

# Brown University Class of 1958 Newsletter

Volume 1, Number 4

May 2015



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## Eight Friends Who Made a Mark

### *Hays Rockwell '58 Recalls Influences on His Life in the Clergy*

Hays Rockwell, '58, worked 41 years as an ordained minister of the Episcopal Church before retiring in 2002. The last position he held was as Episcopal Bishop of Missouri. He has now written and privately published a memoir sketching friends who made a significant mark on his choice of life's work, his theological student years and his long service to the church in many locations.

His 104-page book, which came out this year, is entitled *FRIENDS: a memoir*. It deals with eight friends and emphasizes both the gift of warm and long-lasting friendship and the inner seriousness of those who influenced him most.

Classmates will recognize at least some of the eight: Samuel J. Wylie and Michael Fisher, both of whom ministered to students at Brown during our years, and Bishop Desmond Tutu, winner of a Nobel Prize in 1984 for opposing apartheid in South Africa.

Six of the eight Hays writes about were clergymen. One was a headmaster at a church-related prep school. The one woman among the eight is Kate Medina, an outstanding editor who was a parishioner when Hays served as rector of St. James' Church in Manhattan and who suggested he write a novel.



Portrait of Hays Rockwell from the dust jacket of *FRIENDS: a memoir*.

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## Tributes

With this issue we inaugurate a feature we're calling Tributes. In it classmates will offer recollections of contemporaries or mentors who made a lasting difference in their lives.

They will focus on what made these individuals so memorable.

Our first such contribution is from Class Co-President James R. Moody and is based on a eulogy he delivered after the death of classmate Robert C. McLaughlin on November 8, 2010, from pulmonary fibrosis. Bob was founder of ValCon Construction Consultants, Inc., in New York City. He left his widow Judith, four surviving children, 14 grandchildren and a host of friends including Jim Moody, one of his Delta Upsilon fraternity brothers.

At that time Jim didn't spell out what many of those at the funeral already knew, which was the stunning loss that struck Bob when his namesake son, known as Robby, was killed on 9/11 while at work for the investment banker Cantor Fitzgerald at the World Trade Center in New York.

## Tribute to Bob McLaughlin '58

by Jim Moody '58

This is not an easy task, to talk about a best friend of 55 years, but I am honored that Judy and the family asked me to do this. Bob had that exceptional gift that is so typical of the Irish—a **wonderful** sense of humor. Just as George Burns knew his role with Gracie Allen, I knew mine. I would be his straight man, and he would come back with a funny, if not hilarious, comment. His smile and laughter would light up the room.

Bob was a patriot. He took pride in his service in the Army tank corps. He was also proud that he was the company clerk and could write his own leave orders.

He was extremely proud of his Irish heritage and he gave total love and commitment to his family, who filled him with immense pride.

To give you a feeling for the esteem with which Bob was held by his fraternity brothers in college, here are some of the comments I received when they were advised of his passing:

He always had a sense of humor and a knack of saying the appropriate words at all times. He was a joy to be around and will be missed by all.

Bob was such a happy person. He had his sunny side up whenever we met, and that was one of the great pleasures of his company.

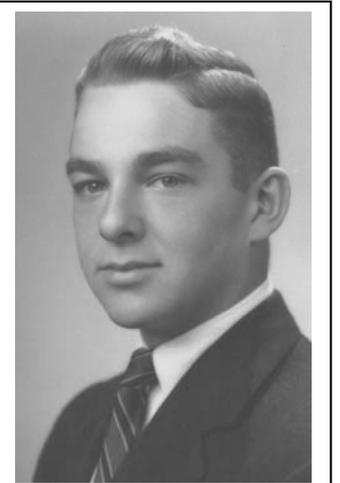
I shall always remember Bob for his great sense of humor, deep laugh and his love of family.

I echo these comments. Whereas it would be pretty easy and fun for me to regale you with some of our escapades over the years, I do not think this is the venue for that.

I choose to return some 25 years ago to a sermon preached by Charlie Baldwin, who was Chaplain of Brown University for over 30 years and knew Bob when he was there. I am neither a theologian nor a religious studies major so please bear with me on this. I'll tell you later why I have chosen these words.

In his sermon Charlie made one of two points I want to pass along now. He said, "It is better that we should grieve than a loved one should continue to suffer"—in this case, Bob. Grief has no easy management but it is surely easier to manage when we know Bob is no longer suffering and in a better place. He can laugh again and what a great laugh it was.

The second point is a far more difficult concept to grasp. There was a movie around 1985 called "Out of Africa" with Meryl Streep and Robert Redford. It is a beautiful



Bob McLaughlin at Brown.



movie on many counts. Marvelous photography, pure romance and worthy of several good cries.

At the gravesite of Redford's character, Denys Finch Hatton, Meryl Streep said:

*"Take back the soul of Denys Finch Hatton,  
whom you have shared with us.  
He brought us joy,  
and we loved him well.  
He was not ours.  
He was not mine.  
He did not belong to us."*

These are strong, powerful, elegant words—altogether true, altogether simple, altogether helpful, and out of profound love and devotion.

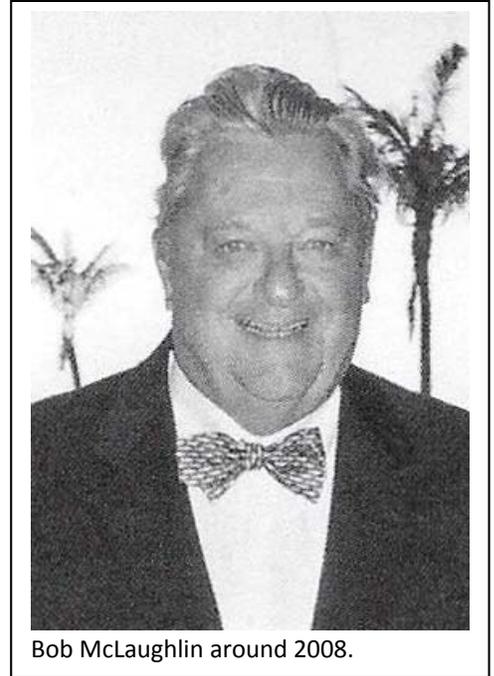
He did not belong to us.

