

# Ford Stories

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# Chapter 1

## Introduction

In 1951 the Ford Foundation expended \$2,118,400 to fund a program to send groups of 30 to 50 students to eleven different colleges two years early. The students could not be older than  $16\frac{1}{2}$ , and they could skip their last years of high school and begin college early.

The program was announced for Yale, Columbia, Chicago, and the University of Wisconsin-Madison early in the spring of 1951. Within a few months Fisk, Goucher, Lafayette, Louisville, Oberlin, Shimer, and Utah joined the program, and Morehouse college joined the next year — twelve colleges in all

In 1953 additional funding of \$1,310,645 extended the program for two years but at a reduced size. As the table shows, the number of students admitted in 1953 and 1954 was markedly less than in the first two years. Starting in 1953 UW admitted women as well as men as early-admission Ford scholars. Wisconsin was the only college to have a fifth year of Ford scholars.

For a student's first two years the Foundation offered full scholarship regardless of need. When the scholarships were extended to cover the last two years of a student's undergraduate education, need was a consideration. Difficulties in funding those later years may be why fewer students were admitted into the program after 1952. The number of '53s entering Wisconsin is strikingly small.

NUMBER OF SCHOLARS BY COLLEGE AND YEAR OF ENTRANCE <sup>a</sup>					
COLLEGE	1951	1952	1953	1954	TOTAL
Chicago	60	54	23	21	158
Columbia	51	46	24	22	143
Fisk	28	36	31	27	122
Goucher	19	22	15	17	73
Lafayette	30	23	14	0	67
Louisville	29	29	19	20	97
Morehouse	0	29	28	24	81
Oberlin	25	29	17	16	87
Shimer	34	32	29	30	125
Utah	40	45	38	30	153
Wisconsin	52	48	13	26	139
Yale	52	47	3	3	105
Total	420	440	254	256	1350

<sup>a</sup>p. 7 *They Went to College Early*

Yale essentially dropped out after 1952, and Lafayette likewise after 1953. Wisconsin took an additional 23 students in 1955 but the Foundation kept no statistics on them. In what follows UW participants are identified by their year of entry: The first class of Ford Scholars in Madison were '51s; the first girls to come there in the program were '53s; the last class of Ford students were '55s.

## 1.1 Ford Scholars at Wisconsin

In 1962 Herbert Howe compiled a list of all the UW Ford scholars. The numbers in his list are a little different from those in the Ford Foundation report. For one thing Howe's list includes UW's '55s.

Number of UW Fords					
Entering Year	'51	'52	'53	'54	'55
Number Entering	51	47	13	26	23
Women <sup>a</sup>	0	0	8	9	13

<sup>a</sup>These numbers are extracted from Howe's list, which has 12 names for which gender can not be determined

At least 23 of the men, many of them as MDs, did national service — 6 in the Air Force; 3 in the Navy; 11 in the Army; 3 in the Public Health Service. These numbers may be off by a few because what portion of the "Lost" did military service is not known.

There was attrition. Of UW's '51s, by the end of four years 6 had failed out, 2 left for other reasons and 15 transferred. The numbers for '52s were 5, 3, and 6. Some of the fail-outs were readmitted and graduated late.



Howe's list indicates, with some ambiguities, the professions of many UW Fords. The following table shows the remarkable extent to which Ford scholars entered the professions. If Ford scholarships were intended to develop talent and bring it to the service of the larger society, the table shows striking success.

	'51	'52	'53	'54	'55	Total
MDs	13	18	2	3	4	40
LLBs	8	2	2	1		13
PhDs	14	9	1	1	4	29

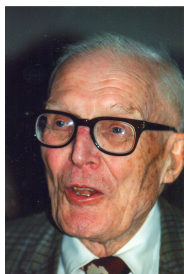
<sup>a</sup>Because there is no information about 26 Ford students that Howe labeled as "Lost," their professions are unknown and are not included in this table.

This is a total of 82 professional degrees among the 134 UW Fords for whom there are data. Eight of the Ph.D.s were in physics; one in nuclear engineering; three were in chemistry; four in mathematics; five in history; two in English; one in zoology; one in psychology; one in political science; and one in economics. At least fifteen Ford scholars obtained terminal masters degrees.

## 1.2 Herbert and Evelyn Howe

Herbert Howe, a professor in the Department of Classics, was a key person for many UW Fords. Appointed advisor of the group, he found housing for many, provided guidance on administrative matters, and persuaded many to enroll in ILS, UW's program of Integrated liberal Studies. In the first year of the program 36 of 51 incoming UW Fords enrolled in ILS. It was a bonding experience for them that spilled over to include other Ford students not in ILS. His wife Evelyn, also a professor, helped Ford students adjust to college life and provided dinners and social occasions at the Howe's home.

The importance of the Howes is captured in Dave Schoenbaum's eulogy, written after Herbert and Evelyn Howe died two days apart in 2010; he was 98; she was 94.<sup>1</sup>



Herbert and Evelyn Howe ca. 1997

Pictures courtesy of Charles T. W. Stephenson

<sup>1</sup><https://news.wisc.edu/herb-and-eve-howe-veteran-uw-madison-academics-die-two-days-apart/>. Good obituary.

### 1.2.1 Remembering the Howes — David Schoenbaum

I'm only sorry that I can't be here to say in person what I've been deputized to say on behalf of a cohort of superannuated whiz kids, once known as Ford Boys and — with a slight delay — Girls. Much of what follows will be old hat to Evelyn, who was still known as Linnet to her parents and us, when our paths first intersected in September 1951. But it might be of interest to others of you, who knew the Howes differently or more recently than we. And you can trust me that it's been a matter of lifelong interest to the small but devoted constituency I have the honor to speak for.

The story begins, believe it or not, with the Korean War that struck almost all of us out of nowhere just over 60 years ago. With one highly qualified exception, it's hard to say anything nice about it. It killed some 37,000 Americans, and several million Koreans. It left a weird armistice, one of the world's creepiest states, and a nagging nuclear proliferation problem.

But now comes the exception. It connected us with the Howes. The Cold War had already resurrected the peacetime draft. The Korean War increased the need for military manpower. The need for military manpower caused concern at the January 1951 meeting of the Association of American Colleges.

The concern at the meeting of the Association of American Colleges rang bells at the Ford Foundation, at this point a mountain of untapped capital, just waiting to become philanthropy. Within weeks, academic demand and philanthropic supply converged, and the mountain gave birth to a bouncing baby experiment, known as the Ford Pre-Induction Scholarships. By College Board — now SAT — time that spring a couple of thousand applicants had somehow got wind of it.

(Full disclosure: the news reached me in Milwaukee via my high school English teacher, Miriam B. Watson, a lady with a cane and what seemed to me godlike authority, who I suddenly realized was chasing me from the other end of a very long corridor. “David,” I heard her call, “when is your birthday?” Thanks to Miss Watson, I made the cut-off date for application by 11 days.

None of us was over 16 and a half, and most were a year or two short of high school graduation. The idea was to sort 200 of us into groups of 50 for a two-year liberal arts package at Yale, Columbia, Chicago or Wisconsin. We'd then be drafted.

Right up to today, I've no idea what happened at the other places. But I've a pretty good idea what happened here, and who and what made it work. Mark Ingraham, the longtime liberal arts dean, had the inspired idea of mobilizing Herbert M. Howe, a former prep school teacher and junior professor of classics, to take charge of the Wisconsin contingent. Where Herb went, Eve, of course, was right behind.

The rest, as they say, is history. Two of the precocious arrivals were from Wisconsin and dorm-eligible. One was Marv Chapman, very possibly the only

black kid in Whitefish Bay, where his mother did the rich folks' laundry. The other was me.

John Israel of suburban Long Gyland reminds me how Herb spent much of a pre-air conditioned summer finding roofs to cover the rest, 29 from New York, eight alone from the Bronx High School of Science. He also recalls how Herb tried to pair roommates from different parts of the country — or at least different boroughs of New York. He then piloted us through registration, funneled large numbers of us into Integrated Liberal Studies (ILS), and was generally on call in loco at least 50 pair of parentis in matters large and small for whatever it took. I'd guess that most of us had to become parents ourselves to appreciate what this involved.

For many of us, it meant warmly-remembered dinners at the Howe home, where Eve cooked well, the guests ate properly, and Herb, who kept his troubled stomach at arm's length, drank milk. For him and most of us, it meant at least four years, since the Korean War ended in negotiated stalemate, the draft calls receded, and the Ford Foundation agreed to see us to our diplomas. But in fact the relationship never ended.

All of us have our personal memory galleries. There's a well-tended place in mine for the man, who told me to call him mister, on grounds that professor was too fancy, and doctor too much like an optometrist or school superintendent. When Dick Church, the conductor of the university orchestra, decided that we should play in tuxedos, Herb, who was as tall and gaunt as I was neither, loaned me his, as well as the safety pins I needed to wear it. To this day, I don't write a sentence, including this one, without recalling how Herb deconstructed what I thought was a wonderful term paper. "It's OK," he reassured me. "I write that way too when my wife doesn't stop me."

But all this is 3.2 beer — another reminiscence — compared to Earl Dolven's experience a generation on, when the UW freshman, who was his son, hurt himself so seriously in a swimming pool accident that he required brain surgery. Over a month of recovery, Herb and Eve were again on the scene with help, concern and Union Terrace lunches.

A mini-bio of Mark Ingraham on the old math department home page says "It has been his peculiar genius as an administrator that he could both understand the distinctive needs and aims of the various types of specialists with whom he worked, and at the same time share with them his own broad vision of the larger whole university."

It has been the peculiar genius of the Howes as parents and teachers that they could both understand the distinctive needs and aims of a platoon of clueless whiz kids, and at the same time share with them their own broad vision of an educated adult.

### 1.2.2 Honoring the Howes; Helping ILS

Earl Dolven reminds us that:

The Herbert and Evelyn Howe Bascom Professorship was initiated in October 1996 and fully funded in April 2000 with gifts (outright and deferred) from UW/Ford Foundation Early Admissions Participants (1951-1959). Herb and Eve played important roles as faculty advisors to the Ford Scholars in the early 1950's, and the Scholars, under the leadership of Earl Dolven, initiated this Fund in their honor. The Fund supports a faculty member who teaches in Integral Liberal Studies.

### 1.3 Reunions of Ford Scholars

2000 In 2000 there was a gathering to celebrate the funding by Ford students of the Herbert and Evelyn Howe Professorship. Earl Dolven instigated and led the effort that created the professorship that honors the Howes and supports ILS.<sup>2</sup>



2005

Front: Ed Laitila, Hillel Gershenson, Charles Stephenson  
Back: John Israel, Paul Friedman, Dave Schoenbaum,  
Louise Trubek, Charles Holbrow, Earl Dolven

In 2005 there was a reunion of the '51 Fords who came back for the 50th reunion of their graduating class of 1955. Louise, on the faculty of the Law School and living in Madison, hosted them. They inspired John Allen to write an article about "The Ford Boys" for the Spring 2005 issue of the UW Alumni Magazine. It has pictures from the 1950s of John Israel, Paul Thompson, Charlie Holbrow, Louise Trubek (on the steps of Groves co-op), Louise with Paul Friedman, Evie Thut (who married Paul Thompson), and a contemporary picture of Earl Dolven with

<sup>2</sup>[chuck.phys.uri.edu/UW\\_56](http://chuck.phys.uri.edu/UW_56) has pictures courtesy of Chuck Kaufman.

Herbert and Evelyn Howe. It has vignettes of life activities of the pictured Fords and some others including Al Kolasinski. You can read this online at <https://onwisconsin.uwalumni.com/content/uploads/2005/09/2005-Spring-ON-WI.pdf#page=18>.

2006



Front: Martin Kesselman, Ray Damadian, Ed Edwards  
 Back: Al Miller, Dave Cowan, Jeffrey Kaplow, Irene Bernstein, Louise Trubek, Chuck Kaufman, Andy Mezey, Bill Eustance, Henry Summerall Picture by C. Kaufman

In 2006 there was a reunion of '52 Fords who came back to Madison for the 50th anniversary of their graduating class. Once again Louise did some hosting. Chuck Kaufman took pictures.

2009 October 9-11, 2009 there was a mini-reunion of five Fords. John Israel put it together and got ILS to give a reception at Meiklejohn House where ILS Director Catherine Middlecamp met and talked with them. Louise was again the local host but she skipped the dinner at Essen Haus, the one at which Earl said Tamara Schoenbaum found distressing both the food and the polkaing. John liked the polka but there were people in pirate costumes crowding the floor, hired to provide ersatz conviviality.



L to R: John Israel, Charles H. Holbrow, Louise Trubek, David Schoenbaum, Earl Dolven



L to R: John Israel, Xiaoliang Li, Charlie Holbrow, Tamara Schoenbaum, Mary Holbrow, David Schoenbaum, Earl Dolven, Celia Gershenson, Hillel Gershenson

A picture of John Israel, Charles H. Holbrow, Louis G. Trubek, James Crow, David Schoenbaum, and Earl Dolven was published in the College of Letters & Science newsletter; <https://ls.wisc.edu/news/ford-scholars-come-back-to-campus/>

2015 October 10, 2015 John organized another mini-reunion and arranged to be interviewed by Troy Reeves of the UW Libraries oral history group. This motivated Troy later to interview Charlie Holbrow, Dave Stanley, Dave Schoenbaum, and Al Miller by phone. All the interviews are available at <https://www.library.wisc.edu/archives/exhibits/ford-scholars-oral-history-project/> the website of the Ford Scholars Oral History Project.

Louise again did some hosting and organizing. She arranged for the group to dine at The Harvest, an upscale, upstairs restaurant on The Square with a dining room that looked directly out at the gloriously illuminated Wisconsin State Capitol.

In December Irene sent around a video that included material from several reunions. It was produced by her grandson. You can see it on YouTube at <https://youtu.be/NOLCzy2Recs>.

2021 In March 2021 a group of former UW Ford Scholars began meeting by Zoom. They talked about how they learned of the program; how they ended up in Madison; how going to college early shaped their lives. Here are some of their stories, extracted from emails, websites, obituaries and personal recollections.

## Chapter 2

# Stories

### 2.1 Andy Mezey '52 (1)

To my fellow Ford students,

I'm adding a bit about myself so those of us who came to Madison in 1952 will be represented. My mother and father and I left Budapest in 1939 when my visionary mother realized it wasn't going to get better for the Jews. She and my father's family stayed behind but fortunately almost all of them survived the Holocaust . We ended up in NYC in the Yorkville section of Manhattan. At 14, in my third year at the Bronx High School of Science, I heard an announcement on the loud speaker about the Ford Foundation scholarship. I applied, took the required tests and was informed in the middle of July 1952 that I was accepted to Wisconsin. My parents said I could go and on a day in September they took me to Penn Station. That was as far as they went. I had never been west of New Jersey. Fortunately for me and for the rest of us Ford students Herb Howe set up a cohort that supported us for the four years we spent in Madison. Because of that experience nothing else in life has been able to deter me.

I ended up going to medical school at NYU, doing a pediatric residency at Einstein, followed by 2 years in the army in France, and then retiring at the end of 2013 after 50 plus years as a clinician educator. I have held faculty positions at Einstein, Columbia, NYU, Mt. Sinai. I am still married to my childhood girlfriend, whose family avoided the Nazi holocaust and who ended up as an internationally known Nurse Gerontologist, retiring as an Emerita Professor of Nursing from NYU, having garnered two honorary doctorates, and after having served as the first nursing alumna of Columbia to become a Columbia University trustee. We have 4 daughters, 9 grandchildren, and 4 great grandsons. We live near Lincoln Center on the 27th floor with views of the Hudson River, Central Park, and midtown Manhattan, after having started my life in the US living

on Third Avenue with views of the Third Avenue El. Before the pandemic we walked to the Metropolitan Opera, Geffen Hall, the Koch Ballet theater, Broadway theaters, Carnegie Hall. We still walk daily either in Central or Riverside Park. What a life the Ford Foundation Pre-Induction scholarship afforded me. Andy

Emeritus Clinical Professor of Pediatrics  
Albert Einstein College of Medicine

## 2.2 Andy's Story elicited the following from Charlie Holbrow '51

Andy, my tale is a counter-image of yours. I was in an affluent suburb in a reasonably good high school. It was the sort of high school that had fraternities and sororities. In our school of about 300 students there was one Jew, and he was, as I learned later, not very Jewish. We were, I believe, expected to grow up and be affluent suburban WASPs. Certainly that's what many of my classmates did. My father, who left school after eighth grade, did not like the company I was keeping or the mischief I was in and made me apply for a Ford scholarship. The result was that I entered a world entirely new to me in its intellectual and cultural activities. I loved that new world and have lived happily in it. On the few occasions I have gone back to my high school, I have felt like the principal character in John P. Marquand's novel *Point of No Return*. It wasn't my father's intention, but I think that he and the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education saved me from a dull life of pointless materialism.

## 2.3 Judith Vanish May '55

I enrolled in the University of Wisconsin in 1955 at the age of 15 because my high school principal noticed an advertisement for the Ford Foundation's early admission scholarship for talented students from small towns.

I grew up in Pound, Wisconsin, population 350, where my younger sister and I had unfettered access to the town, but none to a library. My father graduated from high school into the depression, enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps, and proudly became a forest ranger in the State conservation department. Born on a farm to Polish immigrants, my mother despaired when her parents would not allow her to attend high school. At 15 she left home for Chicago where she cleaned, cooked, and danced each weekend to famous orchestras. Then she was ordered home to help in the family's store.

After she married, she attended a beauty college. Following time-out to care for my sister and me, she wrangled my early admission to grade school and



opened a shop in a downtown hotel, having agreed with her husband that she would maintain an immaculate house and serve him a meal on the table every breakfast, lunch, and dinner. My mother complied, with increasing assistance from my sister and me, so that eventually she did the laundry and made my father's breakfast, lunch, and Sunday dinner while we did the rest.

No one in my extended family had been to college. I formed my expectations from a school trip to Madison and an afternoon's conversation with a local college student. After two weeks at the University, I realized what I had done and ran in exhilaration all the way down the Carillon Tower hill. I adored being at the University. I enrolled in Integrated Liberal Studies and was delighted to tell Dr. Herbert Howe after six-week exams that I had gotten all B's. He said simply, "You will do better," and he was right.

Prior to each semester, I pored over the course catalog and selected courses that appealed to me regardless of department. Unable to commit to a major, I graduated in American Institutions with a specialization in Urbanization and Industrialization — a perfect summary of my lifelong interests.

As a Ford student, I was invited once to a dinner at the Howe's with the other Ford students in my class where we learned there was no need for us ever to meet again, and we did not. I lived in Elizabeth Waters Hall and threw myself into campus life. In my junior year I campaigned for and became Vice-President of Elizabeth Waters Hall. Other campus activities appealed to me, and I was proud to be elected in my junior year (because I had enough credits to be a senior) to Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi, and Mortar Board. In my senior year, I started an MA degree in Political Science and completed it the following year. Then I received a Fulbright award to spend a year at Bristol University. From there, I applied to the Political Science Department at the University of California at Berkeley, arrogantly telling the admissions officer that I had applied no other place and would not come unless they gave me financial assistance. Thank goodness the department accepted me and supported me until I graduated substantially later with a Ph.D.

My life at Berkeley was divided into two segments, before and after I married. Initially I enjoyed a vibrant social and intellectual life with my fellow graduate students, 17 of whom were also teaching fellows in American Government. Then, the teaching associate, who had paid no attention to me, monitored my class, asked me out, and proposed. Since he was all that I could wish for, I accepted, and we were married that summer. But I became increasingly depressed to see that I had made the same bargain as my mother. My husband loved having "a Ph.D. make him breakfast." I also made him lunch and dinner, cleaned the house, and did the laundry. When he took a job at Yale, I could not bear being a faculty wife, so we separated. With excellent psychiatric help, I came to see that my wishes also counted, so we divorced, and I returned to Berkeley to complete my degree.

Although only three semesters had elapsed, the campus to which I returned had completely changed under the Free Speech movement and anti-war protests. There were new faculty, too, and I acquired a mentor. With financing from NASA, he created the Oakland Budget Project where graduate students monitored various Oakland agencies. After a long period of participant observation in the flatlands of Oakland, I wrote a dissertation analyzing four successive social change programs (including one funded by the Ford Foundation) entitled “Struggle for Authority” In due course, I was appointed as an Acting Assistant Professor at the University of California at Davis where I began to experience the “now we have one” syndrome — in this case, a woman and a subject-matter specialist. I left for the Brookings Institution to finish my dissertation and, somewhat inadvertently, wound up teaching at Rutgers University in Newark. Increasingly unhappy with university teaching, I applied for a faculty fellowship in public administration to work for one year in Washington DC, but I stayed. In HUD I initially worked for the Deputy Assistant Secretary overseeing the Federal Housing Administration (FHA) and later staffed the Carter Administration’s interagency effort to draft a national urban policy.

My university training and experience monitoring politics in Oakland had thoroughly prepared me for my new job, and I loved it. I loved the density of people interested in problems of great complexity. I loved that, on the basis of an elevator conversation, one could switch from one job to another. I did so frequently over my 33-year service. I invented two programs — the Targeted Jobs Demonstration Program, a six-agency effort, and the Home Equity Conversion Mortgage program — popularly known as the FHA reverse mortgage program. In the last 10-years of my career, I was Director of the Office of Evaluation in the Office of Housing where I played a critical role in undermining data gatekeepers and making “big data” on FHA programs conveniently available for analysis by anyone with a need (including those outside of the Department). Not one iota of my lauded ability was wasted in the effort to support the Department’s policy making, budgeting, and accountability challenges. Thank you Ford Foundation for making this all possible.

## 2.4 Lorraine A. Abraham ’54

To my fellow Ford Scholars,

I belong to the lawyer sect and still do as I am continuing to practice law, albeit not the 50 hours per week I did for many years.

I come from the very middle class Bronx of the 50’s — a safe and homogenous world, including going to the Bronx High School of Science as did Andy Mezey. (I think the missing Goldstein from my class is Bernard Goldstein who became a doctor.) My brother, four years my senior already in college wanted to go to

medical school so whatever funds were available had, in my traditional household, to go to him. I was most likely going to be a day student at Barnard when I really wanted to go away to school. When I heard about the Ford Foundation Scholarship, it seemed to be the answer. I was given the opportunity to go to a few schools including the University of Chicago, but rejected that as I did not think I was smart enough. Ironically I was admitted to the law school when I graduated but did not go then.

I came to Madison with my mother as I was barely 16 and though my parents agreed I could go to Madison, she had to check it out. The University and Madison itself was like walking into the world of Archie Comics — so unlike New York and so much “America.” I quickly learned that all smart people do not live in the East and that opportunity for intellectual exchange existed west of the Hudson. While at Wisconsin I served on SLIC, participated in the mock UN and made a friend I still see, served as the student manager of the music series at the Union, and have many wonderful stories to tell about that.

I started taking classes at the law school in my senior year but being the only woman in my section I was discouraged from continuing by a woman already at the law school. Instead, knowing no one else, I set off for Geneva, Switzerland to go to the Institut Des Hautes Etudes International (Graduate School of International Studies). If Madison broadened my scope to include the rest of America, the time I spent in Europe gave me the world. (At this point I have traveled to 50 countries and am not stopping.) I did get a Masters in International Relations and ended up working in the News Department at ABC, CBS, and for UPI on a contract for the USIA. The unfulfilled desire to go to law school never left. Although married and the mother of two children under 3, living in suburban New Jersey, I started Rutgers Law School in 1971 in the first wave of women doing so. That was the beginning of many firsts in my world: founding the first all-women law firm in the state, serving as the first woman judge in my county, serving as the first woman trustee of the county bar association. My much more than 15 minutes of fame came when I served as the attorney for the child involved in I/M/O Baby M, the first case dealing with surrogacy that became internationally famous.

For many years I was a named partner in a law firm and now am a partner in a large 150-year-old firm in the Trust and Estates Department. I live two blocks from Lincoln Center, affording me in usual times the luxury of walking home from the New York Philharmonic and Met Opera if they ever open again. I still spend time at my home in the glorious Berkshires and aside from the loss of loved ones, it has been a terrific life.

Lorraine Abelson Abraham

## 2.5 Irene Bernstein '53

Well, after reading the bios of my FF (fellow Fords), all I can say is WTF! (What Terrific Fords!- and shame on the rest of you for thinking that it meant something else!)

I don't think I can measure up to their accomplishments but here's my story. No Ph.D, no MD after my name, not even an ADD (thank heavens!) But I did get a Master's Degree in French Literature and Secondary Ed. from Brooklyn College.

Although I was the top student in my 8th grade graduating class, I was destined for a Commercial course in James Madison H. S. in Brooklyn, NY. Neither of my parents had been to college, and they saw no reason for a mere girl to go to college. After 2 days in these classes, being surrounded by students who did not share my academic interests, with none of my friends in my classes (they were all studying algebra, while I was in Business Arithmetic!), I told my parents that if they didn't go up to the school and get my course of study switched to an Academic one (College-bound), I wasn't going back!

So there I was, a year later, sitting in Home Room, when an Arista student came around to read the daily announcements (No loudspeaker for us in James Madison HS, unlike Stuyvesant! But, in our defense, we do have as alumni Bernie Sanders, Chuck Schumer and . . . . .RBG!!!)

My ears perked up when the topic came up of this special test for a scholarship to go to college early at UW. I told my parents about it and building up my confidence, they said "You'll never get it but it will be good experience so, sure, sign up for it!" My grade advisor said I certainly qualified, and the rest is history.

At first, very reluctant to allow me to accept it (I had NEVER been away from home for any reason before!), my parents were finally convinced to allow me to go. It afforded me, as many of you well know, a life-changing experience, a wonderful education and friends for life. (I have been close friends for years with Naomi Karlan, Verna Atkins, Louise Grossman) and more recently, with Phil Schaeffer and Al Miller.

I will never forget that first semester, living with a family on Oakland Avenue, near Camp Randall! Waiting for the bus on those frigid winter nights at the bus stop in front of Rennebohm's! Snow, swirling around and covering me like a snow sculpture. Then the long walk from the stop near the stadium to that house! Got out of there asap and found a place on N.Lake between State/University and stayed there the remainder of the time.

I majored in French, taught in a girls' lycée in Orléans, France for a year after my graduation. Life after my return to the US was not easy for me, and I found

myself at the age of 25, divorced, with 2 daughters to support and teaching French in the NYC public schools. For most of my career, I taught French language and literature in the high schools, retiring in 1992.

But once again, I had another life-changing experience. A few years before my retirement, while visiting Paris in conjunction with a workshop for Teachers of French, I decided to read my newspaper in the Tuileries Gardens on Bastille Day afternoon in 1987. Shortly thereafter a Frenchman sat down beside me and started a conversation. Long story short, we were married 2 years later! For a while we had an apartment in the Marais in Paris, which I visited during every school vacation. Thanks to him, Gérard Pechmèze, I got to see France from the inside out, visiting towns and villages that most Americans never get to see and, of course, learning some vocabulary they didn't teach in school!!! We were together for 20 years before he passed away. Until the pandemic I went back to France every year since then to visit family and friends.

Now I belong to the Maison Française at Columbia University and participate in its activities, as well as being a presenter in their Cercle de Lecture. I also have a place in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, where I am in charge of organizing activities such as wine tastings, films, board games (all en français, of course! ) and Zooms, right now, for the French-speaking group of the Berkshires International Club.

Irene Bernstein-Pechmèze, née Forman, UW '53-57

## 2.6 Thomas Hartshorne '51

I'll add my story to the mix. Unlike you outlanders, for me getting the Ford Scholarship was returning home because I was born in Madison and my mother was secretary of the Speech Department, so I already had a strong connection to the University.

We moved to Detroit right after the war, and I got into Andover after going through junior high in Detroit. One day the Dean of students at Andover told us about the Ford program in a school assembly, adding that he thought the whole idea was a bad one. But as soon as he said "Wisconsin" his disapproval became supremely unimportant to me, and I was able to get back to where I had grown up.

One other huge consequence of being a Ford student at Wisconsin was that it was through other Ford students that I met Joan one night at the Rathskeller. I can never thank you enough for that. (On one of our trips back to Madison we stopped by the Rathskeller, and I was disappointed to see that there was no plaque or any other kind of memorial at the table where we had met.)

After graduating I spent my first, very unpleasant, year in graduate school at Brown, but then returned to my senses and Wisconsin, where I wound up

getting my Ph.D. after a stint in the Army. It was in the Army that I came to Cleveland, working as a clerk in the induction examining station here, and when Joan joined me after completing a tour with the Jose Limon dance company, she got a job teaching dance and directing the dance company at Karamu House here while I worked on my dissertation.

When that was far enough along, I started looking around for jobs in the area, and soon found one. Remember how higher education was expanding like crazy in the early and mid 60s? A very fortunate circumstance for me. Anyway I hooked up with Cleveland State almost as soon as it had come into existence, and stayed there until my formal retirement in 2000. I stayed on teaching part-time for another few years, and then found another job teaching at a senior education program run by the local community college, which I'm still doing. And I intend to continue until I get it right!

Tom Hartshorne

## 2.7 David Stanley '51

Motivated by the stories from John, Charlie, Andy (whom I think I have never met) and Henry, my somewhat prosaic story:

I grew up in then rural far Northern Westchester County, New York. My parents were both from small towns in Nebraska and graduated from the University in the Mid 20s. But they came from very different circumstances. When my mother graduated, her folks sent her on a year-long trip in Europe. My Father dropped out of college after a year to go home and put running water — not plumbing or hot water, just running water— in his parents' house.

My father was a prominent journalist before the war, a deputy director in the OWI during the war and a medium executive at NBC until he retired in the late 60s. My mother bought a small newspaper when I was 10 or 11 (I think she paid \$1200) and ran it until I was 20 or so.

In my rural high school, my class was 28 and only 6 or 7 went on to college. The number 28 was achieved by perhaps a quarter of the class quitting school at 16.

I learned about the Ford program from my older brother who was at the University of Chicago, and I leapt at the chance. I chose Wisconsin first because Columbia would have been a commute, my brother was at Chicago and Yale was not coed. Very glad I did.

Of course I went to ILS (where I met my late first wife) and Herb and Evelyn made a great deal of difference in my first year survival. My first room-mate was Andy Ferber (you can google him) and Todd Sliker and Ed Laitila were in my house.

When I was in my junior year, I addressed the fact that I would graduate at the age of 19 and be unemployable. Not of an academic bent, for a graduate school I chose Law school. I chose Columbia and, as Fords do, I aced the LSAT. Columbia accepted me after three years at Wisconsin, a very rare acceptance in those days.

Again, as with Fords, I was near the top of my first year class at Columbia and was invited to the Law Review. In those days, as now, that is a career ticket.

I practiced law in NYC (Paul Weiss) and Minneapolis for almost 15 years — mostly corporate finance — and was hired away by an investment banking client. As the number two executive at this prominent MidWest and Western firm, I warmed a seat for the boss's son for almost ten years until another former client, a large, ultimately Fortune 500, retailer hired me away as COO and then CEO. This called for a move to Kansas City, and it is from this job that I retired in 1998 after 18 years. This last was a really good job.

My wife of 37 years, Jean Keffeler — an accomplished person, once Chair of the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota — and I have lived on a sweet ranch in southwestern Montana (small by Montana standards — large by Eastern) near Livingston and Yellowstone Park for the last 20 years. (Charlie and Mary Holbrow have been here a few times over the years.) Between us, we have eight children — 6 and 2 with ages from 64 to 44 — 20 grandchildren, ages from 31 to 4 — and two greats. They all visit our ranch regularly.

Jean and I have been engaged in public service since we were each in our early thirties — mostly on Boards and governmental commissions — and it has been a large part of our lives.

My only son graduated from Wisconsin in the mid 80s.

I have had many experiences in the last 70 that have been formative — none that have equaled my years as a Ford at Wisconsin.

## **2.8 Bernie Goldstein '54**

### **2.8.1 Part I**

I was a Ford scholar, entering class of '54. I resolutely refused to identify as a Ford scholar or to participate in any of the Ford-related activities. Even my best friend at UW did not know until about a decade later when my sister inadvertently told him.

I remember entering a meeting in a classroom of Ford students during Freshman Week, looking around, and walking out. I contacted Professor Howe afterwards, and he allowed me to not be a formal participant. My recollection is that he

even helped by putting me into the pool of usual students, including a usual student adviser. But I do remember being contacted to take the GRE which I believed was used by the Ford program to follow our scholastic success.

In recent years I've wondered about my unwillingness to be identified as a Ford scholar. Did it really reflect my wanting not to allow myself to use being 15 as an excuse to accept scholastic or social failure, as I told myself at the time. Or was it more my initial recognition that Ford scholars were an object of ridicule on campus?

My reminiscing was fostered during a recent move when I stumbled across my marked up copy of Colin Wilson's *The Outsider*, which came out in 1956. I had become very interested in existential philosophy, perhaps reflecting my actively observing and analyzing what other students were doing so I could try to fit in. In part this also reflected spending my summers working as a glazier in the Bronx in which as a college student I was also an outsider.

At any event, if you think I would fit in despite having rejected the companionship and group experiences of fellow Ford scholars, I would welcome doing so.

Bernie

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### 2.8.2 Part II

To join in the sharing, let me add my impression of the value of the Ford program to me. As I mentioned previously, with the agreement of Professor Howe I avoided direct involvement in any of the Ford activities or advisory functions while on campus. So I am a control group of perhaps just one for the value of on-campus Ford support in that while I arrived at age 15 from my sophomore year in high school, I otherwise was in the common pool of UW students. Perhaps most crucial to fitting in was obtaining a "beer card" through means that I won't describe even though the statute of limitations has long passed.

I have the fondest memories of Madison. The breadth and depth of the education I received seemed to be at least as good as my colleagues in medical school and



in academia. Further, I learned about different ways of thinking than if I had gone to an Ivy League school or otherwise stayed in the NY area. My bias, reinforced by time spent in academic or governmental activities in other parts of the world, is that the land grant college system is among the chief strengths of the US. My closest friend, whose home I was married in, is someone I met on campus.

I went to NYU medical school where I stayed on as a medical intern, resident and hematology fellow at Bellevue Hospital. A major defining point for my career was serving two years in the US Public Health Service Division of Air Pollution which was later incorporated into the EPA. I then returned to NYU Medical School as a medical faculty member but gradually segued into environmental health. In 1980 I was recruited to develop an environmental program at the then Rutgers Medical School at the then Dept of Environmental and Community Medicine. I was founding Director of the Environmental and Occupational Health Sciences Institute and initial head of New Jersey's first public health graduate program. During this period I took a two-year administrative lead to be the Assistant Administrator of EPA in charge of Research and Development, a political appointment at which I found that my Wisconsin background was very helpful. In 2001 I left New Jersey to become Dean of the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of Public Health where I am now enjoying being Professor Emeritus and Dean Emeritus. Along the way I was elected a member of the National Academy of Medicine and the American Society for Clinical Investigation, and was President of the Society for Risk Analysis. Currently, I still teach, give public lectures and write a few papers — although this has slowed down since the crisis in environmental health science and policy has abated following the last national election.

I believe I have much to be thankful to the Ford Foundation and the University of Wisconsin for allowing me to be in a position that probably taught me to observe the world around me much more carefully than I otherwise would have.

Bernie Goldstein

## 2.9 Charlie Holbrow '51

For me there were two major impacts of my UW experience. First, there were the other Ford students. ILS was of secondary importance. I was not in ILS; neither were fifteen other Ford students.

Because I found my own housing, my first year at UW I lived in a rooming house that had no Ford students. I had a roommate who was a lout from Beaver Dam who flunked out and left after six weeks. The other members of the house included several seniors who treated me with avuncular or brotherly kindness. There was also Pooch Bartlett who was at UW on a boxing scholarship. He

achieved some renown in our house when he demonstrated how his farts would ignite in puffs of flame. I only heard this second hand from others; sadly I missed the demonstration. After Pooch broke his hand boxing and could no longer box, he lost his scholarship and had to leave school. That was my introduction to big-time college athletics.

Jack was in pharmacy school and already working part time at Rennebohm's. It was from him that after much vacillation and nerving myself up that I bought Trojan condoms. Sad to say their use was for making water balloons. John Zahn loaned me his draft card and his drivers license, which in those simpler days had no picture, to use as ID for buying beer. Glen Derge had been a high-school football star being scouted until he came down with polio and was crippled for life; he wore heavy leg braces and walked with canes; he was bitter. It was a diverse very Wisconsin centered group of people.

I also pledged DKE that first year. I got falling down drunk a couple of times. Once on my own drinking sloe gin in the intramural fields with fellow Fords and at least once at a DKE fraternity party. I did not like it when the pledgemaster upbraided us pledges for not drinking enough at the Saturday night parties. That disgusted me and I depledged.

