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Links to Class Website, Mini-Reunion Photos and Social Media on last page

SAVE THE DATE
We hope to see you at our 60th Reunion
May 25, 26 and 27, 2018

Here’s the preliminary Class of 1958 60th Reunion agenda. Final information, including registration details, will follow as plans progress.

Friday — 25 May
Arrive and check in at Wriston Quad just down from Wayland Arch. Rooms are available for around $70 per person in the Keeney Quad where there’s an elevator and the rooms have been recently redone. Regarding rooms in Providence, if you are planning on staying off campus, please make a reservation ASAP as they are going fast. Also they are not cheap and are running in the $400–$500 range per night.

3–5 p.m.: Wine and beer class gathering in one of the lounges in the Keeney Quad. It will be for our class only.

6–11 p.m. A reception and dining at the Faculty Club. We hope to have Martha Joukowsky talk on U.S. relations with Turkey and their implications for NATO. For those who do not wish to attend the Campus Dance, camaraderie will continue until 11 p.m. at the Faculty Club.

Saturday — 26 May
8 a.m. – noon: University Activities.
Meeting with the President and lectures by various professors.

12–2 p.m.: Class Luncheons. These will be separate functions for Pembroke and Brown Alumni and under tents adjacent to Maddox Hall.

2–4 p.m.: Class Panel Discussions/Lectures in Joukowsky Hall and/or more lectures by the faculty and honorary degree recipients.

6–10 p.m.: Reception and Dinner under a tent in the Starr Plaza (behind the Watson Center on Thayer Street). Class Awards and an opportunity for another lecture by a class member.

10 p.m.: “Afterglow” in our designated lounge in the Keeney Quad.

Sunday — 27 May
9 a.m. – noon: MARCH DOWN THE HILL (and hopefully back up.)
1–3 p.m.: Concluding luncheon. Acoaxet Club, Westport, MA.

Notes: All bars will be on a cash basis. Personal transportation will be needed for the Sunday lunch. Our goal is to keep all dinners at our traditional level of $58 per person.

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Noah’s Ark in the Berkshires

Former Litigator Owen Hoberman ’58 Now Talks with the Animals

Last February, we got a request from Classmate Owen O. Hoberman for a copy of the Brown58Newsletter to be sent to him via snail mail as he lives in a “rural area with poor to non-existent Internet access.” After posting the newsletter to him, we checked Owen’s entry in the 50th Reunion Yearbook and found he’s a lawyer-turned-farmer, though not a typical man of the soil.

Our request for more, including information on farm economics, got this explanation:

“After I retired from my New York City law firm in 2002, I became a full-time resident of Southfield, MA, a village of but 300 residents, so rural that we live on a dirt road, and lack both WiFi and reliable cell phone service, but fortunately we do have indoor plumbing. Our 45 acres consists of forest and pastures and has been home to a Noah’s Ark of creatures...ducks, chickens, guinea hens, miniature horses, Icelandic horses, cats, a cockatoo and three Bracco Italiano hounds. None of these creatures ever earned their keep. There was never a monetary inflow, only an outflow for a barn, fencing, feed and voluminous vet bills.”

The notion of the Ark and memories of Dr. Doolittle, who talked with the animals, made still further inquiry necessary.

Owen says it all traces to a surprise party he put on for his wife, Arlyn, on her 50th birthday. At the party, he made a public promise that he would buy her a horse.

“Arlyn is an animal lover...amazing with animals,” he says. “She grew up in the New York metropolitan area but she’s a country girl. It’s her psyche. She carries a rural gene.” Owen recalls that on their honeymoon in 1964 at a ranch in Arizona she spotted a beautiful German shepherd limping on the ranch grounds. She went to the dog, petted him and discovered a burr stuck in one paw. She got it out, and the grateful dog stuck with them throughout their stay.

“She is a St. Francis of Assisi,” he said, referring to the animal-loving 12th Century saint who in legend preached to birds and negotiated peace among warring creatures.

Owen’s romance with Southfield, located in southwestern Massachusetts near the Connecticut border, started reluctantly and slowly.

“We’d always vacationed in Amagansett, Long Island. I loved the ocean and sailing. Arlyn dragged me kicking and screaming to the Berkshires, where there’s no sailing or ocean. I decided to take books for entertainment. We rented an old, isolated 1700s farm house in dense woods.”
Unexpectedly, he loved it and soon began thinking about buying land. While hiking through the tract that he had his eye on, he mounted a ridge, looked down and saw the Whiting River below. It runs through that land to the Housatonic River, which ultimately empties into the Long Island Sound. The beauty of the scene clinched it.

Owen and Arlyn brought their initial 20-acre tract in 1980 and more than doubled it later. They cleared some acreage and built a house. They wanted stone walls to beautify the property as well as to pasture horses. Owen used his tractor with a front-end loader to carry rocks to the site. He and Arlyn, working manually between 1985 and 2000, shaped them into about 800 feet of walls, including a 5 foot-wide, horse-proof wall to enclose one of their pastures.

Owen dismisses the idea that this was hard work, but he concedes “there were a lot of pinched fingers and sore backs.”

He estimates that he now would have to pay a mason about $250,000 to build that much wall.

Owen notes with humor that his daughters, married in 1991 and 1993 respectively, were not smitten by the project. “When we finished, Arlyn and I placed a bottle of wine inside the wall.” A label announces that the builders were Owen and Arlyn Hoberman, and that “neither their daughters nor their sons in law lifted a finger to assist their aged parents.”