John Kennedy did not belong to us.

Bob did not belong to us.

Robby did not belong to us.

We are reminding ourselves, especially as we confront devastating personal loss, that life is a gift. It does not belong to us. Bob as a husband, father, brother, friend, did not belong to us. All are gifts to us. No, the Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Bob was a gift to us, on loan, if you will, and even in the midst of our grief, we should be thankful that he walked awhile with us. What a richer life all of us have had for having had him in it. We loved him well.



Bob McLaughlin around 2008.

To revisit why I chose these words, after the 9/11 tragedy, we were all hurting. The McLaughlins were hurting more. I sent Charlie's sermon to Bob and months later he told me it was the only thing that made sense to him and helped him get through the difficult times. I think it's appropriate that you, his family, are hearing excerpts of this sermon now.

This is a celebration of Bob's life, one that was well lived and complete. He is together again with Robby and they are laughing up a storm, probably drinking some scotch. We thank the good Lord that He was willing to share you with us.

Let me close with an Irish prayer:

*Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there. I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamonds in the snow.  
I am the sunlight that ripened grain.  
I am the gentle autumn's rain.  
When you awaken in the morning's hush,  
I am the uplifting rush  
of quiet birds in circled flight.  
I am the soft star that shines at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry,  
I am not there. I did not die.*

Bob, it was a pleasure walking with you for 55 years.



## **Bicycle Days with Doria Tenca '58**

If you remember a Pembroke riding a bike during our years at Brown, chances are you're thinking of an independent-minded math major named Doria Tenca.

Doria believes that she was the only Pembroke bicyclist of that era. Her college bicycle came to an unhappy end in her senior year when unidentified pranksters tied it to the Pembroke tennis court fence. It was damaged in the incident, and Doria abandoned it in Providence.

But that matter was neither the beginning nor the end for Doria and bicycling. She's been around bicycles nearly all her life and has spun out tens of thousands of miles on bicycle wheels in Manhattan, the Bronx, Connecticut, New Jersey, Florida, Bermuda and Puerto Rico. She's also racked up mileage on roller skates and a rider-powered scooter.

With that long experience, we were curious about the kinds and brands of bicycles that Doria rode—including her first bike or the one she had at Brown. And did she ever go for any of the widely varied—and pricey—choices that have come on the market over the years? Does she prefer trail bikes or racing cycles? Big tires or thin tires? Did she wear stylish, brightly-colored bicycle tights and vests?

We had no luck leading her down that road, though.

"I had no interest in makes of bikes and don't remember the names though I think one was Itala, and the spelling might be wrong," she told us. "Until after college I only had one-speed bikes. In fact I'd never heard of a bike with more than one speed though they may have existed. . . . I had no interest in racing and never biked fast. . . no special bike apparel except something I wore on my head to muffle the noise. I could still hear, but this is siren city."

She has ridden three-speed and even 10-speed bikes since then, but her focus has always been on bicycling itself—"I like to roll, rather than walk"—without regard to brand or model. She finds it's also an efficient way to get around New York City, with the added benefits of fresh air and exercise.

Doria has spent most of her life in that city. She learned to ride on the sidewalks outside the building where her family lived on East 77th Street, about a block and a half from Central Park. Her father would take her and her bike to the park to ride on a path for kids. Between bike runs she and her dad, who was from Italy, would kick soccer balls. In those days, she noted, adults didn't ride bikes, which were considered toys for children.

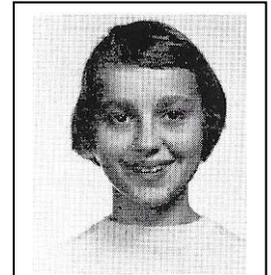
After Brown, Doria went to work at the New York Life Insurance Co. (NYLIC), beginning as a "research analyst," a job done exclusively in those days by college-graduate women like herself. After three years she became a computer programmer, and she spent the rest of her career at NYLIC in that field.

She biked only sparingly on rented or borrowed bicycles until she bought one of her own in 1963 to replace the Providence write-off. Among other things, she participated in overnight bike rides with a group that would set out at 2 a.m. and pedal through the relatively quiet Manhattan streets until dawn.

In 1967 she started bicycling to work in all seasons, much to the initial amusement of her co-workers. Respect for Doria's ever-increasing mileage eventually began to replace her colleagues' laughter. In 1971 or 1972, the company built an indoor bike rack for employees. Prior to that, Doria had needed to carry a foldup bike to her desk to stow it safely.

By the time she took early retirement in February 1986, she had made 3,395 round trips between her apartment on East 87th Street (where she's lived for 50 years) and the NYLIC building on Madison Avenue at 26th Street. "By then biking was in and I had the last laugh," she recalls.

The round-trip distance between home and office was about 6.8 miles (3.4 miles each way), giving Doria a total for work travel alone of about 23,000 miles. The figure is understated because Doria sometimes voluntarily picked up packages of computer "listings" from IBM on Third Avenue in the 50s and carried them in her bicycle basket down to NYLIC. By using her bike,



**Doria Tenca  
as a freshman at  
Pembroke.**



she says, she was able to beat the time of a NYLIC employee who traveled by subway. Once her bike went over in the rain but she managed to save the listings undamaged.

Meanwhile, bicycles as alternate transportation were gaining respect not only at NYLIC but also among city officials.