Two fellow Fords, John Israel and Steve Kresge, lived across the street from me. We soon found each other and became fast friends. We hung out in the Union where I got to know other Fords most of whom were in ILS. After my first year most of my close acquaintances and male friends were Fords. There were no girl Fords until '53, so perforce the girls who were my friends were older and as it happened all from Wisconsin. That remained the pattern for the rest of my four years as a UW undergraduate. It was Ford students who were interesting and fun to talk with, to play pinochle with, to hang out in Union with. They remained close friends for decades after.

The other impact was the UW faculty and the courses I took. I changed from being a science major to being a history major. I took history courses from Edson, Higby, Post, Petrovich, Green, Harrington, Boardman, and Knaplund. I liked them all and I learned a remarkable amount of history from them. They made me aware of other cultures and other times. To some extent they fed my hope that by studying history I would come to understand humans and human behavior. To some extent that worked out especially after being buttressed by three years of history and political science at Columbia. I now understand America and the world much better than when I was ten; I understand it so well that I no longer need to study history to know how people are going to behave in most historical circumstances — or at least I know enough to no longer be surprised or horrified at how they behave. And I owe this all to wonderful UW faculty.

So two big influences on my life: you, my fellow Fords; and UW faculty.

As for ILS and how it has come from its glorious past to its attenuated present, I can explain that. I taught for 36 years at Colgate University where the so-called Core Curriculum — a structured, interrelated set of liberal arts courses that all students were required to take — was a central feature of a Colgate education. Enormous amounts of faculty time and energy have been spent on producing, maintaining, and evading the demands of this program. I have seen close-up the faculty dynamics that produce a general education program and also resist it; that celebrate its centrality and timelessness and denounce its anti-feminist, racist, Euro-centric, exclusivist essence. One person's fundamentals for education turn out to be another's ideological indoctrination. We went to college in a simpler age — extremely white, extremely male: Penelope stayed home weaving while her sociopath husband went sailing and didn't come home until he had consumed the lives of all of his retainers.

## 2.10 Andy Mezey '52 (2)

Thanks Charlie. Your essay certainly resonates with me, expressing the importance of just attending UW in the 1950s. While I appreciate the two-year academic ILS curriculum, the importance of the Ford Student cohort and the diversity of the general student body as eloquently described by Charlie were paramount. I grew up in the west Bronx surrounded by an all white population and a almost all Jewish student body in elementary school and in SP classes I was in in JHS, and not quite all Jewish at Bronx Science. The smart Catholic kids all went to parochial schools. There were no Protestants, no African Americans, no Asians. That almost all changed in Madison. On the fast pitch intramural softball league that Lester Mayers and I played in, our team had 3 African American players. I learned how to play bridge, table tennis, pool, and how to bowl. At the next pool table I often saw Alan "the Horse" Ameche, or in the next bowling lane Harvey Kuenn, later to become an All Star shortstop for the Detroit Tigers. The bridge playing later paid off both in medical school and in the Army. While stationed in France my wife and I parlayed our bridge playing into becoming popular with the bridge crazy elite French population in Verdun. My experience and comfort with diverse populations that began in Madison has translated into my extended family. My DNA is over 90% Ashkenazi Jewish, as is my wife's and our four daughters and 3 out of four of their spouses. Our grandchildren have taken a different path. Four of our grandchildren have married non Jews — Italian American, Puerto Rican, Mexican American, and one bi-racial midwestern/Dominican. Our 4 great grandsons reflect this. Our other 5 grandchildren are not yet married but will likely continue their cousins' diversity. All this to say that while ILS played an important role in my education, becoming a Ford Student changed the entire trajectory of my life. Had I not been accepted I would have gone to one of the NYC public colleges, become an accountant and have forfeited a wonderful academic career as a pediatrician.

Andy

Andrew P Mezey, MD, MS  
Emeritus Clinical Professor of Pediatrics  
Albert Einstein College of Medicine

## 2.11 Phil Ebersole '52

Taken from Phil Ebersole's Blog: Thoughts about politics and the passing scene.  
The blog is at <https://philebersole.wordpress.com/about/>.

### **About Phil Ebersole**

I'm Philip Ebersole, a retired newspaper reporter in Rochester, NY.

I was born in 1936 and grew up in Williamsport, MD, a small town on the Potomac River. I attended the University of Wisconsin from 1952 to 1956, and then volunteered for two years service in the U.S. Army. I worked on my home town newspaper, *The Daily Mail*, in Hagerstown, MD, for 15 years as a reporter and one year as city editor. I then moved to Rochester where I worked for four years as a copy editor and 20 years as a business news reporter for the *Democrat and Chronicle*. For 12 of those years, my main job was to cover Eastman Kodak Co., then our city's dominant employer. I retired late in 1998.

I have been a Unitarian Universalist for virtually all my adult life. I am a member of First Universalist Church of Rochester. I participate in several local reading and discussion groups.

## 2.12 Harry Issler '51

My story describes some of my experiences as a Ford Scholar, which seem to be quite different from those described by others.

To begin with, I was 15, not 16. I was not paired as a roommate with someone from a different part of the country, my roommate being Bob Goldstone from Manhattan while I was from the Bronx (a distance of about 5 miles). I met Prof. Herbert Howe about 4 times in 4 years and never met Mrs. Howe, and did not graduate on time. Also, I actually had to pay to take the Ford exam. Lastly, and to my great dismay, I had no idea that there were female Fordies until I read of them in some previous emails.

But let's begin at the beginning. I was born in Nov. 1935 in Cologne, Germany. My mother and father, along with my then 13 year old sister and I fled from Germany when I was 18 months old. We were only allowed to come to the US through the grace of my father's brother who signed an affidavit that we would

never become public charges and that he would take care of us. Incidentally, my father and his brother had never met because the brother had left Europe before my father was born. My father used to say that the boat on which we came wasn't the last boat out of Europe, but it was damned close.

We all lived in a one-bedroom apartment, along with my aunt and a dog in Coney Island. As my mother used to say, we didn't want to overstay our welcome so we only stayed 4 1/2 years.

We moved to the Bronx where I attended PS 77 and eventually James Monoe High School, a large, urban institution (5000+ students) whose only claim to fame was that Hank Greenberg (baseball Hall of Fame) and later, Ed Kranepool (NY Mets first baseman) both graduated from there.

In the early part of 1951 I saw a small non-descript notice that the Ford Foundation was conducting a test for early admission to either Yale, Columbia, Chicago or Wisconsin. If one was in the top 10% of one's class the test was free. Otherwise one would have to pay \$15 to take it. Guess who had to pay \$15. As far as I know, no other student from Monroe had ever heard of this exam or actually took it,

Months passed, and I had a summer job as a camper/waiter at Camp Turkey Point in Saugerties, NY. On one of my infrequent days off I hitchhiked to Fleischmanns, NY where my parents were vacationing at an inexpensive hotel. During the course of the day my mother happened to mention that she had brought some mail from home for me. When, later on in the day, I happened to open a letter from the university and read it to my parents, my mother's first statement was "You're not going!"

Saner heads prevailed, and in early September, I found myself aboard a train named The Trailblazer. This was apparently before the Wright Brothers as no one had ever dreamed of flying to Madison.

I was assigned to room with Bob Goldstone, another Fordie, who was literally the smartest person I have ever met, He never had to study, had a photographic memory and got phenomenal grades. When he applied, four years later, to Harvard Medical School, they accepted him by telegram the next day—apparently so that in the dark ages before email or texting, he would not enroll elsewhere.

As a footnote, it should be known that medical school was so easy for him that he went to and graduated from law school at the same time.

When our train arrived in Madison, I had never seen so many absolutely beautiful girls in my entire life, causing me to fall madly in love about every 20 minutes. It made me remember the little speech which my mother had prepared and had recited to me before our train pulled out of Grand Central Station. I didn't remember what the serious text of her speech was but recall that the last 5 words were "... and have a good time." This became my mantra.

Bob and I were assigned to a small garrett in a rooming house, and since he seemed so much more experienced than I (after all, he was 16, while I was only 15), it made sense for me to do whatever he said and to follow his example as to whatever he did.

The first thing he taught me was to lie — especially about our ages to girls. At this I became quite adept.

He also taught me what (little) he knew about fraternity life, and so there we were in our first days in school rushing and being rushed by several fraternities. We were even “hotboxed” (definitions available on request), and wound up as pledges at Pi Lambda Phi. Speaking for myself, I loved fraternity life and actually attained a high office there at the tender age of 18.

Fifty years later at a fraternity reunion I asked one of the brothers what had caused us to be asked to pledge. He responded by saying, “We were sure that you would end up as president of the United States.” I responded “You must be so disappointed.”

My academic life in Madison was much more spotty than my social life, which I must immodestly say was absolutely smashing. My father endlessly told me that he wanted me to become a doctor, for which I had no aptitude or desire. My grades in non-scientific subjects were good, while in those like chemistry, mathematics, physics, etc., they were uniformly poor. In my senior year, after applying to scores of medical schools, I was actually accepted by two (whose names I will never utter to protect their reputations). Not only did I not want to go to medical school or become a doctor, but in my last semester I got a resounding F in organic chemistry. This left me 3 credits short of the 120 needed to graduate, and resulted in one of my very infrequent contacts with Prof. Howe. He took my failure with greater aplomb than my father would and told me not to worry as he would enroll me in a 3 credit corresponsce course which I could finish over the summer. The next thing I knew was that I was at home, ready to start a summer job as a waiter in a Catskill Mountain hotel, facing my father’s wrath, when 2 huge cartons of books and exams arrived for me to undertake to get my degree.

To make long story short(er), it took me a full year, until September, 1956, to finish that accursed course and to actually receive my diploma. What complicated my situation immeasurably was the fact that in 1955, when I had actually intended to be attending (some) graduate school, the draft hung over all those not actually in school, and I faced the prospect of military service as a PFC.

Thus, without having graduated, without having a dipoma, without filling out an application for admission, and without taking an LSAT, I called the Cornell Law School and spoke to the director of admissions. I never mentioned that I hadn’t really graduated or any other impediment to my attending law school, but he was kind enough to arrange for an interview on the very next day.

Happily, he was very much taken with my having been a Ford Foundation Scholar and at the end of the interview he said, "Okay, get a room." To my muttering "That's it?" he responded, "Well, you didn't lie, did you?" I thought to myself, "Not much, I didn't."

As things turned out, I was the youngest law school graduate that Cornell ever had in the 88 years during which they kept records.

Perhaps one more thing might be of interest and is perhaps tangentially related to UW. As you all remember, UW having been a land grant school, at least 2 years of ROTC was required (unless you were in the marching band). I was no exception, and did my required 2 years. When I went to law school, I was still facing a military draft upon graduation.. I decided to re-enroll in ROTC. On the day of my law school graduation, which was also my wedding day, I was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the US Army.

I served 30 years in the Army National Guard, mostly as a JAG officer, during which time I was the NYS Judge Advocate for 9 years, New York State's only military judge for 8 years, and retired as a Brigadier General.

On a personal note, I am the father of 3 grown daughters and grandfather of 7 grandchildren. I recently lost my wife of 62+ years.

I apologize for the length of this missive, but promise that I will be much briefer when we are all Zooming.

Harry

## 2.13 David Schoenbaum '51

As I'm ever more aware, my road to Madison and much that followed was paved with luck. It began, as it did for all of us, with the good fortune to be born in the right country at the right time to a generation that had survived the Depression and won World War II.

My father connected a Chicago meatpacker with upstate clubs and restaurants. My mother was a synagogue librarian. Milwaukee, where they settled in the mid-30's, was a spin-off of German Social democracy, with good schools, a good public library system, a first-rate newspaper and a season of Chicago Symphony on Monday nights.

My high school delivered a serious education to a blue and white collar mix in classes of several hundred, and employed the English teacher who made us read Emerson and chased me down a corridor to tell me about the Ford project. I made the cut-off date by 11 days. The school system incidentally offered violin lessons and loaned me a cheap violin.

Madison was an adventure but not a culture shock. As Herb Howe suggested, I signed up for ILS as well as the pre-med menu, and played viola in the University orchestra, not least because it loaned me an instrument. When Dave Trubek invited me to succeed him as campus stringer for the Milwaukee Journal, I said yes.

Med school was not a success. A history MA seemed a prudent alternative. General reporting in Waterloo, IA, led to the copy desk at the Minneapolis Tribune, and a Fulbright that took me to Bonn, the West German capital.

Another timely wink led me to Oxford, return to the US seven years after leaving Minneapolis, and the University of Iowa, where I retired in 2008 after 41 years.

Among my happiest memories of Bonn is an ad hoc performance of Beethoven op. 18/5 that led to a marriage with the second violinist, now in its 58th year, two children and four grandchildren.

I've meanwhile written seven books, four on Germany in the 20th century, one on Israeli-American relations, two on the violin. The first of the German books was twice pirated in Japan. The Israeli-American book was pirated by the Iranian Foreign ministry.

## 2.14 Jack Zektzer '52

Some notes about me:

1. Found an easy method for synthesis of clathrochelates and worked with Prof. Norman Rose of the University of Washington Chemistry department
2. Developed a simple method of growing large lead sulfate crystals which was published in the *Journal of Crystal Growth*. This work was actually done in the bathroom of the shanty that I lived in in the 1970s.
3. Discovered a weird mineral that occurs in the agpaitic granites of the Golden Horn batholith in Washington state which was named for me by Pete Dunn curator of mineralogy at the Smithsonian.
4. Fought the motorcycle helmet law in Washington state and lost. Motorcycle helmets are a hoax.
5. Made several trips into the Karakoram.
6. Got to Anjanabonoina on June 7, 2016. I was the first outlander to go there since 1996 according to one of the town elders. By the way the place name means the place where a son was murdered,
7. Got to within 2 feet of a group of Ringtailed Lemurs at Anja Reserve.

Zektzerite

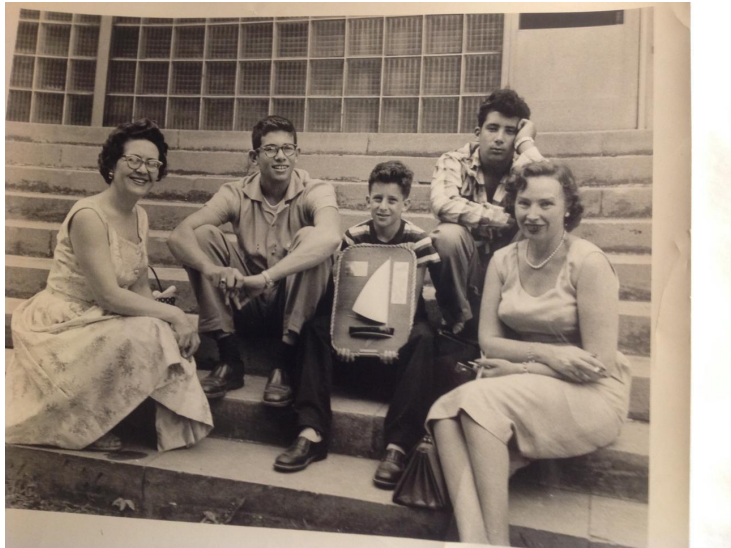
Madagascar



8. I am a confirmed cat person and like polydactyl cats.
9. I grow orchids , begonias and cacti
10. All praise to the Ringtails the universal imps and the makers of our strange universe. (One of the effects of learning too much about quantum mechanics and modern cosmology)

## 2.15 Charles Kaufman '52

The photo of the impossibly young-looking college grad and his family on the Union steps is me with the 1956 Big Ten sailing championship trophy. I never got as much press as Alan Ameche so you probably didn't know about it.



Chuck Kaufman (2nd from left) and family  
Brother Phil holds the Big Ten Championship sailing trophy

I was a wait-list scholar. We had very short notice and I am forever grateful to my parents for allowing me to accept, and for their sacrifices to support me. We were middle class but my dad worked night and day and weekends to keep us there. Mom lived behind the store when she was young. Dad left high school early to help support his brothers. Like many of us much of our family was murdered by the Nazis. Dad was a photographer. My brother has put together an assortment of his pictures, with a bit of our life story, which are online at

<https://brooklyneagle.com/articles/2020/05/19/kaufmans-brooklyn-an-index-of-previous-posts/>.

I was one of the few non-ILS Fords.

I went to grad school at Penn State, in the middle of the Pennsylvania forest. No sailing there so I took up canoeing and became nationally competitive in that too. I got a job at the U. of RI soon after finishing and have been here ever since. Among other things I've coached women's sailing. Herb was from RI. We had that to write about in our yearly messages. I retired in June 2020, teaching the last half of my last semester online. I taught summer school in Madison, twice, early in my URI career. Needless to say it was wonderful there. Madison is that any time of year but summer is special. It was almost as if I'd never left. I've had a few sabbaticals away from RI. The most notable was as 'Senior Visitor' in the DAMPT of the U. of Cambridge-Stephen Hawking's place. I was out of my league.

We have two daughters The elder is an engineer specializing in jet engines. The younger got her name on a Nobel-winning paper about ion channels in cell walls, but decided 'chemistry is too competitive' so became a lawyer. I am sinfully proud of both of them.

Chuck

A Postscript



Chuck Kaufman shows the kayakers how

'64 White water canoeing in the Catskills



'63 in New River Canyon, WV

## 2.16 Louise Trubek '53

I arrived in the Class of '53 class — the first one with girls!!! Like Irene I attended a traditional high school in Brooklyn. My father was a great admirer of the University and encouraged me to take the scholarship. I was ready for a change and gladly left for Madison.

I loved Wisconsin and had a wonderful time both in the classroom and in student activities. When I was a student senator, I met Dave Trubek (Class of '53) and we worked on free speech issues together.

I graduated from Yale Law School in 1960 joining the Ford students who are lawyers, a small subset to the many scientists and doctors.

In a strange quirk, I returned to Madison in 1973. I worked as a lawyer and as a professor in the Law School. I founded a public interest law firm and taught health law, administrative law, and other subjects.

I lived in Madison with Dave and our three daughters. We lived down the street from the Howes whom we saw from time to time — it took me back time and again to the Ford years. We lived there from 1973 to 2010 when we moved to Brooklyn — close to where I had grown up.

Attending the UW-Madison in the 50s was a great experience. They were glorious years brimming with political activism and intellectual liveliness. For me as a woman student the atmosphere was supportive, unlike what I found when I attended the Yale law School.

My granddaughter is now a sophomore at Madison.

## **Louise Trubek and Reproductive Rights**

Ford Student Salon- Sept. 24, 2021

My involvement in Reproductive rights started 60 years ago. It consists principally of three “moments.”

### **Moment one — 1959-61**

Dave Trubek and I were recruited to be plaintiffs in a lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of the Connecticut ban use or prescribing of contraceptives. We were law students at the Yale law School.

We had graduated from the University in 1957. Both essays that are attached refer to Wisconsin. I always emphasize that fact. We came from a very co-ed school where we were both politically active. We were confident of our ability to be activists and academically successful.

The date is important because the birth control pill had not been invented. We were in the period of condoms and diaphragms.

Our case was based on my desire to plan my children so that I could have a career. I genuinely believed in companionate marriage and that was my goal. Interestingly, the lawyer for the case, a Yale law Professor, emphasized pleasurable sexual relations as a reason to allow birth control since fear of pregnancy was a deterrence,

## Moment two — 2012-2015

The Republicans launched a campaign against birth control. I decided this was the time to tell my story, a largely forgotten unsuccessful case that preceded *Griswold*. I worked on it with my daughter Anne a writer and publisher. She had a contact at the New York Times and knew how to write a publishable op-ed. I received 650 comments. The most exciting was a phone call with Valerie Jarrett who worked for Obama.

### **Louise's Op-Ed: The Unfinished Fight Over Contraception**

New York Times, Op-Ed, March 1, 2012

By LOUISE G. TRUBEK

CAN we still be arguing about a woman's ability to control her own fertility? Almost 50 years ago in *Griswold v. Connecticut*, the Supreme Court struck down state restrictions on contraception because they violated a right to privacy. But the issue has not gone away. Rick Santorum injected it into the presidential race by indicating that *Griswold* should be overturned so that states could ban contraception altogether. And the Senate just voted down a Republican effort to allow employers and health insurance companies to refuse coverage for contraceptives if they had moral or religious objections.

Why are issues that the courts decided so long ago still unresolved? Maybe it is time to recognize that law alone is not enough to effect social change. It must be linked to social activism on behalf of women's rights.

I should know. Fifty-five years ago, I had an opportunity to take a stand in favor of the right of women to control their fertility — and I did so through the courts. It was 1957, and fresh out of the University of Wisconsin I enrolled in the Yale Law School — one of only six women in my graduating class. In my second year at Yale, several of our professors asked my husband and me to join a lawsuit challenging Connecticut's birth-control law, which outlawed the sale and use of contraceptive materials and prohibited a doctor from prescribing birth control even to married women. One goal of the lawsuit was to remove the statutory obstacle to opening Planned Parenthood clinics in Connecticut so that poor families could have access to family-planning services.

I immediately agreed to join the case. Others did as well, but my husband and I were the only ones to use our real names. Because

people used pseudonyms, the lead case came to be called *Poe v. Ullman*, but there was a companion case called *Trubek v. Ullman*. Poe raised a variety of grounds for challenging the statute and eventually landed in the Supreme Court.

I was proud to put my name on the case. To serve as a plaintiff, though a largely passive role, suited my vision of my future as a social justice lawyer. I supported Planned Parenthood. I believed women should have access to birth control so they could have both a career and a family. I wanted those things for myself. I was no sexual radical: I was married, a “good girl” uninterested in sexual freedom, and I thought of abortion as frightening. But I was planning to have a family and a career as a lawyer. I believed I should be free to choose the timing of my children’s births so I could do both.

Poe was thrown out by the Supreme Court on a technicality. To force the issue, Planned Parenthood opened a clinic, leaving the state with no choice but to close it down. This landed the issue back in the Supreme Court — this time with different plaintiffs, as *Griswold v. Connecticut* — which found the statute an unconstitutional intrusion on marital privacy.

The privacy argument in *Griswold* led to the legalization of contraception. But it also had a much larger impact: the privacy doctrine played a central role in *Roe v. Wade* (1973), which declared some barriers to abortion unconstitutional; was used by the court in *Lawrence v. Texas* (2003), which struck down bans on consensual same-sex sexual activity; and has been cited in state court decisions upholding same-sex marriage.

We can celebrate *Griswold*, *Roe* and all the cases that stemmed from the *Poe* litigation. They are important landmarks in American jurisprudence. But as I look back I am dismayed by how few of the issues I was fighting for at the time of *Poe* are resolved. To be sure, we have important rights and more legal privacy. But we still have not provided all the support women need to combine rewarding careers and healthy families. Planned Parenthood is under siege and poor women who are seeking comprehensive reproductive care are still at risk. Presidential candidates can get away with saying that all contraception should be outlawed. Comprehensive child care services are difficult to locate, and fully financed family and medical leave is still controversial.

In short, we won the legal battle but not the war. Women are still not guaranteed control over their lives, because the necessary social supports were never secure. The initial goal of *Griswold* was to help women — and even though the precedent has helped with same-sex marriage laws, those initial needs, especially of poor women, have been left largely unmet.

The universal coverage plan outlined in President Obama’s Affordable Care Act is a good step forward, and we should do all we

can to ensure it. Perhaps if activism had been linked to the law-suits, the aims I fought for would have been secured, and we would be spared the spectacle of Republican candidates threatening, yet again, a woman's right to control her own fertility.

Louise G. Trubek is a public interest lawyer and an emerita professor at the University of Wisconsin Law School.

The 50th anniversary of *Griswold* was 2015. There were many events to commemorate the event. Jill Lepore a New Yorker writer decided to write a story. [https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2015/05/25/to-have-and-to-hold?utm\\_source=NYR\\_REG\\_GATE](https://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2015/05/25/to-have-and-to-hold?utm_source=NYR_REG_GATE) The article has two aspects of interest. First she bookends the story with the original law suit and ends it with the story of my daughter's same sex marriage. Second she discusses the debate over the constitutional basis for the sex and marriage cases. The constitutional argument in our original case referred to the due process and equal protection clauses of the constitution. The right to privacy came out of the decision in *Griswold v. Conn.* The successful cases that followed all use the privacy argument.

### Moment three — 2021

The conservative court is now seemingly ready to overturn *Roe*. Once again there is a revisiting of the history. The equality vs. privacy debate is live again. The new technologies for abortion make the debate different. Reproductive justice which features the entire health of the mother especially for poor and women and color is at the forefront today. And fertility and low birth rates is now a great issue for society.

There is also a continuing interest in the lives of the clients who brought these crucial cases. My take away: companionate marriage is not easily achieved and the influence of a single case is hard to predict. But we were the right couple to be the face of the case.

## 2.17 Henry Wortis '51

I grew up in Brooklyn Heights, which as some of you know, was the departure point for Washington's troops after they lost the Battle of Long Island. Much later it became the wealthiest neighborhood in Brooklyn and also home for a small circle of artists, writers and intellectuals. As my father was a psychiatrist and my mom a social worker, we easily fit into the class structure of the neighborhood. Most of the children of these affluent families went to private schools: Friends School was a favorite. And most were WASPs. We were Jews, to be sure, but second generation secular. (My mother claims that after a few months in Grace Church Preschool I told her that the difference between her and me was that she believed in Santa Claus and I believed in God.)

We were unlike most of the affluent parents in the Heights not because we were secular Jews but because we were Communists. I am a Red Diaper Baby. Though small in numbers and scattered throughout the city we were a very tight knit community. Remember, in the post 1948 period we had entered the Cold War era and were heading for the McCarthy period. I married a Red Diaper Baby, my brother did as well, and so did my sister. My parents' politics meant that we did not attend private school; we went to P.S.8. The majority of kids in the school were Black and Puerto Rican and, except for us, working class. There was at least one other Jewish family but not any other children of doctors and no other Reds. It provided me with a unique point of view. It says something that I still keep my 8th grade graduation picture on my desk and think about it every day.

From P.S.8 I went on to Stuyvesant High School; then, as now, an elite school. The majority of the students were Jewish. Almost all were white. (Stuyvesant is even more racially exclusive today.) At the time Stuyvesant only accepted males. It was so popular that it operated in two shifts. For the first two years we attended from 1 to 5. For the last two 8 to 12. I traveled there by subway; 45' one-way on a good day. The schedule meant that when I wasn't in school or on the subway, I was home alone. It was a lonely experience, and when I heard about the Ford Scholars I jumped at it.

There was no question that the only Ford school I was interested in was Wisconsin. This is because of my teenage hero David Franklin. He was a biology teacher who lived in the Heights. Originally from Milwaukee he was a pre-med student at Wisconsin when the Spanish Civil War broke out. He left school to join the Lincoln Brigade and never returned. As a red he was purged from the public schools during the early days of the Red Scare. No wonder I admired him. I asked him to tutor me for the exams and that's how I made it to Madison in 1951.

Why, when I got off the train I was wearing boots and a cowboy hat is another story.

Henry

Henry H. Wortis, M.D., Prof.,  
Immunology  
Member, PREP Executive  
Tufts University School of Medicine  
150 Harrison Ave, Boston MA 02111  
617-733-0952

## Military Service

As an MD, I would have been an officer (lieutenant) if drafted. Instead, the draft board wrote that my "service in any capacity would not be in the interest

of the country.”

My very conservative grandfather was nevertheless very upset that I planned to protest.

## 2.18 David Skwire '51

My wife and I are living in a “retirement community”—still very much in the independent living section, thank God, reasonably healthy, reasonably happy, etc. I have mixed feelings about this Zooming business. I was an English major, taught college English, wrote two best selling Freshman English textbooks (both ran to twelve editions), so 21st century gizmos make me uneasy. I keep finding myself wishing computers and smartphones turn out to be just another fad. So I have fond memories, but I wouldn't want to get depressed. Or electrocuted!.

## 2.19 Charles Rosenberg '52

Thanks for all you've been doing for the Ford survivors. I've been really distracted the past few weeks but have meant to contribute a brief bio to the collection that has accumulated.

I grew up at the north end of Manhattan Island, in a section called Inwood. Attended PS 52 and would have gone to George Washington High School but managed to get into Bronx Science, where I graduated in 1952 with no great distinction. But somehow heard about the Ford opportunity and applied (I was still fifteen and eligible, though I did graduate from Science).

Wisconsin was a great experience for someone who had never been west of the Hudson River. I discovered girls and an academic — disciplinary — world previously unknown. (I also worked for four years taking care of chickens in an endocrinology lab, earning some extra income to help support myself). After giving up on the pre-med world, I was seduced into history and in particular the history of medicine and American social history. So ended up at Columbia for graduate school, then spent a post-doc year at Johns Hopkins medical school before getting my first teaching job — at Wisconsin (1961-3). I was supported in part by a grant subsidizing work on the origins of the agricultural experiment station movement in the US — another area like medicine — that underlined the inter-dependence among academic science, government policy, the university and applied science.

In 1963 I moved with my then wife to the University of Pennsylvania, where I stayed until 2000 — first in History and then in the History and Sociology



of Science department. I then shifted to Harvard and its History of Science Department, retiring a half-dozen years ago. After spending so many years in Philadelphia, I still think of myself as more a Philadelphian than a New Yorker or Bostonian. And still feel a strong attachment to Wisconsin, where I grew up in so many ways and from which I received an honorary doctorate in 1997 — an honor I still think of with particular pride.

## 2.20 Charles W. T. Stephenson '51

**Charles W. T. Stephenson** was born in 1935 near London, England. He was educated at the Dragon School, Oxford, with high school in British Columbia and Chicago. He received a B.Sc. from the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and a J.D. from Yale Law School.

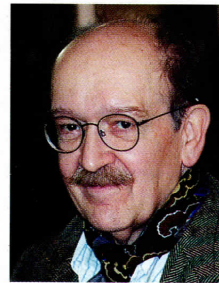


Photo by Phillip Hakim

After private practice, he spent 30 years as a lawyer in Washington with the U.S. foreign aid program.

His first book, "Development Cantos," suggested that the development of a country can be compared to that of a person.

A canto is a unit of a larger poem.

This volume asks, accordingly, how can the development of a person be promoted? In the vernacular, how can you help a person get a life?

Parents help their children to this end. The author's father was a professor, with doctorates in physics and in psychology. He invented Q-methodology, in use around the world, which permits the scientific study of subjectivity. As a Brigadier, he was chief consulting psychologist to the British Army in World War II.

The author's mother, an artist in Columbia, Missouri, supplied the art work in both these books. "Art, the legends, the culture, the writings, the history . . . the known and the unknown, have enthralled me all my life," she wrote once.

Late in life, the author reports, he became intrigued with the subject of leadership, when he realized that his father, without saying so, had hoped that the author would become a leader.

*A sample, from Canto 60:*

**Every girl  
should have a Peter Pan  
and every boy,  
a Wendy.**

ISBN 0-9638907-3-5



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## 2.21 Earl Dolven '51

My story is already part of this collection and is set forth in “The Ford Boys” article in the UW Alumni magazine and in Dave Schoenbaum’s wonderful eulogy to the subject of this reunion effort, Herb Howe. I might add a few more recent items of interest.

John Israel’s reference to his love of music and dance brings back memories of our first Ford reunion in Madison (2001) at a well known German eating place. John spent the entire evening dancing the polka. Tamara Schoenbaum also remembers that evening and, when responding to a subsequent reunion invitation, agreed to attend provided there was no polka dancing.

My son, Ben, upon entering the U. of Michigan graduate school, found himself living with a housemate named Michael Schoenbaum. After getting to know each other, they discovered that each of their fathers had been Wisconsin Fords.

When calling around regarding the Herb and Evelyn Howe Bascom Professorship Fund, I talked with Arnold Lieber of LYL fame. Unlike his early colleague Henry “red diaper” Wortis, Arnold had transformed into a Reagan Republican and expressed dismay that Howe had referred to Arnold’s LYL activities in a medical school reference letter. He, nonetheless made a donation to the fund.

Currently we reside in a senior facility in Oakland, CA after an eleven year excursion to Charleston, SC to help raise a granddaughter. We just missed the wedding of the Holbrows’ grandson to the daughter of my physician in South Carolina.

I retired from the practice of law in San Francisco about 25 years ago.

## 2.22 Mary Dolven '54

I grew up in North Dakota, along with my brother, Earl Dolven ('51), and came to Wisconsin at age 15. I took 2 years of ILS, majored in History, and enjoyed a wide range of classes. Wisconsin was a wonderful place to explore possibilities. My Master’s in Librarianship was from UC Berkeley. For several years after, I worked and traveled in Europe and beyond, and then returned to the San Francisco Bay Area, married, and for many years was director of a community college library.

Since retiring I have enjoyed auditing courses at UC Berkeley (pre-pandemic and, I hope, post-pandemic). The variety of courses, the great professors, and the beauty of the campus all remind me so much of the very special years that I spent at Wisconsin. I sometimes feel now that I am reliving the terrific experiences I had at Wisconsin in the 50’s.

Charlie, thanks for all the work you are doing in putting this together. Fascinating stories of remarkable people!

## 2.23 Al Miller '52

My story is different from many here but rather typical of many Fords. I was the late conceived son and second child of Yiddish and multiple other languages-speaking working-class parents. Like all my friends... who were of similar circumstances... I made all the academic decisions in my life. Were it not for the Ford Foundation, that decision was City or Brooklyn. I went to a less than select NYC HS which because of tracking surrounded me with bright students and left the ILS YEARS no sweat. I cherish them nonetheless.

The only parental advice was not to consider Med school... too expensive... but I did and used the fourth year tuition from Ford for my first year at UW MED.

I met the girl who would become my wife in our freshman years, married when she got her second Law degree and I my MD, AND WE NOW APPROACH our 62nd anniversary. Elaine just retired from practice but I am still teaching at Mount Sinai MS.

Albert Miller, MD

Professor of Clinical Medicine, Mount Sinai School of Medicine

Senior Pulmonologist, Respiratory Institute-Mount Sinai Beth Israel Medical Center-National Jewish

Medical Director, Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, Queens College, CUNY

### Military Service

All MD's in our days were subject to military service: to "enlistment" as an MD. The US Public Health Service was one route. Among its other roles, it was the medical arm of the Coast Guard and merchant marine.

I served as the first specialist (Internal Medicine) at a busy Clinic in Miami 1962-64 which cared for the large CG base, the merchant marine including fishing vessels and many retired military. Of interest: We were on 24-7 radio call for medical emergencies at sea We were required to live in government houses on the USPHS Quarantine station... which was on Fisher island across the shipping channel from Miami Beach, now the most expensive residential community on the East Coast. We were stranded when the quarantine boat was on a mission.

As the closest nonmilitary US government MD to Cuba after the Bay of Pigs disaster, I received a phone call from the office of the Sec of State (Dean Rusk) to authorize my flight on a camouflaged Pan Am propeller plane to Havana. There I was to evaluate stranded US citizens and visa-holders who, in the absence of other transportation, were boarding WW II Liberty ships to return to the US. I could not emulate Dr. Mengele and found no reason to bar anyone capable of being loaded into the cargo hold.

## 2.24 Bob Karlan '51

Al Miller writes:

Re: Bob Karlan: I am a 1952 Ford, the year after Bob. I went to UW Med (all of 5% of the class were out-of-state) and we both did our post-MD training at Mt Sinai in NYC (he in Neurology, I in Pulmonary Medicine). We both went into practice in Queens (I anew and Bob taking over his dad's) and collaborated on patients.

We both lived in Great Neck, and we were guests of Bob at the U S Open, of which he was a great fan.

## 2.25 Philip Schaeffer '52

I initially refrained from contributing to this collection of impressive biographies, fearing that such a contribution can be interpreted as a form of self congratulatory eulogizing at this point in my life. I felt intimidated by the career qualities described by my fellow Ford alumni and their societal contributions, which I certainly cannot match. I am particularly impressed by the work they have done to improve the health of so many people.

Anyway, I have for irrelevant reasons decided to put in my two cents to the effort. I have been a lawyer for over sixty years, so you can anticipate that I will be long winded.

I became a Ford Scholar inadvertently. My cherished Mom planned a career in optometry for me. Not that she anticipated that I was a future Spinoza, far from it; but, she admired the financial success of an acquaintance who was similar to me in lacking skills and ambition. I then learned that attendance at the now defunct Columbia University School of Optometry would ultimately require taking the relatively new College Entrance Examination Boards. I also discovered that the Ford Foundation Pre-Induction Scholarship program provided taking the Boards free of charge while still in the second year of high school. Thinking it would give me a leg up when I would take the tests for real, I volunteered to be tested while a sophomore at De Witt Clinton High School. Much to my (and even more my family's) shock, I was recruited to attend the U of W, my last choice of the four universities participating in the program.

My parents now thought that I could make more money as a doctor rather than as a grinder of lenses. They directed me to take a pre-med course notwithstanding that my physical ineptitude made such a career utterly impractical, and my interests were entirely elsewhere. Early on I abandoned that course and became an irregular and undistinguished student of American history under the tutelage of Professors Beale and Jensen.

