Graves, Elizabeth
 Griffith, Brenda
 Hamilton, Sharon
 Haney, Claire
 Heckmann, Kareen
 Heilbronn, Louisa
 Heilig, Julie
 Hinton, Diane
 Hoel, Emily
 Hoffman, Constance
 Hoffmeister, Constance
 Hollis, Janet
 Holmgren, Ingrid
 Howell, Margaret
 Johnson, Susan

Current Name

Chun, Elisabeth
 Collins, Margaret
 Beaulieu, Candace **
 Winder, Mary
 Alexander, Cleopatra
 Burbank-Schmitt, Priscilla
 Singh, Siri
 Spight, Linda
 Johnson, Margit
 Bell, John
 Barnhill, Patricia
 Will, Barbara **
 Mangold, Ann
 McKune, Elizabeth
 Sisk, Sally
 Cruzat, Susanne *
 Hutchens, Verlie *
 Blackmar, Tara
 Sacks, Katherine
 Berry, Karen
 Barstow, Linda
 Ezell, Roxanne
 Tickamyser, Ann
 Daniels, Maygene
 Robinson, Elizabeth **
 Holland, Brenda
 Nolte, Sharon **
 Scriba, Claire
 Novak, Kareen
 Lawrence, Louisa
 Heilig Febres, Julie **
 Perry, Diane
 Moore, Emily
 Berman, Constance
 Davies, Constance
 Gendler, Janet
 Taylor, Ingrid *
 Nesse, Margaret
 Brown, Susan

* *Address Unknown*

** *Deceased*

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Carleton Name Cross Reference

Carleton Name	Current Name
Jones, Patricia	Wakeley, Patricia
Klopke, B.	Kuennecke, B.
Kschinka, Jan	Bramhall, Jan
Li, Sharon	Neumann, Sharon **
Lipinski, Carolann	Gerhard, Carolann
Lowenstein, Jan	Steinmark, Jan **
Lynn, Susan	Saldin, Susan
Mack, Christine	Crutslinger, Christine
Macmillan, Floy	Zittin, Floy
Matthews, Claire	Reitter, Claire
Mays, Gail	Bradshaw, Gail
McGilvray, Jennifer	Favell, Jennifer
Miller, Mary	Bauer, Mary
Okuma, Kathryn	White, Kathryn **
Ong, Amy	Tsui, Amy
Patnode, Katherine	Dawes, Katherine
Peters, Sara	Stalman, Sara
Peterson, Penelope	Needham, Penelope
Ravnholt, Elizabeth	Zipser, Elizabeth
Rhody, Jody	Foster, Jody
Roell, Jacqueline	Yates, Jacqueline
Rosenberg, Anita	Ross, Anita
Saarnio, Mary	Wiley, Mary
Salter, Margaret	Jacobs, Margaret **
Schilling, Mary	Gutierrez, Mary
Schultz, Barbara	Carmichael, Barbara
Schultz, Anne	Hulke, Anne **
Schupack, Rae	Nathan, Rae **
Scott, Roxanne	Barry, Roxanne
Seebeck, Janet	Fox, Janet
Shale, Alida	Becker, Alida
Shelton, Phyllis	Franklin, Phyllis
Shores, Mollie	Bowling, Mollie
Sloan, Ruth	Berger, Ruth
Small, Robin	Dietrich, Robin
Smith, Ellen	Sylvester, Ellen
Smoker, Sylvia	Shafto, Sylvia
Stenrud, Meredith	Smith, Meredith
Steusloff, Sally	Hart, Sally

* *Address Unknown*

** *Deceased*

Class of 1970 50th Reunion - Carleton Name Cross Reference
Carleton Name

Steveley, Linda
Stevens, Susan
Sundstrom, Carole
Swogger, Susan
Taylor, Christine
Vandenberg, Judith
Veach, Barbara
Voss, Jo Ellen
Welch, Helen
Westin, Alice
White, Mary
Wilcoxon, Pamela
Williams, Nancy
Williams, Kaye
Williamson, Laura
Wilson, Rebecca
Wood, Marilyn
Wood, Robin
Yaeger, Jane
Zier, Anne

Current Name

Schreiner, Linda
Cline, Susan *
Markus, Carole
McIntyre, Susan
Fields, Christine
Boudreau, Judith
Weitz, Barbara
Abraham, Jo Ellen
Henwood, Helen
Thornton, Alice
Horkey, Mary
Cook, Pamela
Stevens, Nancy
White, Kaye
Doyle, Laura
Brunswig, Rebecca
Heggle, Marilyn
Nelson, Robin
Kelghtley, Jane
Dwelle, Anne