A big event occurred in 1966 when Mayor John Lindsay sharply restricted Central Park roads for cars on summer weekends. She calls Lindsay's 1966 move "courageous. . . . Cabs and the auto industry had so much power." Doria said the restrictions, among other things, allowed bikers to visit parts of the park they'd never seen.

Doria became something of a crusader for the cause. She came to our attention through an article last summer in the online magazine of Transportation Alternatives, a New York City organization that advocates bicycling, walking and public transit as alternatives to taxis and cars.

Doria has belonged to Transportation Alternatives—and served as a volunteer worker off and on—since the group was formed in 1973. "I believe in supporting causes I care about," Doria told the TA magazine.

Among TA's current projects is furthering Mayor Bill de Blasio's "Vision Zero," which aims to eliminate vehicular deaths in New York. Each year, more than 250 New Yorkers are killed in traffic and about 4,000 are seriously injured. Among other projects, TA has backed the mayor's decision to reduce the default motor vehicle speed in New York to 25 mph. Another success is the mayor's recent announcement of a planned \$100 million program to renovate and make safer the seven-mile Queens Boulevard, a wide, heavily trafficked highway known both as the "Boulevard of Death" and "Boulevard of Broken Bones." According to the *New York Daily News*, at least three dozen persons were killed on the boulevard between 2003 and 2013. In the same period, 448 persons were severely injured, NBCNewYork.com says. The renovation of Queens Boulevard "is a major victory that TA advocates have worked hard for," Doria says.

Her long-term involvement in Transportation Alternatives, which has included financial support and collecting petition signatures, quickened after she was hit by a truck in 2012. As it happened, she was on foot, attempting to walk across East 96th Street with the light.

"I've met many members who have tragically lost relatives—many of them children—to collisions as pedestrians and bicyclists. Some were already members of TA and some joined as a result of losing someone," she says. Like Transportation Alternatives, Doria avoids the term "accident" and uses "collision" instead.

The broken ribs and clavicle she suffered on 96th Street led to a legal settlement that she donated to her favorite causes.

Besides her serious pedestrian encounter with a truck in 2012, she's been involved in collisions with motor vehicles twice while bicycling, once on Madison Avenue when a right-turning truck hit her bike. She jumped free off the right side of the bike ("I was faster than") and escaped injury. The bike was demolished, and she left it at the scene. Another time, she was hit and knocked to the pavement while biking across Park Avenue. She suffered a broken coccyx, an injury she dismisses as minor.

Since Mayor Lindsay's initial thrust in 1966, restriction on cars in the park has continued to tighten. Access for cars has been cut back progressively, and pressure is strong today for a complete ban on the park's surface roads, as distinct from the four "transverse" streets that cut across the park east and west and are laid out at a lower level than adjacent terrain.

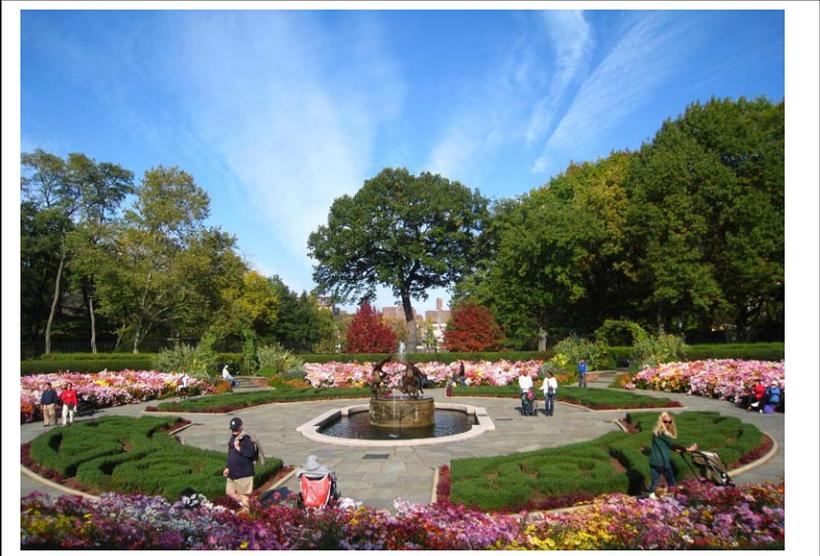


<http://transalt.org>

Doria Tenca as featured on the website of Transportation Alternatives.



Lindsay's actions both stimulated bicycling and responded to increased public interest in it. Doria recalls that in 1970, she was among some 1,000 bikers who rallied near the Plaza Hotel to ride to work and press for bike lanes. The number staggered her because she had thought as she rode to work that it was "me against the world."



[www.centralpark.com](http://www.centralpark.com)

The Conservatory Garden in Central Park, a beautiful six-acre spread of flowers, trees and statuary in the middle of Manhattan.

Another favored recipient of Doria's donations and volunteer time is the park where her father took her and her bike as a child. It was on a summer weekend in 1966 that Doria first saw the Central Park Conservatory Garden. Though the area was beset by crime then and a policeman warned her not to enter, the sight made a lasting and fateful impression.

In 1980 the entire run-down park was taken over by the Central Park Conservancy, a 75 percent privately funded corporation which began rehabilitation, and when Doria retired in 1986 one of her first actions was to volunteer to do horticulture in the park's Conservatory Garden.

Doria continues her Conservatory work at present—two days a week in the Garden and one day on a roving park crew.

Gardening hasn't been her only volunteer work for the park. She served for a period as an auxiliary park police officer, assisting regular police.

When you ask Doria about her career at NYLIC, you are more likely to hear about bicycling than programming but she will talk a bit. She recalls getting good advice from Ann Kimball Heinrichs, one of seven Pembroke math majors in the Class of 1958. Ann told her in college to go into programming (as Ann did, though not at NYLIC) because she thought Doria would like it. At the time, Doria didn't even know what programming was, but after her apprenticeship in research at NYLIC, she was transferred to programming.