Owen says: “Dogs were always part of our household but it wasn’t until ’97, when Arlyn moved here full-time, that we began to acquire our herds, flocks etc. We started with six ducks, some chickens and two miniature horses (Cowboy and Cassidy). They were too small to ride so we started to train them to pull carts but were unsuccessful. Our Icelandic horses were purchased in 2002. They were imported from Iceland and are very laid back. They make for a wonderful ride as one of their gaits is a tölt, which is like sitting in a comfortable armchair while galloping. We are surrounded by dirt roads which made for many pleasant rides.”

Arlyn, already a near vegetarian (only fish and chicken) when she arrived in ’97, stopped eating chicken when they acquired their flock. With this in mind, Owen has ruled out fish tanks for their Southfield home. The eggs of chickens and ducks? “We used them ourselves and if we had more than we could consume, they were given to friends. The duck eggs were especially good for baking.”

At the height of the animal population, the Hobermans would rise around 5:30 a.m., have coffee, open the chicken house and feed and groom the horses. During the winter, the horses got extra hay at midday. At 4 p.m., it was bedtime for the chickens and ducks.
“We’d say. ‘night, night chickens’ and they’d go in.” One of their Bracco Italiano dogs would round up the horses from the pasture, which is unusual in that they are not a herding breed.

Besides horseback riding, another form of entertainment through the years has been the resident cockatoo (parrot) named Stevie who likes to dance Gangnam style to a South Korea video of similar name. Here is a YouTube video of Stevie dancing: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c2lHtvKsxTc He also finished sentences. When Owen or Arlyn communicated their own number over the phone, he squawked the final four digits “8111.”

Things are winding down somewhat. The lifespan of a cockatoo is 90, and Stevie is only 30, so the Hobermans had him adopted. “The trouble with animals is that as you age, they get older, too.” The horses also have been adopted. The duck, chicken and cat are aging and may not last much longer. “But we’ll always have dogs.”

There’s an apartment above their garage where helpers could live if Owen and Arlyn should ever need them.

They intend to live out their days on Cobble Run Farm. The name describes a section of the Whiting River on their farm where the water is shallow and runs quickly over a bed of stones.

Southfield, with its population of 300, is part of New Marlborough, the five-town parent municipality embracing about 1,500. Owen doesn’t live in isolation. He interacts. This one-time New York litigator in medical malpractice and product liability cases sometimes provides informal advice to the town of New Marlborough, and he has served as treasurer of both the town’s cultural council and the local land trust.

Does he consider himself a farmer? Owen once was gassing up his pickup truck at a local station when a “real farmer” with a trailer-load of cows pulled in. Spotting the Cobble Run Farm logo on Owen’s truck, he asked, “What’s your crop?”

Owen was momentarily at loss, but like a skilled attorney, he recovered fast and said, “Horses.”

—IJC
Park Bench Honors Classmate for Sharing His Passion

Teaching People How to Fish: Dick Emmons and CARE

For Dick Emmons, who died February 19 of a stroke after years of spirited combat against illness, some of the “happiest moments of youth’s fleeting hours” surely were passed ’neath the shade of Brown’s time-honored walls, as John Reistrup, a friend and classmate, observed.

Dick loved Brown, and the Class of 1958 was one of two suggested recipients of donations in his memory. Dick attended reunions and stayed in lifelong contact with many Brown friends, including one-time roommates Jim Furlong and Mike Larratt. Dick’s wife, Lynne, has had a brick for him placed in the alumni walkway in the gardens of the Maddock Alumni Center.

Despite heart problems that worsened in 2010, Dick maintained his cheery laugh, love of talk and the telling of graphic and compelling stories of his youth in Illinois and New Jersey, and later travels with Lynne. He and Lynne, whom he invariably referred to as “my bride,” traveled twice to Kenya and Tanzania, including one trip on their own along the Kenya coast via train and small plane, where Dick fished for marlin (they eluded him). Other highlights were Hawaii, where they visited Mike Larratt, Banff in the Canadian Rockies, and Utah in 2010.

“We took in all the canyons in Utah, and there are a lot more out there than you normally think about,” Lynne said.

His resilience and love of life in the face of adversity were due in no small part to Lynne’s loving care. Dick was married to Lynne for the 40 years that preceded his death. He described her in his 50th reunion yearbook entry as “my life’s greatest gift.”

She reflected after his death, “We worked at our marriage. We were so lucky.”

Besides the Class of 1958, the other suggested recipient of donations in Dick’s memory was CARE, a Connecticut state-sponsored program that teaches people—including children, families, veterans and Special Olympics kids—
how to fish. That means use of fishing gear, casting, safety, catching and identifying, plus filleting and cooking, or releasing, as the case might be.

Dick joined CARE in 2003 and became one of only two volunteer Master Instructors for CARE, known formally as Connecticut Aquatic Resources Education. Its motto: *Get ’em off the screens and on the streams.*

In honor of Dick, CARE placed a bench with a plaque near the shores of Great Hollow Lake, Wolfe Park, Monroe, Connecticut, and dedicated it on sunny October 6, with some 50 people in attendance, including fishermen and four Brown classmates, Sandy McFarland Taylor, Joyce Gillespie Briggs, Barbara Chaplin and Jim Furlong. Illness prevented Mike Larratt from attending. Great Hollow Lake was the site of many of Dick’s teaching classes. The plaque, written by Lynne, noted that Dick shared “his passion for fishing and fish tales with kids and their families.”

Tom Bourret, senior fisheries biologist in the state Department of Energy and Environmental Protection, told the crowd that Dick had donated more than 2,000 hours to the CARE program and taught more than 8,200 students. In his announcement of Dick’s passing, Tom had said, “Dick Emmons, to us ‘Uncle Dick,’ often related the story that the best times he ever had with his father were when they were fishing together. He wanted to pass that feeling on to others. His steadfast commitment to introducing people to learning how to fish earned him a *Field & Stream* magazine ‘Hero of Conservation’ award. In 2011 he won an Aquarion Environmental Champion Award.