At the U of W I roomed briefly with the late Larry Greenfield off campus on Vilas Avenue and then for a more extended time with my good friend Al Miller closer to campus. I later lived in a solitary apartment at Sterling Court but shared meals there with Ed Edwards and his two roommates. One of these, Tom Gruenewald, was said to be related to Lotte Lenya and consequently we were continuously entertained by or, perhaps more accurately, subjected to English and German versions of “The Three Penny Opera.”

At my wit’s end to avoid conscription into the Army (another career I was utterly unsuited for), I enrolled in law school. I attended Harvard and endured its customary course of intimidation, over competitiveness, but deep education in the law. For one year Ed Edwards joined my two law-student roommates and me in our off-campus apartment near Fenway Park. We collectively had no idea of how distinguished a scholar Ed was and would be.

Still seeking to avoid the draft, upon graduation I enlisted in the U.S. Army Reserve, served six months on active duty at Fort Dix, and finally embarked on a career at which I would be successful: company clerk of my reserve unit in Manhattan for five + years.

I was concurrently employed by a well regarded but now extinct Manhattan law firm of medium size; thereafter became a litigator; then an Assistant U.S. Attorney in Manhattan; and joined another highly thought of but now extinct law firm. The latter was absorbed into the world-wide law firm of White & Case. I continued to practice at W&C as a senior litigation partner and its general counsel for approximately three decades before retiring in 2017.

I was married to a wonderful but prematurely deceased wife and remarried an equally wonderful current wife, thereby acquiring a step daughter and two grandchildren. Since my second marriage, I have lived in Greenwich Village.

Inspired in major part by my first wife, I enjoyed an exciting part-time career as a left-wing Democrat politician in Manhattan. I was much involved in judicial campaigns and was the general counsel to a legislative committee that was the proximate cause of the reform of New York’s primitive divorce laws. For a period of time I was general counsel to the New York State Association of Family Court Judges.

Since retirement I have devoted most of my time to committees and organizations dealing with the professional responsibilities of lawyers including the revision of their rules of conduct. My other interests include organized studies with Harvard alumni of American History, and self teaching in modern theories of economics and political action.

Recently at the invitation of Ed Edwards, I joined a lunch group of Ed, Andy Mezey and Al Miller which was suspended because of the Pandemic. It gave me the opportunity to resume my friendship with my much mourned friend Ed as well as Al and his wife Elaine who in turn introduced me to Irene Bernstein.

I now more or less calmly await my absorption into Sheol and anticipate a Sisyphean assignment as punishment for my atheist beliefs and activities. I apologize for the length of this and assume that, like so many jurors and judges hearing my arguments, none or few of you will follow it to its conclusion.

## 2.26 John Israel '51

A turning point in my life was being passed over for editorship of the *Daily Cardinal*, redirecting my trajectory from journalism to academe. Thanks in large measure to fellowships from — you guessed it — the Ford Foundation, I earned M.A. and Ph.D. at Harvard. I taught Modern Chinese History for 40 years, thirty-five of them at the University of Virginia. In late middle age, I satisfied my journalistic passion, serving as part-time columnist for the Voice of America's Mandarin Language Service.

I have married twice. Mary grew up in a Chinese laundry in Perry Como's hometown of Canonsburg, PA; Xiaoliang in China under Mao Zedong. Xiaoliang has just retired from 25 years of teaching Chinese language and culture at Georgia Tech. We celebrated my 85th birthday by moving into a new house in Decatur, GA. We also have an apartment in Kunming and another overlooking the Mekong near the Laotian border.

I find life fullest when multi-dimensional. My most intensive decade was focused on resistance to the Vietnam War, followed by a joyful stint in the Charlottesville Light Opera Company. My moment of glory was playing Jack Point in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Yeoman of the Guard*.

I am retired in Decatur, Georgia, where my greatest joy is singing. Besides indulging a passion for folk music dating from Friday night sessions with Freddie Glaser, I perform more "serious" stuff with the Decatur Civic Chorus. Xiaoliang and I enjoy hiking, cooking, and attending classical music concerts.

I am completing a book on a group of Mao Zedong's sent-down youth, after which I'll write my memoirs.

## 2.27 Jerold Last '55

My UW experiences began when September of 1955 rolled around. Housing for out-of-state students, especially males, was difficult to find and dormitories weren't available for nonresidents. My high school classmate (for 1 year), Leslie Baer, who was also invited to UW by the Ford Foundation, had found a room at an undersubscribed fraternity and was looking for a roommate, so I jumped at the opportunity. We ended up at Alpha Chi Rho, who welcomed us and several

other boarders (mostly Korean war vets) as full participants in their social activities. Lots of parties and some distance from the campus, so I tended not to mix with the other Ford students, as in retrospect I should have. My friends came from a pool of veterans who were in their 20s, more than 6 years older than I was. That shaped my first year at UW, at least socially. Subsequent years I lived in the dorms so had a more normal college experience, including making a couple of lifelong friends. Living directly on Lake Mendota was a big plus, and I discovered Hoofers and sailing which led to a passion for small boats that lasted for the next several decades.

I had no idea what I wanted to be or do, much less what to major in, so started in ILS (Professor Howe's generic advice to all). It took less than half a semester to decide that I belonged in the sciences, so this wasn't the right track for me. Professor Ihde's History of Science class was the one I liked the best, so a major in chemistry beckoned. A tough choice but the right one as it turned out. Fast forward to my senior year when a biochemistry class was available, and that solved the problem of what I wanted to be when I grew up. I graduated (literally) on my 19th birthday. One of the biochemistry faculty (W.H. Peterson) recruited me into the UW graduate program and I got my MS degree there. By then it was time to see what another university might be like so went on to Ohio State for my Ph.D. in Biochemistry. With a few postdocs thrown in I had subsequent stops at NYU, Rockefeller University, the NIH, and Harvard to compare with. UW wins hands down on the most attractive campus and the highest quality of life if you enjoy the out of doors lifestyle, which I do. UC Davis, where I had my faculty career, is a close second with a much better climate, maybe even a tie for quality of life with UW.

My first and, as it turns out, last "real job" was on the faculty at UC Davis, where over a period of about 45 years I rose through the ranks to Distinguished Professor before retirement and Emeritus status in 2020. Several of the faculty of my generation in biochemistry and microbiology at Davis had their roots in graduate school at Wisconsin, so UW was/is well represented here in California's agricultural heartland.



## Chapter 3

# Obits and Remembrances

### 3.1 Verna Atkins '53 (1937–2022)



Verna Atkins died July 2, 2022. She was a close friend of her fellow '53s Louise Trubek and Irene Bernstein. Verna was a pioneer in becoming an M.D. at a time when most doctors were men. Her picture is from the 1957 *Badger Yearbook*

#### **Irene remembers Verna**

I met Verna Atkins when Prof. Howe rounded up the first Ford girls from the NY area, who included Louise (Grossman) Trubek, Naomi (Karlan) Freedman, myself, Irene (Forman) Bernstein and Verna Atkins. We remained friends until her death. In addition to her smarts, she was a faithful friend with whom I shared a ballet subscription at Lincoln Center for years and kept in touch even after that had ended. She was one of the most compassionate and caring people I have ever met. One anecdote illustrates this perfectly.

Decades ago, while our other life-long friend, Louise, was teaching a seminar at Harvard Law School, we scheduled a lunch together in Cambridge. We met

at a restaurant and Louise and I ordered lunch first. Then it was Verna's turn, and she only ordered a cup of tea!

Astounded, I asked her if she was having some digestive issues. "No", she replied. "It's Ramadan" !! Sheepishly, I responded " Verna, I hate to tell you this but you're Jewish!" "Oh, I know", she said, laughing, "I'm doing it to support a worker in my lab so she won't feel so bad."

There aren't too many people I know who would do something like that. I miss her very much.

### **Louise remembers Verna**

Yes, the lunch took place in 2003 when I was a visiting professor at Harvard Law School. Irene and Verna made the trip to Cambridge so we could have a reunion.

The anecdote is an example of Verna's commitment and empathy to people of all backgrounds and abilities. While at Wisconsin as an undergraduate, she spent countless hours reading assignments to a blind student. Her hands-on commitment to helping all people continued her whole life.

Verna majored in French at Wisconsin. Soon after graduation she decided to enter medical school and enrolled in a one-year science curriculum to be eligible for admission. She succeeded and graduated from NYU medical school.

In our last conversation before she died, Verna and I discussed her medical career. She told me that she felt she had disappointed people. She was a pioneer for woman in medicine at a young age but did not achieve an exemplary career. But what is success? She was a pioneer in medicine and an outstanding person who helped many. And I told her just that.

### **Obituary for Verna**

Louise sent a link to the following obituary for Verna.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Verna Atkins of Wayne, N.J. and New York City died on July 2, [2022] at Holy Name Medical Center in Teaneck, N.J. after a brief illness. She was 84. Born in Paterson, N.J. in 1937, she was the daughter of Sadie (Kleiner) and Max Atkins and the sister of Dr. Jack Atkins of Wayne who predeceased her by three months.

In her sophomore year at Eastside High School, Paterson, she was selected by the Ford Foundation to participate, at age 16, in its Ford Scholars Program which placed gifted students in universities

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<sup>1</sup><https://www.louissuburbanchapel.com/verna-d-atkins/>

prior to graduating from high school. Through the Ford Scholarship she attended the University of Wisconsin and participated in its innovative “Integrated Liberal Studies” program, majoring in French and graduating in 1957. At Wisconsin she formed lifelong friendships with fellow Ford Scholar students.

Deciding to pursue a medical career, she enrolled in the pre-med program at Rutgers University and then earned her medical degree at New York University in 1962. She completed her residency in pathology at Beth Israel Hospital in Manhattan. Dr. Atkins worked as a pathologist at Peekskill (N.Y.) Hospital and then at Holy Name Medical Center.

She is survived by her nephew David Atkins and his wife Virginia Hutch of Stamford, Connecticut and by nephew Bobby Atkins and his wife Elizabeth Hayt of New York City, and their son Hunter of Houston, Texas.

Gentle and generous in spirit, Verna relentlessly assumed the best in everyone. Keen on the ballet, opera, theatre, and the art museums of New York City she remained open to exploring any expression of shared humanity embodied in art. She was an avid supporter of organizations promoting social justice and racial equality and tolerance. Studiously and patiently encouraging legions of Atkins and Kleiner cousins of all generations and in all locales was a life-long passion. Her extraordinary love and devotion to family and non-family alike was reciprocated.

## 3.2 Ray Damadian (1936-2022)

Ray was a '52 Ford. He made a major contribution to medicine by developing the first MRI machine capable of scanning a human. He achieved notoriety when, failing to receive a Nobel Prize, he took out a full page ad in the NY Times and other papers protesting being overlooked.

That story is in his obituary from the Aug. 18, 2022 NY Times. This obit is available without paywall problems in the Sydney Herald at <https://www.smh.com.au/national/raymond-damadian-builder-of-the-first-mri-scanner-20220822-p5bbqz.html>

A better obituary is in *The Washington Post* at <https://www.washingtonpost.com/obituaries/2022/08/18/damadian-mri-creator-dies/>.

### Andy Mezey remembers

Ray was always an interesting man. I remember walking with him on the UW campus in our freshman year talking about religion (he was a Congregationalist,

the first Puritan I had ever met in person), about our backgrounds, about studying violin at Juilliard, about tennis (he was a nationally ranked junior), about how he had once dated Sherman Billingsley's daughter. Later on we raced canoes and sailboats across Lake Mendota. Ray's wife Donna and my wife Mathy were both nursing students at Columbia and we double dated. When I needed to find an apartment near Einstein (I was about to start my pediatric residency there), Ray found one for us. And many years later we reconnected through the efforts of Ed Edwards. Ed, his wife Betty, Ray and Donna, and my wife and I went out to dinner. Ed even got Ray to attend a couple of Ford student reunions—one in Greenwich Village and one in Madison. Wonderful and bittersweet memories.

### **Fred Levison remembers**

My classmate from U. Wis and Einstein College of Medicine has died with an exhaustive obit in NYTimes today [Aug.18, 2022] Ray was an unusual and brilliant guy and has left his mark on millions ..probably a greater effect on medicine than the x ray for diagnosis. . . hope some people thought the same.

### **Charlie Holbrow comments**

I read Ray's biography *Gifted Mind: The Dr. Raymond Damadian Story, Inventor of the MRI*. It's written jointly with Jeff Kinley. Although the obits don't mention it, in the book Ray makes it clear that he was a fundamentalist Christian. He converted at a Billy Graham revival in Madison Square Garden and was a convinced creationist who considered Darwinism thinly veiled atheism. I wonder if the Nobel Committee's judgment was affected by Ray's fundamentalism. Ray was a donor to the Trump campaign in 2020.

Ray's account of discovering the possibility of MRI and of designing and building the first apparatus that could scan living organisms is good reading. And his defense of his patent rights against General Electric that won him more than \$130 million was a win for admirable stubborn righteousness.

## **3.3 Frederick Glaser '51**

I wasn't sure which chapter to put this story in. I tried hard to find Freddy but after he retired in 2001 from East Carolina Medical School, Greenville, NC, he disappeared. I wrote a letter to his last home address but got no response. If he has died, I would expect an obituary somewhere, but I found none. It's possible he is in some state of debilitation and can't or doesn't want to reply. Whatever the case I thought the following excerpt from an interview by the

journal *Addiction* worth including in our compilation. I recommend reading the entire transcript at [http://www.williamwhitepapers.com/pr/dlm\\_uploads/Dr.-Frederick-Glaser.pdf](http://www.williamwhitepapers.com/pr/dlm_uploads/Dr.-Frederick-Glaser.pdf)

*Addiction* (2001) **96**, 1709–1723  
JOURNAL INTERVIEW—57  
Conversation with Frederick B. Glaser

In this occasional series we record the views and personal experience of people who have specially contributed to the evolution of ideas in the Journal's field of interest. Frederick Glaser is an American psychiatrist who has advanced and explored influential ideas on treatment-matching and treatment system development.



Figure 1. Frederick B. Glaser. © ASAP.

### A liberal education

A: Fred, you've had a lengthy career in the field of alcohol and drug problems. One thing that has struck me is your ability to consider layers upon layers of thought. You seem to be interested in making things clear that are often incredibly contradictory. I would like to understand that.

FG: I think that started early. I was one of a group of 30 or 40 Ford Foundation scholars who attended the University of Wisconsin; I was 15 years old when I entered college. I enrolled in the Integrated Liberal Studies program on the advice of my advisor, Dr Herbert Howe, and I think that ILS was the single most important formative influence on my development. We learned about things that I never would have studied on my own, because I did not know what they were. The principal example was the course in Classics. We had a solid year of Classics with two of the most remarkable teachers, Professor Walter Agard and Professor Paul McKendrick. We also had courses in anthropology, literature, earth science and many other subjects. We had courses in philosophy during each of the four semesters of the program. I think ILS provided a humanistic perspective that was invaluable and has influenced me all my life.

A: The original concept for the Wisconsin Experimental College that preceded the Integrated Liberal Studies program was that there would be a deep study of the classics and also a connection between

classic thought and contemporary society. Was that still the philosophy?

FG: Absolutely, and not just in ILS. For example, Professor McKendrick taught a course in the classical origins of contemporary literature. We met twice a week. In the first session, he would lecture about the classical source, and in the second session about a related contemporary example. For example, the first lecture of the week might be on Homer's *Odyssey* and the second on Joyce's *Ulysses*. The course well illustrated the relevance of earlier thought to contemporary life. It was the greatest imaginable treat. One reason I went into psychiatry was a wish to be involved in something in which multiple aspects of knowledge were relevant.

A: Then to medical school.

FG: After Wisconsin, I went to medical school. It had been fully ordained that I would do so; my father was a physician, and I never seriously considered anything else; but when I got my medical degree I had no idea what I wanted to do. I had wanted to be a psychiatrist since I was about 11 and I picked Karl Menninger's *The Human Mind* out of my aunt's library and read it.

A: When you were 11?

FG: When I was 11. I thought, "Gee, this is fascinating — this is what I want to do." But when I got to medical school one of the first psychiatry lectures we had was by a well-known psychoanalyst. She was very striking; she had silver hair which was pulled back very severely into a bun; she had a marked Viennese accent; and she smoked like a chimney.

A: Even during the lectures?

FG: Yes, she strode onto the stage cigarette in hand. 'Chentlemen!' she said. 'Dere is nutting to life but sex und aggression, und the sooner you recognize that, the better.' Everybody looked at each other and said, 'What on earth is this?' Such was my introduction to psychiatry.

A: Did this turn you off to psychiatry?

FG: Yes, it made me think I had been mistaken. As time wore on, however, we had very good experiences in psychiatry at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center and elsewhere. By the time I graduated, I was thinking about it again. But I continued to worry about psychiatry as a career because I had had some unsettling experiences with the children of psychiatrists, and I wondered about potential adverse effects on my future family. Fortunately I met a young staff psychiatrist at Massachusetts Mental Health who invited me to his home, and I met his children. They were normal, and I thought well, maybe I do not have to worry about that.

A: Did you think it had something more to do with the quality of the parents?

FG: I think so. Some of them did not relinquish their professional role when dealing with family members.

### Psychiatric training

A: What next?

FG: After medical school I took a 2-year rotating internship, and had a significant amount of time in five different fields (surgery, obstetrics-gynecology, pediatrics, medicine and psychiatry). It gave me a chance to decide what I wanted to do based on actual experience. I received my greetings from the President of the United States when I was an intern. I did not want to go into the Army. I knew that the life of a general medical officer in the army was not terrific. They could send you anywhere and ask you to do anything, and I would be far better off going in after I completed my specialist training. But the second thing was that I did not want to go to Vietnam. Had I not been successful in joining the Public Health Service, I think I would have gone to Canada earlier than I eventually did, because I was determined I was not going to participate in that war.

A: How did you end up in the Public Health Service?

FG: I learned that the Public Health Service offered a residency deferment program. The PHS was also not overtly militaristic. There would not be things such as drill and how to use weapons. We had to wear uniforms, but we did not have to wear ties. And, we were not armed.

A: So you applied to the US Public Health at the point that the government came calling and then the service was deferred to after that?

FG: Exactly right. I then had my internship rotation in psychiatry, and took my 4-month elective in psychiatry as well, so I had 8 months of psychiatry and I really liked it. I decided that was what I wanted to do.

## 3.4 Hy Frankel '53

Andy Mezey writes:

Hy was in the 53 class. Coincidentally, prior to that he was a close friend of mine having grown up in Bridgeport, CT which is where my maternal grandparents lived. Even more coincidentally Hy was a classmate of my future wife in elementary, middle, and high school.

Hy, Dave Cowan, Dave Rothman, Fred Miller, and I shared a house at 206 Bernard Court in 1954-55. This was a serious mistake since all 5 of us were serious bridge players. Hy thought he could skip class, get passing grades, and



remain in good standing. The University thought otherwise, and he was forced to drop out.

He went home to Bridgeport, worked in a cut-up chicken store for a while before entering UCONN. After he graduated, he came to New York, became a professional gambler until he lost too much money, entered NYU Law school, married a woman he met on the bus to Washington to attend the anti-Vietnam war March in 1964 or 65, joined a small boutique law firm in NYC, and had 3 children.

We caught up with him after we returned from a two-year stint with the US Army in France, and our families remained close friends until his death from a heart attack at age 62 in 1999.

He had an interesting legal career. After leaving his law practice he became Deputy General Counsel for NYC Human Resources Administration and later Acting Commissioner for HRA. He left that after a number of years, eventually settling up his own practice specializing in social services law. He was the attorney who set up New Alternatives for Children (NAC) a child care agency whose mission was, and still is, devoted to supporting families with medically fragile children in order to keep them home and out of the hospital.

In the 1980s there were on any one day as many as 125-150 children, (known as boarder babies) languishing in acute care hospitals in NYC only because the supports required to allow them to go home didn't exist. Within a few years after the founding of NAC there were essentially no more boarder babies in NYC acute care hospitals. And that is still true today.

After Hy's death, a number of his friends funded a scholarship for law students at NYU and Social Work students at SUNY Stonybrook who were interested in social causes. There is, as usual, more to the story including my part in the saga but this is enough.

### 3.5 Mike Diamond '52

Andy Mezey writes:

Mike left UW after two years, returned to Brooklyn, went to Dental school, became an orthodontist which is where I lost track of him. He was a very smart and funny guy, with a quick wit. He was an emcee and standup comedian on Saturday nights in the Rathskeller. He followed in the tradition of other Jewish kids from Brooklyn.

Charlie Holbrow notes:

There's a Michael Kalman Diamond, DDS listed at <https://doctor.webmd.com/doctor/v16118858/michael-diamond-i-ratings>. The list gives his address at 115 E. 61st St, New York, NY 10065. I sent a letter to him inviting him to join the reunion; it came back "not deliverable as addressed."

### 3.6 Mike Winston '52

Andy Mezey writes:

Mike Winston didn't last the first year before dropping out. I do not know what happened to him. What I do remember is that Mike at 16 looked about 20. When we met at Penn Station in September 1952, his mother looked at me and said to my mother, pointing at me, "He looks like a baby" — which was true. Two to three months later Mike's mother contacted me to ask if I knew how he was and to tell him to "phone home." Appearances are, as the saying goes, often deceiving.

### 3.7 Fred Miller '52

Andy Mezey writes:

Fred is not lost, but he hasn't given us his story. A 1952 Ford, who went to Bronx Science in my year though I didn't know him there. He lived across the street from Les Mayers on West 104th Street on the Upper WestSide. Fred did finish, lived with Les Mayers and me in 1955-56, and then went to NYU School of Medicine with me. He finished a year after me because he took a research year off. Eventually he became the Chairman of Pathology at SUNY Stonybrook, with a successful career in research on the immunology of renal disease. I last saw him at Stonybrook when I gave Grand Rounds in the Department of Pediatrics, and he attended my talk. Students applying for a residency in Pediatrics at Einstein told me that he was well respected— a serious compliment from medical students— and was an avid grower of roses.

### 3.8 Les Mayer '52

Andy Mezey writes:

Les Mayer was my closest male friend (my wife is my closest friend as well as some other titles). I think I wrote about Les before but I am too lazy to see if I did. In any case Les and I met at Bronx Science, roomed together on and off, and played on the same fast pitch intramural softball team, finishing second in the league (dorm, fraternity, and independents) in 1956. Les played shortstop.

Les applied to medical school, and three of us — Les, Fred Miller, and I had interviews one right after the other at NYU. One week later all three of us were accepted, but Les decided to go to Columbia. That was fine because my wife was a nursing student at Columbia at the same time, and we stayed very close during that time. Les and I were best men at each other's weddings.

Les did an internship in Internal Medicine at St. Luke's in NYC and then the first year of a residency at Bellevue before being drafted at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. After leaving the service he finished at the University of Pennsylvania after a fellowship in pulmonary medicine. As I recall, he was the first pulmonary specialist at White Plains Hospital in Westchester. He was also the chief of pulmonary medicine at St. Barnabas hospital in the Bronx in the 1970s. He practiced general and pulmonary medicine in White Plains, married a wonderful woman, Nancy, with whom he raised two boys, a dentist (who is our family dentist) and a lawyer. Sadly, Les died of a massive stroke on his 78th birthday. I always thought we would grow old together.

### 3.9 Arnold Lieber '51

Note from Henry Wortis:

Arnie was born in Queens in 1935. When he graduated from Wisconsin and began medical school at Einstein he moved back in with his parents. In 1958, when I got married, I asked Arnie to be my best man. Arnie always took responsibilities seriously. The burden of being a best man weighed heavily on him and the night before the wedding he couldn't sleep. Rather than toss and turn in bed, he got up and spent the night walking to my house in Brooklyn Heights.

Arnie dated my sister for several years. Ultimately, she broke with him. Arnie then began dating, and ultimately married, my sister's best friend, Mary Soyer. This destroyed the relationship between Mary and my sister. Years later Arnie and Mary divorced and each married again. I have not had direct contact with him since 1968.

### 3.10 Jeffrey Kaplow '52

Henry Wortis sends the following:

Jeffrey Kaplow had an endless fund of stories and jokes in five languages, including Yiddish and Russian. Photograph: Carl Proctor 7



by Eleanor Margolies  
Wed 13 Mar 2019 09:26 EDT'

My friend Jeffrey Kaplow, who has died aged 81, enjoyed professional careers as a historian of the French Revolution, an interpreter and an art dealer before fulfilling a long-held ambition to act.

Jeff grew up in Brooklyn, New York, the third child of Russian-Jewish immigrants. His father died when he was three and his mother, an active trade unionist, worked in the garment industry. He was brought up by relations including his sister — some 15 years his elder — and his grandmother.

As part of an early admission programme, Jeff was only 16 when he went to the University of Wisconsin to study history. He absorbed the university's democratic ethos of equality and justice, principles that were under attack — - this was the era of Senator Joseph McCarthy — and was attracted to the Labor Youth League. He did a PhD at Princeton on the subject of the French Revolution.

He briefly held a post teaching at Columbia University, during the student strikes of 1968, but soon moved to Paris where he taught American history at the new University Paris 8 (Vincennes).

While also working as a freelance conference interpreter, Jeff met Ulla Svahnström, a recently widowed Swedish journalist with a young son, Carl. They made their life together, buying and selling fine-art prints as Proofs Ltd, and moving to London in the early 1990s.

There, Jeff trained as an actor at the City Lit. This late-blossoming fourth career led to roles in theatre, TV, and film. He understudied Maximilian Schell and Warren Mitchell at the Old Vic and in the West End, and played the father of the murdered journalist Daniel Pearl in Michael Winterbottom's 2007 film "A Mighty Heart."

Jeff and Ulla moved back to Paris five years ago, but he had been looking forward to performing in a production at the Arcola Theatre in Dalston, north London, this year.

A quintessentially urban intellectual, immersed in politics, books and art, Jeff had an endless fund of stories and jokes in five languages, including Yiddish and Russian, and huge affection for his friends from the many worlds in which he moved.

Ulla died last year. Jeff is survived by Carl and his grandson, Yann.

### 3.11 David L. Cowan '52

A formal obituary is at [https://www.columbiainmissourian.com/obituaries/family\\_obituary/david-lawrence-cowan-oct-dec/article\\_26696f8c-ecc6-11e7-8237-f7a7698e0.html//](https://www.columbiainmissourian.com/obituaries/family_obituary/david-lawrence-cowan-oct-dec/article_26696f8c-ecc6-11e7-8237-f7a7698e0.html//)

**David Lawrence Cowan, Oct. 18, 1936 — Dec. 20, 2017**  
 SUBMITTED BY FAMILY Dec 29, 2017

Dave Cowan, 81, died Dec. 20, 2017. He was born in Havre, Montana, on Oct. 18, 1936, to Charles L. and Miriam Kreider Cowan. He grew up in Chinook, Montana.

In 1952 he applied for and received a Ford Foundation Scholarship to the University of Wisconsin, Madison. He received a bachelor's degree in physics in 1956 and a master's degree in 1957.

He worked for North American Aviation in Los Angeles from 1958-1960. In the fall of 1960 he returned to Wisconsin.

He married Joanne Evans in Waukesha on Sept. 10 and returned to Madison on Sept. 12 to work on a Ph.D. in physics. In the fall of 1964 he received his degree<sup>2</sup> and did a postdoctoral appointment at Cornell University in New York until June 1967.

In the fall of 1967 he went to Sandia Labs in Albuquerque, New Mexico, until fall of 1968 when he was hired by University of Missouri, Columbia, to teach and do research, which he did until 2000, when he retired.

He always enjoyed hiking and camping, bird watching and mushroom hunting. He liked to play the piano and clarinet (which he was happy to remember he had played in the Rose Bowl Parade his freshman year at Wisconsin).

He is survived by his wife, Joanne; a son, Charles (Marissa); a grandson, Kai, of Riga, Latvia; a sister, Della; sisters-in-law Marlene, Marge, Patti, Judy and Sharon; brothers-in-law Don, Ed, Brian, Tom and Alan; and many nieces and nephews.

Chuck Kaufman remembers:

Dave was from Chinook. For excitement they would go 22 miles to Havre.<sup>3</sup>

When offered a job by U. of Missouri (pronounced miz oor uh) he said "where's miz oor uh?" He reported this several times during our 2006 reunion.

He married the daughter of a Wisconsin State cop. She had an enormous number of siblings.

He smoked cigarettes.

He had a congenital heart problem. While an undergrad, he had open heart surgery by one of the US pioneers of that procedure, C.W.Lilihei of the U. of Minnesota. In 2006 Dave spoke of that, saying he was going to have (already had?? I don't remember) another such operation but was told that he was one of the first and would probably be one of the last to undergo that. That prediction has apparently not come true.

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<sup>2</sup>His thesis advisor was L. Wilmer Anderson and his thesis was *Nuclear Resonance of Ferromagnetic Iron and Nickel*

<sup>3</sup>1950 populations of Chinook, MT and Havre, MT were 2299 and 8094 respectively.

As an undergrad he tended the liquid air machine. I remember a giant dial in that lab that indicated how much there was in the tank. “It moves about as fast as the minute hand on a clock,” I remember him saying.

He and I and Ed Edwards would “walk across the salt flats” to have egg foo young at Yee’s restaurant.

In 2006 we did the same, but that time from the Union to Picnic Point.

He was good at, and spent time at, straight pool, billiards, bridge...

In 2006 he was still collaborating with Wilmer Anderson his major professor.

### 3.12 Judy Dorlester ’54

Judy was from Queens, NYC. In 1940 according to the U.S. Census her father, David Dorlester, was a public school teacher making \$3300 a year; her mother Helen was not working. Judy came to UW as a Ford Scholar in 1954, although by that time UW had reduced its recruiting in New York City schools. How did she hear of the program?

Al Miller reports that his wife Elaine remembers Judy from the time they both lived in Villa Maria. Irene Bernstein remembers Judy as pretty and vivacious and as stealing the affections of Les Mayer.

The theft must have been temporary because in 1957 Judy married Stephen Ambrose. He was from Whitewater, WI and had just graduated from UW with a major in history. They set out on married life together and by 1962 have a daughter and a son. Ambrose gets his Ph.D. in history from UW under the direction of W. B. Hesseltine. In 1966 Judy dies, age 27; it was suicide, perhaps brought on by depression.

### 3.13 Lawrence Greenfield ’53 (May 19, 1936 – July 7, 2003)

New York Times paid death notice  
July 9, 2003

GREENFIELD – Lawrence. Age 67. Of New York City and Roxbury, CT., died peacefully at his home in Manhattan on July 7, 2003 following a battle with brain cancer, during which he showed the utmost courage, dignity and spirit.

Beloved husband of Roslyn. Loving father of Lauren, Lisa and Peter. Stepfather of James Greenberg. Grandfather of Onyx and Kaya. Brother of Leanne Shulman. Dear friend and associate of

many. Larry will be remembered for his devotion to his family, his philanthropy, his many years of business leadership, and by friends and colleagues for his innumerable, quiet acts of compassion and support.

Larry was a board member of The University of Wisconsin Foundation, where his unwavering commitment to The Center for Jewish Studies led to the creation of The Greenfield Summer Institute Program and The Center's annual newsletter. The Institute brings together people with an interest in Judaism for a week of study, discussion and other activities at the University campus in Madison. In addition to his support for Jewish education, Larry was keenly interested in the arts, both as an observer and a practicing writer and sculptor.

In his forty years with the Kaye Group, of which he served as President and Chairman, he was instrumental in the firm's growth to one of the nation's largest insurance brokerage organizations. His astute insight and understanding of business and professional risks enabled him to develop innovative and unique methods of risk management, many of which are widely practiced today.

All who knew Larry will miss his dynamic energy, spirit, wit, and kindness. Funeral service Thursday, July 10th, 12 Noon, at Congregation Rodeph Sholom 7 W. 83 St., N.Y. In lieu of flowers, contributions in Larry's memory may be made to The University of Wisconsin Foundation, c/o The Center for Jewish Studies, 1848 University Ave, Madison, WI 53708-1319.

### 3.14 Jon Ghiselin '51

Charlie Holbrow writes:

Jon Brewster Ghiselin was a '51 Ford scholar at the University of Wisconsin. He was an energetic, bumptious sixteen-year-old from Salt Lake City, Utah. I liked him. He was interested in the small creatures of the natural world, and in that, quite different from other Ford scholars. After two years at UW, he transferred to the University of Utah where he graduated in 1955.



### 3.14.1 Ecologist

In 1958 I returned to UW from three years of graduate study of history at Columbia and began working for my Ph.D. in physics. I knew that Jon had returned to UW to work on a Ph.D. in zoology, but I don't remember that our paths crossed again. I do remember someone telling me that Jon was out in the desert staking out squares of ground and counting mice. That's consistent with the title of his 1967 dissertation "Habitat selection in kangaroo mice (*Microdipodops*) in three Nevadan populations." Perhaps the reason I don't remember seeing him is because he was wandering around Nevada not Madison.

The next 18 years show Jon as practitioner and proponent of the disciplines of ecology and environment management. He argues for more effective, more useful environmental impact statements. He warns of the impending dangers of too many people and too much CO<sub>2</sub>. He was an active member and served on the executive committee of the Ecological Society of America.

### 3.14.2 Death in 1985

It was not easy to learn that Jon had died or how he came to die so young. There was nothing in the index of newspaper obituaries. The only explicit acknowledgement of Jon Ghiselin's death that I have found is in the introduction to book reviews that he wrote for the journal *Environmental Management*.

#### Book Reviews

Dr. Jon Ghiselin, who in May 1981 became book review editor for *Environmental Management*, died during August 1985. Jon gave his services unstintingly to the journal and his correspondence was always distinguished by wit, charm, and thoroughness. The publisher and editor in chief take this opportunity to express regret at his untimely death and offer their condolences to members of his family. All of the reviews in this issue were written by Dr. Ghiselin.

As the following quotation shows, thirty-five years ago Jon was already warning us of the problems of climate change and ecosystem collapse.

A table of 20 "selected countries that may have to adopt a one-child family goal to avoid a decline in living standards" is too condensed. It omits as examples Ecuador and Tunisia, two countries where I have seen the results of excessive fertility. (A case might be made for listing the United States as already overpopulated, but this is an economic and aesthetic judgment that may not be faced in our lifetimes.) The relative youth of populations in most countries of the Third World is a demographic threat that is properly emphasized.

Conservation and reforestation are called for, but the threats of increased temperatures and consequent rise in sea level, among other



consequences of the so-called greenhouse effect, are not considered. Neither is the likelihood that nuclear power will necessarily be called upon to replace burning fossil fuels and fuelwood, so as to reduce the buildup of atmospheric carbon dioxide, or even the more manageable problems of acid rain. Energy efficiency is advocated, and the use of renewable energy sources is certainly desirable.

I regret that I cannot share the authors' sanguine, if not rosy, view of the future. I confidently predict disaster. The question for me is not whether, but when. Extinction is the fate of every population. I doubt that man will be eliminated as a species within the next century, but I fear many human populations will be destroyed. I hope I'm wrong, but the alternative presented by the World-watch Institute is only slightly more hopeful.<sup>4</sup>

I have tried to find how Jon came to die so young. Was it an accident in the mountains or desert he loved to tramp? His father, Brewster Ghiselin, an English professor and noted poet, wrote the following elegy in 1987.

#### Elegy for Jon

Between a stair and a stair  
 You died, alone,  
 Not between rock and rock  
 Half down the enormous drop of mountain cliff  
 Or on the ice-crest  
 You might have crossed,  
 Fearless, alone, that month  
 Of wilderness you dared  
 For love of lonlier wild  
 Than most men love,  
 Height over height.

Between a stair and a stair.

Not as we feared  
 That afternoon you came  
 Hours late, when the mountain light  
 Had changed toward dusk,  
 While we waited,  
 Learning fear, counting your power of life  
 Against all doubt,  
 Until you came smiling out of the forest,  
 Treading the upland swale,  
 Blithe as a dancer  
 After the last pirouette

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<sup>4</sup>Jon Ghiselin in Book reviews. (1985). *Environmental Management*, 9(6), 539–548.  
 doi:10.1007/bf01867326

Did Jon fall in the mountains? Have a heart attack climbing stairs? I can't tell, and, so far, I haven't found out.

### 3.14.3 Michael T. Ghiselin

I thought of a way to find out. Jon had a brother, Michael, four years younger. Michael became a noted evolutionary biologist. He has been a MacArthur Fellow and a Guggenheim Fellow. Wikipedia says he is “known for his work on sea slugs.” (Some family likeness there.) He is a Fellow of the California Academy with an email address there. I sent him an email and promptly got the following reply:

Dear Charlie, Thanks for your communication. It is timely because I am struggling with my autobiography. Also I am helping the University of Utah with the family archives — Dad, of course, but Mom was quite distinguished. Jon seems to have died of a heart attack, complicated by the fact that his wife got fed up and left him. The U of U archives (special collections in the Mariott Library) would be grateful for a copy.  
Best wishes,  
Mike Ghiselin

Not an accidental death.