Asked whether math helped her in programming, she says simply, "I used to be very logical. That's what you need for programming." Though she loved programming, she felt burnt out by 50 and was delighted to take early retirement when the company began downsizing.

She does not own a personal computer, preferring to use one at the public library so that she limits the time she spends sitting in front of a screen. Classmates can reach her there: [doriatenca@yahoo.com](mailto:doriatenca@yahoo.com).

Doria hasn't biked for a few years, though a couple of her bicycles are gathering dust in the basement of her building. Nowadays, she says, she finds it easier to carry a scooter than lock a bike in crowded New York, where bicycle theft is rampant. It's smaller and more portable.

The now well-known columnist Maureen Dowd—then a reporter for *The New York Times*—wrote a story that appeared in the January 2, 1984, issue about how the New Year had dawned the day before. It included a paragraph about one Doria Tenca and a friend hitting the tennis courts early in order to play in 30-degree weather.

When we told Doria about locating the item, she commented that her name makes her easy to find:

"The computer says I'm the only Doria Tenca in the USA."

—JCF



## **Flying, Law, Jazz and Risk**

### ***The Several Lives of Bob Murphy '58***

When Robert J. “Bob” Murphy III sent us three short paragraphs summarizing his life since college, we were struck by the versatility of his accomplishments and the steep risks that he and his wife have taken over the years. We wanted to know more, so we asked him questions. They drew frank and stimulating answers.

Bob graduated from Brown in 1958 despite four years of self-professed underachievement. He became a Navy fighter pilot and flew scores of aircraft carrier landings. After leaving the Navy in 1963, he went to Stanford Law School. On completion of his studies, he went into practice. Six years later, he resigned, finding his experience of the law “venal and grubby.” He enrolled in a community college as a jazz major, which has led to a career in studying, performing and teaching jazz. In the same year when he (mostly) quit the law, his wife, Judy (University of California, Berkeley '63), decided to begin study at Stanford Medical School to become a doctor because she had a good scientific background and was “restive.”

The couple’s decisions both came in one momentous year. In his contribution for the 50th Brown reunion yearbook, Bob called it “our scary 1972 leap of faith.” By that time, Bob and Judy, whom he met while in the Navy, had two children.

Could he tell us why he “underachieved” at Brown?

“I started out my junior year as an American Civilization major. But I ran afoul of Professor James Blaine Hedges and got a double D in American Economic History. I had to change my major to American Literature to have any chance of graduating. I made the switch, pulled my grades up, graduated and got my Navy commission.”

What’s it like to use a carrier as an airstrip for prop planes and jets?

“My first carrier landings were in April 1959 aboard the *USS Antietam* off the coast of Florida. The airplane was a single-engine propeller-driven trainer, the T-28. I made eight landings. They were straightforward and fun. The engine was powerful enough for takeoff without a catapult shot.”

After the T-28 trainer, Bob flew in jet fighters and experienced catapult shots in the F9F Cougar and the FH3 Demon. By April 1961, when he took a Navy staff job, he had made 60 carrier landings.

“I found the landing phase fairly easy,” he says. “The mirror landing system gives the pilot visual glide path information, and the centerline and deck edges are easy to see. It is no more difficult at night. The mirror landing system works the same way and the deck edge lights and centerline lights are clearly visible. The scary part is the night catapult shot. It is pitch dark, the altimeter reads 50 feet, and the pilot is completely on instruments. Pulling straight up on the stick doesn’t seem to help.”

Bob left the Navy in 1963 and went directly to law school.

“My father had been a lawyer, and it seemed to me that lawyers knew more about the inner workings of society (legislatures, courts, and administrative bodies) than anybody else. The 1960s were a great time to attend law school because many of the big changes in society (school desegregation, voting rights, free-speech cases) were being written by the Warren court.”

Why did he leave the law after six years of practice?

Bob found the real world fell “disappointingly short of the high ideals of academe. In private practice, your job is to get the result the client wants, regardless of where your personal sympathies may lie. In the end, you become a hired gun to do a job. The larger issues are irrelevant.”



Bob Murphy as an  
“underachiever”  
at Brown.

*Editors’ note &  
apologies: We  
originally posted  
the wrong photo.*



He says, “I wanted something purer as my life’s centerpiece. Fortunately for me, my wife was restive as a stay-at-home housewife. She had a BS in biology from U.C. Berkeley, an MA in education from Stanford, and an MS in physiology from U.C. Davis. She wanted to attend medical school, which I enthusiastically supported.

“I resigned my law partnership and we moved to Stanford from San Anselmo, CA. I enrolled at DeAnza College in Cupertino as a jazz major while Judy attended Stanford Medical School.”



Bob Murphy nowadays (from his website, [www.murphjazz.com](http://www.murphjazz.com)).

From then on, music was to take the lead in Bob’s professional life, but he wasn’t completely through with the law. While working mostly in music, he “worked part-time for the California Law Revision Commission from June 1975 to July 1999 [24 years]. This work was ‘clean.’ I worked for the public good. I was given freedom to find problem areas of the law needing reform, discuss alternative approaches, and make a recommendation to the Commission. The Commission could work it over and pass it on to the Legislature, or reject it in favor of some other approach. I was never asked to violate my own conscience.”

Music had started on the side in 1970. “A pickup band was formed in my neighborhood in San Anselmo. I pulled out an old clarinet I had not played in 19 years and started to improvise.” The group adopted the name “Natural Gas Jazz Band” and “began playing gigs in the local area.”

And did he really did start playing the clarinet at a band level after dropping the instrument early in high school? “Yes, I stopped playing the clarinet in 1951. I was bugler in the summers of 1953 and 1954 at an American Boy Scout camp in Japan, but I did not play a reed instrument again until 1970.”