* *Address Unknown*

** *Deceased*



35th Reunion, 2005

Geographic Listing

Alaska

Carol Linkswiler
Stephen J. Langdon

Alabama

Robert W. Davidson

Arizona

Steven T. Alexander
Stephen R. Bielke
John N. Dodge
Richard C. Erickson
Wilbert Harri
Dale W. Moberg
Margaret Howell Nesse
Randolph M. Nesse
Richard B. O'Connell
Dayton A. Osland
Robert N. Schober
Christopher R. Wuehrmann

California

John W. Allen
Mir T. Ansary
Christopher W. Bowen
Mollie Shores Bowling
Constance Hoffmeister Davies
Jennifer J. George
Ann S. Hamilton
Peter S. Hecker
Kathryn L. Jones
Toivo Kallas
Ann Curtis Mangold
Marcia L. Meldrum
Bernice E. Mills
Linda S. Mohrbacher
Michael E. Molland
Kareen Heckmann Novak
Diane G. Puntenney
Mary J. Richardson
Mary M. Rudser
Michael Shafto
Sylvia Smoker Shafto
Frederick Siedenburgh
Siri Bush Singh
Shan W. Steinmark
Floy Macmillan Zittin

Colorado

Angela M. Barnes
Rebecca Wilson Brunswig
Alfred P. Buettner
Leonard G. Crowley
Edwin Danielson Jr.
Jennifer McGilvray Favell
James M. Furze
Carolann Lipinski Gerhard
S. Anne Hendricks
John F. Herberg
Brenda Griffith Holland
Nancy L. Kerr
Christopher J. Martin
Nancy D. Miller
Tom C. Moklestad
Jeffrey W. Olson
Deborah R. Robson
Katherine Enrich Sacks
Bruce L. Taylor
William R. Van Dyke
Randall B. Wilkening

Connecticut

Jon C. Blue
Richard E. Greenspan
John C. Hall
Reynaud L. Harp
John B. Kennedy
Donna Parke

District of Columbia

Maygene Frost Daniels
Rush D. Holt
Jimmy Kolker

Florida

Colin P. Baenziger
Donald T. Barry
Roxanne Scott Barry
Pamela Wilcoxon Cook
Phil S. Dafler
Mary White Horkey
Barbara Johnson
Thomas Kavala Jr.
Krishnanand Lalji
David L. Libby

Phillip C. Perry
Nancy J. Shoemaker

Georgia

Douglas L. Henry
Anne C. Moore
Robert K. Richey

Hawaii

Elisabeth Adams Chun
John C. Vandercook

Iowa

Constance Hoffman Berman
Cynthia A. Clingan
James M. Levett
Emily Hoel Moore

Idaho

Katherine Patnode Dawes
Anne Zier Dwelle
Susan Lynn Saldin

Illinois

Cleopatra Bugelas Alexander
William B. Allendoerfer
Peter G. Bell
Gail Mays Bradshaw
Norman R. Burdick
Beth Boosalis Davis
Anne E. Dickison
John V. Dunne
Janet Seebeck Fox
Timothy R. Fox
Priscilla C. Hensel
Mark C. Homstad
William A. McHugh
Jeff B. Olson
Alfred 'Roc' Ordman
Thomas L. Porter
Thomas J. Rehwaldt
Thomas R. Sultan
Patricia Jones Wakeley
Thomas K. Yoder
William S. Zale

Indiana

Charles L. Kureth Jr.
Richard M. Schumacher

Kansas

Robert A. MacLeay Jr.
Mary Miller Bauer

Maine

Allen Carlson
Mark Love
Cynthia A. Parker

Maryland

Margaret Andrews Collins
Anthony C. Eitreim
H. Jeffrey Elseroad
B. Diane Perry
Nancy Williams Stevens
Amy Ong Tsui
Beverly A. Weber
Mary Barisas Winder

Massachusetts

Alison H. Bowen
Jan Kschinka Bramhall
Mark H. Bramhall
Richard A. Brown
David J. Finkelstein
Richard H. Goodman
Robert G. Haxby
Elizabeth A. Keyes
Frederick C. Koerner
Paul C. Kuo
Janet E. Levinson
Christina Moore
Douglas L. Owen
Helen S. Raizen
Donna J. Wainwright
Pamela White

Michigan

Wallace A. Arneson Jr.
Elizabeth A. Downton
David L. Gildersleeve
Michael A. Krischer
Louisa Heilbronn Lawrence
Linda Butler Spight