## 3.15 Ingeborg Gubler Casey '55

(Sep 3, 1938 – Dec 9, 2011)

Charlie Holbrow writes:

### 3.15.1 Introduction



that Biby started there and then transferred to UW. I knew her a little be-

Ingeborg Gubler (known as Biby) is on Herbert Howe's 1962 list as a '55, but her obituary tells us that she was born September 3, 1938 and went to Shimer College at age 15. That would put her at Shimer in 1953.

Shimer was one of eight schools that participated in the Ford program in addition to Wisconsin, Chicago, Columbia, and Yale. It was the most non-traditional of the twelve, and it was coed from the beginning. It seems

cause Ellie Gubler her older sister, a non-Ford in my class, was my friend; Mary and I attended Ellie's wedding to George Gioumousis.

The dates are confusing. If Biby was a '55, she arrived at UW in the fall after I had graduated. If that were correct, then I would not have met her. And if she went to Shimer in '53 as an early admission student, why would she be on Howe's list at all. Maybe she started at Shimer and transferred to UW and got cataloged as a '55 Ford.

### 3.15.2 Ingeborg's Story

Her 2011 obituary in the Madison papers is at [https://madison.com/news/local/obituaries/casey-ingeborg-gubler/article\\_36054538-280f-11e1-8728-001871e3ce6c.html](https://madison.com/news/local/obituaries/casey-ingeborg-gubler/article_36054538-280f-11e1-8728-001871e3ce6c.html). It shows a nice picture of her and gives an outline of her career.

She got a Ph.D. from UW and became a clinical psychologist; taught at the University of Oregon in Eugene, Oregon and then at UW. "She worked with delinquent girls and with adult prisoners for several years and served on the [Wisconsin] Governor's Task Force on Offender Rehabilitation (1971-72)." She wrote a memoir, *The Heart Moves in a Circular Manner: A Story of Healing*, that tells of dealing with her mother's schizophrenia.

## 3.16 Al Kolasinski '51 (April 3, 1935 – Aug. 14, 2009)

Charlie Holbrow writes:

Al Kolasinski is remembered in several places. A list of research publications done while affiliated with Aerospace Corporation is at <https://www.researchgate.net/scientific-contributions/W-A-Kolasinski-4203818>. A more complete list<sup>5</sup> goes back to his PhD thesis work on proton spin flip scattering. From his 1967 dissertation abstract I learned that his full name was Wojciech Adam Kolasinski.



He is remembered by the California League of Women Voters. They published his 2004 statement as a candidate for a seat on the Republican Party County Central Committee; County of Los Angeles; Assembly District 53:

This information is provided by the candidate

On some of the issues now confronting us, my positions are as follows. I am pro life, support a balanced budget, strict enforcement of existing immigration laws and border control. Somehow I have a problem understanding why money we pay on our property taxes has to go to Sacramento, some of it to be returned to us for local services. I strongly oppose any form of amnesty for illegal aliens (not immigrants, who by definition are legal), gun control, and the tax-and-spend policies which have brought California to the brink of ruin.

Winston Churchill is reported to have said that those below thirty and conservative have no heart, and those over forty and liberal have no brains. To some extent, I conform to that mold, except that during my college days, you could be "liberal" without being a left wing radical, and being "conservative" did not imply being a member of the "right-wing conspiracy". If "conservative" means not "fixing what isn't broke" and respecting the wisdom and experience passed on from past generations, while "liberal" means having an open mind and compassion for my fellow human beings, then I am both. As a legal immigrant and naturalized citizen, I have come to love this country and am convinced that the philosophy and values passed on to us by our Founding Fathers must be preserved to insure a decent future for our children, and for that matter, the rest of the world. [Top 7 were elected; with 5,922 votes Al placed 10th in a field of 14.]<sup>6</sup>

In 2004 he characterised himself as follows:

- Occupation: Retired Research Scientist
- Business Manager, Consultant
- PhD, U. Wash., Seattle; BS, U. of Wis., Madison
- US Army ('57-'59), US Army Reserve ('59-'63)
- The Aerospace Corp. ('67 – Present)
- Member California Republican Assy.
- Asst. Treasurer Republican 53rd AD Central Committee

with the following priorities:

- Help organize the 53 AD Central Comm. to become an effective team

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<sup>6</sup>This information comes from [http://www.smartvoter.org/2004/03/02/ca/1a/vote/kolasinski\\_w/philosophy.html](http://www.smartvoter.org/2004/03/02/ca/1a/vote/kolasinski_w/philosophy.html):

- Energize local grass roots to help deliver California to the Bush/Cheney Team
- Work to convince “swing voters” to vote for Republican candidates

He is remembered by the state of California which records that he married Eva Sikora 28 June 1975 in Los Angeles. He is remembered by the Social Security Death Index which says he died 14 Aug 2009. His grave is in Culver City, CA.

He is remembered in immigration records. Al arrived in America on the liner Britannic Dec 10, 1950. He was 15 years old and came with his parents Tadeusz (44) and Zofia (28), and his sister Anna (3) Kolasinski. They entered the US as “Stateless” persons. They were Polish DPs on there way to Ignacy Brodnicki, 121 Lakeview Ave, Syracuse, 4, NY. Nine months later he was a Ford scholar at the University of Wisconsin.

I remember him from UW. He roomed with Gordie Uber and worried to me about lending him money. If you knew Gordie, you knew that Al had not yet learned to judge American character. Al focused on being a physics major. He was memorably successful. Some years later Ragnar Rollefson, who had taught introductory physics to Al, spoke to me with admiration of Al’s quickness to grasp difficult physics ideas. For five semesters Al was a heavy-duty nerd and an outstanding physics student.

But it seems that this was not all by choice. John Allen quotes Al: “No self-respecting girl wanted to be seen with one of us.” I can personally attest that there were plenty of counter examples, but even to the extent that it was true for Al, it suddenly changed. That’s how I remember Al; I remember him the day his life changed.

I came across Al in the Rathskellar one day probably in 1953. He was looking strange, a bit dazed.

“What’s the matter?,” I asked.

“I have to get a job,” he replied.

“Why?”

“I got a phone call and won a free dance lesson. So I went to the studio and danced with this very nice lady. She said ‘You have real talent,’ and she was so nice, I signed up for twenty lessons. They cost \$100, and now I need a job to earn that money.”

Isn’t this a classic story of the unwary immigrant lad falling prey to feminine charms and American marketing?

But the outcome? That’s a little surprising. Al took the Arthur Murray lessons and turned out to be an excellent dancer. He liked dancing, and girls liked dancing with him. Apparently they became willing “. . . to be seen with one of

us." He started going out a lot. And his grades fell. And he didn't care all that much. He just squeaked through his physics major and barely graduated.

Irene Bernstein comments: I was particularly interested in Al Kolasinski's story. He was one of my first boyfriends and I learned how to dance the tango thanks to him! He was a fabulous dancer and belonged to the International Club which held dances from time to time. I went to a few of them with him! I either didn't know or have forgotten that story about Arthur Murray ("Arthur Murray teaches dancing in a hurry" was their slogan!) Fascinating stuff

Thanks

Irene

Allen tells us that "Romantic entanglements continued to haunt Kolasinski, who earned a degree in physics and then fell in love with a friend's fiancée and dropped out of graduate school to join the Army." When he got out of the Army, he returned to graduate school in physics at the University of Washington (the other UW), earned his PhD, and went on to a career at Aerospace.

Al and I met again at the 50th reunion of our class, but I only know this because Irene's video montage shows me and Al together in a photo. I remember him from 1953 but not from 2005.

### 3.17 Bing Cady '51 (1936 – Dec. 10, 2020)

Here is his obituary as it appeared in the January 13, 2021 Cornell Chronicle. The graduation years refer to Cornell and Cornell alumni.

By David Nutt,

K. Bingham Cady, professor emeritus of nuclear engineering in the Sibley School of Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering, died Dec. 10 at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago. He was 84.

In a career that straddled academia and industry, Cady helped improve the safety of nuclear fission reactors by developing computer modeling software that could simulate — and assess the risk of — how reactors respond to operational fluctuations and accidents.



In 1951-52 Bing was coxwain for UW's Freshman Crew

K. Bingham Cady, professor emeritus of nuclear engineering in the Sibley School of Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering, died Dec. 10 at the age of 84. He was part of a generation of reactor theorists that was trained at a remarkably deep level, in large part because they did their Ph.D.'s directly under people who came out of the Manhattan Project, and so were the founders of the field, or they had worked with the students or postdocs of those people," said former student Mark Deinert '96, Ph.D. '03. "He had that really rigorous analytical introduction to the subject that kind of isn't taught anymore, anywhere. He was great."

Cady was born in Chicago in 1936. A prodigy, he entered the University of Wisconsin, Madison, at the age of 15 through a Ford Foundation pre-induction scholarship. Cady soon transferred to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he studied naval architecture and marine engineering – reflecting his lifelong interest in sailing and building boats, including a brief stint in the Merchant Marine. He received his B.S in 1956 and a Ph.D. in nuclear engineering in 1962.

While at MIT Cady began his first foray outside academia, working for the Moore McCormack Steamship Company; the shipbuilding division of the Bethlehem Steel Company, where he was in charge of installing the secondary shielding of the nuclear reactor on the USS Long Beach, the first nuclear-powered surface warship; and the engineering firm of Jackson and Moreland.

Cady began teaching at Cornell in 1962, which was something of a boom time for the field of nuclear engineering at the university. For the next 49 years, Cady taught in the departments of applied and engineering physics, nuclear science and engineering, and theoretical and applied mechanics.

He served as the College of Engineering's associate dean for professional programs from 1984-85, and associate dean for college affairs from 1985-90.

Cady had a lifelong interest in sailing and building boats. He studied naval architecture and marine engineering as an undergraduate at MIT. Years later, he taught all of his children to swim and sail on Cayuga Lake. Cady loved teaching, and kept tabs on the progress of his former students, always taking pride in their publications and professional accomplishments.

Deinert first met Cady as an undergraduate studying agricultural engineering.

"He was really persuasive about the virtues of nuclear power," said Deinert, now an associate professor at the Colorado School of Mines. "He said that nuclear power could provide the kind of electricity that coal does, and it would be emissions free. So it would be much softer on the environment. That slowly drew me into his orbit when I was looking for places to go to graduate school."

Deinert worked with Cady as a graduate student and postdoctoral researcher, investigating pollution transport in the Earth's subsurface and, later, the economic modeling of nuclear fuel cycles and different reactor designs.

They remained friends for 30 years.

"Bing was a terrific adviser. He had a rare ability to simplify really complex problems, and find the simplicity in complex problems," Deinert said. "Nuclear energy systems have a lot of degrees of freedom; there are a lot of moving parts. It's really essential to be able to reduce those down to the essential variables to be able to say anything informative."

Following the partial meltdown of a reactor and the ensuing radiation leak at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in Pennsylvania in 1979, Cady participated in an industrywide effort to analyze how light-water reactors could handle degraded-core and melted-core accidents. Cady and his team contributed to the computer-code systems and physical modeling required for the development of the Modular Accident Analysis Program (MAAP), which became the industry standard for simulating the response of nuclear reactors to severe accidents and stabilizing their performance.

"In the 1960s, Bing developed some really foundational techniques, which he referred to as response theory, that would allow you — with real simplicity — to understand the transient behavior of a system with hundreds or even thousands of free parameters," Deinert said.

Cady's response theory wasn't limited to nuclear power. It also found applications in other engineering systems and systems analysis in the physical sciences, the quantitative social sciences and business.



While on various sabbaticals from Cornell, Cady was a consultant for a number of companies and national laboratories, including Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory; the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's Division of Nuclear Licensing; the Department of Nuclear Energy, Brookhaven National Laboratory; Hanford Engineering Development Laboratory; Fauske and Associates, Inc.; and the Milwaukee Company Properties, Inc.

He also served as president of the Niagara-Finger Lakes section of the American Nuclear Society.

"Bing did a tremendous amount of consulting, and he had a lot of influence in those domains," Deinert said. "A lot of his academic influence came from where his students wound up going. Bing had students at MIT and UC Berkeley, the University of Texas at Austin, international universities. He put a lot of people in really, really high-powered organizations."

Cady was a member of Phi Eta Sigma, Sigma Xi and Tau Beta Pi. In addition to being a Ford Foundation scholar, he received a Bethlehem Steel fellowship, a Woodrow Wilson fellowship and a U.S. Atomic Energy Commission fellowship in nuclear science and engineering.

After he retired from Cornell in 2011, Cady moved back to Chicago, where he enjoyed spending time with his family and sailing on Lake Michigan. Four of his five children attended Cornell, and he taught all of them to swim and sail on Cayuga Lake.

Cady is survived by his partner, Janet Reece; a sister, Susan Westby; children Julia Cady Marrocco '77 (Dante), Sarah Cady Minas (Ed), Nell Cady-Kruse '84, MBA '85 (Steve), C. Conrad Cady '86 (Laura) and Courtney Cady Wood '98 (Sean); and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

### 3.18 Marvin Chapman '51

Charlie Holbrow writes:

I don't remember how Marv and I first met. Neither of us was in ILS. We were, however, both taking the same math courses — fall '51, Math 1— college algebra; spring '52, Math 2—Intro math anal. (as it is recorded on our transcripts). It's possible we met because we were in the same section of one of those math courses. The courses were semi-remedial; they taught what we would have learned in our skipped years of high school.

However we first met, Marv and I were friendly from the start. Marv was from Whitefish Bay, a village just outside of Milwaukee. That made him one of two '51 Ford Scholars from Wisconsin. Dave Schoenbaum was the other.

I think we instinctively recognized similarities of experience. The 1950 Whitefish Bay High School yearbook looks a lot like my yearbook from Upper Arlington, Ohio. Marv's school and its neighborhood looked suburban like mine — single family homes with grassy yards and tree-lined streets. Our schools' graduating classes were similar in size, approximately 150, and for their pictures the girls dressed the same — sweaters and strings of pearls. The pictures don't show the Whitefish Bay girls' shoes, but I'll bet they were saddle shoes. Marv and I had more in common with each other than with Ford students from exotic places like New York City.

But there were notable differences. For one, Marv's father was black and born in 1892 on the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana. For another his white mother was the daughter of German immigrants. My family is all very Anglo. Marv also had three older brothers and an older sister; I had only an older sister. Most surprising to me was that all the time I knew Marv, I never knew that his father had died just eight months before Marv came to UW.

Marv graduated from UW in 1955 and went on to UW Medical School. (This means he was in med school with Herb Gahr and Al Miller.) Marv graduated from med school in 1959, married Marie Louise Olson a graduate of the Methodist Hospital School of Nursing, entered the US Navy, and began a one-year internship at Great Lakes Naval Hospital in Illinois. When that was completed, he did three years of psychiatric residency at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital and then practiced in the Navy for an additional five years.



After he left the Navy, Marv worked at different medical facilities of the Wisconsin Department of Corrections. In 1972 as Clinical Director of the Central State Hospital in Waupun, he recommended it be closed because of outmoded equipment, deteriorated building, and inadequate staff. Closure was opposed by a state legislator who did not want his constituents to lose jobs. The hospital was finally closed eleven years later. He also held positions with the Rock County Health Care Center in Janesville, with the Mendota Mental Health Institute, and the Wisconsin Department of Family Services — both in Madison.

And he worked as a private medical management consultant and as a consultant-surveyor for the Joint Commission of Accreditation of Healthcare Organizations. His work was focused on setting and getting adopted standards for forensic hospitals — i.e. hospitals for prisoners in prison systems and asylums. The JCAHO acknowledged Marv's contributions in one of their reports:

The receptiveness of the JCAHO to this effort [setting standards for forensic hospitals] is in large part due to the efforts of Marvin Chapman MD. As Wisconsin's longtime Director of Forensic Services and a surveyor for the JCAHO, Dr. Chapman has lobbied with forensic facilities all over the country to accept the challenge of seeking accreditation while simultaneously helping the JCAHO to make its standards meaningful and realistic in light of the many special features of forensic hospitals.

I couldn't find much detail about what Marv did for Wisconsin, but it looks as though he fought the good fight to improve medical services for the incarcerated — for the people in prisons and mental hospitals, a good fight frustrated by public and legislative neglect. He retired in 1997 as he approached age 62 and as early as he could. Then he and Marie moved to Clearwater, Florida.

It was a short retirement. On March 23, 1999, Marv died in Florida as the result of an automobile accident.

In 2021 Eric Chapman, Marv's youngest son, wrote to me:

My father was a towering figure in my family's life. He was a great man who sought to do the most good that he could in his life, and he set an unparalleled example for his children to emulate. Unfortunately, he passed way too soon for him to meet his grandchildren or truly enjoy his retirement with our mother. However, he left a great legacy both personally and professionally, and we were lucky to have him in our lives for the time that we did.

... I graduated UW Medical School in 1996, and at graduation, my dad accompanied me on stage to accept my degree. It was one of my proudest moments.

It was surely a proud moment for Marv also.

### **3.19 Leslie Baer '55**

Jerry Last provides the following:

BAER-Leslie, MD. With deep sorrow we note the passing of Dr. Leslie Baer, the Director of the Hypertension Research Program at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. Dr. Baer guided the program since its inception 10 years ago and provided care for those who otherwise would not have received treatment. 11/29/2002—from the NY Times. Leslie was a cardiologist and a physician-scientist.

### 3.20 Stephen Kresge '51

John Israel writes:

Steve Kresge was my first-year roommate at 217 North Lake Street. Being early in the alphabet, we benefitted from Herb's effort to link up people from different parts of the country — Steve from Berkeley, CA, myself from Woodmere, LI. At the time, Steve hadn't yet discovered his gay identity and sometimes dated the lovely Maureen Sinnott (sp?) from ILS. For our second semester, we moved into the dorms, with different roommates.

Steve was best man at my San Francisco wedding in 1957 at the Chinatown Presbyterian Church. He provided a Unitarian minister who incorporated Jewish customs into our intercultural union. He himself married and divorced before settling down with his same-sex partner.

I saw Steve once more before his death. In 2010, to embark upon the second of three Semester at Sea voyages, I drove from San Francisco to San Diego in order to visit him en route in Big Sur. His mountain retreat had burned down in a forest fire, with his treasured art collection, but he was gamely rebuilding while living in the gate-keeper's cottage. We spent a wonderful morning together, lunching on a restaurant terrace overlooking the Pacific.

I had hoped for a repeat performance en route to my 2017 voyage but it was not to be. I received word of his death when I called the county sheriff after finding his phone disconnected. According to my less than infallible memory, that would have been in 2016 but, apparently it was 2018. Here is his obituary:

Stephen Patrick Kresge

NOVEMBER 3, 1935 – NOVEMBER 12, 2018

Steve was born November 3, 1935 in San Francisco. His father was in the military and Steve spent his early years in New Jersey before the family moved to Berkeley. Steve had a brother, Carl, and a half brother, Michael, both of whom predeceased him.

Steve went to El Cerrito High School, and at the end of his sophomore year he entered the University of Wisconsin on a special scholarship. After two years there he transferred to the University of California at Berkeley, where he got his BA in English.

He worked at various jobs, including at the University of Berkeley library, before he began designing and building houses in the Oakland hills. The last house he designed became his home with his partner, William Bartley III. William was a professor of philosophy and author of a number of books, including a biography of Ludwig Wittgenstein. At the time of his death in 1990, William was working

on a biography of Friedrich Hayek and was editing Hayek's collected works. Steve took over this complex editing project, which became the work to which he was dedicated for most of the rest of his life.

Steve always had wanted to live in Big Sur, and after William died, he designed and built a house on a property that the two of them had bought long before, on Pfeiffer Ridge, moving there a few years later. He had a number of friends in the East Bay, many of whom he had known since his high school years, and, although rooted in Big Sur he maintained an apartment in Berkeley, where he would come to write, work on the Hayek project, and spend time with his East Bay friends.

A privilege to have known him!

### 3.21 Martin J. Sklar '51

Henry Wortis supplies the following:

Here is an excerpt from a longer article about the late Martin J. Sklar by John Judis. The longer piece is attached. Marty died in 2014.

Sklar was born in Brooklyn in 1935, the son of a labor lawyer. He went to the University of Wisconsin in 1951 on a Ford Foundation scholarship for teenagers sixteen and under. On campus, he was active in the Labor Youth League, which was the unofficial youth wing of the Communist Party. After it dissolved in 1956, he helped to found the Wisconsin Socialist Club, and in 1960, while he was still a graduate student in history, he was a founding editor of *Studies on the Left*, which became a leading theoretical journal of the new left. It published not only his work, but that of William Appleman Williams, James Weinstein, Eugene Genovese, and Harold Cruse. (After it dissolved in 1967, Weinstein and David Eakins published an anthology, *For a New America*, that is still worth reading.)

During Sklar's time at Wisconsin, its history department was at the forefront of reassessing Cold War foreign policy and New Deal liberalism and progressivism. The faculty included Williams, George Mosse, Fred Harvey Harrington, William B. Hesseltine, and Howard Beale, and it turned out a generation of outstanding historians including Sklar, Walter LaFeber, Warren Susman, Lloyd Gardner, Carl Parrini, Ellis Hawley, James B. Gilbert and Thomas McCormick. Sklar was a star in this firmament, even as an undergraduate.

While a junior at Madison, he wrote an essay on Hamilton and Jefferson that was circulated among historians and years later was a basis for a prize-winning essay by one of his graduate students. Sklar first drafted his path breaking essay, "Woodrow Wilson and the Political Economy of Modern United States Liberalism," which appeared in *Studies on the Left* in 1960, as a graduate student in 1957. In that essay, Sklar coined the term "corporate liberalism" to

describe a novel understanding of twentieth century liberalism. Sklar's theory of liberalism became the subject of study groups and of numerous essays and books. He also had an early impact on the Wisconsin school's study of foreign policy. In two footnotes to *Tragedy of American Diplomacy*, Williams credited the research Sklar had conducted as a graduate student on John Hay's and Woodrow Wilson's diplomacy.

If Sklar's career had proceeded along the same path as some of his fellow graduate students, he probably would have ended up like LaFeber as a renowned professor at an Ivy League university. But Sklar had difficulty finishing what he was writing, and he was also pulled to and fro by the impassioned politics of the times. After he got his MA at Wisconsin, he moved to New York to work on *Studies on the Left*. Then he became a Ph.D. student at the University of Rochester. He could have easily converted his research on Wilson into a Ph.D. thesis, but he got involved in student politics and embarked on a reconceptualization of the history of American capitalism, based on a study of the 1920s. Some of this research ended up in an incredibly difficult but original essay in *Radical America*, but much of it resided in a larger manuscript that sat unpublished in a file cabinet, as did other writings. Sklar would sometimes extract these writings and read from them in order to make a point, but would then stash them back away. Sklar left Rochester and graduate school in 1969 to get a job at Northern Illinois University's left-leaning history department, which included his friend Parrini. In spite of the enthusiastic support of his colleagues and students, he was denied tenure by the administration in 1976 because he had not finished his dissertation.

### 3.22 Harold (Ed) Edwards '52

Andy Mezey supplies the following:

Good morning Charlie, a very good idea of yours to mention a few of the Fords that have not made it this far. I will start with Harold (Ed) Edwards since I believe that all remember him.



Ed in his band jacket



Ed, Louise, & Bill

Pictures by C. Kaufman

Ed died on November 10, 2020 from colon cancer. Ed was in my cohort, 1952, was in ILS, the marching band (played at the Rose Bowl on January 1, 1953), majored in mathematics, and was the editor of the campus humor magazine, *The Octopus*. After leaving Madison he received a doctorate in theoretical mathematics from Harvard, wrote a number of books (mathematics) understandable only by other theoretical mathematicians, ending up in NYC at the Courant Institute at NYU. Should you wish, you can buy his books on Amazon and you can find his CV on Wikipedia.

Ed is one my friendships that I characterize as discontinuous. We lost track of each other for about 40 years but spent the next 20 years or so as close friends. As usual, serendipity played a big part in our story. Reading a NY Times article one morning on the possible solution to Fermat's last theorem, I noted that it quoted Ed. And that he was on the NYU faculty. By that time I was living and working in Manhattan. I called his office, we reconnected, started having lunch together, met each other's wives, and over the next 20 years the four of us saw each other on a regular basis.

Ed the mathematician had married Betty Rollin, a well known TV journalist and author, two of whose books were turned into movies. (Wikipedia can help you with this). As a part of this saga Ed worked closely with Earl Dolven to establish the Herbert and Evelyn Howe Scholarship Fund as well as two events in Madison, Also as part of this we reconnected with Phil Schaeffer and Al Miller. Until the pandemic hit the 4 of us would have lunch together periodically at a funky restaurant in Greenwich Village. I'll continue with some others in another email.

### 3.23 Robert H. Monyek '51 (1935–1976)

Howe's 1962 list says Monyek is putting himself through DePaul's law school by night classes. His obituary in the DePaul Law Review confirms this.

IN MEMORIAM<sup>7</sup>

ROBERT H. MONYEK 1935-1976

Robert H. Monyek was an unusually talented person who will not be forgotten by the people who studied under or worked with him. His accomplishments were many; his influence on his profession and his students was great. In the business and academic communities, he was respected for his leadership, dedication and outstanding intellect.

Bob Monyek began his long association with DePaul University as a student, receiving his JD degree cum laude in 1959. Shortly thereafter he returned to DePaul to teach in the College of Law. He

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<sup>7</sup>Jack M. Greenburg, "In Memoriam: Robert H. Monyek," **27** DePaul L. Rev. xiii (1977) Available at: <https://via.library.depaul.edu/law-review/vol27/iss1/2>

was a consummate teacher, setting a high standard of excellence for his students and for himself. His grasp of the subject matter and the clarity with which it was taught became legend. Many who attended his courses at DePaul, and for the Bar Review, thought that he expected more than they could give; many surprised themselves, becoming better because of his high expectations.

He gave of himself to many organizations. He was a member of the Editorial Board of Taxation for Accountants and contributed articles to numerous other publications. He was a member of the planning committee of the University of Chicago Federal Tax Conference, the executive council of the Federal Tax Committee of the Chicago Bar Association, the planning committee of the Illinois Institute for Continuing Legal Education, Chicago Federal Tax Forum, Federal Tax Group, Chicago Estate Planning Council, Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry, and the Jewish Federation. He was also a member of the executive board of the Chicago Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

When Bob Monyek died last year after a long illness, he was senior tax partner in the Chicago office of Arthur Young & Company and the firm's Midwest Regional Director of tax practice.

The many people whose lives he touched know that the world lost a dedicated professional and a fine human being. Yet we are comforted by the knowledge that his contributions will live on in the dedication to excellence that he taught us.

REQUIEM IN PACE

Jack M. Greenberg\* \*J. D. and lecturer, DePaul University College of Law.

### 3.24 Paul D. Thompson '52 (1936–July 27, 2019)

Charlie Holbrow writes:

I didn't know Paul, but I wish I had. How many people do you know who have written and played and sung a song called 'The Erectile Dysfunction Polka'?

In 2005 John Allen wrote "Paul Thompson entered the UW at 15 . . . lacked self-discipline. . . flunked out once, dropped out once, and didn't graduate until 1961." In the following obit that Paul wrote for himself are links to him and his wife singing songs that he composed. This is not great music, but it has charm. His love song to his wife is touching.





FITCHBURG - Paul D. Thompson, age 82, passed away on Saturday, July 27, 2019, at his home in Fitchburg. The son of teachers, Paul's verbal skills earned him a Ford Foundation early admission scholarship that enabled him to enter the UW-Madison in 1952, at the age of 15. Accustomed to learning by reading on his own, he was always an indifferent student but managed to eke out a Bachelor of Science degree in English.

He was fortunate to enter the job market at a time of labor shortage as a police and fire reporter for the Montgomery Alabama Advertiser, and then as a general assignment reporter and copy editor for the Wisconsin State Journal in Madison. He was also fortunate to date and marry in 1959 another Ford Foundation early admissions scholar, Evelyn Thut, who became his beloved life-long companion.

Paul became a writer and then editor-in-chief for Visual Education Consultants, later Education Industries, a Madison firm producing current event filmstrips for schools. Paul also wrote several science books for young people. After 17 years with the firm, he and his wife formed a free-lance partnership doing writing, editing, and in Evelyn's case, public speaking for lobbyists and state trade associations.

In 1986, Paul joined the Credit Union National Association as speechwriter for the leadership, and as a writer of press releases and annual reports. He retired in 1998. He continued to write speeches and other materials on a free-lance basis for some years, plus poetry and short stories. He and Evelyn were frequent contributors to Mind's Eye Radio, a monthly program of creative writing distributed to WORT and many other community radio stations around the nation.

During his retirement, Paul self-published three well-regarded books on credit unions, including *Development of the Modern U.S. Credit Union Movement: 1970-2010*. This won the 2014 Individual Achievement Award of the Credit Union Development Education program of the National Credit Union Foundation. His books are available free as downloadable PDF files at <http://www.archive.org>.

Paul's father died in a mental hospital, and Paul and Evelyn became active in the mental health area. For some dozen years, Paul served as a co-facilitator of a National Alliance on Mental Illness (NAMI) support group for families dealing with mental illness. Evelyn also contributed her wisdom and perspective to the group. In

other volunteer activities, Paul and Evelyn sang and soloed with the Fitchburg Singers, sponsored by the Fitchburg Senior Center, giving concerts at nursing and other senior facilities. Paul played and sang with the Fitchburg Ukulele Network (FUN), also sponsored by the Fitchburg Senior Center.

Paul came to music relatively late in life but learned enough to write and perform with Evelyn a number of humorous and sentimental songs. Their efforts can be viewed at <https://www.youtube.com/paulandevie>.

The above was written by Paul.

Paul is survived by his wife, Evelyn; daughters, Elizabeth and Gwen Thompson; niece and nephew, Brian and Reggie Harris; and numerous other nieces and nephews.

A private service will be held. Memorials may be gifted in Paul's name to NAMI, Agrace HospiceCare or a charity of your choice.

Paul was a wonderful husband, father and friend. He was a good listener, kind and perceptive and a cherished companion. He will be sorely missed. The care and love of his friends, family and neighbors were a great support through a difficult terminal illness, and the kindness of the care given by nurses and CNA's from Agrace Hospice Care provided enormous comfort in Paul's last days. Online condolences may be made to [www.gundersonfh.com](http://www.gundersonfh.com).

### 3.25 Evelyn Thut Thompson '53

John Allen tells us that Evie was thrilled to leave the "stultifying" environment of high school for the UW. At <https://www.youtube.com/paulandevie> there are video clips of 25 different compositions by her husband Paul. Some he sings solo, but Evie sings several of them with him. Most touching is "Evie's Song



(I'll be there)," and it includes a sequence of pictures from Evie's life. You can see her go from babyhood to Ford student to mother to senior citizen. Good work, Evie.

### 3.26 David Rothman '51

There is a Wikipedia article about David. It's at [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David\\_Rothman\\_\(statistician\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Rothman_(statistician)). Its opening paragraphs follow:

David Rothman (August 9, 1935 — c. June 12, 2004) was an American statistician, public policy advisor, and Bowl Championship Series computer rankings author.

### Early life and childhood

David Rothman was one of three children born and raised in Bronx, New York to Lena (1912–2004) and Morris Rothman (1908–1993). Morris Rothman was a furrier. In his youth David scored well in a national math contest. Piano composition was his hobby. David was pulled out of the Bronx High School of Science in his junior year on a full Ford Foundation Scholarship to the University of Wisconsin. David Rothman's IQ was off the charts and could not be measured, claimed family members who knew of the situation. He was a fantastic classical piano musician but did not wish to perform publicly, according to his mother Lena Rothman, as told to her niece Doris.

### Education

Rothman graduated from Bronx Science (later called Bronx High School of Science) in 1951. He continued on to University of Wisconsin–Madison, completing a B. S. degree in mathematics in 1955 followed by a master's degree. He then went on to Harvard Graduate School of Public Administration (later renamed John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University), completing a M. S. degree in public administration in 1959.

Irene Bernstein writes:

So I was right about remembering him working for aerospace industry in CA!! I guess my memory isn't that bad yet! I think I told you that Howe once said to me that Dave was a true genius! And...this article had to be written by someone who knows nothing about NYC. It's THE Bronx, never just 'Bronx'!!! (because...the area was once farmland belonging to the "Bronck's" a Dutch family! So, that is the only borough requiring the definite article in front of it and...the ONLY part of NYC that is actually attached to the N. Amer. continent! The rest of the city is either an island (Staten is and Manhattan) or located on an island (Brooklyn/Queens!) That, and \$2.75 will get you a ride on the NYC subway!

I had forgotten that Dave was a serious pianist. When I was in the University Chorus and we performed Brahms' Requiem, I invited Dave to attend, since Brahms was part of his obsession (Brahms, Bridge and Budweiser). Thinking he would simply say he enjoyed it afterwards, I was blown away by his careful critique of the direction/performance/accompaniment etc. He was something else!

Andy Mezey writes:

Fascinating. I shared an apartment with David Rothman, David Cowan, Fred

Miller, and Hy Frankel in 1954-55. He never mentioned his piano playing. On the other hand, he wasn't hard to live with except for being somewhat strange at times. He left Madison in 1959 on an NSF for a PhD mathematics program at Harvard. Never finished.

# Chapter 4

## Essays

### 4.1 Madison in the '50s

Charlie Holbrow writes:

Most of the UW Fords in touch with each other seventy years later think their experience was better than that of Ford students at Columbia, Yale, and Chicago. Maybe better than at any of the other Ford scholar schools. What made a UW Ford student's experience better? Certainly Herbert and Evelyn Howe helped; ILS was important for many; the Progressive tradition was stimulating; and the faculty were good. But I think the physical campus and its lakes, the agricultural ambience of a great land-grant university, the cultural and human variety of rural and urban students pursuing an extraordinary diversity of disciplines, the lakes, and the city of Madison itself and (did I mention?) its lakes contributed hugely to Ford student happiness.

I first saw Madison on a sunny midsummer afternoon in 1951. My father had driven us there from Columbus, Ohio — a ten-hour drive because there were no Interstate Highways. We came in from south of the city and somehow arrived at the corner of Regent and Breeze Terrace where there was stir and commotion in a small field surfaced with gravel mixed with yellow sand. The field was the parking lot for Camp Randall Stadium and the stir was about football practice inside the stadium. Six weeks later I was doing ROTC drill in this parking lot, drill that prepared us to March up State Street on Armed Forces Day.

And six weeks later I was watching football in that stadium. In four years I never missed a home game although sometimes I suffered. One cold Saturday my feet became so numb I had to be carried out of the stadium. That was unusual. Most games I was able to run along with the crowd when after the game we chased the band out of the stadium and up University Ave.

University Avenue passed under an arcade of American Elm trees. Particularly handsome elms lined the walkways up Bascom Hill. Elm trees grew in all the residential parts of Madison. Their little disc-like seeds fell in millions and drifted in the gutters of the streets. Any bare patch of dirt would erupt with tiny elm trees. They were like weeds. In 1951 elms were still a glory of America. Twenty years later they were gone, wiped out by the Dutch Elm fungus. The elms on Bascom Hill were kept alive by extreme measures involving prolonged transfusions of fungicide. But that was later; in 1951 Madison was still beautified by its elms.

We visited the UW housing bureau and found me a room in one of the dowdy but sturdy houses that bordered the campus. It was \$4.50 a week to share a room in Mrs. Hungerford's house at 309 N. Lake Street just off University Ave and four blocks from the Memorial Union. University Ave was lined with small shops — a convenience store, a laundromat, a bar, a Chinese laundry. There were more shops on State Street — several bookstores, a Rennebohm's drugstore on the corner of State and Lake. There was another Rennebohm's at the corner of Park and University.

Six weeks later my father brought me back, dropped me off, wished me well, and drove away.

A lot of construction was going on. A new library was partly built. Do you remember the large quonsett hut in what is now Library Mall? It was the reserve reading room. I went there for Edson's class in Ancient History. When the weather was cold, roaring space heaters that hung from the ceiling tried to keep the place too warm. They created an overpressure, so that every time someone came in or went out there was a pop in pressure. The quonsett hut had entrances at each end, and if both doors happened to be opened at once, there was a brief wind-tunnel whoosh of air the length of the building. It was nice to have the new library open the next fall.

An Israeli friend once said to me "You Americans do big things. You win a world war; you invent the atomic bomb; you go to the Moon. But all that time you are growing potatoes." . . . and corn and wheat and sorghum and beef and pork and milk and cheese. The extraordinary agricultural strength of America was nowhere more apparent than at UW. To get to UW, we drove through miles of prosperous farmlands. When we got there, there was a traffic jam because of the grand opening of The Forest Products Laboratory. There was a fine, broad mall leading up to Ag Hall, a temple to agriculture if ever there was one. And in this year of 1951 Babcock Hall was completed and became the center of dairy science as well as a place to buy outstanding ice cream.