Bob says that since 1970, he’s played jazz all over the world, with 30 international tours and more than a dozen records. One international highlight was the Soviet Union. He expands:

“Quite by accident, the Natural Gas Jazz Band’s 1989 tour of the Soviet Union coincided with the dismantling of the Berlin wall.

Our Russian musician friends had to rely on our English-

language magazines—*Newsweek* and *U.S. News and World Report*—to have any inkling of what was going on in Germany. We played a weekend in Leningrad (now St. Petersburg), four days in Moscow, played in Yaroslavl, then flew four time zones east to southwestern Siberia.

“We were in the industrial city of Barnaul, 5,000 feet elevation on the Altai Plain, not far north of the mountains dividing Russia from Mongolia. A Barnaul newspaper announced us as the first band from the West to play in Siberia. We played two shows a day for four days. We were mobbed by friendly Russians wanting to meet us and try to speak English with us. We played high on a scaffold in a Soviet boiler factory. Above our heads on the scaffold were huge boilers hanging from rails. We played for a patriotic military club for ceremonies remembering the families who lost sons in the Afghan war. My wife, Judy, gave her anti-war speech to a collection of generals and other high-ranking officers. The generals harrumphed, but she was enthusiastically received by the young club members, still in adolescence.

“We traveled by bus two hours outside of Barnaul to play at a collective farm. We were all struck, when looking out of the bus windows hour after hour, that there were no fences. Not needed, only one landlord. The bandleader and I sang a comic vocal in Russian that was well-received everywhere.”

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Bob has taught 40 summers at the Stanford Jazz Workshop “with some of the greatest artists of our time, and intermittently for the last 30 years in the Stanford Music Department.” He calls himself a “professional by every measure except cash flow.” He says he could more specifically describe himself as a “professional jazz educator, a semi-professional saxophone player, a student piano player, a student conga player and an amateur singer. My composing and arranging might fit into any of those categories.”

His own tastes in jazz run to small ensembles—“one or two horns and piano, bass and drums. I like the interplay that occurs in small [groups] that is not possible in big-band jazz.” He likes bebop and Latin, traditional and Dixieland jazz, “as long as it is rhythmical and features improvised solos.”

“For the past 16 years, I’ve been immersed in full-time studying, performing and teaching jazz. Playing is thrilling in the moment but ephemeral. Teaching has been the most important work of my life and has given me a satisfaction that lasts through the years. Judy is retired after a distinguished career as a pediatrician, but I’m not ready. I haven’t won a Grammy yet.”

Is he kidding about a Grammy? Only partly. “I have no realistic possibility of ever winning a Grammy. This is my metaphor for the fact that I’m still working hard to get ahead, whatever that means.”

Bob Murphy’s website is [www.murphyjazz.com](http://www.murphyjazz.com). The Natural Gas Jazz Band recently celebrated its 45th year. Its website is [www.ngjb.com](http://www.ngjb.com).

—JCF



The Natural Gas Jazz Band, from its website. Bob Murphy is at upper left.



Some classmates have expressed interest in receiving copies (CDs) of the **Brunonia** medley as arranged by Leroy Anderson and performed by the Washington Metropolitan Philharmonic, conducted by our own Ulysses “Jim” James ’58 during the Class Mini in Washington, DC.

For each CD, mail \$10 with your name and address to:

**Brunonia**  
**Washington Metropolitan Philharmonic Association**  
**Ulysses S. James, Music Director**  
**P.O. Box 120**  
**Mount Vernon, VA 22121-0120**



## Still on the Slopes

### ***George Vandervoort '58 Sticks to the Sport He Took Up at Brown***

George Vandervoort '58 took up skiing while a student at Brown and never quit.

"I started skiing in 1957, on a trip to Suicide Six, VT, from Providence," he recalls.

"It was a time before there was quality ski rental gear in a variety of sizes. My ski partner, Tom Moses '58, had feet that were too large for any rental boots. The rental shop managed to attach his ski bindings to his galoshes. A miracle that he did not break an ankle," George notes.

"In 1958, Tom, Roz Kennedy Johnson '58, Roger Williams '58, two girls from Simmons College, and I took a ski trip to Stowe, VT. We had a little trouble finding lodging; however, we managed to find accommodations at Scottie's Rest House. Scottie got his children out of bed so that we could use their bedrooms. Don't know where the kids slept, but it was nice to get into a warm bed.

"Some of us traveled with Don MacKenzie '58 to his cousin's house in Bridgton, ME, to ski Shawnee Peak. In about 1959, we stayed with Pete Howard's brother at Middlebury College on a ski trip with Pete '58 and Roger Williams '58," George recalls. "Those are some of the highlights of my Brown skiing years.

"I met my wife, Mimi, when she was teaching school in Stowe. We were married there in 1971, and I have fond memories of the area.

"I have skied almost every year since Brown, and have had some delightful family ski vacations, once the kids were old enough to ski. I have skied with a guy who broke his shoulder on the slopes, and another guy who broke his leg. Fortunately, no one in my family has ever broken anything skiing—yet.

"Dave Wilson '58 didn't start skiing until he was in his thirties—however, he is a world class skier. Dave's wife, Susie, Mimi and I used to coast down the blue slopes, at Snowmass, CO, while Dave was rocketing down the double black diamond moguls," George writes.

"Sometimes we connect with Jack Anderson '58 and Ann Chmielewski Anderson '59 at or near their gorgeous home on an 8,000-foot Boulder, CO, mountaintop. Their home has an elevator, which is good for tired skiers.

"We stayed in Wendy's condo at the Top of the Village, Snowmass, one year. Wendy is Dave Thomas's daughter, and namesake of the fast-food chain. There were no hamburgers in the refrigerator, but it was a very nice place.

"I think that I was the oldest person on the slopes at Keystone, CO, in March, 2015. Seniors get a break on lift tickets: \$119/day vs. \$129/day for the youngsters.