Another dedication speaker, Jan Darula, the chief CARE instructor for Stamford, began by saying “Dick was a man of few words...” What? Hadn’t this guy ever met Dick? Darula continued, to laughter: “Ten thousand words.” It was noted that Dick was always glad to continue talking to a class long after his formal two-hour presentation ended. One member of the dedication audience shouted that Dick would have been happy to talk into the night. Again, laughter verified the remark. Dick’s classes drew record attendances of around 100 students.

As health problems multiplied, Dick tapered off after 2013, but Lynne would drive him to the CARE fishing waters that he loved. “We put in appearances,” she said.

As a younger man, Dick was strong and quick, but he was and remained good-natured and hard to provoke. In his 50th yearbook entry, he characterized himself as a “pantheist who tries to follow the Buddhist axiom *If I cannot help someone, I will not hurt them*.” CARE will tell you that he provided a world of help.

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**Playboy Comes to Brown**

*Classmate Jerry Levine Recalls When He Proposed Some Risqué Business to Dean Durgin*

by Gerald R. Levine ’58

Hugh Hefner, publisher of Playboy Magazine and CEO of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., died on September 27, 2017. His publishing empire had risen to about 7 million monthly subscribers by the early ’70s but since then has shrunk in size, along with most other print media, to about 1 million current subscribers. But from the moment he published its first issue in 1953 featuring a nude Marilyn Monroe as its centerfold pinup, he had perfect timing for the sexual revolution he unleashed on a quasi-parochial America of that time.

Of course, like almost every male teenager in the mid ’50s, I enjoyed reading the Playboy Philosophy, laughing at Jules Feiffer’s cartoons, the joke page and oh yes, even looking at the featured centerfold of the month. (Even the magazine’s staple in the Playmate’s belly button didn’t seem to bother me).
In the back pages of one of the summer of ’54 issues there was an advertisement for local college campus representatives to market their magazine on campus. So taking a short break between studies and football practice I sent in my application to their Chicago headquarters in September 1954.

Mid-November 1954 I opened my campus mailbox (#1250) in the basement of Faunce House and found the following letter: “Congratulations, Gerald Levine, you have been selected to be the Playboy Magazine representative for Brown University….Some of your duties will be to solicit magazine subscriptions from the Brown population and arrange for its newsstand sales on campus….You will receive a commission on each subscription received and on each magazine sold on campus. In addition you will receive a complimentary subscription in your own name and both a summer and winter formal Playboy tuxedo by After Six men’s fashions. We will also supply you Playboy themed giveaways, (logo pins, pens and magnets) for each subscriber you sign up.”

Early December 1954, I requested an appointment to speak with Dean Edward R. Durgin, Dean of Students for the College (hereinafter referred to as “ERD”). The following is an abbreviated abstract of our conversation.

**GRL:** Dean Durgin, I have been appointed the exclusive Playboy magazine sales representative for Brown University, but the Faunce House newsstand manager won’t display the magazine without your approval.

**ERD:** Playboy? You want to sell that pornographic, juvenile and prurient trash on my campus? I can’t stop the subscription sales, but I absolutely refuse it to be displayed and sold from our Faunce House newsstand.

**GRL:** But Dean Durgin, would you consider allowing its sales if it was wrapped in a plain brown paper envelope with only the name Playboy visible? The magazine always features articles and current social commentary by the top writers of the day as well as advice on food, music and clothing currently in fashion for today’s young urban male.

**ERD:** No way, not a chance. It’s not going to happen.

**GRL:** But Dean Durgin, I would receive a commission on every copy sold at the newsstand and I need that extra money to cover my cost of textbooks and other school supplies. *(My fingers were crossed while saying this).*

**ERD:** The answer is still NO!

**GRL:** OK, I get it. Dean Durgin, the magazine can’t be sold at the newsstand but I can still solicit mail subscriptions around campus and promote its being read on campus and advertise it in *The Brown Daily Herald*, right?

**ERD:** Levine, are these your own questions or have you been prepped beforehand prior to this meeting?

**GRL:** No Sir, these are all my own questions. I had no help in preparing them.

**ERD:** As I said, regretfully, I can’t censor the U.S. Mail deliveries. Now let me ask you another question. Didn’t I recall seeing you last month driving a foreign sports car in the rear parking lot behind Fones Alley to Harvey Ltd. clothing store on Waterman Street? You are aware, aren’t you, that all freshmen, except for commuting day students, are prohibited to own or keep a car for their personal use during their first year on campus?
GRL: Yes Sir, you did, but it was blocking another customer’s car that was trying to leave the lot and belonged to a Harvey customer who was being fitted for alterations at the time. As I knew how to drive a floor stick shift and was working for Harvey’s as a part-time salesman on that day, they asked me to please move the blocking car.*

ERD: Levine, as the Dean of Students, you know that I maintain a list of students who have attained outstanding academic distinction throughout the year. However, I also maintain another list of students, a list that you never ever want to get your name on and still remain a Brown student. Do you understand what I am saying?

GRL (stammering): “Ye,… ye,… yes Sir. Loud and clear.”

ERD: Your appointment is over and don’t ever come back on this issue again.

The following week I informed Playboy’s management office that mail subscriptions could be solicited but no single sales issues would be allowed under any circumstances from Brown-operated newsstands.

Sophomore and junior years (1955–1956) subscriptions continue to climb in volume but still no single sales of monthly issues were permitted from the Faunce House newsstand.