I knew I was somewhere special when our orientation exercises were held in the Stock Pavilion, a cavernous building on the ag campus. Looking back I see how appropriate that was. I didn't yet realize I was at a university that taught courses called Cheese 101 and Ice Cream 109. These were not options

at Columbia, Chicago, or Yale. And I am sure that unlike UW President E. B. Fred, the Ivy League prexies did not personally teach an incoming class of some 4000 students to sing “Varsity,” “On Wisconsin,” and that all-time-great “If You Want to Be a Badger, Just Come Along With Me.” We were definitely somewhere else.

And then there was Lake Mendota. The Wisconsin Union, “the living room of the campus” and central to the life of most Ford students, looked out on this beautiful lake. In season you could swim in it from the Union pier or from the Liz Waters pier. We canoed on that lake, and one time we took our canoe through the Yahara River lock into Lake Monona. A few times the lake froze smooth enough for unimpeded ice skating for miles — although you had to climb over the pressure ridge of ice that rose up in a wall a hundred yards or so out from shore, a wall that had a trough of partially open water along it.

Mendota ice was usually rough, only rarely good for skating. But Mendota formed a lagoon in Tenney Park and Wingra had a lagoon in Vilas Park, and when these froze, they were groomed by the city. The fire department sprayed water onto the frozen lagoons to get smooth surfaces. And each lagoon had a warm-up house, a well built shed with benches and a wood stove, where you could put on your skates and warm your hands. Winter skating in the cold was fun.

You could tell from the newspapers when winter was coming or going. In late autumn and in early spring local papers all over the state ran a standard article about how to escape from your automobile if it fell through the ice while you were ice fishing. (Don’t try to open the car door until you have let enough water in through a partly open window to offset the pressure of the water on the outside of the door, and then hope you can swim up and find the hole in the ice you fell through.)

Do you remember the ski jump built amongst the trees on the lake-facing slope of Bascom Hill? Only once in my time at UW did enough snow fall and did the lake freeze solid enough to allow ski jumpers to swoosh down the jump, soar out over the lake, and land with a great whomp. It was marvelous to see.

Did you know that Longfellow wrote a poem for Madison? It is ingeniously titled “The Four Lakes of Madison.”

Four limpid lakes, — four Naiades  
 Or sylvan deities are these,  
 In flowing robes of azure dressed;  
 Four lovely handmaids, that uphold  
 Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,  
 To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun  
 Drink of these waters as they run

Their swift diurnal round on high;  
 By night the constellations glow  
 Far down the hollow deeps below,  
 And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
 Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,  
 How visionary ye appear!  
 All like a floating landscape seems  
 In cloud-land or the land of dreams,  
 Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

Notice he never says their names. Did he not know them? Do you know them?  
 Hint: Lake Wingra is not one of them.

And what about parietal rules? Do you remember parietal rules? The University was definitely *in loco parentis*. On weeknights all girls living in University approved housing had to be back in those houses by 10 p.m.; all “gentleman” visitors, allowed only into the groundfloor public lounges, had to be out of the houses by 10:30 p.m. On Friday and Saturday nights the times were 12 midnight and 12:30 a.m.<sup>1</sup> One amazing consequence was that in that last half hour pairs of boys and girls crowded the chairs and sofas or stood clinching in doorways and corners necking, kissing, hugging, and breathing hard. The lounges in Chadbourne Hall and Liz Waters justly deserved the name “passion pits.” In those good-night half hours their air was steamy with pheromones.

And will you be “shocked, shocked to learn” that the rules were broken? There were ways. But you must not get caught. There was the story of X. His girlfriend spent the night in his rooming house and left the next morning around 5:30. The early-rising landlady saw her go and asked X if she had been there all night. X, naively unwilling to lie, nodded affirmative. “Then,” said the landlady, “you may no longer live in my house.” So X found a new place to live.

But that was not the end of it, because the landlady listed her now vacant room with the UW housing service. And when she was asked why it was available in the middle of the term, she explained. As a result, X was called into the dean of students office and expelled.

Armed Forces Day the massed forces of ROTC marched up State Street to the Capitol Square. We were led by cadet officers, men who had opted for the second two years of ROTC and would enter the services as officers when they graduated. They marched backward in front of us shouting crucial orders as needed. When we marched out of Lake Street, our cadet blared in good military style “COLUMN—RIGHT TURN—HARCH!” That might work for him because he was walking backward, but without a moment’s hesitation we all turned left.

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<sup>1</sup>Irene reminds me: You failed to mention being “grounded” if you were caught coming in late. You lost a late night for breaking the rule. Also, if I remember correctly, as a junior you were given extra late nights and as a senior, every night was a late night.



A few steps onward he realized his error; his officer-like starch melted; and he gasped “Thanks, fellows.”

Vilas Park was a good place to visit. There was the zoo; there was Lake Wingra with a little beach and shallow enough to warm up early for pleasant swimming. You could go there on a warm day in late spring and lie on the grass and study for finals. That’s what these ILS students are doing.



Spring of 1952 ILS students Joy Knoll, Mary Ross, Jeanette Saltzberg, & John Israel ('51) in Vilas Park studying for final exams

On the other side of Wingra was the University Arboretum. If you knew to go there in early May, the lilacs were spectacular. You could also see the virtues of economic depression. In the late 1920s the lands now reserved for nature were being prepared for subdivision. Roads were cut through the area; lots were staked out. Then the Great Depression put the development on hold. The University acquired the land and made it an arboretum albeit with ruins of overgrown roadways (still bikeable) and other remnants of failed development.

In late spring Lake Mendota became the source of an astonishing number of mayflies. These soft bodied innocuous little bugs hatched, mated, and died in a day. They ate nothing, but they were drawn to lights and would die fluttering against store windows and accumulate in heaps on the sidewalk below the window. At night longer-lived bugs clustered around the street lights along State Street, and bats and nighthawks fed on them. You could see the bats dive and weave; you could hear the nighthawks boom and buzz. It was amazing.

Do you remember your fee card? It was the tear-off stub of one of the IBM cards that were part of registration. In using IBM cards for registration UW

was at the cutting edge of administrative technology. The cards may have made registration more efficient for UW, but we students had to stand in long lines to get each card that assigned you to a particular course and section. When I went to collect the card that put me in ROTC, there was a very long line and a much shorter line. I chose the short line, and, as a result, I ended up in Air Force ROTC. Good choice.

But the most important card was the one that you took to the bursar's office. When you paid your tuition the tear-off stub of the card was stamped with an official stamp. It was your passport to University services. You carried this "fee card" everywhere. It proved that you had paid your tuition. You used it to take books from the library, to get games in the Union, to cash checks, to get student discounts. When I graduated, I put my four years of fee cards in the folder that held my degree; I thought they were as important as the degree itself.



## 4.2 Dave Schoenbaum: Some Dots to Connect?

Dear Charlie and all interested parties.

Seek and ye shall find. (Source on request.) But I'm still not sure we know or agree on what we're seeking.

I think there's a consensus that some of our experience might at least be of interest to others than ourselves. But I had an uneasy feeling Tuesday that we

Steering committee Zoom with two Ford Foundation senior managers

were looking through the wrong end of the telescope. Yes, the Ford archivists could not have been more helpful, Yes, they also delivered the goods, in this case a bundle of folders, whose contents might or might not include us. But I'd guess that we were looking at bottom drawer files from a project once regarded by its Founding Fathers as *The Future*, and even the last best hope of Western Civilization, but long since a retired budget line. "Pre-induction" should already be a clue to what was intended and how we got there — or didn't, as Louise rightly points out. Yet I only once heard mention of this as relevant in a session that extended over an hour and a half.

If it's the Big Picture we're after, I'd start with the Ford Foundation itself, a pioneer of Big Philanthropy where Big is understood in the same sense as the big in Big Business. Hard as it is to imagine today, contemporary media regarded the Ford Foundation as news fit to print, viz. Dwight McDonald's 1955 book. Its auto millionaire president was just back from managing the Marshall Plan. It was flush with with postwar money. Reportedly even hints from the IRS were among the incentives to spend it.

In 1951, the Foundation had also just taken charismatic Robert M. Hutchins aboard as its #2. As president of the University of Chicago, he had made abolition of football a part of his mission. Preservation of Western Civilization, with a double helping of classics, was another. So was college matriculation at 16 and under. Does any of this look familiar?

Universal Military Training, as it was called, was already under discussion before Hutchins left Chicago. But the Korean war added a practical dimension to what till now had tended to the theoretical. Mark Ingraham was also among the critical mass. A math prof and Liberal Arts dean from Madison, he demanded inclusion of a public university in what was otherwise an ivy-covered club.

Again no coincidence, he tended to view the role of a university much as Hutchins did. With ILS already up and running, he could also match Chicago's, Yale's and Columbia's liberal arts packages I find it hard to imagine the coming of us in the absence of, and without the intersection of any of these.

The Big Bang seems to have followed at, or at least from, the January 1951 meeting of the American Association of Colleges, where military manpower came up in discussion and Ingraham was apparently present. Assuming I've got this right, I can only note that our project was up and and running nine months later. Can we imagine anything like that today?

What might impress us as much is the distance between the grand design of the Founding Fathers in their three-piece suits and the occasional bow tie and what actually came of this.

Charlie, Dave Stanley, even I, discovered working class Jewish kids from Stuyvesant and the Bronx High School of Science in much the same way Margaret Mead discovered Trobriand islanders. Working class kids from Stuyvesant and the

Bronx High School of Science discovered that there was life west of the Hudson. Institutionally and otherwise, all of us discovered that there was a whole population out there called WOMEN that had somehow been overlooked.

None of us, so far as I know, ever got inducted. But many, even most of us, recall it as a life-changing experience. Whether or not we've saved Western Civilization is still under discussion.

David

### 4.3 National Service

Ford scholarships were created because of the prospect of universal conscription. Although the threat of being drafted receded, 23 or more of us did some form of national service. Here is a list of who served and with what branch of service. And some good stories as well.

WHO SERVED AND IN WHICH BRANCH

Who	Branch	Who	Branch
Chadwick	Air Force	Jenkinson	Air Force
Karlan	Air Force	Kesselman	Air Force
Lawson	Air Force	Lueschow	Air Force
Bruch	Army	Ebersole	Army
Goldstone	Army	Hartshorne	Army
Issler	Army	Kolasinski	Army
Levison	Army	Mayers	Army
Mezey	Army	Offenbacher	Army
Schaeffer	Army	Chapman	Navy
Friedman	Navy	Martin	Navy
Glaser	USPHS	Goldstein	USPHS
Miller	USPHS		

### 4.3.1 Harry Issler's Story

I was born in November 1935 in Cologne (Köln), Germany.

Our family consisted of my father, my mother, and my sister who was 11 years old at the time of my birth. My mother had 5 brothers, and they all lived with or near my grandfather and grandmother.

My father had begun a small vending machine business, in addition to working at his regular sales job.

One night, in 1937, he was beaten in a small bar to which he had gone to service one of his vending machines. He was beaten because he was Jewish. Returning home with a black eye, a split lip and other injuries, he told my mother that notwithstanding her closeness to her family, he wanted to go to the United States with the children. and if she wouldn't go, he would take the children and send her his address.

She acquiesced.

At that time, in order to leave Germany, one needed what amounted to a certificate of good conduct, signed by the local prefect of police. When my father presented himself at the local precinct, the chief of police flatly refused to issue the certificate stating that he could not do so because everyone knew that my father was a common bar-room brawler and was not a citizen who could be issued an official good conduct certificate. My father quickly realized that the chief wanted a bribe, and ultimately scraped together all the money he could raise and gave it to the police officer. Then, as if by magic, the certificate was issued.

Within 30 days we arrived in the U.S. — without money, without a familiar language, and without a job for the bread-winner. Thank heavens my father had an older brother (whom he had never previously met) who took us under his wing and with whom we lived in a one-bedroom apartment in a Coney Island walk-up — the four of us, my uncle's wife and a dog. We stayed for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  years, with my father always saying "We don't want to overstay our welcome."

Years went by. We moved to the Bronx. At the age of 15 I won a Ford Foundation scholarship to the University of Wisconsin.

No one in my family, and indeed no one I had ever known had ever been to college, so I was like a clean slate, or more accurately, a damp sponge ready to absorb whatever a university life experience offered.

UW, being a land-grant school, required that all male students (except those in the marching band) enroll for at least 2 years in ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps). I was no exception and diligently attended for 2 years, during which I learned nothing.

After graduating, I was accepted at Cornell Law School where it occurred to me that after I graduated law school (in 3 years) I would face a military obligation, since the dreaded draft was still in full force and effect. I realized that rather than serve in the Army for two years as an enlisted man, I could be an officer with a little status.

Without sounding like a flag-waver, I had long felt that I owed the U.S. a lot for saving me, my parents, and my sister from certain death at the hands of the Nazis. Military service might be a small way of repaying that enormous debt. Therefore, while at Cornell, I attended ROTC classes for another two years, 2 or 3 times a week (in full military uniform) as well as the required 6 weeks training during the summer of 1957 at Fort Bragg, NC in some mysterious status known as a “cadet.” This was similar to boot camp, and all I now knew about it was that if I didn’t successfully complete it, I would never become an officer. Although it was no pleasure, I successfully completed it.

While a “cadet” I learned two valuable lessons which added to my military background. To begin with, the Army is always practicing to fight the previous war, and this time was no exception. My six weeks summer training course was after Korea but before Vietnam. The main purpose of training was to indoctrinate in the would-be soldier no particular military skills but the idea that one must look out for and protect the soldier in the next fox-hole. This was a doctrinal message instilled in every would-be officer.

An example of this occurred when a Saturday inspection of our platoon barracks was scheduled. If we passed the inspection, we would then be entitled to our first one- and one-half day “leave” during which we could go to town or do whatever we wanted at our leisure. It was all-important to us as cadets, because we had not had any time off for three and a half weeks and were going stir-crazy. There was one cadet in the platoon who simply could not shape himself up to pass the white glove inspection, so several of the other soldiers in the platoon undertook to see that this particular cadet would indeed pass. We made his bed for him; we straightened out his clothing; we aligned and shined his boots and did everything we could recall to see that he too would pass, because if he didn’t, then the entire platoon would be deprived of the one and a half day leave. When the white glove inspection began, we realized that we had forgotten one thing — his foot-locker. For when it was opened, it was simply a disaster. He had left half eaten candy bars in the foot-locker, open boxes of cereal, dirty laundry and every disgusting thing he could have picked up in the course of his training. It was obvious that he and we would never pass the inspection. The normal human reaction would have been to kill the offending soldier and bury him with his untidy foot-locker, but given our indoctrination to protect the person in the next fox-hole, we toughened up, tidied up and stood inspection again the next day. This time we passed. The object lesson was that we were looking after a miscreant who had almost single handedly deprived all of us of at least one-half day of leave time.

The other object lesson we learned involved two smart-assed New York college kids. Although I knew that they were not observant Jews, they petitioned the company commander to have them eat only kosher food. Incredibly enough, a small kosher kitchen was constructed, erected and opened for them and whoever else wanted to eat kosher. The only problem was that the kitchen was 30 miles from the area in which we trained. These two, in fact, ate all their meals at the kosher kitchen, with the Army providing them with bus transportation to and from that area. Happily, at the conclusion of the training they were listed as “No Commission” because they had literally missed all of the training while eating and being transported to and from the kosher kitchen. The lesson was evident.

One year later, on the day of my graduation from law school, I also got married and was commissioned as a 2nd lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

A busy day, to say the least.

Upon receiving my commission, I awaited news as to which branch of the Army to which I had been assigned (e.g., infantry, artillery, armor, etc.).

The Army, in its infinite wisdom, solved the problem for me. There were plenty of law school graduates who were to serve in the various branches, although most wanted to serve as JAG (Judge Advocate General) officers, but the JAG Corps was full, so the Army decided to have us serve as MP (Military Police) officers, apparently under the belief that being an MP officer had something to do with the law and that was better than being an infantryman.

I therefore found myself assigned to the nine-week Military Police Officer Basic Training Course at Fort Gordon, GA. It was there that I learned how to salute and, in general, how to comport myself as an officer. At the conclusion of the course, I was assigned to be the Assistant Stockade Officer, a job of complex responsibilities.

Fort Gordon was the “home” of the Military Police Corps, meaning that it was the base to which the highest-ranking MP officers were assigned and that all MP functions were to be carried out in such a manner as to be a model to MP’s throughout the country.

The Fort Gordon stockade was no exception.

While it was a place where unfit soldiers (almost 100% enlisted and non-commissioned) were confined, it didn’t look like a prison; it looked like a bunch of barrack-type buildings surrounded by a substantial barbed-wire fence. The prisoners were seldom of the arch career criminal type, and were mostly youngsters who simply could not adapt to military custom and discipline. They were allowed to walk (during daylight hours) between the buildings — but there was one significant problem: While the spaces between the barrack-buildings were sand, the prisoners were not allowed to leave footprints. This meant that wherever they walked they had to drag a rake behind themselves.

Further, they were required to keep their own barracks in an immaculate condition which meant that they had to endlessly “polish” their floors — an almost impossible task, as the floors were made of a composite of clay and some other material. I actually saw prisoners break down and weep when some inspecting officer tracked the floors (sometimes mistakenly) or scuffed them.

Additionally, prisoners were not allowed to salute, a task which under other circumstances they would loathe and despise, but which seemed to be a privilege when it had been taken from them.

The stockade was not difficult to escape from and the enlisted personnel who were designated as guards were falsely told that if a prisoner escaped during their watch, they (the guards) would have to serve the prisoner’s time. What the officers were actually instructed to do was not to chase the escapees, but simply to show up at the home of the prisoner’s mother two or three days after the “escape” and the prisoner would be there and would be easy to return to custody. This was usually correct.

As the Assistant Stockade Officer, I would frequently attend the required pre-confinement interview of each prisoner. This was generally conducted by my boss, Cpt. Fox, a slight, short martinet, who carried and brandished a swagger stick (which was still permitted at the time). When the prisoner, whose only intent was to avoid confinement, would say “I’m a bed wetter” or “I’m a homosexual” or “I’m a pyromaniac,” Cpt. Fox would look them in the eye and unfailingly say “I’m not interested in your social life. You’re here for correction.” So much for the pre-confinement interview.

My “side job” as one of the most junior lieutenants on the post was to place bars, gin mills, and any place which dispensed beer or alcohol to soldiers under 21 “Off Limits.” This meant almost any place within a 5-10-mile radius of the post.

I was given a jeep, an enlisted driver, a hammer, some nails, and a bunch of signs saying “Off Limits.”

There was no such thing as due process, or a hearing, or a judicial process of any kind offered to the proprietor, and I was always surprised that no one assaulted me or tried to kill me as I affixed one of my signs to their doors. What the proprietors would do instead was to offer me their wives, girlfriends, nieces, mothers, etc. Happily, I never accepted.

During the nine-week course of how to be an MP officer, my wife of approximately 8 months came (by bus) to visit me at Ft. Gordon. One dark and drizzly afternoon I had some time off and we were walking across the drill field to the Officers Club. We were the only people on the field, which was about the size of 2 or 3 football fields, when I saw a colonel walking through the mist towards us. As he approached, I stopped and saluted as did he, and he began to speak to me. At that time, I believed that officers who attained the rank of



full colonel were about 11 feet tall, walked on water, and would never deign to speak with a lowly lieutenant.

He said "Issler, we've had our eye on you and you're doing OK."

I assumed that this meant I could read and write.

He continued: "I'm prepared to offer you an RA Commission and a transfer to anywhere in the world to which you would like to be assigned. All you have to do is re-up for another 18 months, and you have my word that we'll cut new orders for your immediate transfer."

A word of explanation:

A. Under the terms of an ROTC commission at that time, the newly commissioned officer (me) would only have to serve six months on active duty, and then 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  years in the reserves.

B. If I accepted this offer, the Army would pay me about four times what I had been earning in civilian life.

C. An "RA Commission" is a commission in the "Regular Army" which is what one receives upon graduating from West Point. The Army makes these commissions very rarely and is very stringent about who receives them. The belief then (and now) is that the future of a Regular Army officer is assured forever. A recipient, for the rest of his military career, receives choice assignments, early promotions and generally favored treatment.

The colonel proffered a military form to me and pointing to the bottom line, said, "All you have to do is sign here."

I was mentally salivating at the offer, when my wife (who was born in Berlin but almost never spoke German) kicked me in the leg, and whispered to me (in German) "Are you crazy?"

I responded to the colonel that I would let him know the next day, which I did (with regrets).

Many times, during course of my 62-year marriage, when I would be particularly frustrated or otherwise unhappy, I would turn to my wife and say, "I should have accepted that Colonel's offer. I could've been Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff by now."

Her response was always the same: "Yes, and we'd have been poor."

Incidentally, I am just recovering from where she kicked me.

My career at Fort Gordon ended when the Army transferred me to Fort Monmouth in NJ, where, again, I was the youngest lieutenant in the office of the Provost Marshall (i.e., Police Chief). Fortunately, the Provost Marshall was married to a very rich lady who lived in Michigan, and at his request I would spend a great deal of time reading and amending her estate plan and re-doing her will, several times.

Much of the rest of my time was spent on reviewing the checking account at an Asbury Park, NJ bank of a soldier stationed in Germany who was facing a court martial for issuing and kiting bad checks. This review could have been done in 2-3 afternoons, but because it was spring-time and I had been assigned a car and a driver and the bank was about 50 yards from a beach, I extended it to almost 8 weeks.

To give the reader an insight into the then-prevailing social view point, I recall one weekend when I was the assigned duty officer — again, because I was the most junior of 2nd lieutenants in the Provost Marshall's office.

At that time, soldiers were paid once a month, in cash.

On the Friday before the last Monday in the month, which was the upcoming pay day, the Finance Office, as I recall, had for the very first time, received at Fort Monmouth more than \$1,000,000, and it was the job of the Military Police to safeguard the money. The place for the money to be stored over the weekend was an ordinary wooden barracks-type building whose only distinguishing characteristic was that it was surrounded by a 6-foot tall, chain link fence. This was known as the local "Finance Center."

That Friday afternoon I was called into the Provost Marshall's office to hear the following tale: "Issler, as you know there is now and will continue to be for the next few days over \$1,000,000 in cash to be kept in the Finance Center. We have learned that there are four Negro civilians on the post in an old car which has circled the Finance Center a few times, and we believe that they intend to break into the building and steal the money. What we are going to do is post two armed guards to circle the building 24 hours a day. We are also going to post an armed officer inside to apprehend the thieves in case they get into the building. That officer will be you."

My mind raced as I knew I could not or would not be the last line of defense. I refused: "Sir, I understand the plan fully, but if this band gets into the Finance Center it means that they would have had to overcome or kill the two-armed guards circling the building and would be facing only me with my single 45 caliber hand gun. This seems unreasonable."

I failed to tell my boss that I would probably be just finishing my pastrami sandwich which is what I figured would be given to me to survive the weekend.

Happily, saner heads prevailed; there was no attempt to steal the money; the four occupants of the car were never seen again; the number of armed guards was doubled, and I was excused from this death-defying challenge. Another task which I happily eluded while I was at Fort Monmouth, followed the death of John Foster Dulles, an ex-Secretary of State of the U.S.

Again, I was "selected" (because I was the youngest and most junior officer) to remain on the post over the weekend and was told there was to be a 21-gun

salute to the late Mr. Dulles on the upcoming Saturday morning — and that I was to be in charge. When I “minimally” protested that I didn’t have a clue as to what I was supposed to do, I was told to find the oldest, most senior sergeant I could locate, that he would unquestionably know what to do, and to put him in charge. That is exactly what I did, and when the 21-gun salute went off swimmingly, I happily received all the plaudits which were so richly (un)deserved by me.

In July of 1959 my active duty assignment came to an end and I located a reserve MP unit in Long Island City where I served one evening a week and one weekend a month for 3-4 months.

I thereafter located a National Guard unit (the 42d Infantry [Rainbow] Division) where I served until well into the ‘80s. This storied Division had a JAG section with one vacancy among its nine officers, and I applied for it just like one would apply for a job. I was interviewed by a Staff Judge Advocate (highest ranking legal officer in the unit), the Assistant Division Commander (a 1 star General), and the 2-star Commander, and was ultimately accepted for the transfer.

At the time, there were 18,000 men in the Division, including one Black and one Jew (me). The higher-ranking officers claimed to be so happy about finally having a Jewish officer, that the long standing joke was to say “Let’s be sure that everyone sees him. Give him a desk up front.”

Parenthetically, let it be known that I spent over 28 years as a Judge Advocate, finally becoming the Staff Judge Advocate (9 lawyer office), the State Judge Advocate (responsible for 84 officers including the Reserve forces, the Air National Guard and the Naval Militia) and New York State’s only Military Judge (for 8 years).

All of the foregoing occurred while I still maintained a thriving Manhattan law practice, specializing in matrimonial law, employing as many as 8-10 associates.

I also managed to maintain a family life for 62 years, raising 3 daughters, all of whom attained graduate degrees, who together raised a total of 7 (grand) children, none of whom became lawyers.

I loved the military and honored its structured formality and customs. There always seemed to be at least 4 soldiers to undertake any one-person job. To cite only one of the Army’s odd customs I recall the annual rating of officers by two higher ranking officers on the OER’s (Officer Efficiency Reports). One might consider that the ranking of “excellent” is the highest grade attainable, but not in the military. There the highest grade is and was “superior”!

To engage in a military career (even if only as a side-line) required a significant expenditure of time, including satisfying the requirement to remain educationally qualified by taking continuing correspondence courses, and, more frequently, resident courses at the JAG school, which was part of the University of Virginia Law School, at Charlottesville.

Serving as the Staff Judge Advocate also carried with it singular responsibilities to the command staff. When one became head of a section (i.e., artillery, adjutant general, etc.) that officer would act as a “cabinet member” of the Commanding General’s staff. However, there were three officers who were members of the Commanding General’s “personal staff,” namely the Division Surgeon, the Division Chaplain, and the Staff Judge Advocate. These three, of which I was one, are normally assigned directly to the Commanding General and are the keepers of all his secrets.

My immediate boss was M.G. Joseph A. Healey, a good looking, hard drinking Irishman whom I literally would have followed into a burning building. He always outranked me by one grade, and every time he got promoted, he would make sure that I would be promoted as well.

It was like being the consiglieri to the Godfather.

Gen. Healey was a born leader and that leadership quality manifested itself even in civilian life where he was a high-ranking executive at the New York telephone company and a co-leader with David Rockefeller at The New York Partnership, a chamber of commerce like organization.

He would not always take my advice, but knew that I would stand by him whenever he or I got into trouble.

Putting it briefly, when he was appointed to the rank of Major General, I became a Brigadier General. At one point during the Vietnam war when General Healey’s previous unit, the 69th Infantry Battalion was called to serve in Vietnam for some 15 months, General Healey called together some 20 officers whom he believed might have some money. I was among the 20. General Healey’s intent in gathering us together was to raise a \$100 000 to brighten up the armory from which the 69th troops had left, so that upon their return they could be proud of their unit, its history, its artifacts, show cases, flags, etc. some of which went back to the revolutionary war. He requested a pledge of \$ 5000 from each attendee and, believe it or not, received exactly that. Before concluding the get-together, General Healey toasted all of the attendees “You know that everyone here is Irish — except for Issler, but I happen to know that in his heart he’s Irish!” As far as General Healey was concerned, that was the highest compliment he could utter.

During one of the periods when he and I were not together I became a Military Judge. This was attained by my taking and passing a difficult five-week course at the JAG school. A Military Judge appointment is identical to being a U.S. District Court Judge, with the same powers and responsibilities.

A singular incident, which coincidentally was the first case I tried, occurred at Ft. Campbell, KY. The case involved a Master Sergeant, with 27 years of service, who was accused of having sexual intercourse with a 15 years old girl who lived in the same 6-foot wide trailer (with her mother as well). The testimony proved

that the allegations were true and were confirmed by a series of torrid love letters written by the Sergeant to the girl. The letters were so graphic that they would have made a gynecologist blush. As the trial progressed, I was convinced of the Sergeant's guilt. I was certain that the Jury ("members" at military trials) would have so ruled. My other concern was the extent to which I would sentence this Sergeant as punishment.

When the Jury returned from its deliberations and pronounced him "Not Guilty" I almost fell off my chair at the bench.

Subsequently, speaking privately to the senior jury member (a Major) after the trial and inquiring as to what facts the jury used to support its decision, I was told that the Jury didn't want to "ruin his career" and that the victim had been having sex with half of the soldiers on the post, anyway. Happily, the Sergeant retired shortly after the trial, presumably to renew his association with his young trailer-mate.

So much for "military justice." I knew then what justified the saying that "Military justice is to justice, as martial music is to music."

My attaining the rank of Colonel was not insignificant, as, among other things, it meant that no one could eat until I had been served and that everyone would rise when I entered a room. (My wife particularly enjoyed this).

In the military, the saying that "Rank has its privileges" is particularly true. A perfect example was a five-day conference to which I was assigned at an airbase in Montgomery, AL. I was probably the senior ranking officer in attendance, but I was still surprised when I was driven to my quarters. I was assigned to a beautiful two bedroom cottage, with wrap-around porches, a polished fully equipped kitchen, with dining room, living room and three bathrooms, in a wooded glade just off the tarmac. When I wondered about the splendor of the accommodations and inquired who the previous occupant had been, I was told that it was U.S. Attorney General John Mitchell who served his Watergate sentence of 2 years there!

Near the end of my military career (i.e., mandatory retirement after 30 years commissioned service) I was offered the rare honor of a 2-year extension. I thankfully turned down the honor, feeling that 30 years was enough.

I also learned that I was about to be offered an appointment as The Judge Advocate's Assistant in Washington, D.C. — the second highest ranking legal officer in the National Guard with the rank of Major General (2 stars). I had already attained the rank of Brigadier General (1 star), which I always attributed to the good fortune of being at the right place at the right time. After speaking to the officer whom I might have succeeded, I regretfully turned down the offer because it would have taken too much time away from my family and my practice.

I did however receive and accept the singular honor of having an entire brigade (approximately 3000 men) pass in review at a parade for me at Camp Smith,

N.Y. I could sincerely believe that all of this was being done in my honor, complete with military bands playing while reviewing the troops as I stood in a Jeep being driven by a decorated Captain.

Not bad for a boy from the Bronx.

HARRY ISSLER.

### 4.3.2 Fred Levison remembers

I served in the Army as a medical officer, ob-gyn in Italy, 1965 to 1967, in Tirrenia, Italy, and found it was one of the most educational experiences and possibly a real basis for who I am and what I was trained to do — 70 babies a year — saw all I could of Italy and a little of Europe and made the great difference in where my wife and I visited for 35 years — even speaking Italian to some extent. Hated the Army superior who ran our small logistic base but it was wonderful; not very military at that time; and Italians loved Americans then. I even met Andy Mezey there too. And I missed the Vietnam War and the three-year posting in Europe rule — don't know how, but I should have stayed another year. Even lived through the Florence '66 flood. Great memories.

### 4.3.3 Al Miller's Story

Al Miller writes: All MD's in our days were subject to military service: to "enlistment" as an MD. The US Public Health Service was one route. Among its other roles, it was the medical arm of the Coast Guard and Merchant Marine. I served as the first specialist (Internal Medicine) at a busy clinic in Miami 1962-64 which cared for the large Coast Guard base, the Merchant Marine including fishing vessels, and many retired military.

Of interest:

- We were on 24-7 radio call for medical emergencies at sea.
- We were required to live in government houses on the USPHS Quarantine Station . . . which was on Fisher Island across the shipping channel from Miami Beach, now the most expensive residential community on the East Coast.
- We were stranded when the quarantine boat was on a mission.

As the closest nonmilitary US government MD to Cuba after the Bay of Pigs disaster, I received a phone call from the office of the Secretary of State (Dean Rusk) to authorize my flight on a camouflaged Pan Am propeller plane to Havana. There I was to evaluate stranded US citizens and visa-holders who, in the absence of other transportation, were boarding WW II Liberty ships to return to the US. I could not emulate Dr. Mengele and found no reason to bar anyone capable of being loaded into the cargo hold.

### 4.3.4 Henry Wortis

As an MD, I would have been an officer (lieutenant) if drafted. Instead, the draft board wrote that my “service in any capacity would not be in the interest of the country.”

My very conservative grandfather was nevertheless very upset that I planned to protest.

### 4.3.5 Andy Mezey

That’s a wonderful comment by Henry Wortis’ draft board. My wife just reminded me that the approval of my commission in the Army took much longer than any of my fellow residents. All of us were being drafted under provisions of the Berry Plan (named after the surgeon general at the time), and we were categorized as “obligate volunteers.” In my case I was born in Budapest. Hungary in 1952 was part of the Soviet Bloc, and I was a member of the “Joe Must Go” club at UW. In addition, my wife’s uncle, a French citizen born in Poland, was the president of the Toulouse Franco-Soviet friendship alliance. Yuri Gagarin stayed at his home when visiting Toulouse after his first orbital flight. I know that the FBI questioned friends and family prior to granting military commissions, and I was married at that time. All to say that I truly enjoyed my 2 year Army service in Verdun, France at the expense of the US taxpayer. I even received a merit commendation for attending while off duty to a child having a seizure.

## 4.4 John Israel Connects His Dots

Several years ago, while teaching on a Semester at Sea voyage, I conducted an evening colloquium entitled “My Sixty Years with China.” To connect with young listeners, I began something like this:

Many of you are starting out with a plan: You want to do something with your life. To prepare, you will have to undergo post-graduate education. To pave the way, you will have to choose the right college, the appropriate undergraduate major. Etc. etc. Without denying the virtues of planning, allow me to share my own experience: Looking back, everything important in my life has happened by chance.

While focusing on professional life, I included marriages, purchase of homes, and other things.



Though I continue to believe that turning points in my life were shaped by accidental factors, recent discussions with fellow Ford Foundation Pre-Induction Scholars (University of Wisconsin, 1951-55) have persuaded me to look at the historical, social, and institutional contexts that have shaped my life's trajectory. I am particularly struck by the impact of the Wisconsin experience on the writing of my magnum opus, *Lianda: A Chinese University in War and Revolution* (Stanford 1998).

The immediate impetus that launched a life-defining writing project was clearly a matter of chance. A fledgling faculty member at Claremont Men's College, I had just published my first book, *Student Nationalism in China, 1927-1937* (Stanford 1966) and was scouring the Harvard-Yenching Library stacks in quest of material for a sequel covering the years 1937-1949 when I spotted a strange title: "Lianda Banian" [Eight Years of the Associated University]. What in the world was this "Associated University"—and why only eight years?

I removed the slim volume from the shelf, took it home, and read it. That changed my life. "Lianda" — The Associated University — was an abbreviation of Guoli Xinan Lianhe Daxue (National Southwest Associated University), an institution founded in 1938, disbanded in 1946. Lianda's brief life belied its dramatic significance: In 1937, when the Japanese invaded north China, Beijing's most eminent institutions of higher education, Peking University ("Beida") and Tsinghua University ("China's MIT"), together with Tianjian's famous private institution, Nankai, had consolidated in still-unoccupied Changsha as Changsha Temporary University. In 1938, as enemy troops closed in, the institution relocated to Kunming in China's remote southwest, some students and faculty making the move by marching for 68 days through mountainous, bandit-ridden, terrain.

For eight years, Lianda struggled to keep the light of learning burning through air raids, devastating inflation, and political oppression. In December 1945 Chiang Kai-shek's thugs killed four student protestors. Several months later, as Lianda was returning north to resume post-war life on pre-war campuses, Wen Yiduo, its most prominent faculty political activist was assassinated.

As a historian with journalistic proclivities, I immediately recognized a ripping good story — beginning with an epic march, enduring through heroic sacrifice, ending in tragedy. Beyond that, however, there was a deeper significance: As the crystallization of decades of intellectual reform, Lianda represented the best in Chinese higher education. Prominent professors had studied at Harvard, Columbia, Oxford, Cambridge, and the Sorbonne. Its curriculum was based upon the American liberal arts model. It proclaimed a democratic ethos based upon faculty governance and academic freedom. These were my own values. To find them reaffirmed in a country en route from one single-party dictatorship to another via a devastating war was inspirational.

I immediately abandoned my student movement project and set out to write a history of Lianda. This decision shaped the next fifty years of my life. In 1980,

as the first American professor to work in Kunming since 1949, I was finally able to conduct on-site research. There I met a lovely English language instructor who, in 1994, became my wife. Kunming became my second home. In 2012 a Beijing translation of my book was published. The English version having sold fewer than a thousand copies over more than a decade, my magnum opus in Chinese sold 20,000 in its first three months and received a literary award.

Only then did I learn that the translation had appeared in the middle of a nationwide “Lianda fever.” Seeking alternatives to the Soviet-based educational model of the Maoist era, educators and intellectuals had seized upon this American-style model. The foreign author became an instant media-courted celebrity, sought after as a speaker at universities, book stores, and coffee houses. In 2018 I was invited to address Lianda’s 50th anniversary commemoration in Kunming and to speak to the alumni association.