"Lots of ice. They closed some slopes due to the ice. Reminded me of New England skiing."



George Vandervoort at Keystone, CO, in March, surrounded by helmeted snowboarders. "I ski without a helmet. My doctor says that's why I am so confused," he jokes.



## Taking to the Woods

### *Nature Infuses Poetry of George Held '58*

*Culling: New and Selected Nature Poems* is one of the latest of George Held's 20 poetry collections. The volume was published in late 2014 by Poets Wear Prada, Hoboken, NJ.

In the preface, George writes: "As a poet who often writes about nature, I feel deep love for the woods, animals, and birds I encountered as a boy and still occasionally see or hear today on walks, but more often I write with a sense of loss—loss of habitat, species, quiet, dark—and ultimately with concern for the Earth's well-being. Thus I have culled for this book my nature poems, beginning with those that express affection for the damselfly and the osprey, among other winged creatures, and ending with those on losses, like the melting of European glaciers, the 'Glacial Warning' that our ecosystem is undergoing unprecedentedly rapid warming. I hope readers of these poems will act on a sense of our shared need to conserve what's left of the imperiled natural world."

George taught English at Queens College for 37 years. Some of his poems in *Culling* are playful, as in these lines from "Red Fox"—a creature who eludes the poet's eyes but makes himself known by giving off an odor like a skunk's:

If you'd let me glimpse your feline  
grace, I'd stand transfixed

awed as Adam needing to name you:  
*Fuchs, renard, zorro, liska, fox*

sly, crafty fellow who thrives  
on the margin, avoiding those

who would turn you into a hat,  
a stole, or a winter coat.

George's concern for the well-being of Earth shows in "Aftermath":

It's not the storm itself—wind and rain lashing shore,  
uprooting trees, toppling poles and dousing lights,  
flooding cellars and roads, capsizing boats—  
but the aftermath—the bright calm, the pair  
of drowned cats crumpled against the picket fence,  
the parlor of Izzy's shack open for inspection,  
the walls fallen flat on all sides, your own  
roof filling the front yard, covering your car,  
and your own twin daughters dazed by Nature's  
petulance—that makes you reconsider  
your life and weigh your possessions and the cost  
of putting down stakes too near the coast  
as the globe warms, and storms grow worse.

Garrison Keillor read this poem on his NPR program *A Writer's Almanac*.

## Letters from Classmates

Another wonderful issue which I devoured whole in one sitting—couldn't put it down. I felt as if I were on that boat with Kay and Pearce, remembering how cool he was under tricky circumstances and all that he contributed to Sock and Buskin. Followed with great interest Ulysses James' journey into music; loved "The Fish on the Doorjamb" and was touched by the follow-up letter from Henry Chapman and the lovely story of Bruce McFadden's high school reunion. I was the choreographer for Al Uhry's "Fiddle Dee Dee," and his essay brought back so many delightful memories of "my life in the 'theatah.'" Keep the newsletters coming and one day I may contribute something myself.

—Pat Patricelli



You did a superb job capturing my joust with musical windmills ["The Musical Odyssey of Ulysses James '58," November 2014]. It has been quite an odyssey. I was actually amazed at the detail you uncovered noting that we only talked a very brief time and in rather hectic circumstances. I'm not sure I deserve such wonderful treatment, but I certainly appreciate it.

—Ulysses "Jim" James



Thanks for giving me the opportunity to relive one of the high points of our lives together ["Our Great Loop Voyage Around the Eastern United States," November 2014]. I know you spend many hours putting the newsletter together, and I so appreciate your efforts. I have enjoyed all the issues because they are giving me views of classmates beyond our four years at Brown. News releases tell us about the major accomplishments, but now we can read about the less newsworthy ones that made our lives richer.

—Kay Ulry Baker



## More Letters from Classmates

Wonderful job on the Newsletter—it's getting longer and longer and better and better. The rest of us have a lot to do to catch up.

You've managed to strike a perfect balance between tales of Brown or of classmates and just plain provocative and interesting stories. —**Dave Labovitz**



Thanks for the Brown '58 Newsletter. Great job on writing, selection of articles, layout, etc. I'm impressed. —**From Dion Shea**



A truly wonderful production, with many very worthwhile articles and pictures. —**Charlie (Gig) Shumway**



Great job. Thanks for giving all of us a closer, more complete picture of some of our most interesting classmates. —**Dick Emmons**



### Brown Physics Professor on Bohr and Exotic Ions

*Humphrey J. Maris, Hazard Professor of Physics at Brown, commented on our account of Niels Bohr's exciting but little-understood lecture to Brown students in 1957 ["Bohr Speaks," July 2014]. He wrote:*

"I went to a lecture by Niels Bohr in London sometime around 1960. I sat in the front row because I wanted to learn something but I understood almost nothing of what he said. It was a strange mixture of Danish accent and mumbling. But I did manage to hear 'uncertainty principle' and 'correspondence principle' about ten times each."

*Professor Maris followed up with an email last November saying that since his original note, he and colleagues had submitted and published a paper on exotic ions. "I think Bohr would have found it interesting," he writes.*

*Editor's note to physics majors: The paper, "Study of Exotic Ions in Superfluid Helium and the Possible Fission of the Electron Wave Function," appeared in the January 2015 issue of **Journal of Low Temperature Physics** and is accessible on the Internet [here](#) or by going to [www.brown.edu/research/](http://www.brown.edu/research/) and searching for "exotic ions."*



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*Or, you can transmit your comments from the newsletter website. ([www.brown58newsletter.wordpress.com](http://www.brown58newsletter.wordpress.com)). Click on the red word "comment" or "comments" next to the speech bubble. Your note will be displayed after review by editors.*

*If you'd like to comment privately, please include "Not for publication" on your email or your website posting.*