Sales commissions kept me and my roommates in Lavazzo’s Pizzas, beer and the occasional Awful, Awful Ice cream shake at the Newport Creamery in Wayland Square. (After all we were growing teenagers and had to keep up our weight for the football and wrestling teams).

Late in April 1957 of our junior year on campus, I suggested to Playboy’s marketing department to host a “Playboy comes to Brown” for a Homecoming or home football weekend in October or November of our senior year. I secured the party room located in Jameson House in the new West Quad (now known as the Keeney Quad). In mid October of ’57 of our senior year, Playboy offered party decorations, Playboy party favors, free current issues and the possibility of having the three-time Playmate calendar centerfold, Janet Pilgrim, to come to the party as my date.**

The party room was set up with tables, chairs, checkered table cloths, beer kegs, booze, pretzels and even bags of fresh sawdust obtained for free from the Providence Casket Company. Almost everyone came dressed in semi-formal or formal attire and all the attendees had a great time. After all there were free drinks, munchies and magazines. A photographer took pictures at the event, and some appeared in our senior yearbook.

* Full Disclosure: It was my ’54 MG TF1500 roadster that Dean Durgin saw me in.

** Full Disclosure: Janet Pilgrim was a “no-show” as my date for our Homecoming party. Her plane was delayed in Chicago due to a winter snowstorm and her flight was canceled. As a consolation she sent me her most recent semi-nude centerfold photo, personally autographed to me as her favorite Brown rabbit. Of course it proudly hung on the wall of my room (except when my parents or a date came up for a visit).
An Education Dearly Bought

How Circumstances Made Mike Trotter an Expert on Law Firm Management & Economics

by Michael H. Trotter '58

I graduated from Brown planning to become a history professor inspired by Professors James Blaine Hedges and Sinclair Wallace Armstrong, among others, and by my parents (my dad was a Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Georgia Tech and my mother was Dean of Women at Georgia State University). I was fortunate to receive a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship and to be admitted to the Ph.D. program in American History at Harvard. Paul Buck, the former Provost of Harvard, was my faculty advisor, and I was privileged to take a variety of courses including Buck’s course on Southern History, Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.’s course in American Political History, and Oscar Handlin’s course in American Social History among others.

My dormitory was adjacent to the Harvard Law School dorms and our Brown classmate David Finkelstein was attending the law school living in a dorm that was next to mine. Dave invited me to attend some of his classes and his moot court competition and I discovered that I liked what he was doing better than what I was doing, and while I liked my history courses there were only a very few of my fellow Ph.D. candidates with whom I was compatible. I decided to switch to the law school the next year.

I wanted to return to Atlanta and I was recruited by a 12-lawyer firm that is now known as Alston & Bird (today it has about 800 lawyers). The largest firm in Atlanta in the early 60s had 21 lawyers and the largest firm in the United States had 125 lawyers. Because the Alston firm was small when I got there and grew a great deal I had the opportunity to be involved in its management and growth, serving at various times as head of recruiting, of facilities, and of its corporate practice group before I was 40 years old.

By the mid-1970s I had become the Alston partner in charge of the legal work of Citizens and Southern Realty Investors, as well as a trustee of the Trust. It quickly became the firm’s second largest client and the fifth largest real estate investment trust in the United States, with its shares traded on the New York Stock Exchange. The Trust was managed by the firm’s largest client, which was then the largest bank in the southeastern United States.

In the mid-1970s I found that the bank had put the Trust into a variety of investments on terms that had not been approved by the Trustees, and most of these investments suffered substantial losses in the major real estate depression of the late 1970s. The Trust had borrowed over $400 million (approximately $1.8 billion in 2017 dollars) from more than 50 national and international financial institutions to make these investments. As a result the Trust had many millions of dollars in claims against the bank for mismanagement of its affairs, and its creditors had millions of dollars of claims against the Trust.

Because of the conflict of interest between the Bank and the Trust I either had to resign from my roles as the Trust’s principal lawyer and as a trustee or I had to leave the Alston firm. I chose the latter because the Trust was by far my largest client and I felt obligated to protect the interests of the Trust and its shareholders. Consequently, I withdrew from the Alston firm, taking several of my junior colleagues with me, and set up a new law firm under the
name Trotter, Bondurant, Griffin, Miller & Hishon. In short order the firm grew to more than 40 lawyers and I found that building and managing a rapidly growing firm was a challenging task.

The firm grew too fast and we could not find an acceptable balance of policies among the partners. I was unable to persuade a majority of my partners to make the changes I thought necessary, so I decided to leave with about 15 of our lawyers and start another firm, Trotter Smith & Jacobs. It grew to about 75 lawyers over the next ten years.

Unfortunately, our largest client (the successor to the Trust) experienced serious financial trouble in the real estate debacle of the late 1980s and ended up in bankruptcy. Its bankruptcy was soon followed by the bankruptcy of our second largest client and it was necessary to close our doors in 1992. I was then fortunate to become a partner in one of the city’s older established firms (now known as Kilpatrick Townsend & Stockton). Along the way I learned more about law firm economics and management that I cared to know.

In 1990 I was asked to make a presentation to the Corporate Counsel Association of Atlanta about law practice economics. The speech was printed verbatim by the local legal newspaper, gained some coverage in the national press including the ABA Journal and the National Law Journal, and I was asked to write articles that elaborated on various issues I had discussed in my talk. I was also asked to teach a course at the Emory University School of Law on law practice operations and economics that I believe was the first such course taught at a law school in the United States.