A chance discovery on a library shelf had changed my life. What’s the Wisconsin connection? It is this: Where did I become devoted to liberal education and academic freedom? Where did I first experience the survival of these institutions under politically perilous circumstances? Where did values latent in my upbringing become a permanent part of my persona? At the University of Wisconsin, Madison, 1951-1955.

Lessons that we might draw from my experience: Accident, chance, serendipity — these are ever-present and far from insignificant in our lives. Cosmic historic events, such as the Cold War, shaped individual options. The Pre-Induction Scholarship program is an obvious example. So was my decision to study Chinese history. In my senior year, I decided to become a professional historian. Given my druthers, I would probably have gone into American history. However, scholarships were hard to come by and, in that pre-revisionist-history era, all imaginable US history subjects seemed to have been studied. (Note the legendary dissertation on “Abraham Lincoln’s Doctor’s Dog.”) Where to head?

One day I learned that the Ford Foundation, among others, was allocating resources to enhance American understanding of China, the Soviet Union, and the “Third World” — areas of critical importance in the Cold War. As a history major, I had climbed the icy slopes of Bascom Hill to Eugene Boardman’s 7:45 a.m. History of the Far East. In spite of Boardman’s demanding assignments, dull textbooks, and uninspired lecture style, I had retained a fascination with China. So I marched into Professor Boardman’s office to ask where I should apply for graduate study of modern China. “Harvard”, he replied. “Why Harvard?” “Because that’s where John King Fairbank teaches.” “Who is John King Fairbank?” John King Fairbank was the renowned dean of American China studies. Imagine an eager seminarian asking, “Where should I go to study theology?” “You should go to Rome.” “Why?” “That’s where the Pope is?” “Who’s the Pope?”

My eight years of graduate study at Harvard were financed, for the most part, by a series of grants from the Ford Foundation, supplemented by money allocated

by the National Defense Education Act. To complete my dissertation (after signing a Loyalty Oath) I worked as t.a. for one of five sections of Fairbank and Reischauer's East Asian Civilization — better known as “Rice Paddies.”

When people ask how I ended up as a China specialist, my off-handed response is “I was bought by the Cold War.” I could reply with the same words if asked, “How did you end up at the University of Wisconsin?” Short, simple, answers are like the proverbial Chinese restaurant: Highly satisfying — but half an hour later you're hungry again. To say that the Cold War shaped my future is true — as is the observation that life's major turning points were a matter of chance. But there's much more to it. Four years at the University of Wisconsin molded our lives in ways that we may not have imagined and still need to contemplate. Food for thought.

## More Dots

John Israel  
Memoirs  
Chapter 4  
Aspiring China Scholar and Blushing Bridegroom

In September 1955 I arrived in Cambridge to begin graduate studies in Harvard's M.A. Regional Studies/East Asia program. I lived in a newish dorm, William James Hall, later moving to The 63 Co-op.

The defining experience during my first year was total immersion in the Chinese language. Half of my academic credits were earned in an intensive introductory course. Instruction was by a threesome — a “troika” in the then-current parlance referring to the triumvirate that succeeded Stalin in the Soviet Union. Reading was taught by Mongolist Frances Cleaves, grammar by pre-modern China historian Yang Lien-sheng, conversation by musicologist Rulan Pian (Bian Rulan).

Rulan, a beautiful young woman working on her Ph.D., appeared at 9 each morning to drill us through her father, Chao Yuan-ren's, *Mandarin Primer*. A pioneering work in the new field of Chinese language instruction, *The Primer* was utterly unique in many ways. For one thing, Chao's system of Romanization incorporated Mandarin's four tones into the spelling. *The Primer* taught Chinese as spoken in Beijing but also took pains to introduce students to non-standard pronunciations such as the Shanghai dialect. For me, its most alluring feature was Chao's infectious sense of humor, which lightened nearly every page. Chapter 1 was titled: “You, Me, He – Four People” (You and me = two. You and he = two. Two + two = four.) For the mostly male class, Rulan herself, in her form-fitting qipao, added undeniable allure.

Fellow students included Merle Goldman and Paul Cohen. Though I have seen Merle from time to time over the years, it was Paul who became a lifelong friend. As secular Jewish academic aspirants, we found much in common. After 60 years, we remain in touch.

A few of our fellow first-year graduate students in the China program were not in enrolled in first-year Chinese, having entered graduate school with a much higher level of language proficiency. Veterans of the Korean War, they had been trained at Monterey's Army Language School. Some had acquired high-level comprehension skills by listening to intercepted Chinese broadcasts.

I also dropped in from time to time on Harold Kahn and Jim Thomson, who hung out at the East Asian Language Center in Boylston Hall. Hal, with his sharp intellect and razor wit, became a lifelong friend. Raised in Nanjing, where his father taught chemistry, the equally quick witted Jim subsequently served under Chester Bowles in the Kennedy and Johnson administrations before becoming curator of Harvard's Nieman Fellows program. My only extensive contact with him in later years was on an advisory committee to an abortive tv documentary on the Soong Sisters. I recall Jim and Hal highlighting a holiday season celebration by singing a Chinese version of "Oh Come Oh Come Immanuel" from the balcony of Boylston Hall, something like "I-man-u-er laiwang laiwang, ba Yisilie Jie-eh-eh-eh-fang." The two would work together late into the night, sharing jokes and insights.

At a dance in the fall of 1955 I met Mary Horn, one of Hal's classmates in the second year program. Clad in her eye-catching qipao, Mary easily caught my attention. After our first waltz I was hooked. Mary turned out to be a *rara avis*. A Chinese laundryman's daughter raised in Perry Como's hometown – Canonsburg, PA — she had gone on to Harvard following graduation from Stanford, where she was one of a handful of Chinese-American students. Among her classmates was future Senator Diane Feinstein. I think that Mary was formally enrolled through Radcliffe since Harvard was still a male-only bastion. In any event, she lived in a Radcliffe graduate dorm. Though a first-year graduate student, Mary was a year ahead of me in Chinese, having studied at Stanford with my future friend Kai-yu Hsu, among others. (Her family spoke the down-country Guangdong Taishan dialect.) Among other things, I appreciated Mary's ability to adjust to my peculiar sense of humor. On one visit, I recall delivering a bunch of hand-picked flowers. "Forsythia!" she exclaimed. "No, for you!" I replied.

In the summer of 1956, as I approached my twenty-first birthday, I became eligible to lead trips for American Youth Hostels. After attending a training camp in the Poconos, I was assigned to escort a group of bicyclists from Jasper to Banff, retracing my treadmarks of 1951. As I recall, I returned home to Far Rockaway, where my mother occupied an apartment while renting out our house for the summer. I had scarcely had time to catch my breath when AYH phoned: A New England group was having leadership issues. Could I take over for the last leg of their journey, from Portland Maine, to Boston?

It didn't take long after my arrival in Portland to discover the nature of the problem. A young woman from a New Mexico Latino family was heading up a group of East Coast urban and suburban kids. Among the cultural issues was the leader's parsimonious approach to budgeting, leaving me with overflowing coffers. I happily capitalized on the opportunity, treating my charges to clam and lobster feasts all the way down the New England coast, culminating with a deli binge at Jack and Marion's in Boston. The way to a hosteler's heart was obviously through the stomach. In spite of my young charges' impish cries of "John, John, the grey goose is gone!," we enjoyed a weeklong lovefest.

Back in Cambridge, I adjusted to a reversal of graduate school priorities. With required language courses now reduced to one a semester, I focused my energies on producing a research paper to complete the M.A. requirements. For reasons that I do not recall but stemming, perhaps, from my undergraduate experience at the University of Wisconsin, I became fascinated by the history of Chinese student movements. As the subject for my paper in Professor Fairbank's seminar I chose The December 9th Movement — the anti-Japanese movement of 1935-36.

Studying with John King Fairbank was a multi-dimensional affair. It was not always easy to find him outside of class since Fairbank methodically rationed his time, rendering him incommunicado for much of the day. If one was fortunate enough to get an appointment at the end of his Friday afternoon office hours, one could continue the conversation en route to his home for his legendary weekly tea, during which a graduate student could meet luminaries such as Owen Lattimore and John Carter Vincent. When I told Vincent I had briefly dated his daughter, he asked why I had stopped. "I got married," I told him. Vincent laughed. One legendary teatime exchange — which I did not personally observe — involved a visiting Japanese scholar who spoke little English. "How do you like Cambridge?" asked Fairbank. "Tomorrow by plane to Berkeley," he replied.

In guiding me through the December 9th movement, Fairbank drew upon his network of friends from China in the 1930s. Armed with a JKF letter of introduction, I took a bus to Edgar Snow's Hudson River estate, where I interviewed the man who had interviewed Mao Zedong. Snow shared with me his memories of mentoring student movement activists while he was teaching at Yenching University and gave me an introduction to Helen F. Snow, a.k.a. Nym Wales, who, he said could provide a much more detailed account.

I interviewed Edgar Snow's ex in her Connecticut farmhouse. She proved a goldmine of information and insights and put me in touch with one of her Yenching students, then living in China's Northeast. I subsequently received a letter from him which I treasured even though it provided no information on his student movement days. During the Cold War, a letter with a Chinese postmark was a collector's item.

In the course of his lectures, Fairbank waxed anecdotal about his own political situation. American study of modern China was politically polarized. The

right wing was led by professors such as George E. Taylor, Franz Michael and Karl August Wittfogel at the University of Washington in Seattle. In contrast to Fairbank's "Harvard School" that documented the domestic roots of Chinese Communism, Seattle scholars saw Mao as a creature of Moscow. Positions on US China policy differed accordingly, UW taking a hard-line approach, Harvard seeking flexibility and adaptability. Fairbank had strong professional and personal ties to the Beijing University (Beida) and Tsinghua scholars he had known since his Beijing graduate studies in the early 1930s. He told his students that he had informed Beida Political Scientist Qian Duansheng, that he would have to stop sending letters from the United States lest he get his old friend into trouble. Then he asked Qian why he never wrote. Qian's reply: "I was afraid of getting you into trouble." Fairbank had an uncanny ability to convert personal and national tragedy into ironic wit.

In our seminar Fairbank displayed an unexpected talent for antic humor. Weaving together my paper on the December 9th Movement with that of another student focused upon the influence of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer on a modern Chinese intellectual, Fairbank presented a paper on "Nietzsche Nietzsche and His Student Movement." After retrieving a half-eaten sandwich that had fallen out of his notes, Fairbank began: "Nietzsche Nietzsche started to have movements at an early age..." The Great Man had proved himself a credible clown.

I submitted the M.A. thesis and received my degree in the June ceremony. The next step in my life was a big one: On June 25, 1957, Mary and I were married in the Chinese Presbyterian Church in San Francisco's Chinatown. The minister was a Unitarian from Berkeley introduced by my best man, freshman year college roommate Steve Kresge. The ceremony was appropriately eclectic, including the Jewish custom of crushing a glass under foot. The banquet was, of course, Chinese.

Mary and I honeymooned in Yosemite National Park, first camping in the valley, then hitch-hiking and hiking in the high country. Though it was highly gratifying to introduce my new bride to this amazing place, our trip was not without mishaps. Our camera disappeared after we left it at the bus terminal in Merced. Our wine-cured sausage disappeared down the gullet of a brown bear.

Back in graduate school, we moved into an apartment on Wendell Street, a block up Mass Ave. from Mellen Street, where the 63 Coop was located. Our landlord was a French Canadian named Alcide Poirier. Now a Ph.D. candidate, I prepared for my oral exams (Modern China, Modern Japan, and post-Civil-War US as I recall). Took them in the spring of 1968 but failed. Did a repeat that fall with happier results.

The culmination to graduate study is, of course, the Ph.D. thesis. As a topic, I had expanded my student movement focus from the December Ninth Movement, 1935-36, to The Chinese Student Movement, 1927-1937, covering the prewar decade of Chiang Kai-shek's Nanjing government. With the ongoing

support of the Ford Foundation, Mary and I boarded a train and headed west to begin research at the Hoover Institution on the campus of Stanford University, stopping on the way to visit my inlaws on San Francisco's Hyde Street. We had booked an apartment, a stone's throw from Hoover, in a venerable Stanford institution called Kingscote Gardens. Upon arrival, we uncrated my bicycle and began to lug our belongings into our new quarters. When we returned, I spotted an elderly man staring at the bike. "Please don't steal my bicycle," I quipped. I later learned that this individual, a long-time Kingscote resident and Hoover scholar, was Alexander Kerensky, a leader of the February 1917 revolution that overthrew Russia's ancien regime. I later quipped that I was quite justified to warn him against stealing my bike. Would a man who wouldn't cavil at dethroning a Czar hesitate to steal a bicycle? (On Kerensky and Kingscote, see <https://www.stanforddaily.com/2012/04/25/the-secret-garden/>)

Hoover was the ideal place to pursue work on the Chinese student movement. Among its rich resources was Helen F. Snow's collection. Curator of the Chinese collection was Mary Wright, whom my wife, Mary, remembered from her undergraduate days at Stanford. Mary Wright's husband, Arthur, had been hired by Stanford's history department, but Mary, whose academic credentials were by no means inferior to his, was relegated to her position at Hoover by Stanford's "non-nepotism" clause, a device that effectively weeded out female academic aspirants who would today be shoo-ins for faculty appointments. It was at her behest that I produced my first academic publication: "The Chinese Student Movement, 1927-1937: A Bibliographical Essay Based on the Resources of the Hoover Institution" (Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, Stanford University, 1959).

The next research destination was Taiwan. Though travel expenses would be covered by my scholarship, getting there was no easy matter. On August 24, the Second Taiwan Straits crisis broke out, threatening war between the governments of Mao Zedong in Beijing and Chiang Kai-shek in Taipei. Mary and I learned of the conflict from friends while they were driving us to a weekend getaway. The incident was soon resolved, so we went ahead and purchased tickets from the China Merchants Steam Navigation Company, a cross-Pacific freight carrier that booked cabins to Taiwan-bound passengers. After departing for the West Coast, we left my stepfather Jim in charge of keeping tabs on our sailing date. We had expected to board the ship in Portland in December, but departure was delayed over and over again. We were finally able to secure a cabin on a February sailing from Portland, Oregon. By then, Jim was referring to our carrier as "The Sometime-Sailing Sampan Company."

With but a few days' advance notice, we hurriedly packed and boarded a train to Portland. Upon arrival, we were surprised to discover that there were only two other passengers, leaving eight unoccupied berths. One of our fellow travelers explained: "Everybody thought the ship was sailing from New Orleans." While we watched from the deck as the ship was loaded with scrap iron for Japan

(shades of pre-Pearl Harbor!), we were befriended by a deer-hunting longshoreman who invited us home for a venison dinner. This reinforced our positive image of West Coast longshoremen. Their leader, Harry Bridges, had won a ground-breaking decision against miscegenation when he married a Japanese-American woman in Nevada.

The voyage was productive. Though the lingua franca among the crew was an incomprehensible Zhejiang dialect, the officers were mainly from Tianjin and spoke standard Mandarin. Food was good though fresh provisions became scarce when our schedule was delayed by winter weather. The ship's affable purser arranged to trade Chinese and English lessons with us, filling our cabin with gifts of dried fruit, crackers, and cigarettes. And, while Mary kept the typewriter from bouncing off the table during stormy days, I wrote the above-mentioned essay.

Our destination was Yokohama, after which the ship would go on to Manilla. We had purposefully chosen a sailing that did not terminate in Taiwan so that we could spend a month en route visiting Japan. The Sometime Sailing Sampan Company would honor the remainder of our ticket once we boarded a Taiwan-bound ship in Kobe.

Our first view of Japan was Mount Fuji, framed in a porthole. A memorable photo!

In 1959 Tokyo was a city in transition, prewar structures interspersed with more modern ones. We stayed at the International Student House, where we met a young American architect with whom we became fast friends. I made a token effort at scholarship, paying a visit to a Japanese historian introduced by Professor Fairbank. However, the focus of our visit was indisputably touristic. We took an overnight train to Kyoto. After disembarking, we headed for a restaurant, where I decided to indulge in an American breakfast of ham and eggs. While the waiter waited, I thumbed through my pocket English-Japanese dictionary, producing the Japanese word for "ham," followed by "eggs." "Oh," said the waiter, *Hamu ando eggsu!*" This was a turning point in my linguistic awakening. Though the Japanese used Chinese characters, in addition to two phonetic syllabaries, they pronounced the characters in their own language. The best way to communicate was to write. When I sat down for a haircut, I wrote: 不長, 不短, 中 "Not long, not short, medium." That worked. But when we resorted to the dictionary to find a pedestrian tunnel underneath the Tokyo Railway Station, my interlocuter replied, "Ah so — toneru." I came to realize that the court of first resort for common nouns was to add a "u" or an "o" to the English. Among the many books I wish I had written is a language primer for tourists called "The Japanese You Already Know" which would, among other things, enable one to order dinner from *soupo to desato*.

Our most intensive and authentic cultural experience in Kyoto was staying in the home of our friend from the 63 Coop, Yasuo Sakakibara. Though Yasu was



still in the US, we were royally entertained by his father — a Buddhist priest — and his wife. Everything was authentic. We slept on a tatami mat. Before sitting down to dinner we were ushered into the bathroom where, as guests of honor, we would be the first to enjoy a therapeutic soak in the traditional deep-dished *ofuru*. The water, unfortunately, was excruciatingly hot, so we ladeled in cold as we washed ourselves in preparation for total immersion. As we did so, we could hear the sound of shoveling coal outside as the voice of Sakakibara père announced, “I make more hot.”

In Kyoto, we reveled in the temples and gardens of Japan's ancient capital, in full glory during the Cherry Blossom festival. We also attended a performance of Kabuki, never imagining that Mary would one day assume the role of Kabuki warrior in Claremont, California. All things considered, the month in Japan delayed my research agenda but proved an invaluable introduction to a fascinating culture. Wouldn't have missed it for all the tea in China.

When we boarded our ship in Kobe, we were seen off by Eugene Rotwein, my economics professor from Madison. Somehow I had found out that he was a visiting professor at Kobe University, and he had graciously come down to wish us “Bon Voyage.” Lovely man!

Of the several-days voyage to Keelung I remember very little, save that, after our arrival, I was plagued by importunities from a crew member who was trying to smuggle something into Taiwan under my name.

## 4.5 Halberstam's *The Fifties*

Charlie Holbrow writes:

I was pleased to find David Halberstam had written a history of the 1950s. It's a damn'd thick square book — 801 pages. He doesn't mention the Ford Foundation's early admissions experiment or our outstanding performances at UW and after — surely he meant to and just forgot. That failure aside, I thought his book would show me the larger context in which we went to college at age 16 or so. It does; and it doesn't.

Halberstam describes major events and developments. He adds human interest by lively character sketches of individuals who play key roles. Some of these are obvious. The 50s begin with the Korean War; Truman, MacArthur, Ridgway, Acheson play key roles. There is an interesting backstory to Korea, and then a detailed account of the war: disaster followed by triumph followed by disaster followed by recovery followed by stalemate. Some events are not so obvious as when he describes the Great Migration of Blacks from the South, a migration driven in part by wartime manpower needs (first for WW 1, then for WW 2) to the North and West. He sees it as facilitated by Robert Abbott's African-American newspaper *The Chicago Defender* and accelerated by the invention around 1940 of the mechanical cotton picker by John Rust.

### 4.5.1 The Automobile Reshapes America

Halberstam's favorite story of how these people shaped major developments is similar to a favorite UW Ford student story. It is the American Dream story: An obscure person of humble origins has a vision (obsession) and determination, works hard, persists, and succeeds.

Bill Levitt has a vision of how to build good housing fast and cheap; there are many difficulties but Levittown emerges and America in The Fifties begins to build its suburbs and move to them.

The MacDonald brothers in Southern California have a vision of low-cost, rapidly prepared and served meals of a simple menu — hamburgers. Ray Kroc sees the potential of having such food available all over the country, food that is always reliably the same good quality. He works extraordinarily hard franchising and overseeing MacDonald's across America and the world. America develops affordable alternatives to cooking at home.

Kemmons Wilson goes touring with his family. When he sees how poor are his choices for a place to sleep, he designs and builds The Holiday Inn and franchises them across America. He invents the motel chain; others copy.

Eugene Ferkauf invents E. J. Korvette's, the first big-box discount store. When he takes the stores to the suburbs, he makes money selling appliances — never before mass marketed — to the buyers of Levitt homes. Fifties affluence and growing home ownership fuel consumerism at an unheard of scale. The discount house feeds that market.

Halberstam tells his stories to show larger trends in American society. Suburbs, fast food, motel chains, and discount houses all reflect the automobile-ization of America. And in case you miss the point, he tells how General Motors rose to dominate America's and the world's automobile market. Key people were Alfred P. Sloan in the 1920s, Charles ("Engine Charlie") Wilson, Harlow Curtice in The Fifties, and GM's brilliant designer and engineer Ed Cole.

It's odd that there is no mention of The Federal Aid Highway Act of 1956. It launched construction of the Interstate Highway System, and at the time it was the largest-ever Federal infrastructure undertaking. It also triggered resistance to "urban renewal" as people experienced how mammoth highways destroyed their communities and ate up landscape. That's the kind of unexpected consequences of Fifties actions that Halberstam likes to show — trickles of political, social, and cultural change in The Fifties that become torrents in the sixties and after.

Halberstam shows how success may contain seeds of failure. Thus, as he traces the 1950s' ascendancy of GM, he shows how corporate emphasis shifts from good engineering to flashy style (tail fins?), ever more power, and bigger and bigger cars. Emphasis shifts from product quality to profit and stock payout.

And when the VW Beetle appears on the scene, GM first ignores it, and then sets out to compete by making its own small car — the Corvair. To keep its price low and to keep it from competing with larger more profitable GM cars, the Corvair is so badly engineered as to be dangerous. By the end of The Fifties not only are foreign imports achieving more and more sales in the American market, auto safety and Ralph Nader are entering public consciousness.

### 4.5.2 America: Interventionist National Security State

The remaking of America by the automobile is only one of the major 1950s' transformations of America that Halberstam explores. Another is the rise of the national-security state. Rearmament of America is brought on by the Korean War and the dynamics of nuclear threat. Domestic politics and Cold War fears make America develop the H-bomb. They also dictate developing the CIA and not very covert interventions to change regimes that tilt toward Communism. There is a progression from the easy removal of Mossadegh as prime minister in Iran to the clumsy forcing of Arbenz from the presidency of Guatemala to the spectacular failure to oust Castro from Cuba and the beginnings of America's prolonged, utterly disastrous intervention in Vietnam.

America's space program is energized by Cold War competition. In 1957 the Soviet Union put the first artificial satellite into orbit around Earth, and this success galvanized America into deciding to go to the Moon. The potential for rockets to be weapons became clear toward the end of World War 2 when Germany bombarded Great Britain with some thousands of V-2 rockets. At the end of the war the US captured the principal engineers of the German V-2 program and brought them to America. Wernher von Braun, the leader of the group, became an American citizen and leader of the American program that after some public humiliation put Americans in orbit and then finally on the Moon. The program was a triumph for America, but its underlying justification was the creation of intercontinental ballistic missiles that could carry nuclear warheads.

### 4.5.3 Television Becomes a National Force

In the 1950s television becomes a major force in American life. It and the resulting networks drive social and political change. TV advertising displaces radio and print. It remakes marketing; it is essential for selling the material output that lets America become a consumer society. It also leads to marketing of politicians. Nixon's "Checkers Speech" that preserved his nomination as Eisenhower's vice president was a milestone in the impact of TV on public opinion. Equally important was the use of TV spots crafted and used to project an image of Eisenhower that helped him to an overwhelming victory in his two

elections. And when in the first ever televised debate between presidential candidates, Jack Kennedy used TV so much more effectively than Richard Nixon, the power and the political significance of the medium were firmly established.

As important as its marketing power is TV's immediacy. It drives cultural change and cultural homogeneity. Halberstam describes "Ozzie and Harriet" as TV's ideal of an American family; he contrasts the stay-at-home mom, the kindly devoted dad, the tidy, amiable children with the actual complications and problems that arise from the dysfunctions of the real Nelson family. He celebrates "I Love Lucy" and sees its "problems" as amusing but tepid compared to the real problems of real people trying to get ahead in the corporate world or achieve some sense of fulfillment while living isolated in the suburbs. Dark sides of aspiring for affluence and of living in the cultural homogeneity of the suburbs emerge in *The Fifties*.

There is a reaction in life and literature to the TV and women's magazine picture of the good life. Halberstam offers Grace Metalious and her novel *Peyton Place* as evidence of a growing realization that the lives of Americans were seamier than the versions presented by *The Fifties* media. He presents Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg as spokesmen of the Beat Generation, as leaders of rising protest against stifling conformity. Sloan Wilson depicts this conformity in his novel *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, and David Riesman and Nathan Glazer analyze it in *The Lonely Crowd*. C. Wright Mills examines it in *White Collar* and *The Power Elite*.

Affluent materialism affects America's young. It makes them a market, and Madison Avenue pitches to it. The youth market has a powerful impact on music. Halberstam argues that this market brings Black music to Whites. Key DJs — Alan Freed for one — help shift taste, but it is Elvis Presley foremost who makes the Black beat acceptable to White audiences, and their admiration for great Black musicians follows. TV helps when, almost against his will, Ed Sullivan brings Elvis onto his Sunday night variety show and gives him a national audience.

TV is itself corrupted by materialism. We learn this when the startlingly successful big-dollar TV quiz shows "The Sixty-Four-Thousand Dollar Question" and "Twenty-One" turn out to be rigged. This corruption draws in the young college professor Charles Van Doren. His attractive personality and his success on "Twenty-One" make him an admired celebrity, and millions of viewers are sadly disillusioned when they learn that he is complicit in the rigging and has lied about it. Columbia University fires him.

#### 4.5.4 Beginnings of a Sexual Revolution

The Fifties see the beginnings of a major shift in American public attitudes toward sex. Halberstam riffs on Marilyn Monroe as a sex symbol, and he recounts

the rise of Hugh Hefner and the creation of *Playboy* magazine. Sex and sexuality are marketable, and so they are marketed. But Halberstam also reminds us that The Fifties are informed by Alfred Kinsey's carefully researched books *Sexual Behavior of the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior of the Human Female* (1953). Kinsey's research establishes that the actual behavior of real people differs vastly from declared public standards. Masturbation, pre-marital sex, marital infidelity, same-sex liaisons all happen far more commonly than publicly admitted. Kinsey's work makes *Peyton Place* plausible.

Although American attitudes toward sex and sexual behavior are changing in The Fifties, it is Fifties technology that brings about a society transforming sexual revolution. In 1951 Margaret Sanger, long an advocate for planned parenthood, met Gregory Goodwin Pincus, an endocrinologist with decades of research on the effects of hormones on human reproduction. Sanger brought to Pincus and his collaborator Min Chueh Chang the financial support of the wealthy Katherine McCormick. With her essential support Pincus and Chang invent "The Pill" — the oral estrogen-progestogen contraceptive. With the support of distinguished Catholic doctor John Rock and after extensive research and clinical trials, The Pill achieves social and medical acceptability. In May 1960 The Pill is approved for general use by the FDA.

#### 4.5.5 Black and White Americans

Halberstam examines how changes in popular music parallel changes in American society. He focuses on how Black music and Black musicians became acceptable to White audiences. Black and White musicians create Rock and Roll; Black music becomes American music. These changes are part of America's slowly changing attitude toward race. So is the acceptance of Black athletes in professional sports — Jackie Robinson (1947) in Major League Baseball, Jim Brown (1957) in professional football, Bill Russell (1956) in the NBA. Robinson was too old, and so was Brown (by a year), but Russell was our contemporary; he could have been a Ford scholar.

No social shift was more needed and more difficult to change than American attitudes and behaviors about race. At the beginning of The Fifties segregation and Jim Crow laws were firmly in place in the South. In the North there was red-lining and covenants that produced de facto segregation of communities and in schools. By the end of The Fifties separate-but-equal was unconstitutional, there was the first civil rights law, and Jim Crow laws were no longer allowed. Halberstam chronicles these changes in detail.

Changes came slowly and painfully for all the parties involved, but major shifts in America and the world coalesced to force America to face up to its history of segregation and the violence that sustained it. The Cold War and the competition between the United States and the Soviet Union for influence among unaligned countries made the world aware of America's racism. The needs of

American foreign policy pushed the Federal Government to give up its hands-off attitude toward the states' treatment of Blacks. In 1948 by an Executive Order Truman desegregated the American military. That sounds briskly done, but it took seven or eight years to make it happen.

There was also growing up within America a Black middle class. The Great Migration from South to North led to a literate population of Black people. There came to be Black businessmen with money, and Black professionals, among them lawyers. Thus there were money, men, and a growing will and ability to work the system of American justice. In 1951 the case of *Brown vs. Board of Education* was filed with the US Supreme Court. It arose because a Black father was challenging Topeka, Kansas' segregation that required his daughter to attend a distant school when there was a perfectly good White school a few blocks from her home. Halberstam tells the story of the Supreme Court's decision; he shows the crucial role played by Chief Justice Earl Warren to bring the court to a 9-0 decision overthrowing the "separate but equal" doctrine. Again, it was not quick. The unanimous decision of the court was issued on May 17, 1954; we are still implementing it.

The migration also created in the North a market for news about Black people and segregation and discrimination everywhere in America. There were now Blacks who knew how to put their hands on the levers of American politics. With a market for the news American media began to cover events that they had ignored. In Mississippi in 1955 there were three murders of Blacks. The Southern press had nothing to say about the killing of the two men who had registered to vote and were urging other Blacks to register; their murders were business as usual. It was the brutal mutilation and murder of 14-year old Emmett Till that got the attention of Northern media. Till had come to Mississippi from his home in Chicago to visit a relative. He was said to have made lewd remarks to a white woman. Later that day her husband and a friend abducted Till. His body, weighed down by a cotton gin fan — a heavy hunk of metal — was found some days later in a local river.

His body was returned to his mother in Chicago. She insisted on an open casket so that everyone could see the damage done to her boy. Because there was a Black readership, Northern newspapers covered the funeral. But even more significant, the national media went South to cover the trial of the two men accused of murdering Till. As expected, an all-white jury acquitted the two men. A year later, protected by their acquittal, they told the details of their murder to a writer who published the account in *Look* magazine. The acquittal was shocking enough to motivate the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1957.

The growing importance of television had a major impact on desegregation. Thus, when barely two months after the acquittal, Rosa Parks in Montgomery, Alabama, refused to give up her seat to a white passenger and so launched the series of events that produced the bus boycott, the sit-ins, the rides across the South, and marches that were met with dogs, truncheons, and fire hoses,

TV was there. The Montgomery resistance brought Martin Luther King, Jr. to prominence. The use of Federal troops to enforce school integration in Little Rock, Arkansas against the mobs incited by Governor Orville Faubus was viewed in American living rooms everywhere. TV showed virulent racial hatred that was shameful to decent Americans. TV helped set the stage for the Voting Rights and Civil Rights Acts of the 1960s.

#### 4.5.6 What Halberstam Leaves Out

I already noted that Halberstam had little to say about the Federal Government's commitment to build the Interstate Highway System that now knits together all the regions of continental America. This is a big omission. The vast construction project reshaped the landscape, the cities, and the suburbs. It led to neglect of the railroads and ultimately to their nationalization; it contributed to the atrophy of urban public transit. It was a big deal with big effects.

There are other significant omissions. The Fifties brought a new focus on public health. Halberstam describes the invention of the Marlboro Man in *The Fifties*, but he has little to say about the research that showed smoking causes cancer. He makes no mention of the Salk (1955) and then the Sabin (1961) vaccines that did away with the specter of polio. Mothers no longer feared to let their children go swimming; summers ceased to be scary. These and other advances in public health medicine led to what became a steady decrease in Infant mortality and a remarkable increase in Americans' life span.

The book makes no mention of the onset of the revolution in biological science that begins in 1953 when Watson and Crick discover how DNA carries the genetic code. The extraordinary potential of this discovery was understood at the time. Its consequences are multiplying and playing out with ever more impact on medicine and human life.

The Fifties began an extraordinary development of electronics that has persisted for decades. The transistor, invented in 1948 and steadily improved through the 1950s, became the basis of vast social changes. We see this in consumer electronics, but solid-state electronic devices became the foundation for contemporary computers, servers, telecommunications, the internet, smart phones and the embedding of sensors and control devices through all of our technology. Advances in electronics have extensively and profoundly reshaped our lives and continue to do so.

Halberstam leaves out Folk Music — no Woody Guthrie, no Weavers, no Pete Seeger — fifties precursors to Joan Baez and Bob Dylan who will have enormous influence in the sixties. He leaves out innovative popular musicians like Les Paul & Mary Ford whose use of overlapping recording tracks is the beginning of electronically modified pop music — the kind of music the Beatles will invent in

the sixties. The genres of country and western and jazz songs get no attention from Halberstam — nor do pop songs and singers like Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Vaughn Monroe, Perry Como, Frankie Laine, Rosemary Clooney, Doris Day, Gisèle MacKenzie, Dinah Shore, and Peggy Lee. And there is no show music or mention of the musical as a uniquely American art form that often had social significance. The long running “South Pacific” broke social conventions by explicitly criticizing American racist attitudes.

Perhaps the most significant Fifties development omitted by Halberstam is the start of the Green Revolution. Norman Borlaug, supported by the Rockefeller Foundation, during the 1940s develops high yielding strains of dwarf wheat that resist lodging and blight and greatly increase crop yields. His results motivate development of high yielding strains of corn and rice. The Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation support the transfer around the world of high-yielding strains of wheat, corn, and rice along with associated technologies of intensive use of irrigation, fertilizer, pesticides, and herbicides. The result is a huge increase in world production of cereal grains that averts the famine and political upheaval that would otherwise have been inevitable as world population went from 2.6 billion in 1950 to almost 8 billion today. Its ecological consequences are not good, but one estimate is that the Green Revolution saved over a billion human lives.

#### 4.5.7 My Fifties

The Fifties were the decade we Ford students came of age, and thanks to the Ford Foundation this process was accelerated by a couple of years. Halberstam’s book tells of the onset of the Cold War and the development of American interventionism. Although he does not have much to say about the growth of the military-industrial complex, these all had a huge impact on Ford students. The Korean War was directly responsible for the idea of our pre-induction scholarships. Competition with the Soviet Union led to opportunities for us — John Israel had Ford money to become a sinologist; I received generous support from the Ford Foundation to become a sovietologist; many physicians, whether they wanted it or not, got Federal money to become doctors. And when I decided to become a physicist instead of an expert on the Soviet Union, I was helped by money from the National Science Foundation. A piece of America’s expanding affluence came to us because of perceived threats to American society.

And I certainly was part of the automobile generation. I was born in the suburbs and lived in them until I went to Madison. Unknown to my parents I was driving when I was fourteen; at fifteen I was driving with parental permission but no drivers’ license. At sixteen and with a license to drive, I drove a truck for the company that my father managed; I drove the company Buick by myself from Columbus, Ohio to St. Louis, Missouri and back; I drove our family car alone from Columbus to Milwaukee and back; and later that summer John Israel and



I drove round-trip from Columbus to Madison to find a place to live for the first term of our sophomore year. A few years later (1957) I lived out part of Halberstam's story when I bought my first car — it was a VW Beetle.

Halberstam shows how television grew in influence. I experienced some of that influence, but mostly second hand. My mother loved TV and she watched "I Love Lucy," "The Honeymooners," "The Ed Sullivan Show," and "The Lawrence Welk Show." I remember "Broadway Open House" with Jerry Lester and Dagmar of the daring cleavage. I was aware of the Kefauver hearings about organized crime in various American cities, and I was riveted by the Army-McCarthy hearings.

But for the most part it was not television that fed my imagination. It was radio and reading. In the afternoons after school I listened to "Jack Armstrong — All American Boy," "Superman" (faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive . . .), "Captain Midnight," and "Tom Mix." If I was home sick from school, I heard real soap operas sponsored by Lux or DUZ or Rinso or Ivory Snow: "Portia Faces Life," "Helen Trent," "Backstage Wife," "Ma Perkins," et al. In the evenings, especially Sunday evening, I listened to "The Lone Ranger," "Blondie," "Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons," "The Shadow," "The Great Gildersleeve," "Life of Riley," "Henry Aldrich," "Fibber McGee and Molly," "The Fred Allen Show," and "The Jack Benny Show."

I loved comic books. Today these are valuable collectibles; back then Mother called them trash. For a dime I got 52 pages of colored panels. My taste ran to Disney, i.e., to Mickey and Minnie Mouse, Donald and Daisy Duck, and Goofy; to Scrooge McDuck and his nephews Huey, Dewey, and Louie. I especially liked Bucky Bug stories with their ingenious use of garbage and trash — a banana cut into a canoe, a sardine can made into a bed. I also liked Porky Pig, Bugs Bunny, and Elmer Fudd. I read a lot of DC comics although compared to what I see today the ones I read were innocent. I read adventures of Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman. I was a fan of Captain Marvel, Captain Marvel Junior, and Mary Marvel. I also read Classic Comics — a good source of material for emergency book reviews for high school English class. And I loved comic strips, i.e., the funny papers: Dick Tracy, Little Orphan Annie, The Phantom, Li'l Abner — remember Shmoos? — and Terry and the Pirates, and almost anything that appeared in our newspapers, black and white on week days and colored on Sundays. I was put off to find *The New York Times* so sadly deficient in this regard. Naturally I became a big fan of Pogo, and when Walt Kelly appeared in the Rathskeller during the "I Go Pogo" campaign, I got him to autograph my Pogo books.