## Delayed Comments on the Mini-Reunion, with a Twist

*When seeking reaction from classmates who attended last September's mini-reunion in Providence, we attempted to make contact with Bob Barta, an applied mathematics major who spent his career in strategic and tactical warfare for the U.S. Navy.*

*We U.S.-mailed Bob because he doesn't use personal computers, believing they are just a good way to spread important information to people who shouldn't have it. Our letter was forwarded to him in Florida from his Massachusetts address and ultimately reached him too late for our publication deadline. We finally heard from him in November.*

*It is a relief to report that he enjoyed the reunion, both for itself and because it contrasted sharply with some unpleasant subsequent events, which could happen to any of us in the computer age.*

*This is Bob's letter of November 21, 2014, with slight redactions:*

I received your forwarded letter last Sunday when we returned from an eight-day Carnival Cruise with seven members of our family. I also received material documenting the piracy of one of our stock accounts to another firm without our permission. Monday, while on a conference call with higher-level personnel from the receiving firm and the delivering firm, I was notified on my cell phone from a Wells Fargo Bank in Charlotte, North Carolina, that a woman attempted to cash a personal check from me to her for \$(redacted). The real check was still in my checkbook.



Information regarding our account including our address had been modified through access to our account via computer. We do not have a computer. Another attempt was made on Tuesday in Jacksonville, Florida, for \$(redacted). Insufficient funds [due to fast withdrawal from the compromised account] stopped that attempt to rob us.\* Computer access to our account is now banned, and the remaining checks were canceled.

Anyway . . . the mini-reunion was a lot more fun, except for the Brown-Harvard game, than what I had to contend with this week. Let's do more of them in the Brown-Providence area.

—**Bob Barta**

*\* Bob reports that his bank reversed a \$29 charge originally levied for insufficient funds. The attempted computer fraud is being investigated. His experience is evidence that thieves are becoming increasingly more sophisticated.*



## **Eight Friends Who Made a Mark**

*(Continued from Page 1)*

Sam Wylie had a decisive influence on Hays. He came to Providence in the fall of 1954, our entry year, with his wife and three children, to join the staff of St. Stephen's, an Anglo-Catholic parish church on the university campus (at 114 George Street). Among his duties was to be hospitable to "young people and their teachers who came from more Protestant backgrounds, as I did, or were completely unchurched." Hays found him "reverent in a way I had never experienced. When he spoke to you in his soft voice, he was serious about what he said, about God and God's purposes. And he was serious about you."

Hays writes, "Unsurprisingly, it was Sam who planted in me the notion of ordination. He did it in ways so subtle that I hardly knew it was happening. One afternoon, we took a drive away from the campus. When we paused for lunch, I said that I was wondering about whether to apply to a seminary. I asked what he thought about that. He exhaled and gave me a look that said, 'I thought you'd never ask.'" Though Hays had been admitted to the University of Michigan Law School, he opted instead to attend the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts for a three-year course and apparently never looked back at the law.

Michael Fisher SSF was the first monk that Hays remembers encountering.

"I may have known that such creatures existed within the life of the Episcopal Church, but my exposure in parish and school to a more Protestant rendering of the Episcopal tradition didn't include monks. The monastic orders came into being in the Church of England in the nineteenth century, the product of a revival of the Catholic spirit."

Michael Fisher was invited to Brown by Sam Wylie to "to conduct a Mission—a series of talks to undergraduates about the Christian faith." Michael, born in England, had taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and he wore the Franciscan "brown habit, girdled with white roping." His scheduled arrival at Brown in 1957 was delayed because he'd been a member of the Communist party in his youth. He refused to answer what he considered intrusive U.S. State Department questions about his membership in a long list of political organizations.

"After long negotiations, and the intervention of influential people like the Archbishop of York and, I think, John Nicholas Brown of Providence—who had been an undersecretary of state during the war and was a conspicuous Episcopalian—Michael was finally granted his visa."

Michael "strolled the campus in his brown habit, attracting curious attention as he went. He was a slight figure, with closely-cropped sandy-brown hair and an open, hospitable face. He walked with a kind of cant to his body, and when he met you he stopped and looked straight into your face. When he preached, his sermons were somehow both meditative and evangelical, thoughtful contemplations of the themes of the Christian faith and urgent summonses to live the Christian life. . . . I think Michael shook up my world in a way I hadn't ever experienced. Plainly, for him, the Christian faith was not a casual pastime. Very persuasively he made clear that the Christian faith required the commitment of one's whole life."

## Brown University Class of 1958 Newsletter



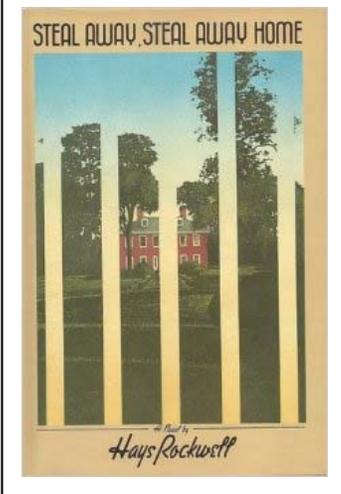
Several of the author's portraits are of outstanding clergymen he met at the Episcopal Theological School: John Bowen Coburn, the highly effective executive and deeply religious dean of the seminary; Harvey Guthrie, an influential faculty preacher who combined serious "scholarship and sanctity"; and Eugene Van Ness Goetchius, a New Testament scholar, who was adviser to Hays and who, among other things, taught him Greek.

After he left the seminary, the first job Hays took was as a chaplain at St. George's School, a church-related school in Middletown, Newport County, Rhode Island. He was hired by the newly appointed headmaster, Archer Harman Jr., who was to become another of the eight subjects.