One thing led to another and I decided to revive my long-suppressed ambition to write some history by writing a book on the subject of law practice management and economics in the United States since the end of World War II. The University of Georgia Press published my book on the subject in 1997 under the title Profit and the Practice of Law—What’s Happened to the Legal Profession? that emerged as the definitive work on the major business practice law firms in the United States between 1960 and 1995 and some of the profession's attendant problems. The book was widely reviewed and read by lawyers, managers of law firms, and young people interested in the practice of law. The book is still selling and can be found along with my two subsequent books in the Books Section of Amazon.com.

I retired from the Kilpatrick law firm at the end of 2005 at the age of 69. I was not prepared for a life of leisure and then the Great Recession arrived in 2007–08. I decided to market some of what I knew about law practice management and offered my services as a law firm consultant. My first client was a small law firm in Atlanta now known as Taylor English Duma LLP. After a few months the firm asked me to become a partner and to practice some law as well as continuing to advise the firm on its operations. (Taylor English is now has approximately 150 lawyers providing legal services to clients throughout the United States.)

Many law firms faced difficult management and economic issues as a result of the Great Recession and I decided it was time to write another book about the legal profession. It was entitled Declining Prospects—How Extraordinary Competition and Compensation Are Changing America’s Major Law Firms and was published in 2012. Declining Prospects explained the remarkable changes that had occurred over the preceding decade and a half, and it was widely reviewed. Among other things was prominently quoted in two major articles in BusinessWeek and I was the subject of a lengthy interview in April 2012 that was published in the Deal Book section of the New York Times.

A great deal has changed in the practice of law and law practice economics since the end of World War II, and the practice of law for some 100 to 200 firms has become extremely profitable for their partners. At the same time many law practice consultants and academics, most of whom have practiced very little law and have not managed a law firm, have taken an interest in the subject and most of them have been predicting that the practice of law would be drastically and adversely changed by the advent of modern technology and artificial intelligence; that there would
be a significant decline in the need for lawyers and in the profitability of those remaining in practice. Fortunately for lawyers many of these predictions have failed to come true.

The most prominent of these “experts” is Professor Richard Susskind, a British academic and consultant, who famously predicted in 1996 that by 2016 the practice of law would have become a “one-to-many, packaged, Internet-based information service” and that the need for lawyers would be significantly reduced. (During the subsequent 21 years the number of lawyers in the United States has increased by approximately 37.5 percent.)

I felt that it was time for a thoughtful analysis of what is likely to happen to the practice of law in the years ahead—taking into account what has happened over that last 75 years, why and how it happened, and what we could expect to occur in the foreseeable future. My latest book, What’s To Become of the Legal Profession? represents my thoughts on the subject.

The three books together provide a comprehensive review of the evolution of the legal services industry in America since the end of World War II and its prospects for the future. I think that a growing corps of legal professionals will be needed to help deal with the growing size, complexity and diversity of the world.

Information about the books can be found in the Books Section of Amazon.com and on my website: “Law and Economics by Michael H. Trotter.”

I think I’ve run the course on law practice economics, but I have some other interests that I hope I may be able to write about in the future including an explanation and analysis of how the Atlanta area has been able to grow from a relatively modest sized community prior to World War II to become the ninth most populated metropolitan area in the United States.

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**Letter from Stan Dobson: Concerning College Hill and the Berlin Wall**

*We asked class Co-Vice President Stan Dobson for comments on two matters of interest: (1) What moves him to march down College Hill every year during Commencement carrying a 1958 banner? (2) What was he doing as an Army intelligence agent in Berlin when the Berlin Wall went up? Below is his emailed letter of reply.*

The “Brown man born...Brown man dead” song was written long before I was born* but it sure seems to apply to me.

I still remember lying on the living room floor at home in North Providence less than four miles from Brown and listening to the Brown game on the radio on Saturday afternoons. At ages 7 to 10, I wasn’t much of a football player (and, actually, for a lot longer😊) and really didn’t even know much about Brown, but I was already cheering for Brown.

Sometime during my years at Classical High School, in Providence, I was mowing the lawn of a Brown grad who encouraged me to consider Brown. About that same time, the minister of the Episcopal Church I attended offered to write a letter of recommendation for me. He, too, was a Brown grad. Then I had to make a big decision—on campus at University of Rhode Island, or Colby College in Maine, or commute to Brown.

Because I decided to commute, I never experienced the dorm life. My wife insists that the reason I’ve gone back so many times is that I’m making up for that missed opportunity. I can’t totally agree. I do know that three days a year is enough of that missed experience.
Although the walk down the hill is definitely the high point of the weekend, the incredibly wonderful forums all day Saturday are certainly important. There are three or four choices at four different times, and it is usually difficult to decide which would be the most interesting. Of the 120 I’ve attended, only three were the wrong choice and two of those were just too technical for me.

I’ve lost track of the number of times I’ve come back, but at first I certainly returned for the five-year gatherings. I think I started the annual trips with the 25th. Every year I get a bit closer to the head of the procession, and my goal is to lead it one day. And, I want to jog down the Hill.

On to Berlin.

At Classical High, I had a language choice among French, German and Greek. Although nearly all the attractive females in our class chose French, I knew the pronunciation would be a problem for me. I didn’t really know it at the time, but I’m tone deaf. Greek wasn’t offered because only two students chose it.

After unsuccessful attempts at chemistry and pre-med at Brown, I rejected Dean Durgin’s suggestion that I join the Army and come back in a couple of years. I went out and bought my class ring in December of sophomore year and then had to figure out how I’d manage to graduate. I ended up majoring in German and did well.

At graduation time I pondered how I would complete my draft obligation. No immediate decision sprang to mind. I leaned toward the Army, although Navy Officer Candidate School also was under serious consideration.