After I learned to read, bookstores and the public library became the mainstays of my mind. I read Stratemeyer Syndicate books in quantity. I found old Tom Swift books at my grandmother's house. I bought Bobbsey Twins books. I got Hardy Boys and Nancy Drew mysteries from the library. Beyond Stratemeyer, I read every Thornton W. Burgess book I could get my hands on, all the books

in Hugh Lofting's Dr. Doolittle series, all the Oz books and all the Walter R. Brooks stories about the animals of the Bean Farm in Upstate New York — Freddy the Pig, Jinx the Cat, Mrs. Wiggins the cow, Hank the horse, Simon the rat and principal villain. Clearly I liked talking animals. But I also liked mechanism and the pseudo-realism of Tom Swift books. There never was a *Tom Swift and His Electric Grandmother*, but if there had been, I would have read it. I read *My Friend Flicka*, *Thunderhead*, *Lassie Come Home*, *Lad a Dog*, various Howard Pease stories (e.g., *Jungle River*), and sea stories, adventure stories — Robin Hood, King Arthur, Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, and lots of Dumas. Right around 1950 I discovered science fiction: Heinlein, Asimov, Clarke, Bradbury. But I read other stuff: Frank Yerby's *The Golden Hawk* and Howard Breslin's *The Tamarack Tree*. Yerby swashed buckles and sex; Breslin mixed history and sex.

At age 13 sex in stories was new to me and an exciting discovery. Halberstam was interested in how American attitudes about sex were changing and how the roots of the great sexual revolution of the sixties were planted in the fifties. He was concerned with technology, sociology, and psychology. My interest in sex was much simpler: How did you get to have it? How did you persuade someone to have it with you? In my high school we started dating around age fourteen. I had a girlfriend; we went steady; we kissed; we necked. I was amazed that there was a girl who liked me, who liked to touch and be touched. It was all fairly pure but still amazing. When I got to UW, I immediately found a new girlfriend at a freshman mixer dance in the Memorial Union's Great Hall. A year later I found another girlfriend. She's the one I married sixty-five years ago. Of all the boons bestowed on me by UW or the Ford Foundation, she's the best.

Halberstam's music was not mine. My music was what he left out: pop music, folk music, and — in the fifties — labor songs. "There Once Was a Union Maid" and "It's the UAW-CIO That Makes the Army Roll and Go" were not in Halberstam's book, but they were big in my experience. Dave Stanley had an album of 78 rpm recordings by Paul Robeson. Besides "Joe Hill" Robeson sang "There Is a Balm in Gilead" and "Four Insurgent Generals." These were wonderful. So were Woody Guthrie's songs "This Land is Your Land" and "Talking Columbia." They were my favorites, and along with Bach and Vivaldi, they still are.<sup>2</sup>

'Course I don't like dictators none myself,  
but then I think the whole country had ought to be run by  
e-lec-trici-ty

When I think of fifties music, I think of listening to the juke box in the Rathskeller and Les Paul and Mary Ford singing "How High the Moon." Halberstam has

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<sup>2</sup>The album came to a bad end when Dave driving his '39 Buick offered Chuck Stephenson a ride, and he got into the car and sat on the album. Do you remember how easy it was to break a 78?

a lot to say about Elvis Presley. Mary and I first became aware of him on our honeymoon in Britain in the summer of 1956. We were biking in Wales and stopped at a B&B that was unusual and advanced in that the host owned a record player. She asked us what we thought of Elvis Presley. "Who is that?" we asked. She looked at us in surprise. "You are Americans, aren't you?" We assured her we were but had been away for a month. "Well," she said, "he is controversial." "Why?" I asked. After an embarrassed pause, she replied, "It's his . . . pelvic movements." Halberstam sees Elvis as a major cultural icon; I saw him as singer of amusing songs. "Blue Suede Shoes" and "I Just Wanna Be Your Teddy Bear" were definitely a couple of notches up from Spike Jones's "Beetle Bomb" and "All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth," but I didn't realize that Elvis presaged a great upheaval in American popular music.

The biggest disjunction between Halberstam's fifties and mine has to do with the civil rights movement. Halberstam's account of the movement and its leaders and participants may be the best part of his book. He vividly describes events and people fostering vastly significant changes in America and in the behavior of Americans. But I am struck by and somewhat embarrassed by how little I was affected by the efforts of Black Americans to be treated fairly. I was sympathetic to them and what they wanted, but it was a distant sympathy. Events in Alabama and Mississippi and Georgia and Arkansas seemed far away as in a remote land. There just wasn't much connection with my life, which was focused on mastering four years of undergraduate life at UW and then three years of graduate life in New York City and another four years of graduate work at UW.

#### 4.5.8 Personal Ruminations

Halberstam's book showed me that I am more a product of the forties than of the fifties. Forties' popular culture influenced me more than fifties'. I was pretty much unaffected by television. I read print, all sorts of print and lots of it. And in era of YouTube video clips and smart phone camera pictures, I still do.

Looking back I think that I drifted through the fifties with no serious focus, no particular concern about my career or my future. I studied what interested me because it interested me and not because of what it would do for me. I could do that because I was well taken care of by my parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts. Also, although my mother was always careful with money — she talked often about expenses (but *never* about income) — there was never any sense of poverty. I was sent to summer camp; we had family vacations at lakes or seashore; I had piano lessons; I was taken to the circus, to ice-capades, to see Gene Autry with his horse Champion; and to Benson's Animal Farm where I rode on an elephant.

No one ever suggested that I was especially smart. On the contrary I was occasionally told that I read too much, that I was a bookworm, and it was made clear to me that I was an ordinary boy and as such not very important. But everyone was nice to me and made sure I went to the dentist regularly and got eyeglasses when I needed them. Whether or not I was important was not important. So when I got a Ford Scholarship, it was a surprise to me. I was not a prodigy, and I knew it. Herbert Howe was less sure. I have wondered if we, or at least some of us, intimidated him.

Halberstam's book reminds me that I was not (and still am not) easily activated, not easily drawn out of my drift. UW pulled me into some political action. Joe McCarthy was disgusting, and I was happy to work for the Joe Must Go campaign trying to get him recalled. Halberstam uses McCarthy to show how domestic politics led the Republicans into red-baiting. It was part of what drew me away from my birthright Republicanism and made me a life-long Democrat. Nixon elicited the same disgust — another divisive Republican lying to achieve power. My distaste for Nixon was so intense that I went to Chicago in 1960 to urge Republicans to nominate Nelson Rockefeller. Nothing came of that and I went back to campaigning for Jack Kennedy.

Did the two years saved from high school do anything for me? I wonder about that still seventy years later. I think it saved me from becoming fully acculturated to stifling white suburban affluence, but it did not save me any time. I spent my extra two years and more in a sideline — studying history all the way up to but not including a Ph.D. dissertation. I don't regret that time studying history; it was my liberal education in more depth than I would have gotten from ILS, and surely it was richer and more intense than anything I would have gotten in high school. I have wondered if being young in college made my study of mathematics more difficult. Was there a Piaget effect? Math that was difficult when I was sixteen was easy when I was twenty-three. Would that part of my life have been easier if I had come to college two years later than I did?

And so what? It was great to go to UW at age fifteen. The experience shaped my mind and my life. It gave me a wonderful spouse and lifelong friends. I ended up with a deeply satisfying profession and career — lots of variety and challenge, and rarely dull — and I was able to take care of my family at least as well as my ancestors took care of me.

# Chapter 5

## Sources

The primary source for knowing who was a Ford Scholar at UW in the 1950s is a list prepared by Herbert Howe in 1962. The Fund for the Advancement of Education issued two studies of the program, one in 1953 *Bridging the Gap between School and College*<sup>1</sup> and one in 1957 *They Went to College Early*<sup>2</sup>. There were also articles about Ford scholars in the UW alumni magazine; one in 1953 and the other in 2005.

### 5.1 UW Articles

The 1953 article by Vivien Hone is upbeat but premature. A copy is given in the appendix.

John Allen's 2005 article was inspired by the return of Ford students for their 50th class reunion. He wrote "The Ford Boys" for the Spring 2005 *On Wisconsin*. It gives a good, succinct account of the origins of the early admissions idea and its realization. Allen also interviewed several Fords and has some lively examples of effects of the program on individuals.<sup>3</sup>

### 5.2 Ruskin Study

Evelyn Ruskin developed a questionnaire and obtained responses from 46 UW Ford students and 20 University of Chicago Ford students. Her findings are reported in her 1999 masters thesis *From This Vantage Point: A Follow-Up Study of the 1951-1955 Ford Foundation Early Admission to College Experiment*.

<sup>1</sup> Available online at <https://archive.org/details/BridgingTheGapBetweenSchoolAndCollege>

<sup>2</sup> Available online at <https://archive.org/details/TheyWentToCollegeEarly>

<sup>3</sup> John Allen, p. 30, Spring 2005, *On Wisconsin*; <https://onwisconsin.uwalumni.com/content/uploads/2005/09/2005-Spring-ON-WI.pdf#page=18>

The abstract of Evelyn Ruskin's thesis is as follows:

#### THESIS ABSTRACT

For five years in the 1950s the Ford Foundation financed an experiment in education to determine the wisdom and feasibility of allowing selected 14 to 17 year old high school students of high academic promise to enroll as Freshmen at 11 colleges and universities. Detailed statistics of the backgrounds, progress and opinions of the Ford Scholars were published at the time. To find out whether Early Admission to College should be an option today for academically talented high school students, I queried 66 Ford Scholars who had gone to college early at two of the universities. As a result of reading the comments of these Ford Scholars as they looked back 40+ years at their experience as young college students and studying the questionnaires they filled out in 1998, plus looking at the options available for the academically talented in today's high schools, I would not recommend Early Admission to College.

Based on the answers to the 1998 Questionnaire, however, if a college was determined to institute an Early Admission program today, any such program would need to have: 1) A selection process that pays as much attention to the emotional health and maturity of the proposed student as to the student's intellectual capacity. 2) A 'critical mass': Enough students so they feel a part of a group and are able to draw support from one another. 3) An advisor to help these young students adjust to college life 4) An 'emotional intelligent' component in the form of a group led by a psychologist or a periodic psychology workshop to help the young students deal with their college experience.

### 5.3 *Bridging the Gap*

The 1953 report compares four different ways of improving the experience of high school students. Our way, skipping the last years, is examined in Chapter 5. Obviously this has to be tentative since the UW early admissions program was only in its second year when the report was prepared.

### 5.4 **How're They Doing**

In the March 1953 issue of the UW alumni magazine there is a short article celebrating the achievements of the '51s. It's pleasant to read and is reproduced in the appendix.

## 5.5 *They Went to College Early*

The most thorough analysis of the experiences of the participating institutions and their students is given in the 1957 report. Each institution identified and tracked the performance of a group of regular students who had academic capabilities and socio-economic status similar to those of the Ford students. The general conclusions are that the early admits had no more social or psychological problems than the regular students. The scholarly achievement of the Ford students was consistently somewhat better than that of the comparison groups.<sup>4</sup>

Do not be put off by the boring superficial statistics that fill the early pages. Go on toward the end of the report where there are reports for each participating school. There you can read the analysis specific to the University of Wisconsin-Madison, and you can see, as John Allen noted, that UW's enthusiasm for early admissions waned; it was the only school of the twelve that did not set up an option for early admissions when the program ended.

Below is a table of enrollments by school and entering year. The table is copied from this study.

NUMBER OF SCHOLARS BY COLLEGE AND YEAR OF ENTRANCE					
COLLEGE	1951	1952	1953	1954	TOTAL
Chicago	60	54	23	21	158
Columbia	51	46	24	22	143
Fisk	28	36	31	27	122
Goucher	19	22	15	17	73
Lafayette	30	23	14	0	67
Louisville	29	29	19	20	97
Morehouse	0	29	28	24	81
Oberlin	25	29	17	16	87
Shimer	34	32	29	30	125
Utah	40	45	38	30	153
Wisconsin	52	48	13	26	139
Yale	52	47	3	3	105
Total	420	440	254	256	1350

## 5.6 Ford Students Evaluations

In 1955 the graduating '51s were asked to write essays about their experience. The Fund hired Richard Pearson to read the 184 essays by Ford Scholars and

<sup>4</sup>A lengthy article "Ford Scholars Did Well, Especially Scholastically," based on *They Went to College Early* appears on p. 6 of the *Daily Cardinal*, Tuesday, July 9, 1957.

the 173 essays by their comparison group. Pearson wrote an article describing what he learned from reading these essays. A copy of this article “The students’ view of early admissions” is in the appendix. The article is sadly bland and uninformative. Could it be that he did not closely read all 357 essays?

## 5.7 Howe’s List

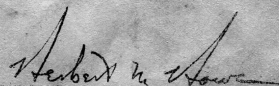
In 1963 Herbert Howe sent to all the Ford scholars for whom he had an address a list of 159 names of UW Ford students. Here is a copy of that list.

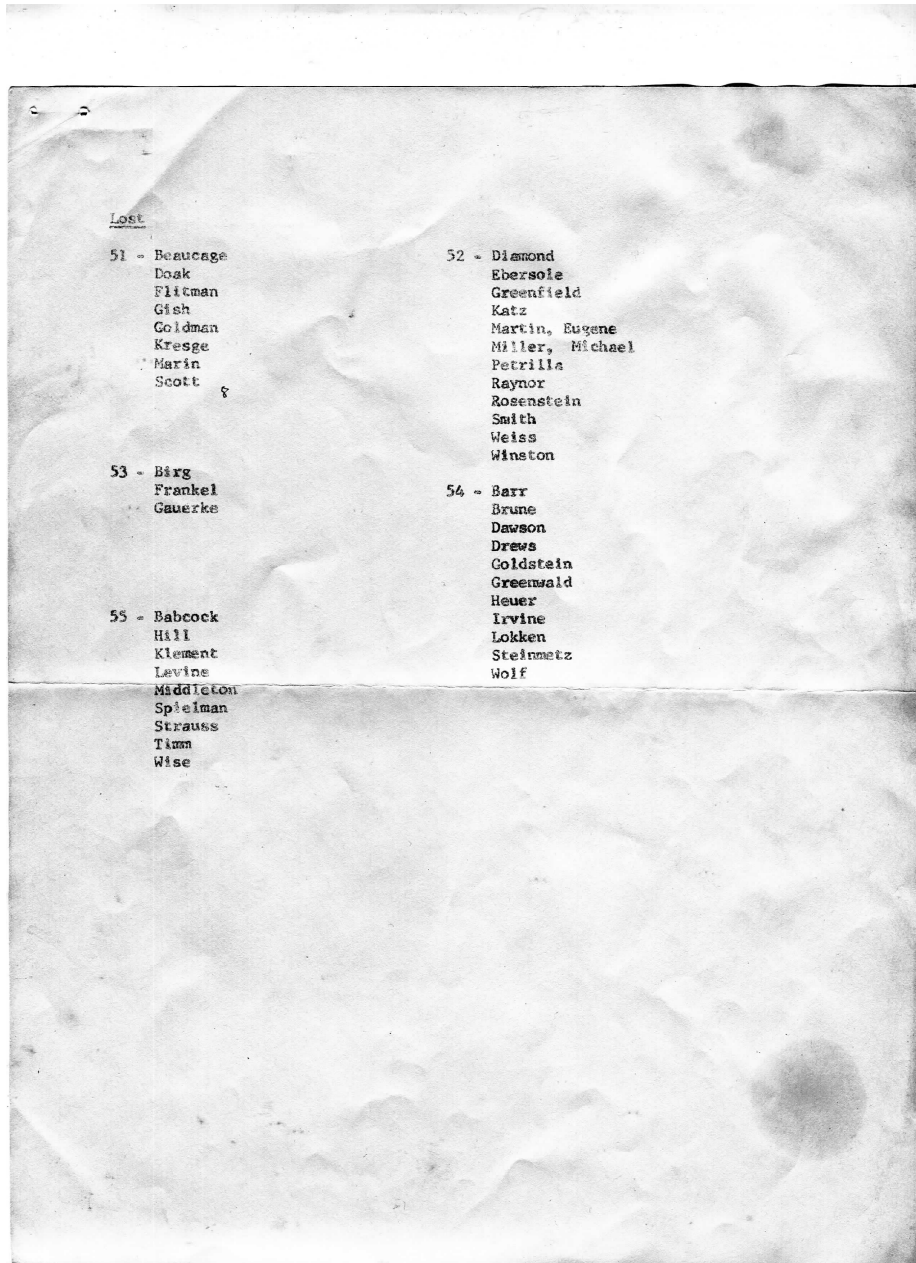


University of Wisconsin  
Department of Classics  
56 Bescom Hall  
Madison 6, Wisconsin

April 26, 1962

The enclosed was completed for your amusement chiefly from Christmas cards and the grapevine. Not everyone listed is receiving a copy, only those whose address is listed to the right of their name; but we shall be pleased to send a copy to anyone whose address we receive. Of the "lost", some we hear from each Christmas, but with no address and no information on their cards; others we know went to Medical School, etc., but we know not when or where. Any information you can give us will be welcomed. Incidentally, the "year" listed is always that of entry, not of graduation, since some of you transferred and others graduated in three years.

  
Herbert M. Howe



Abelson, Lorraine H. '54

222 E. 57th Street  
New York 22, N.Y.

Studied for a year at Geneva, Switzerland, on a Fulbright. Now working for the Grolier Society, New York, as an assistant editor in Social Studies for the Book of Knowledge, and in spare time doing graduate work in International Relations.

Abramov, Stanley M. '52

Attended University of Rochester Medical School.

Allper, Stanley B. '51

630 13th E.,  
Seattle 2, Washington

Practising law (Le Sourd, Patten and Adams) in Seattle. Has just settled into newly purchased home with wife, Judy, who is studying at the Seattle Art Museum.

Atkins, Verna D. '53

435 E. 30th Street  
New York 16, N.Y.

Now in her last year of Medical School at Bellevue, New York.

Bear, Leslie '55

Bard Hall, 50 Haven Ave.,  
New York 32, N.Y.

Spent junior year in Bonn, Germany, under University of Wisconsin exchange plan. After two years at University of Wisconsin Medical School, has transferred to P. and S., Columbia, N.Y.

Bahler, Hedwig R. (Mrs. Telfer) '53

c/o Mrs. Bahler  
New Glarus, Wisconsin

Still in Wisconsin, now as the wife of a school teacher, David Telfer.

Bartos, Henry R. '52

After graduating from the University of Wisconsin Medical School, interned at Mount Sinai Hospital, N.Y.

Beisito, Brenda '55 (Mrs. Timmerman)

606A Eagle Heights  
Madison 5, Wisconsin

Has married Erik Timmerman, and combines care of energetic young son with graduate work in Mathematics at the University of Wisconsin, and work on a correspondence course for high school mathematics teachers.

Brodie, Jonathan D. '53

1717 1/2 Monroe Street  
Madison 5, Wisconsin

Finishing work for Ph.D. in chemistry while working as a research assistant at the Veterans Hospital. Plans to enter N.Y.U. Medical School in the fall. His wife, June, is a school nurse in the Madison schools.

Bruch, Ludwig W. '55

Rhodes Scholar at Christ Church, Oxford, working in mathematical physics.

Brune, Basel H. '54

Served for a while as 1st Lt. in the 193rd Military Police Co., stationed in Germany.

2 Cady, Kendall Bing '51

Naval architect, working on nuclear powered vessels for Bethlehem Steel, in Quincy, Massachusetts.

3	<u>Chadwick, Douglas W.</u> '51	3088 Juniper Street Tacoma 99, Washington
	Attending University of Colorado Medical School, and interned in Providence, R.I. Now a captain in the Air Force, at McChord A.F.B., Washington. Married, and has a son and a daughter.	
4	<u>Chapman, Marvin J.</u> '51	U.S. Naval Hospital Philadelphia 45, Pa.
	University of Wisconsin Medical School. Interned at Great Lakes and now resident in Psychiatry at the Naval Hospital, Philadelphia. In July, 1962, going to Bethesda Naval Hospital for final year of psychiatric residence. Married a nurse, Marie, trained at Methodist Hospital, Madison, and has one daughter.	
	<u>Cowan, David</u> '52	1203 W. Dayton Madison, Wisconsin
	Research assistant in Physics, University of Wisconsin, and nearing the end of work on his Ph.D. Married to Joanne Evans.	
5	<u>Cromer, Alan H.</u> '51	
	After leaving Cornell with a Ph.D., became a research associate at the Harvard Cyclotron Lab. Now married, and an assistant professor at Northeastern University, Boston.	
	<u>Damadian, Raymond V.</u> '52	
	M.D., Einstein Medical School.	
6	<u>Dolven, Earl P.</u> '51	3446 Sacramento Street San Francisco 18, California
	Attended Harvard Law School. Now married and practising law (Bronson, Bronson and McKinnon) in San Francisco.	
	<u>Dolven, Pary P.</u> '54	
	Taught elementary school in Los Angeles, then entered the University of California Library School. Now working in the medical library of the University of Nebraska at Omaha.	
	<u>Dorlester, Judith (Mrs. Ambrose)</u> '54	1553 Owens New Orleans 22, Louisiana
	Married Stephen Ambrose, now assistant professor of history at the University of Louisiana, New Orleans. One daughter, proficient like her father in making flying tackles, and a new-born son.	
	<u>Eaton, Barbara L. (Mrs. Ladner)</u> '54	326 Washington Blvd. Oak Park, Illinois
	Married John J. Ladner, and has a daughter.	
	<u>Eddy, Richard H.</u> '54	209 Forest Blvd. Park Forest, Illinois
	Underwriter for Continental Casualty Co., Chicago. His chief amusement is playing cello in the Park Forest Symphony. Married and has one son.	
	<u>Edwards, Harold M.</u> '52	Elliot House, Harvard University Cambridge, Massachusetts
	M.A. Columbia, and Ph.D. Harvard, 1961. Is now an instructor in Math. at Harvard.	

Eustance, William E. '52

1206 Grant Street  
Madison, Wisconsin

Was studying for a Master's in Fisheries at the University of Maine, while working there as a teaching assistant, when he entered the Army. Working for an M.A. at U.W.

Fasse, Muriel B. (Mrs. Lakawicz) '54

142 Warren Street  
Paterson 4 New Jersey

Married Joseph Lakawicz, but continued to teach school in New Jersey until her first child, a daughter, was born.

7 Feder, Leslie '51

Master's degree in architecture from Columbia. Is now married and an architect in New York.

Feller, Martin R. '52

After Medical School, interned at Maimonides Hospital, Brooklyn. Is married.

8 Ferber, Andrew S. '51

1917 Radcliffe Ave.  
Bronx 62, New York

Now in second year of psychiatric residency at Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx. Married to a doctor who is also going into Psychiatry.

Forman, Irene M. (Mrs. Charpentier) '53

2065 Hendrickson Street  
Brooklyn 34, N.Y.

When an exchange teacher in Orleans, France, married Claude Charpentier. She is now divorced and, with her daughter, living in New York, teaching French in a junior high school there, and in her "spare" time has been doing graduate work at Brooklyn College.

Frank Michael '52

From Harvard Medical School he went as an interne to Boston City Hospital. He is now married and a resident in pediatrics at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore.

Fredericks, Albert A. '54

Married and working for Dumont in New Jersey. He is also studying math. and physics at Fairleigh Dickinson U.

Friedman, Henry J. '54

He is in his last year at Johns Hopkins Medical School.

9 Friedman, Laurence F. '51

Taught freshmen chemistry while working on his Ph.D. at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. Now married to Tamar Frieda Schneider, and teaching at Haifa Technological Institute, Israel.

Friedman, Paul J. '52

212 Belle Meade Avenue  
Palisade, New Jersey

Yale Medical School. Met English wife, Clare, in England, while on a Fulbright at Oxford, where she was doing graduate work in Math. Clare has worked as an instructor in math. at Columbia and Barnard, and Paul is now a first year resident in Radiology at P. and S., Columbia.

<sup>10</sup> Cahr, Herbert M. '51

University of Wisconsin Medical School, and now a resident in surgery at Bellevue, New York, and married.

<sup>11</sup> Gershenson, Hillel '51

Now an instructor in chemistry at Princeton.

<sup>12</sup> Chiselin, Jon B. '51

Route 1  
De Forest, Wisconsin

Now a research assistant in zoology at the University of Wisconsin - after finishing his undergraduate work at the University of Utah - and completing work on his Ph.D. His wife, Joan, is a secretary in the Pediatrics Department.

Gillman, David '54

Ph.D. in Mathematics at the University of Wisconsin, and now teaching at Cornell. Married Ingeborg Gubler, '55; now divorced.

<sup>13</sup> Glaser, Fred B. '51

After Harvard Medical School, he had a two year rotating internship at Strong Memorial Hospital, Rochester, N.Y. He is married.

Glock, Janet (Mrs. Koch) '53

Married to a Wisconsin farmer, Allen Koch, and has a son and a daughter.

<sup>14</sup> Goldstone, Robert A. '51

After attending Harvard Medical School, was a surgical interne at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. He had started his residency there when he entered the Army as a captain. He is married to Susan Bostock, a nurse.

<sup>15</sup> Goodman, Richard E. '51

A geological engineer specializing in photo interpretation, and working for Geotechnics and Resources, Inc. He has been involved in space work, as well as finishing a doctorate at the University of California.

Gralewicz, Diane V. (Mrs. Fortney) '54

3522 Grand Avenue south  
Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

Married to Gordon Fortney, who is with Minneapolis-Honeywell. She amuses herself by collecting rejection slips from magazines.

Grossman, Louise (Mrs. Trubek) '53

21 Broadway  
New Haven, Connecticut

With her husband, David Trubek, attended Yale Law School. Her legal work is now being mixed up with care of a daughter.

Gubler, Ingeborg (Mrs. Gillman) '55

504 W. Johnson  
Madison, Wisconsin

Married David Gillman '54; now divorced. Is working on a doctorate in psychology at the University of Wisconsin.

- 16 Hartshorne, Thomas L. '51 10724 Carnegie Avenue  
Cleveland, Ohio  
Working on Ph.D. in History. Married to Joan Taliaferro, who is teaching dance in Cleveland.
- 17 Holbrow, Charles H. '51 708 Seymour  
Madison, Wisconsin  
Graduate work in Russian at Columbia. Now a research assistants in Physics at the University of Wisconsin, and completing work on his Ph.D. Married Mary Ross, and has four daughters.
- Horstman, Sandra L. (Mrs. Hamlet) '55  
Married Richard G. Hamlet, and has a child.
- Huggins, Mary F. (Mrs. Rusch) '53 770 West Main Street  
Whitewater, Wisconsin  
Married Mark Rusch, and has two daughters.
- Huizenga, Bernard A. '55 30 W. Jefferson  
Waupun, Wisconsin  
In fourth year of Medical School at University of Wisconsin.
- Inbinder, Carole (Mrs. Singer) '54 122 E. Gilman Street  
Madison, Wisconsin  
Studied Art History in France, and has M.A. Now, married to Bertram Singer, a law student at the University of Wisconsin, she is working for a degree in education and teaching at the Herbert Schenk School in Madison.
- 18 Israeli, John W. '51 c/o Dr. James A. Brussel,  
80-40 Winchester Blvd., Jamaica 27, N.Y.  
Has spent 2 1/2 years in Formosa writing a thesis - after studying at Harvard - while his wife, Mary, has been teaching in the American School at Taipei. Now returning to Cambridge, Mass. It is hoped that he will publish something about Formosa and Chiang Kai Shek.
- 19 Issler, Harry '51 144-11 Sanford Avenue  
Flushing, N.Y.  
Practising law (Issler and Fein) in New York City. Married and has one daughter.
- 20 Jenkinson, Paul M. '51 609 N. Lake  
Madison, Wisconsin  
A civil engineer who spent some time, as a 2nd Lt. on an airbase in Iceland. Now a research engineer at Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, and doing graduate work in engineering.
- Kaplow, Jeffrey J. '52  
Entered Princeton Graduate School with a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. Part of the research for his thesis on the bourgeoisie of Elbeuf, Normandy, was done in France.
- Karlan, Naomi (Mrs. Freedman) '3  
M.A. in Math. Now married to a graduate of Harvard Law School, and living in Stamford, Connecticut. She has a daughter.

20 Karlan, Robert D. '51 2059 18th Street  
Astoria, New York  
Harvard Medical School. After an internship in Chicago, became a resident in  
Neurology at Mt. Sinai, New York. Married, and has two children.

Kassner, E. George '53  
M.D., U. of Wisconsin Medical School.

Kaufman, Charles '52  
Working for Ph.D. in Chemistry at Penn. State.

Kesselman, Martin S. '52 Schilling A.F.B.  
Salina, Kansas  
Was an interne at Barnes Hospital, Washington University, St. Louis. Now a Captain.

Kilde, Constance M. (Mrs. Ott) '55 13 Mockingbird Lane  
Madison, Wisconsin  
Married to George Ott, and working in the Family Clinic of the Student Infirmary,  
University of Wisconsin.

21 King, James C. '51  
Attended University of Maryland Medical School.

Klein, Walter P. '52 2415 University  
Madison, Wisconsin  
Was a teaching assistant in ILS 23. Now a research assistant in economics at the  
University of Wisconsin and finishing work on his Ph.D.

22 Kolasinski, Wojciech A. '51 5623 20th N.E.  
Studying for Ph.D. at University of Washington, and working as research assistant  
on University of Washington Cyclotron.

Kramer, David H. '52  
Harvard Medical School. Now married, and has a son.

23 Laitila, Edward E. '51 Evermann Apts. #C437  
Bloomington, Indiana  
B.Sc. and M.B.A. at U.C.L.A. in Business Administration. Now married and working for  
doctorate in Business Administration at University of Indiana, and teaching a course  
in Real Estate.

Landaw, Robert M. '55  
George Washington University Medical School, then an internship at Mt. Sinai, New York,  
and now a residency in Internal Medicine there.

Last, Jerold A. '55 10411 Roberts Road  
Palos Hills, Illinois  
Research assistant in Biochemistry at University of Wisconsin while working on M.A.  
Now with Corn Products Co., Argo, Illinois.

<sup>5</sup>Charles Kaufman was actually in graduate school in physics at Penn State, not chemistry



Lawson, Herbert G. '52

Worked for U.P. in Madison, then entered the Air Force where he composed English textbooks. Now in the New York office of The Wall Street Journal.

Leroi, George E. '52

2401 Virginia Street  
Berkeley 9, California

Did graduate work in Mathematics at Harvard before going to California. Married to Roberts Louise Santora.

Levi, Don S. '52

Graduate work at Harvard

Levison, Frederic E. '52

M.D. and then internship in Cleveland, Ohio. Married.

<sup>2.4</sup> Levy, Donald M. '51

1311 Grenoble Drive  
Rockville, Maryland

Graduate work in the East, then returned to Wisconsin with his wife, Rachel, as instructor in Electrical Engineering. Left Madison again, this time for Maryland, in 1961. He has a son.

<sup>2.5</sup> Lieber, Arnold. '51

Einstein Medical School. Married to daughter of Raphael Soyer.

Lottsfeld, Frederick I. '52

631 East 33rd Street  
Minneapolis 7, Minnesota

University of Washington Medical School. Now married, and a resident in Pediatrics in Minneapolis.

Lusschow, Roger J. '54

Had a tour of duty with the Air Force in Japan.

Macurda, Donald B. '52

5008 Camden Road  
Madison, Wisconsin

Fellow in Geology at University of Wisconsin, and managing editor of Journal of Sedimentary Petrology while working on Ph.D. His wife, Evelyn, is a secretary in the School of Commerce.

Mainzer, Frank '55

Now at New York University Medical School.

<sup>2.6</sup> Martin, James J. '51

1990 Waring  
Seaside, California

Graduate work at Harvard Divinity School, then entered the Navy, and remained as career officer. After some sea duty as an Engineering Officer, is now studying Operations Analysis. He and Betty have three boys and a girl.

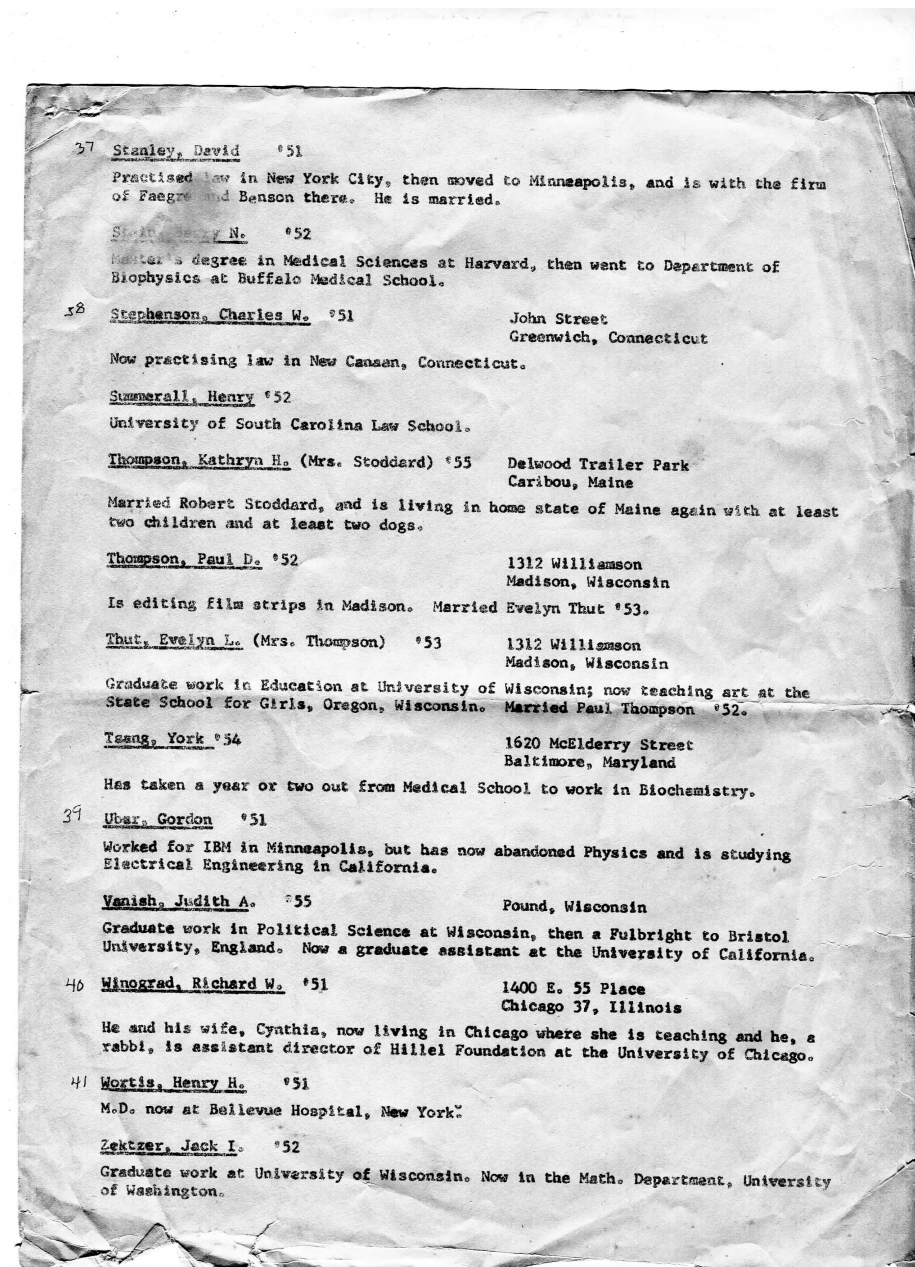
Mayers, Lester B. '52

245 W. 104 Street  
New York 25, New York

P. and S. Columbia, Medical School. Interned, and is now a medical resident at Bellevue, N.Y.C. His wife teaches phy.ed. in N.Y.C.