"He was a schoolmaster," Hays writes. "He wouldn't have objected to the old-fashioned term. . . . Apart from his time at Yale and in the U.S. Navy during the Second World War [he served on a destroyer in the Pacific], he spent the whole of his adult life in schools. Mostly, they were independent schools, privately funded and serving a population of privileged families. Some people who lived and worked in that rarefied environment became insufferable elitists. Not Archer Harman Jr. He was, as someone put it after he died, 'a man of humor and humility,' someone more interested in the people he encountered than himself."



*Random House*  
Kate Medina, later the top editor at Random House, was at Doubleday when she edited Hays Rockwell's novel *Steal Away, Steal Away Home*.



Archer Harman liked sports and winning, but he valued sportsmanship more. He appointed Hays as soccer coach—despite the young chaplain's admitted mediocrity in the game and his long absence from it—because the junior varsity coach had spit in the face of a referee. "Such a man was beneath Archer Harman's contempt."

Harman had been captain of Yale's varsity hockey team and was a first-class hockey player into his forties. He attended the St. George's hockey games, along with those of all other sports. He worried a lot at games: "He worried about the boys getting injured. He worried when the team was losing. He worried when the St. George's team was winning, lest they drive up the score in an unsportsmanlike way."

During the early 1960s, Harman was among 23 headmasters who made a pact to admit "students of color who were economically disadvantaged but academically able." To achieve permission to join in the pact, Harman had needed to overcome doubts of a number of teachers and trustees. Some felt black boys would feel hopelessly out of place in an all-white school and others objected because of "simple, raw prejudice."

The experiment had a tragic beginning. The first student, Conrad Young, a resident of Newport, was admitted as a ninth grader. Hays was his adviser. Conrad's record in his freshman year was adequate, but in the second year he ran away to Washington, DC, in late winter. Hays went to Washington and brought him back. But in the summer of that year, the boy shockingly beat his stepmother, set their house on fire and fled before turning himself in to Newport police. After being released from a juvenile detention center, he married and at first appeared to be finding his way. One evening, his wife came home "and found him hanging in the stairwell."

Hays writes that the incident "could have ended the school's integration efforts. It didn't because Archer and his allies on the faculty were determined to make those efforts succeed. They . . . attracted more African American boys of promise, educated them, and sent them into the wider world, where most of them led productive lives. The tragic Conrad Young episode was a test of Archer's resolve. He passed it with honor."

Hays met Kate Medina in 1976 when he was rector of St. James' on Madison Avenue in Manhattan and she was a regular in the pews. "[T]hough barely in her thirties, she was already a conspicuous figure in the New York publishing world. She was a senior editor at Doubleday, and the writers with whom she worked then included E.L. Doctorow, William F. Buckley and Peter Benchley."



After several meetings with Kate in the course of his work, she said the imagery of his sermons suggested he could write fiction. He brushed off the suggestion at first, but after he thought it over, the tragic case of Conrad Young came to mind, and he decided he would try.

He started in 1980 and by the summer of 1982 had “quite a lot written.” Her first written comments on his draft “devastated” him.

“I thought Kate was my friend!” he writes. “Significant sections of my text were dismissed with rude blue X’s. Some of the written commentary indicated that I had included material that belonged in another novel.” Kate later explained that she liked the writing but simply wanted to make it better. She urged him to get away from the facts of the Conrad Young story and “use my imagination to tell the tale of good intentions leading to tragic outcome.” Hays took in her suggestions. After considerable further work and more guidance from Kate, Doubleday published the novel under the name of a spiritual that appeared in the manuscript—*Steal Away, Steal Away Home*.

He writes, “What Kate has in common with the others in this memoir is that she is a serious person. Not a gloomy person or a ponderous one, but serious in the sense that she takes life seriously. . . . She brings her standards to every human encounter, to every occasion, whether of delight or despair.”



Wikipedia Commons  
Bishop Desmond Tutu.

Hays met Desmond Tutu in March 1977 at a conference of an international Episcopal council in Trinidad and Tobago. The two had the unenviable task of writing up minutes for a committee to which both were assigned with the impressive sounding title of “theological consultants.”

“Usually, our group found the version Desmond and I produced to be inadequate. We were sent back to produce something that the members could accept. Whatever frustrations that produced were offset by the great good humor my newfound friend brought to the task.” The two remained friends, with Desmond staying with Hays and his wife, Linda, at their apartment on East 72nd Street in New York, and Hays and Linda visiting Johannesburg—with a white family because apartheid outlawed the possibility of them staying with the Tutus. In following years, Desmond made many visits to New York, and Hays introduced him quietly to American business and banking executives who’d heard that Desmond Tutu was a communist.

Hays writes, “What they met was a short, black South African man in the clerical garb of a bishop who promptly disarmed them with a self-deprecating remark followed by the high pitch of his infectious laughter. He sustained a light touch throughout the meetings, even as he laid out the story of the cruelty of the apartheid system.”

In 1984, Desmond Tutu won the Nobel Prize for Peace. After Nelson Mandela was elected president in 1994, he appointed Desmond Tutu to head the nation’s Truth and Reconciliation Commission “to get at the truth of the apartheid years and lay the foundation for reconciliation in South Africa.”

Hays, who remains connected to Desmond Tutu, says his friend is a “deeply pious man... But the Tutu piety is not a dreary religiosity. It is wonderfully leavened with humor which, lying just below the surface of his demeanor, bursts forth frequently as whole-hearted laughter.”

Hays ends his book with an afterword entitled “Friendship.”

He writes, “Friendships have upheld me in dark times when I was in danger of losing my way, and friendships have supplied kindness in a thousand forms and cheered me with great draughts of the tonic of laughter.” Agreeing with the religious scholar Martin Marty, Hays says friendship “is indeed a gift from God to supply us with a joy worthy of our destiny.”

Hays dedicates his book to Linda, whom he married in September 1957, and their grandchildren.

**Brown University  
Class of 1958 Newsletter**