Then Tom Vetter ’58 answered my ad on the Faunce House bulletin board: “Anyone want to travel across the country for a month or so?” Six months and 20,000 miles later, we returned to Providence. Quite a trip considering we started out with $100 each to finance this trip.

One place we ran out of money was Monterey, California. Tom and I were able to get jobs as caddies at Pebble Beach Golf Course. There I met an Army sergeant who caddied weekends while learning Russian at the Army Language School. He gave me some good advice on how I could use my German while serving in the Army.

I still thought that Navy OCS and Navy Intelligence would be a better life, but the Navy recruiter in Providence told me that the Navy “didn’t have no language school” and asked what language I wanted to learn. He then offered half a dozen four-letter words as examples of what I could learn in the Navy. Shortly after I enlisted in the Army, my father moved to Washington, D.C., and guess what was less than two miles from his house. Yep, the Navy Language School.

I did well on a variety of tests in the Army and was offered either Army Intelligence or the Army Security Agency. Based on the sergeant’s advice, I chose the former. As patriotic as I am, I still like the idea of wearing civilian clothes and having most of the privileges of an officer.

At Intelligence School in Baltimore, I was offered the opportunity to study a foreign language. Unfortunately, the only language that appealed to me and was available at that time was Russian.

Off to Monterey for a year of Russian—47 weeks, six hours a day, five days a week. Most of the class graduated with a good amount of fluency in reading and listening. Writing skills were decent, but speaking ability wasn’t going to allow us to go undercover in Moscow. It was like Homecoming at Monterey—eight members of the classes of ’57 and ’58 were there, including Gar Patrick and Mike Hinebaugh.
When several of my classmates received orders to Vietnam, Korea and Panama Canal Zone, I hesitated to open my orders. When I did, I couldn’t believe the Army was sending a German-Russian linguist to Berlin. Something must be wrong if they got it so right.

I was assigned to an intelligence group that had accomplished all kinds of amazing feats over the years—tapping into Russian communication cables, recruiting at least one person in the East German equivalent of Congress to provide us with lots of information, and maybe hundreds of others in various departments in the East German government. However, my first few months were devoted to filing and retrieving facts for the sections that were doing the recruiting and, equally important, those who were working in the refugee camp/facility.

Thousands of people were fleeing East Germany—close to 30,000 each day just before the Wall was built—and nearly all of them had some information that was useful to our overall mission. Many told us about people who were involved with East German and/or Russian intelligence. A few gave us important knowledge about what was going to happen with all those building materials that were entering East Berlin.

Just weeks before the Wall started to go up on August 13, 1961, I was assigned to a small section that targeted Poland and Russia. Although we were able to talk to a few refugees who had some low-level information, our capability to recruit sources was nearly nil. No one wanted to go back and work for us anywhere in the East.

I continued to read Russian and East German newspapers until the Wall became more important, and I was assigned to a unit that responded to incidents throughout Berlin, including the French and British sectors. These included escapes, tunnels discovered and blown up, shootings, and conflicts between the East Germans and our embassy people. Our embassy personnel were sometimes stopped while trying to exercise their rights of free access to East Berlin and/or East Germany. I interviewed people at the scene and provided liaison with the West Berlin police.

I think I made the right choices—Military Intelligence versus Army Security Agency. I wore civilian clothes, had a false ID, lived in a villa with two other guys and had a maid and a gardener to take care of us and the house. I had very few limits on what I could and could not do—no curfew, no “off limits” bars and nightclubs.

A classmate who went to ASA in Berlin was much more fluent in German, but he was usually very unhappy with his tour in the Army.

Oh, and in spite of my elaborate “cover,” I did get caught by a German agent and have not been released for 55 years😊 (See photo.)

As part of my last assignment from late 1961 to April 1962, I spent several hours a day in a bombed-out West Berlin building within sight of Checkpoint Charlie. We had a camera and were taking movie pictures of everything that happened within about two blocks.

I was on the phone with staff at Berlin headquarters. They were talking to European HQ in Heidelberg and they were talking to officials in the Pentagon who forwarded our observations to JFK. Thus (somewhat indirectly), I was talking to the President and keeping him informed of everything that was happening in Berlin. A few times, I was

Rosemarie, the German agent who caught Stan.
wondering if I should have just gone into the Army for six months and had seven years of Reserve duty. At least one night, my teammate and I saw four American tanks at Checkpoint Charlie and six on a street another block away from our building. Facing us were about 20 Russian tanks. We were “heavily armed” with .45-caliber revolvers but wearing civilian clothes and carrying false IDs. We had a good idea of what they might do to “spies.” We had been told that Berlin would not last four hours if the Russians decided to attack. We had decided we would go East and hopefully find a resistance group who would protect us.

I was never able to substantiate one story that I heard from our people working at the refugee center—that my photo was on bulletin boards in East Berlin: “American spy—Wanted Dead or Alive.” I had seen television broadcasts from East Berlin and several agents in our unit had seen their pictures on TV, so it’s possible I also was wanted even though I was a beginner and they were seasoned vets.

Whether I believed it or not, I had to keep in mind what happened to my personal vehicle which I had sold to an infantryman who was allowed to drive the autobahn between West Berlin and West Germany—through East Germany. He was stopped by the Russians in East Germany, and he was interrogated for eight hours because they thought he was me. On his return, we interrogated him for eight hours to find out what they asked and what he told them.

—Stan Dobson

*Editor's note, from Encyclopedia Brunoniana: “I’m a Brown Man Born” was adapted from “I’m a Tar-Heel Born,” a song of the University of North Carolina which was brought back in 1903 by the Brown baseball team after it played two games with North Carolina in a pre-season Southern trip.