- Merel, Martin '52  
1900 West Farrell  
Chicago 26, Illinois
- Mezey, Andrew P. '52  
Resident in Pediatrics at Jacobi Hospital in the Bronx, New York. Is married and has one daughter.
- Miller, Albert '52  
1533 Townsend Avenue  
New York 52, New York  
Wisconsin Medical School. Internship at Mt. Sinai was followed by a fellowship in Cardiopulmonary Physiology there, and he is now in his second year of residency in Internal Medicine, still at Mt. Sinai. He married Elaine Grant, and has one child. He plans to enter the Public Health Service.
- Miller, Fred '52  
N.Y.U. Medical School. Held a Public Health Fellowship for a year, and is now at Bellevue.
- Mitchell, Susan (Mrs. Thomsen) '55  
5808 Anthony Place  
Madison, Wisconsin  
Has returned to Wisconsin, and is a senior in Psychology. Her husband, Donald, is studying Economics here.
- 27 Monyak, Robert '51  
737 Ridge Avenue  
Evanston, Illinois  
Law degree, cum laude, from De Paul University as a result of evening classes. Now with the tax department of Arthur Young and Company, Chicago, the firm he joined after graduation from Wisconsin. He is married and has a child.
- Offenbacher, Claude A. '52  
182 Collins Street  
Hartford, Connecticut  
After graduating from Yale, worked on The Hartford Courant, then had two pleasant years in France with the Army, spent in civilian clothes, with a food allowance, interviewing witty Frenchmen. Now back with the Courant as a general assignment reporter.
- Paul, Dorothy A. '55  
2170 Cummington Road  
Cleveland 6, Ohio  
Regenerating limbs of newts for a master's degree in anatomy at Western Reserve Medical School, while working as a lab. assistant there after being a teaching assistant in histology and embryology at Cornell.
- 28 Perkins, Roger B. '51  
2671 Orange  
Los Alamos, New Mexico  
Ph.D. in Physics at Princeton, and now doing nuclear physics research for the U. of California at Los Alamos. Married, and has a daughter.
- 29 Pilch, Yosef H. '51  
Johns Hopkins Medical School, and then internship at Billings Hospital, Chicago. Married and has two sons.
- 30 Pursel, Keith A. '51  
1220 Orange Grove,  
S. Pasadena, California  
A <sup>w</sup>layer (Kindel and Anderson) concerned chiefly with tax and probate cases in Los Angeles. Married and has two daughters.

- Reinboth, Karol J. (Mrs. Ebeling) '54  
Dietician who interned at Wisconsin General Hospital, Madison. Now married to Edward W. Ebeling, and has a daughter.
- Rosenberg, Charles E. '52  
22 University Houses  
Madison 5, Wisconsin  
Fellow in the Institute of the History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins University, where he got his Ph.D. Now married and teaching in the History of Science Department at the University of Wisconsin. He has just had a book, The Cholera Years: the U.S. in 1832, 1849 and 1866 accepted by the University of Chicago Press.
- <sup>21</sup> Rothman, David '51  
4954 Hazeltine Avenue, Apt. 11  
Sherman Oaks, California  
After Ph.D. and work at Los Alamos, joined Electronic Specialty Company, Los Angeles. Married Yolanda Sue Freilich, and has a son.
- Rothman, Seymour J. '54  
Einstein Medical School
- Ruskin, Jerome '52  
Farrer Road, R.F.D.  
So. Lincoln, Massachusetts  
Einstein Medical School. Now in the Air Force, at Bedford, Massachusetts, and hoping to return soon to Duke to complete residency in internal medicine.
- Schaeffer, Philip E. '52  
Harvard Law School. Now a lawyer in New York.
- <sup>22</sup> Schoenbaum, David L. '51  
Has worked on the Waterloo (Iowa) Courier and The Minneapolis Star-Tribune; more recently at St. Anthony's College, Oxford, writing a thesis on the Third Reich.
- <sup>23</sup> Schoenfeld, Richard '51  
University of Syracuse Medical School. Now a doctor in the Air Force. Married and has a child.
- <sup>43</sup> Schubert, Christof N. '51  
University of Virginia Medical School.
- <sup>24</sup> Sklar, Martin J. '51  
Working for M.A. in History at University of Wisconsin. Has been married, now divorced.
- <sup>25</sup> Skwire, David '51  
Ph.D. in English at Cornell. Now an instructor at Tufts College. Married Marjorie Carol Small.
- <sup>26</sup> Sliker, Todd R. '51  
Department of Physics, Cornell U.  
Ithaca, New York  
Finishing Ph.D. thesis at Cornell and busy co-authoring articles in physics journals.
- Solomon, Alexandre '52  
Duke Medical School.



This list does not exactly agree with the list published in *They Went to College Early*.

## 5.8 Recorded Interviews

The UW University Archives and Record Management Services has recordings and transcripts of interviews with five Ford Scholars: Charles Holbrow, John Israel, Al Miller, David Schoenbaum, and David Stanley. The UW Oral History Project Minds@UW has an interview (1371) with Henry Wortis. The Law School Digital Repository has a long interview with Louise Trubek.

### 5.8.1 Henry Wortis

March 6, 2005 Henry Wortis was interviewed by Matthew Levin for the UW's Minds@UW oral history project. The interview can be heard at <https://minds.wisconsin.edu/handle/1793/68725?show=full> The abstract of the interview 1371 is:

Abstract: In his March 2005 interview with Matt Levin, Henry Wortis discusses his involvement in the Labor Youth League while an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He details the group's membership, activities, and relationship with the wider array of leftist political ideologies, emphasizing the growing division between the Old Left and youth in the LYL. This interview was originally conducted for the author's research for Cold War University and has been submitted for inclusion into the UW-Madison Oral History Program.

### 5.8.2 Louise Trubek

June 11-13, 2008 Louise Grossman Trubek was interviewed for almost seven hours by Betsy Draine for the University of Wisconsin Law School Digital Repository. Links to transcripts and audio of the interviews are at <https://hosted.law.wisc.edu/s/uwlaw/item/303661>

Louise Trubek discusses various aspects of her career, including education, feminism, and collaborative work with her husband, Professor David Trubek, and with the UW Medical School. She also discusses her experience at the UW Law School, and her role in overhauling the school's clinical program.

### 5.8.3 John Israel

October 10, 2015 John Israel was interviewed by Troy Reeves of the UW Libraries Oral History Program. The permalink to the sound recording of this interview is <https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.dl/OTA6MRWJHYPP38F>

Abstract:

October 10, 2015

Madison: University Archives and Records Management Services  
 John Israel discusses participating in the Ford Foundation program to send 16 year olds to universities. He primarily talks about his four years on UW's campus and the following topics: WHA, Universal Military Training at Age 18 Act, the Ford Foundation, the Daily Cardinal, UW housing, housing cooperatives in Madison, the Human Relations Committee, the Labor Youth League, McCarthyism and campus, Abner Berry, Integrated Liberal Studies, American Studies, American Freedom and Catholic Power.

### 5.8.4 David Schoenbaum

January 28, 2016 David Schoenbaum was interviewed by Troy Reeves as part of UW's Oral History Program. The permalink to the sound recording of this interview is <https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.d1/AMSEGLOF7TWL587>.

Abstract:

January 28, 2016

Madison: University Archives and Records Management Services  
 David Schoenbaum discusses his participation in the Ford Scholars program, which sent outstanding 16-year-olds to universities in the 1950s. Schoenbaum describes his undergraduate education at UW-Madison, his time in Integrated Liberal Studies, and the professors who influenced him. He also speaks on the University Orchestra, and the influence of McCarthyism on campus politics. David Schoenbaum went on to earn a PhD in History from Oxford University. He taught at the University of Iowa for many years, and published a number of books on American and European history.

### 5.8.5 David Stanley

January 29, 2016 David Stanley was interviewed by Troy Reeves as part of UW's Oral History Program. The permalink to the sound recording of the interview is <https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.d1/YTLXYIZN3CJLJ8Y>

Abstract:

January 29, 2016

Madison: University Archives and Records Management Services  
 In his two interviews with Troy Reeves, David Stanley discussed his time on UW-Madison's campus. Stanley came at 16 as a Ford Scholar; he explained what that meant. He then talked about his memories on campus during the 1950s, including some of his fellow Ford Scholars, Herbert and Evelyn Howe, and other general thoughts about University of Wisconsin.

### 5.8.6 Charles H. Holbrow

February 4, 2016 Charles H. Holbrow was interviewed by Troy Reeves as part of UW's Oral History Program. This is interview #1465, and the sound recording of the interview is available at <https://ohms.library.wisc.edu/viewer.php?cachefile=Holbrow.C.1465.xml>. It has a permalink <https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.d1/NHR5L72TYFMTY8F>.

Abstract:

February 4, 2016

Madison: University Archives and Records Management Services  
Charles "Charlie" Holbrow was an early member of the Ford scholars, a group of younger students allowed to enter University early. In a move heavily influenced by his father, Holbrow chose to attend UW out of the possible four Ford-participating schools. While at UW as an undergraduate he studied history and was awarded a degree in the subject in 1955. Ever influenced by his love of math and science however, Holbrow returned to UW to pursue a PhD in physics which was conferred in 1963.

### 5.8.7 Albert Miller

February 10, 2016 Albert Miller was interviewed by Troy Reeves as part of UW's Oral History Program. The permalink to the sound recording of this interview is <https://digital.library.wisc.edu/1711.d1/G5MFTWKHIV3728X>.

Abstract:

February 10, 2016

Madison: University Archives and Records Management Services  
Raised in Brooklyn, New York, Dr. Albert Miller was a Ford Scholar at the University of Wisconsin in the 1950s. A condition of the Ford scholarship allowed him to use his fourth year of funding for early entry into medical school. Miller graduated from UW medical school in 1959. After graduation Miller did his internship and residency at Mount Sinai. This interview centers on Dr. Miller's time at UW and his long career as both a medical instructor and practitioner.







## Chapter 6

# APPENDIX

### 6.1 “How’re They Doing . . .”

*—How’re They Doing?—*

those

PRE-INDUCTION

scholars

*Sixteen-year-olds*

*are doing themselves proud*

*—scholastically and otherwise*

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By Vivien Hone

**W**HAT IS HAPPENING to those bright 16-year-olds drawn from all over the nation who came to Wisconsin a year ago last fall on that curious educational experiment known as the Pre-Induction Scholarship program?

They’re doing very well, thank you, according to Herbert M. Howe, professor of classics, who has been adviser to the boys from the start of their University careers in 1951.

The program was for a total of 200 liberal arts scholarships with Wisconsin, Columbia, Chicago, and Yale Universities administering approximately 50 each. Benefits included payment of tuition and fees and cash up to \$1,000, according to need.

First requirements for the scholarships, financed by the Ford Foundation, were that the boys should be no more than 16-and-one-half at their September, 1951, college enrollment, and that they should have completed no less than their sophomore year in high school. These satisfied, the rest of the winning was based on high grades in high school and high scores on a college board examination; on letters written by the boys’ high school principals; and on letters from the boys themselves.

There were two main objects of the experiment: 1. To give these bright young fellows the benefits of at least two years of college before they were called into the service of Uncle Sam, and 2. To find the answers, if possible, to certain big questions in American education.

Exactly 52 of the scholarship holders were on hand when the UW opened its doors in the fall of ’51. Thirty-six enrolled in the Integrated Liberal Studies program. The others remaining were required to take a more general course of study than is usually demanded in the College of Letters and Science. These circumstances excepted, the Pre-Induction scholars were held to the same requirements laid down for all UW freshmen.

Now a little more than a year later, here is the record of the ones short on years but long on brains:

Grades of the boys are more than satisfactory. The young scholars maintained an average of 2.3 grade points for the year in spite of the fact that only three of them had completed high school, 29 had completed only through the third year high school, and 20 had finished only through the sophomore year. This 2.3 average stands against a 1.25 grade point average for the University’s Letters and Science freshman class as a whole. Moreover, the Pre-Induction boys in their first semester carried a study load averaging 1.7 credits more than the Letters and Science freshman average, and in their second semester a study load averaging two credits more. A straight 3 grade point average was accomplished by five of the scholars in the first semester. The same was accomplished by four of the boys in the second semester.

Prof. Howe, who seems to have at his fingertips the record of every one of the teen-agers and in his heart a big-brother interest for all 52, takes the scholastic achievements of the Pre-Inductioners without turning a hair.

“It is what we expected,” he says. “Most of the boys work hard, and though we don’t have genius, we do have bright boys.”

Expected or not, the high grades will go a long way toward answering two

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<sup>1</sup>Taken from <https://search.library.wisc.edu/digital/AT3VORQST7QSZ8D/pages/AJ5HLE5L7GSN4K80?view=one>

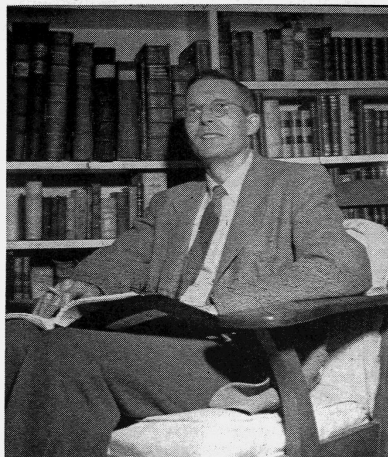
of the questions at the root of the project: How much of the curriculum of the last two years of high school is essential preparation for college? Are there boys who can profitably omit the last year or two of high school without intellectual loss? Would boys omitting such high school years and entering college have any difficulty making the social change? Would the behavior of an intelligent 16-year-old differ much from that of his 18-year-old classmates?

Prof. Howe confesses he felt a great deal of trepidation in this area of inquiry. It has been decided that as adviser his function was to keep his eyes on the boys and his hands off. But again his advisees came up winners.

"It is a tribute to their general wisdom that they displayed such maturity of judgment under such light control," Howe says, and he goes further. "They'll stack up with anybody in terms of general social adjustment and on the whole it would not be easy to find a group as busy in campus activities as these boys."

By and large the 16-year-olds got along with people. They displayed self-confidence, handled the funds from the scholarships wisely, and showed very evident qualities of leadership, many of them serving as elective officers in such things as ILS Council, the ILS Pioneer, the *Daily Cardinal*, and various organized student houses. Many of them were active in the University Band and Orchestra, in Wisconsin Players, and in the outdoor recreation program of the Hoofers.

At least half of them took part in student religious organizations. A few even have done part-time outside work, although advised against it. Nineteen



PROF. HERBERT HOWE  
The brains are doing all right.

of the 52 joined fraternities, a high proportion for a freshman group.

The athletic record of the Pre-Induction scholars was not distinguished, Howe says, "although a normal number of them took part in intramural athletics" and one of the scholars was the "cox" of the freshman crew.

This less than distinguished part of the story is not, as might be guessed, because of physiques which did not stack up well beside those of the two-year-older classmates. All but one of the boys were big enough to be indistinguishable from the older freshmen, and by making a determined effort to conceal their ages, most of the scholars managed to avoid the stigma they felt accompanied being young and smart.

And now the question which everyone asks, according to the professor: How did the boys do on dates?

Actually the answer, in Howe's opinion, is only small indication of how well the boys filled the social boots of Freshman Joe College. A 16-year-old boy may or may not yet have become interested in girls, but his general record for social adjustment to the college scene may have been excellent, he points out.

However, for what it's worth, the scholars' adviser offers this:

"A boy with a high soprano voice isn't going to be a huge success with dates," but when such disadvantages are not present, "when the eyes began to rove, the wolves began to howl, the boys were smooth operators. There's nothing like brains for success here."

One fact is remarkable among the many turned up in the Ford Foundation program:

Every one of the 52 scholarship holders is on the UW campus again this year in the continuation of the program. This is a testimonial as telling as any that the bright young fellows appreciate the unique opportunity given them—and it may point the way the wind will blow for 48 more 16-year-olds enrolled this fall in an extension of the Ford scholarships and too recently arrived to have established significant records for failure or achievement.

Of the larger implications developing out of the experiment Prof. Howe concludes:

"I don't think the program has shown the only way to bridge the gap between high school and college, but I do think we have shown the gap can be bridged and one way of doing it: namely, letting the boys make the intellectual and social leap as soon as they are able instead of waiting until they are 18." ■ ■

## 6.2 The Students' View of Early Admissions

In 1956 Richard Pearson wrote a review and analysis of essays written by Ford Scholars and members of their comparison group when they graduated in 1955. His review was published in the Winter 1956 issue of *College Board Review*, pp. 10-13. A copy of that article follows.

BY RICHARD PEARSON

## *The students' view of Early Admission*

### An analysis of the opinions of the first graduating class of "pre-induction" scholars

The Early Admission Program, an experiment sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, was launched in 1951 to see whether gifted students of age 14, 15, or 16 could successfully complete college after having had two or at most three years of secondary school. The experiment rests on the assumption that the normal educational program of four years of secondary school and four years of college, however desirable for the normal student, is not well suited for the student of superior academic promise. It explores one alternative path through our educational system which the superior student might follow in order that his special talents will be better developed. It assumes, in brief, that the superior student is ready for college one or two years earlier than his classmates.

#### *What gained at what cost?*

The question posed by the Early Admission experiment is a two-sided one. Positively, one may ask whether it is in fact true that the talent of superior students will be better developed through early college admission than would be the case in the normal program. Is there a gain which would not be otherwise realized for this special group of American youth? Negatively, one may express concern that, whatever the gain, the cost may be too great. We are concerned here not with the financial cost but with the cost in increased adjustment difficulties. Is it true that the place for the school-age boy or girl is in school and that he or she will find it much harder to adjust to the complexities of college living?

The answers to these difficult questions are beginning to be available through a series of evaluation studies conducted by the Fund. The first class of Early Admission Scholars entered college in the fall of 1951 and most of these graduated in the spring of 1955 or earlier. A group of Comparison Students, who entered college at normal age and with normal preparation but who were, otherwise, very similar to the Scholars in academic promise, completed college in the same period. Students in both groups were enrolled at one of the eleven colleges and universities cooperating in the experiment: University of Chicago, Columbia College, Fisk University, Goucher College, Lafayette College, University of Louisville, Oberlin College, Shimer College, University of Utah, University of Wisconsin, and Yale University. This first class of Scholars, and the control group have been the subject of intensive inquiry and a comprehensive report of their college performance and adjustment is currently under preparation by the Fund.

As part of this work, the Scholars and Comparison Students were asked to write lengthy essays describing their college experiences and their feelings about Early Admission. These essays were written in the spring of 1955 when the full impact of the college experience could be assessed. The writer of this article was asked by the Fund to read and analyze these essays and to submit a report on the findings. This article is a brief summary of the report in which are presented some of the thought-provoking comments and incidents which appeared in the essays.

The Scholars and Comparison Stu-

dents who submitted essays were, on the whole, highly successful college students. Many graduated with high academic honors and virtually all were in good academic standing. Almost three-quarters of the members of both groups were judged by their faculty advisers to have achieved a good or excellent adjustment to college life, as compared with other members of the senior class. The essays were submitted by about four-fifths of the Scholars and Comparison Students who were in college during May 1955, so that the results are probably typical of all members of both groups who completed four years at the same college they entered in 1951. The results are probably not typical, however, of all Scholars and Comparison Students who entered college in 1951, since some of these were lost to the experiment because of academic attrition, transfer to another college, or drop-out from college for personal, family, or financial reasons. We read 184 essays written by Early Admission Program Scholars and 173 written by Comparison Students.



Launched early by the school . . .

What then did these successful students think of Early Admission? Were they enthusiastic or lukewarm? Would they repeat the experience if they could? Was the path an easy road or an uphill climb and, if the latter, what difficulties did they encounter? Did the younger Scholars run into different sorts of problems than their older classmates? On balance, was the experiment a success and should Early



... how would the youthful Scholars . . .

Admission become a regular part of the admission policy of American colleges?

One scholar, speculating about the personal effect of Early Admission, wrote as follows:

"On looking back over my past four years here, I am quite glad that I entered college early. However, I honestly believe I am expressing the feeling of one who has 'made the grade' and not the feeling of one who would want to do it over again. I sincerely believe, however, that in four years time I have gotten much more out of school than the average student, but it was a tough climb."

#### *Students liked its challenge*

This response was quite typical of the Scholars' appraisal of the Early Admission experience for them. The overall result was a generally favorable endorsement of the program by about nine out of 10 of the successful Scholars. In support of this stand, the Scholars cited "academic challenge" most frequently as an advantage of the program. This concept, which is pretty close to what educators call "enrichment," assumes the existence of a small proportion of able

students marking time in a secondary school environment which is geared to the normal, less able youngster. To the Scholars, Early Admission opened intellectual vistas completely outside their past experience and they welcomed the opportunity to test their skills in the college environment. The second most frequently mentioned advantage was the avoidance of wasted time in secondary school. In writing about this advantage, the Scholars expressed satisfaction that they had saved a year or two of formal education so that graduate study, a career, or marriage could be started that much earlier. These reports were, however, often accompanied by the important qualification that the time saved was not the deciding factor; rather, it was that the time was better spent in college than it would have been in school.

The evidence from the essays is thus pretty clear that the Early Admission experience was a positive gain for the successful Scholars which probably would not have been realized otherwise. This answers one side of the question posed at the beginning of this article but it does not touch upon the second; namely, what was the cost, in terms of adjustment problems, of Early Admission for this first class?

Academic adjustment problems seemed to be relatively unimportant. Most of the Scholars began college with a one or two-year general edu-

cation program and in virtually all cases this allowed them to overcome deficiencies in previous preparation early in the college program and without serious handicap. A few exceptions occurred in the case of Scholars headed for engineering or other specialized fields but at most this resulted in extending the college program to five years in occasional instances.

#### *The "Ford syndrome"*

Personal and social adjustment problems, on the other hand, proved to be more troublesome. The single most frequently mentioned qualification to an enthusiastic endorsement of the program was that it made personal and social adjustment to college life quite a bit harder. This then is a cost of the experiment but, lest the reader leap to a hasty conclusion, it must be quickly added that this is not necessarily an excessive cost of Early Admission. To understand why this is so, one should consider in some detail the nature of the difficulties encountered and the ways in which they were handled.

A primary source of concern to the Scholars, which was not experienced at all by the Comparison Students, was a problem we have termed the "Ford syndrome."<sup>3</sup> This was charac-

<sup>3</sup>The Fund for the Advancement of Education, which supported the program with scholarship grants, was established by the Ford Foundation.



... adjust to the college experience?



Girls tended to ignore them

terized by one Scholar as follows:

"The rest of the freshman class seemed to adopt the attitude that we were a novel type of insect which should be studied with great concentration during the time you were not actually poking it with a stick."

The picture one obtains of this adjustment problem is that the Scholars entering college in 1951 had to live down an exaggerated and somewhat distorted idea of what the "Fordie" was really like. Older classmates, faculty members, and college administrators expected the Scholars to be far more different from the regular students than they really were. Their intellectual prowess was held in high and sometimes envious regard; their social inadequacies and physical immaturity were looked upon with considerable disdain. As a result of these somewhat extreme conceptions, the Scholars were set off as a group apart, both by formal action on the part of college administrators and by less formal but equally effective action on the part of their older classmates.

#### *Conduct won acceptance*

Virtually all of the Scholars who mentioned this difficulty reported that it was completely overcome early in their years in college. This was due to effective action by college administrators who permitted the Scholars to room with other students, refrained from identifying them as a separate administrative group within the class, and eliminated special references to the Scholars in college newspapers. This was also due to the way the Scholars conducted themselves during the

first year. By their intellectual and social accomplishments, they were generally able to convince their classmates that age was but one of the ways in which individuals differ and were soon generally integrated into the life of the college.

Problems related to shyness or difficulty in making friends on campus were also of concern to the Scholars. In this instance, Comparison Students also reported experiencing this trouble, although not with the same frequency. Most members of both groups reporting this difficulty indicated it was pretty much overcome early in college, although there were small numbers in both groups for whom making friends remained a problem throughout college.

The boys among the Scholars generally found it quite hard to conform to customary dating practices on their campuses. Girls in their own class were often reluctant to associate with them during freshman and sophomore years and the boys felt so insecure that they were unwilling and perhaps unable to assert themselves. The difficulty was described rather vividly by one Scholar who wrote:

"I will never forget the occasion of the first freshman 'mixer' expedition to a girls' college. . . . I was getting along fairly well in my conversation with a young lady . . . for whose attention I was competing with a 'regular' freshman, when it came out that I was a Ford student of the tender age of 15 — and by the way, I had just had my first introduction to the ritual of shaving. I received, in effect, a chilly 'my, how interesting,' and the cause was lost. I was crushed for months."

Looking back on the situation four years later, most of the Scholars reported that time contributed most to the solution of the problem. As this group reached junior and senior years in college, the opportunity to date freshman and sophomore girls arose. Also by this time, the Scholars had become a more accepted part of the college community and were received more enthusiastically by girls in their own class.

The girls among the Scholars generally found the dating situation very much to their advantage, since being a year or so younger than their class-

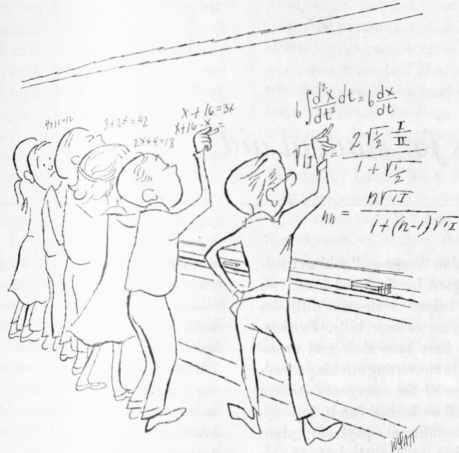
mates was wholly consistent with the tradition that a boy be slightly older than the girl he is taking out. Dating problems were reported by a small proportion of Comparison Students so that one can say the problem was not confined to the Scholars; however, there is little question that it was more acute in the latter group.

#### *Study habits no problem*

It was in the problem area we have termed "study habits" that the Scholars showed themselves easily able to hold their own with the Comparison Students in achieving adjustment to college. We have used this term to mean the proper utilization of time to meet academic commitments with a sufficient remainder for social obligations. This problem is by no means unknown to college students of any age and the varied attempts to increase study efficiency, to delay studying in favor of social life, or to focus on studying instead of social life are well known by all college officials and indeed by anyone who has attended college. The Scholars entered college with a somewhat different assortment of skills with which to solve this perennial problem. In contrast to their older classmates, they were somewhat sharper intellectually and somewhat less accomplished socially. We could find no evidence from the essays that the Scholars fared less well in seeking



The faculty had an exaggerated idea of what to expect



It was assumed the superior student is ready for college earlier

solutions to the problem of study habits than did the Comparison Students.

The four adjustment areas just described account for most of the personal and social difficulties reported by both Scholars and Comparison Students. One, the "Ford syndrome," was unique to the Scholars and appears to have been far more acute among members of the first class than would be expected in an on-going program of early admission. Problems related to shyness and to dating clearly faced more Scholars than Comparison Students and, to the extent that they cannot be minimized among subsequent classes of Early Admission students, constitute a clear cost of the program in the sense of this article. Problems related to study habits, on the other hand, seem to be clearly unrelated to Early Admission and hence cannot be considered a cost of the program.

#### *Reaction generally favorable*

It was stated earlier in this article that the personal and social adjustment difficulties were not necessarily an excessive cost of Early Admission. Against any weight that might be placed on the adjustment difficulties just described stands the scholars' own judgement on the desirability of early

admission as a regular policy of American colleges. Here again, the judgement is generally favorable, with four out of five Scholars supporting the idea in their essays. This support, however, is a qualified support for many members of this group and it is important to consider the nature of this conditional endorsement.

If the secondary schools of the country are unable to offer an academic program which is challenging to superior students, such as the Advanced Standing Program described by Harold B. Gores and Leo Barry on page 3, then a regular program of early admission would be desirable. Other things being equal, the Scholars would probably agree with the educators who maintain that the place for the school-age youngster is in school.

Secondly, if the colleges can identify and select those able young students for whom early admission would be a reasonably clear gain over continuation of an uninspiring secondary school program, then a regular program of this sort would also be desirable. The Scholars were concerned that this was not the case for some of their number in this first class and that selection procedures which were hastily devised during the first year of the program were not up to normal college standards.

Thirdly, if the colleges can help

the Early Admission student to achieve a prompt integration with his classmates, then the cost of the program will not be excessively high. The Scholars felt that with effective counseling and orientation programs and with a minimum of special treatment, the Early Admission student should have the necessary maturity to make a wholesome adjustment to college.

#### *The lesson of individuality*

The relevance of these three conditions is by no means confined to the Early Admission Program. It is important that all youth receive a rewarding educational experience, that they embark upon further education with fair assurance of return, and that our educational institutions have an obligation to make this possible through their academic programs and supporting activities. This suggests that one of the important lessons from the Early Admission experiment is that we cannot afford to overlook the individuality of the students with whom we deal. Whether they are of normal age or whether they have completed a formal program in secondary school is probably of less consequence than their capabilities and aspirations as individuals. The contribution of our schools and colleges to society is likely to be gauged more in terms of how well this lesson is learned than by formal structures and prescribed programs.



Richard Pearson conducted the study described in part here as one phase of the evaluation of the Early Admission Program now being made by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. He is College Board program director and coordinator of college-level programs at the Educational Testing Service. He has been in charge of College Board activities at ETS, which administers the Board's testing program, since 1952.



## 6.3 Some Reactions to the Evaluation Report: *They Went to College Early*

This critical review by Roy C. Bryan gives reasons why early admissions never became a widespread or lasting program. <https://sci-hub.st/https://journals.sagepub.com/doi/abs/10.1177/019263655704123201>

by Roy C. Bryan (Director of the Campus School of Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo, Michigan)

*They Went to College Early*<sup>2</sup> is the second report on an experimental program under which gifted students entered college after completion of only two or three years of high school rather than the customary four. The numbers of these early admission students involved in the experiment are: 420 in 1951, 440 in 1952, 254 in 1953, and 236 in 1954. The report is largely an evaluation of the scholastic success and social and emotional adjustment of the students in the first two groups who had completed four years of college work in the following twelve colleges: Chicago, Columbia, Fisk, Goucher, Lafayette, Louisville, Morehouse, Oberlin, Shimer, Utah, Wisconsin, and Yale.

In 1951, these institutions received grants, from the Fund for the Advancement of Education established by the Ford Foundation, totaling \$2,118,400 to provide scholarship aid to the early admission students. In 1953 additional grants totaling \$1,310,645 were made.

The results of the experiment are summarized in the first chapter of the report in the form of the following ten points:

1. Although the program has operated more smoothly at some colleges than at others, all of the participating colleges consider it to have been successful.
2. In a few cases, some of the colleges made mistakes in the selection of their first group of Scholars, and some were over-protective in their handling of the Scholars during the first year of the experiment, but, by and large, these difficulties were overcome in the selection and handling of subsequent Scholar groups.
3. Academically, all four groups of Scholars have out-performed their classes as a whole and their Comparison students.
4. The rate of failure among the first two groups of Scholars was somewhat higher than that among their Comparison students, but, at most of the colleges where comparable data were available, it was lower than that among their classmates as a whole. When the reasons for failure were examined, they were found to be no different for the Scholars than for college students in general.

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<sup>2</sup>*They Went to College Early*, The Fund for the Advancement of Education, 655 Madison Avenue, New York, 1957.

5. The Scholars encountered more initial difficulties in adjusting to campus life than their older Comparison students, but most of these difficulties were minor and were soon overcome.
6. There is some evidence that in many cases early admission to college freed Scholars from the boredom and frustration of an unchallenging high-school environment, gave them new intellectual momentum, and enhanced their social and emotional maturation.
7. Among the first two groups of Scholars who graduated, the proportion planning to go on to graduate school was substantially higher than that among their Comparison students.
8. Although the period of Fund support has ended, eleven of the twelve participating colleges and universities have incorporated the early admission idea into their regular admissions policy. The twelfth, Wisconsin, which has three Scholar groups still to graduate, has not yet taken any action on the matter.
9. In all but a few cases where such data are available, the parents of the Scholars and the principals of the high schools from which they came have expressed themselves as favorably disposed toward the results of the experiment.
10. The evidence gathered thus far clearly suggests that high academic aptitude and the ability to handle the responsibilities of college life are the *sine qua non* of early admission, and that colleges should not be over-protective in the handling of early admission students.<sup>3</sup>

The report is concluded by some comments on the future of the early admission policy. A few of these comments follow. "It is much too early to predict the future of the early admission idea, but the evidence in this report clearly indicates that, under the proper circumstances, it represents a promising approach to the problem of enabling the very best students to realize their full potential. The risks of entering college early have been the subject of much popular concern, and properly so. But too little thought has been given to the risks run by an able student in an unchallenging environment in not entering college early . . . It will be all too easy (for college admission officers) to say, 'We'll get them next year anyhow, and another year in high school won't hurt them!' But the evidence clearly indicates that the superior student can be hurt by being detained in an intellectual environment he has outgrown. As one Scholar wrote in his senior essay: "I don't advocate anything so radical as a society composed exclusively of eggheads, but it seems downright cruel to force a gifted child to suffer needless years of boredom (and boredom can be suffering, I know) when he can have an opportunity to meet some fine minds on a college faculty which might be able

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<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.* p. 9 and 10

to salvage at least part of his intellectual potential before the habit of mental laziness has completely encrusted him.”<sup>4</sup>

Two things need to be said about these conclusions. *First*, we can be sure that all educators will not agree that the data in the report support all of these conclusions. *Second*, we can be sure that these conclusions will be widely and frequently misquoted and misrepresented. The following statement is a good example of more to come. “Indeed, experiments made in the past few years demonstrate that the last two years of high school may be all but a total waste of time for superior students.”<sup>5</sup> It is important that secondary-school administrators become acquainted with the data in the report *They Went to College Early*.

After a study of the report, and after having had some experience with early admission students, this writer sees little merit in the early admission idea. He agrees with the following statement contained in the University of Wisconsin evaluation report on early admission: “With all these restrictions, intellectual, moral, and financial, it is clear that early admission is only advisable for a tiny proportion of high-school students, and that it accents more problems than it answers.”<sup>6</sup>

Among the many problems that early admission raises are these: (1) Are bright students hurt by remaining in high school until graduated? (2) Does the plan help those who need it most? (3) How can early admission students be selected with any degree of reliability? (4) How does early admission benefit high schools? (5) What are the alternatives to early admission? Each of these questions will be discussed in turn.

## ARE BRIGHT STUDENTS HURT BY REMAINING IN HIGH SCHOOL UNTIL GRADUATED?

The fact that a student may profit by early admission does not mean that he would be hurt by failure to enter college early. Those students who enter college early obviously shorten their period of professional preparation by a year or two. But does early admission salvage any talent or leadership that otherwise would be lost? The only support for the proposition that bright students who do not enter college early may be hurt is the opinion of some people quoted in the report. No evidence to support this opinion or hypothesis is presented.

If having talented students remain in high school impedes their intellectual momentum, those who escape the “boring and unchallenging” experiences two years early should do better in college than those who escape only one year early. There is as much logic in this statement as the following statement contained in

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<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 90 and 91

<sup>5</sup> Woodring, Paul, “Reform Plan for Schools,” *Life* 43: 123-126, September 2, 1957.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 87.

the report. “A third explanation (why the early admission students did a little better academically than the Comparison group) is that the Scholars, having left high school and entered college early, did not lose the intellectual momentum that is often lost by able students held fast by ‘lockstep’ in an unchallenging academic environment.”<sup>7</sup>

Those who entered college one year early did better in the freshman year than those who entered two years early. Of the 1951 group of Scholars, 36.6 per cent of those who entered two years early earned a percentile rank in class above 80 and 10.6 earned a rank below 20. Of those who entered one year early, 46.4 per cent earned a percentile rank in class above 80 and 1.3 per cent earned a rank below 20.<sup>8</sup> The differences were not quite as great in the later groups, but in no year did those who entered two years early do as well academically as those who entered one year early. These data do not support talk about “loss of intellectual momentum.” After a study of the social and emotional adjustment of early admission students, Dr. Farensworth stated, “Such students, except in unusual cases, should have completed the eleventh grade.”<sup>9</sup> Apparently there is more merit in one year of early admission than two. If detaining bright students in high school hurts them, this should become evident when the college records of these students are compared with those of early admission students. A comparison of the records of these two groups reveals the following:

1. Fewer of the Comparison students (high-school graduates) failed. In the 1951 groups, 11.2 per cent of the early admission students failed as compared to 8.2 per cent of the Comparison students. In the 1952 groups the corresponding percentages are 12.5 and 9.8.<sup>10</sup>
2. More of the Comparison students (high-school graduates) remained in the same college until graduation. In the 1951 groups only 5.8 per cent of the Comparison students transferred to other institutions while 15.2 per cent of the early admission students transferred. The corresponding percentages for the 1952 groups are 6.1 and 11.8.<sup>11</sup>
3. The high-school graduates had less difficulty adjusting to college life. One of the questions they were asked is: “Apart from any deficiencies in your preparation, did you encounter any difficulties in adjusting to the academic or social aspects of college life?” The responses were as follows:<sup>12</sup>

	1951 Group		1952 Group	
	Early Admission	Comparisons	Early Admission	Comparisons
Yes	81%	52%	63%	51%
No	19%	47%	37%	49%
No Response	—	1%	—	—

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 33.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 104.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 70

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 52

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 52.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 42.

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4. The faculty ratings on adjustment at the end of the freshman year was as good for the graduates as the early admission students.<sup>13</sup>
5. In scholarship, the early admission students did somewhat better than the comparison students in the freshman year.<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>13</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 39.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 99 and 101.