Minnesota

Jo Ellen Voss Abraham
Paul A. Abraham
Azna Amira
Robert L. Anderson
John Benson
Tara English Blackmar
Judith Vandenberg Boudreau
Nancy Burns
R. Todd Carlson
David M. Casmer
William P. Donohue
Gretchen Eichhorn
Dale W. Ekegren
Douglas J. Emanuel
Thomas Estenson
Roxanne Fredrickson Ezell
Thomas F. Gamble
Janet Hollis Gendler
John M. Gendler
Charles H. Green
Lea Hall
Margaret S. Hall
Sally Steusloff Hart
Jeffrey Jacobsen
Bruce E. Jacobson
Eric R. Jacobson
Margit Carson Johnson
Neil A. Johnson
A. David Kelly
Douglas A. Kelm
Jeanne B. Krause Kosek
Ernest M. Kuehn
Thomas F. Kysilko
Mark S. Laub
Richard Libbey
David C. Lingren
Michael J. Lovett
Brian C. MacDonald
Carole Sundstrom Markus
Brian J. Mulhern
Joseph H. Nathan
Penelope Peterson Needham
Robin Wood Nelson
Nancy I. Onkka
Elizabeth V. Paine
Scott D. Persons
Cy Schelly Ragger

John R. Raines
Richard A. Scarlett
Ronald G. Silkey
Mauno Silpala
Warren E. Simpson
Meredith Stenrud Smith
John R. Snowberg
Jerry W. Stanke
Gretchen Steadry
Daniel P. Stubbs
Ellen Smith Sylvester
Karen L. Tarrant
Bruce H. Thomas
Jean Thomson
Alice Westin Thornton
John R. Weddle Jr.
Mary Saarnio Wiley
John S. Zignego

Missouri

Robert R. Archibald
James B. Hardy
Jay A. Summerville

Montana

David M. Anderson
Robert J. Bastasz
Susan Johnson Brown
Paul Nachman
Steven A. Peterson
Timothy C. Preheim

Nebraska

Dean L. Antonson
Linda E. Spooner
Barbara Veach Weitz
Wallace R. Weitz

New Hampshire

Karen Flint Berry

New Jersey

Carl B. Gaard
Hendrik A. Hartog

New Mexico

James F. Dearing
Michael L. Smith
William Terriquez Jr.
Tom O. Videen

Nevada

Gerald D. Facciani
Jonathan L. Owens
Murray E. Towill

New York

A. Duncan Byers
William C. Craine
Susan Fraker
Leni I. Fuhrman
Timothy Gilles
Joseph W. Mathey
Donnie C. Rotkin
William B. Strachan
William P. Vitous
Kaye Williams White

North Carolina

Paul W. Cook
Christine Taylor Fields
Marcia J. Frost
Claire Haney Scriba
Anthony J. Sutton
William G. Terry

Ohio

Patricia Clunn Barnhill
Claire Matthews Reitter
Lawrence Rubens
John S. Schlipf

Oklahoma

Glenn J. Craig
Robert J. Holt
Steven D. Hulke
Mark C. Johnson

Oregon

Linda Francis Barstow
Rose Christopherson
Laura Williamson Doyle
Gerald E. Gibbs
Carol L. Joseph
Phyllis L. Koessler
Susan Swogger McIntyre
Kent Reigel
Bob-Amndih Ward
Robert L. Woolsey

Pennsylvania

Barbara A. Babcock
Alida Shale Becker
John J. Becker
Charles H. Benoit
Marilyn Wood Heggie
Ann Friedman Tickamyer
Jacqueline Roell Yates

South Carolina

Jody Rhody Foster
Ronald O. Greene
Bruce I. Halla
Stephen C. Smith

South Dakota

David C. Shetler
Sally Degeest Sisk

Texas

Kim K. Cheung
Phyllis Shelton Franklin
Helen Welch Henwood
Kathleen V. Neill
Gwendolyn L. Thomas
W. Arnold Yasinski

Utah

Stuart Drescher

Virginia

Craig A. Arness
Donald A. Camp
Barbara Schultz Carmichael
Christine Mack Crutsinger
Robin Smail Dietrich
Elizabeth Davenport McKune
Bruce Seifert
Elizabeth Ravnholt Zipser

Vermont

Nancy G. Wright

Washington

John A. Baule
John Clinebell Bell
Barbara A. Bennett
Kathleen A. Brooker
Robert R. Bruns
Priscilla Burbank-Schmitt

Jan Dawson

Polly E. Detels
Catherine M. Gorchels
Carolyn J. Hayek
Monte S. Hull
Brian D. Johnson
Margaret A. Kitchell
Richard L. Miller
Anita Rosenberg Ross
Linda Steveley Schreiner
Elizabeth A. Sims
David B. Smith
Sara Peters Stalman
Brett C. Trowbridge

Wisconsin

William I. Lorenz
Danny E. Proud
Thomas L. Rhorer
Joann Riecke
Henrik C. Strandskov
George H. Wittler

West Virginia

B. Klopke Kuennecke
Walter Washington

Wyoming

Leslie K. Stewart

Canada

Catherine C. Swatek

Costa Rica

Jose Masis

France

Ruth Hagerty

Hong Kong

Mark C. Michelson

Israel

Deborah H. Mayer

Japan

Jeffrey L. Berglund

Nicaragua

Katherine L. Floerke

United Kingdom

Jane Yaeger Keightley



40th Reunion, 2010



45th Reunion, 2015