An American Original

Harry Batchelder Shares His Extraordinary Life on a New Website

Our indomitable classmate Harry Batchelder Jr. grew up mucking out cow stalls and raising fighting cocks on his father’s farm, was an outstanding hockey goaltender at Brown back in the days before they wore masks, graduated to prowling the jungles of Southeast Asia as an Air Force special operations officer, and then, after a dozen years as a federal prosecutor, carved out a livelihood as a criminal defense attorney, representing virtually indefensible clients in the courtrooms of New York City.

Along the way he has survived three marriages, at least one doomed relationship, cancer, and congestive heart failure. Now you can visit a website presenting his own take on all this.

Harry fondly recalls the 1957 Campus Dance where a Connecticut College coed passed him a mash note, summing
him up in these two words: “eclectic anarchism.” Eclectic and anarchic his website is, reflecting all facets of his extraordinary character and contrarian approach to life. It derives chunks of content from Harry’s own accounts of trips back to Vietnam as well as articles about him in publications including the New York Post, The New Yorker and our own Brown58Newsletter (Issue No. 1, April 2014). His website’s creative director, Loretta May, tells us “the web engineers in Utah were as surprised as I was at the amount of work necessary to take ‘An American in Vietnam’ [comprising Harry’s two Vietnam adventures and totaling 200 pages, 60,000 words, and 250 photos] from print to website, plus publish the newly minted ‘An American-at-Large,’ the first chapter of which is ‘An American at Brown.’ That said, here we are.”

Here we are indeed: 
http://www.harrycbatchelderjr.com/

To paraphrase what Hamlet said about his father: Here is a man, take him for all in all. We shall not look upon his like again. —JVR

From Harry’s Website: “As we departed the Temple we encountered a young Vietnamese woman in an ao dai examining the flowers—and I am immediately transported back fifty years to the white schoolgirl ao dai. Vietnamese American author Viet Thanh Nguyen in his recent book Sympathizers asserts that western writers take the ao dai as an implicit metaphor for Vietnam as a whole: ‘wanton and yet withdrawn, hinting at everything and giving away nothing in a dazzling display of demureness, a paradoxical incitement to temptation, a breathtakingly lewd exhibition of modesty.’

“I am of a more simple bent. The ao dai is simply the most elegant, sexy dress ever made without displaying an inch of flesh except above the neck and below the cuffs; the cheongsam and other folds of cloth come in at a far distant second place.”—HCB

Fly on the Wall

Witnessing a High-Stakes Debate on the Right to Publish

by J.V. Reistrup ‘58

Katharine Graham earned her place in the pantheon of heroic newspaper publishers twice over—first with the Pentagon Papers and later with Watergate. The latter story has already led to a famous book and movie, “All the President’s Men,” and now Hollywood has dramatized the first instance in which she decided to put at risk the media empire she had reluctantly inherited when her husband took his life. In each case she made the same decision—to stand behind the solid reporting of her staff.

The latest movie, “The Post,” stars Meryl Streep and Tom Hanks and was directed by Stephen Spielberg—clear Oscar bait. But the reason I particularly looked forward to seeing it is that I happened to be on hand when Mrs. Graham made the courageous decision the film is all about.

She literally phoned it in.
Keep those notes and emails coming, classmates!

Spoiler alert: The story ends with a historic U.S. Supreme Court decision against “prior restraint”—virtually barring forever any government effort to prevent publication of a story.

The so-called Pentagon Papers at the center of the drama began offhandedly as an academic exercise. Things had been going wrong in Vietnam for years by the summer of 1967 when Robert S. McNamara, secretary of defense under President Lyndon Johnson, decided it might be a good idea to figure out why.

“We had failed,” McNamara wrote in his memoir, In Retrospect: The Tragedy and Lessons of Vietnam.

“Why this failure?” he mused. “Could it have been prevented? What lessons could be drawn from our experiences that would enable others to avoid similar failures? The thought that scholars would surely wish to explore these questions once the war had ended was increasingly on my mind.”

So McNamara had a task force begin gathering government documents at the RAND Corporation in California, a research institution that did a lot of contract work for the Pentagon. He didn't mention his project to the president or secretary of state. And of course he had no plan to share it with the public. It was classified “Top Secret.”

But one of the researchers was a former Marine officer named Daniel Ellsberg, who became convinced that people should know what the task force had dug up. He surreptitiously photocopied the study and gave it to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1969.

Silence.

Finally, in 1971, a frustrated Ellsberg leaked the study to Neil Sheehan, a reporter for The New York Times who had been a distinguished war correspondent in Vietnam.

The Times secretively gathered its reporters who were versed in Vietnam, assigned them to write stories based on the study, and walled off secure areas where the stories could be put together.

It took three months before the Times finally kicked off publication in its editions of June 13, 1971, starting with a front-page headline—“Vietnam Archive: Pentagon Study Traces 3 Decades of Growing U.S. Involvement”—and following up with page after page inside.

At The Washington Post, those articles galvanized Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, who combined the graceful insouciance of privilege with the competitive instincts of an old-style newshound. The stories were scoops, and his own paper needed at least to match them if not beat the competition by digging out its own stories from that trove of information. The Post had to get those documents too.

Enter Ben Bagdikian. After sharing a Pulitzer Prize and Peabody Award as a reporter and foreign correspondent at the Providence Journal, Bagdikian had segued into freelance writing and media criticism when Bradlee lured him back to daily newspapering with a challenge to put theory into practice.

As assistant managing editor for national news, Bagdikian had done that by pioneering long-form reporting on heavyweight subjects that started on the front page of the Post and jumped to cleared pages inside. As an assistant national editor, editing those reports was my mid-career job.

It happened that Bagdikian remembered Ellsberg from when he had been at RAND himself, writing a book on future transformation of media by modern communications. He figured Ellsberg might be the source of the Pentagon Papers and got in touch with him.

Meanwhile, however, the Nixon administration’s Justice Department went into federal court to prevent the Times from publishing any more stories from the Papers, citing national security but actually motivated by embarrassment.
for itself and previous administrations. The Second U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals based in New York granted the order. So the Times dutifully shut down its presses while pursuing its legal appeal.

A frustrated Ellsberg agreed to turn the papers over to Bagdikian for publication in the Post.

Newsrooms feed on rumors and leak like a sieve, so Bagdikian brought the papers on a plane from Boston to Ben Bradlee’s Georgetown home and called me in to edit the copy there (rather than in the newsroom, as in the movie). As I recall, it was a Federal-style rowhouse, fairly narrow and deep, with a front door on the right-hand side and a long corridor behind that extending to the back of the house. I remember wide doorways that opened to rooms on the left—library, living room, dining room—and a phone in the hallway that played a part in the ensuing drama.

Three reporters with experience writing about Vietnam—Chalmers M. Roberts, Murrey Marder and Don Oberdorfer—were brought in to dig through the thousands of pages and write the resulting stories. We set up in the library.

Bradlee, Bagdikian and Deputy Managing Editor Howard Simons were on hand to supervise—and, as it turned out, to argue with the lawyers in the living room as the writers worked.

Attorneys Roger Clark and Anthony Essaye, of the firm Royal, Koegel and Wells, were experienced and comfortable dealing with Post editors and reporters on issues that came up, like claims of defamation.

But this situation made them uncomfortable. Their essential argument was that if the Post went ahead and published while the Times was under court order not to publish, that act could be construed as contempt of court and the Post could be penalized.

The essential counterargument of the editors was that the Post had a duty to publish the important news it had gathered.

As the deadline for the first city edition neared, around 7 p.m., Chal Roberts had finished the first story and it was ready to go by courier direct to the Post composing room. We took a break for sandwiches, cold cuts and coffee.

But the argument with the lawyers had not been resolved, and it spilled over into our workspace.

Roger Clark had suggested a “compromise.” Instead of publishing a story, the Post could print a front-page box saying it had the Pentagon Papers and would be publishing stories from them the following day. This, Clark said, would assert the right to publish.

The journalists didn’t like it. “That’s the shittiest idea I ever heard,” Oberdorfer said.

“The way to assert the right to publish is to publish,” is the way Bagdikian put it.

Ultimately, the intramural dispute was settled by Kay Graham, who was reached by telephone at a party. She decided to go with her editors against the advice of her lawyers and the Post’s top business executive, Frederick S. “Fritz” Beebe, who by that time also had turned up at Bradlee’s house.
Beebe pointed out that publication could jeopardize the company’s television licenses and a pending offer of common stock.

Mrs. Graham nevertheless gave the order to go ahead and publish, and the presses rolled with the first headline, “Documents Reveal U.S. Effort To Delay Viet Election.”

The story was far from over, though, because Mrs. Graham’s decision had to be vindicated in the courts.

The challenges brought by the two newspapers ended up in the nation’s highest court. The Supreme Court rejects most petitions, but it is more likely to accept them when faced with a conflict between circuit courts of appeal. That happened in this case because although the federal appellate court in New York had barred the Times from publishing its stories, the Post had won its case against prior restraint every step of the way through the District of Columbia Circuit.

The Supreme Court accepted the two cases, combined them for argument, and wound up by vacating the New York order and upholding the D.C. courts. Its 6-3 decision effectively ended prior restraint.

As David Halberstam put it later in his book about the big media companies, The Powers That Be, Katharine Graham and her top editors all concluded that the Pentagon Papers marked “the first moment of the Post as a big-time newspaper, a paper able to stand on its own and make its own decisions. Without it, they were sure, there never would have been Watergate. Because of the decisions that were taken that night, there were never any decisions needed on Watergate; never during Watergate did Ben Bradlee have to call Katharine Graham about whether or not they should print a particular story. If you had it, you went with it. It was the key moment for the paper, the coming of age.”

The Watergate burglary took place the next year, and I edited my share of the coverage as that scandal wound through Congress and the courts.

Thereafter courage spread through journalism like a benign virus. Public respect went up, and even tangential Post alumni might find their careers enhanced by the experience and aura of the Pentagon Papers and Watergate. In my case, for example, they were clearly assets as I went on to become, successively, news features editor and Saturday (weekend edition) editor of the Toronto Star, assistant managing editor of the New York Post, editor-in-chief of the Calgary Albertan, and managing editor and executive editor of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. When I got to Seattle, the P-I already had its own investigative duo patterned on Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein. (They were good, too—Eric Nalder and Timothy Egan.)

Footnote: I’ve shared this story with friends and family, and more than once the reaction was to ask me which actor is playing me in the movie. No, no, no! I say. The point is not that I was a big player myself but that I was lucky enough to be a witness to an epic battle for journalism. My role was to watch and listen while the true heroes charged up that hill and planted that flag—figuratively, because the greatest hero wasn’t even on the premises.

I did, however, make a contribution after the fact. A day or so after Mrs. Graham’s decision, I reminded Ben Bagdikian of his line, “the way to assert the right to publish is to publish.”
“Did I say that?” he replied. “That’s good.”

His formulation has since been memorialized in several books reconstructing the argument, and in the movie Ben Bradlee utters it with “only” inserted before “way.” As a moviegoer I consider that acceptable poetic license, but as an editor I say “only” is unnecessary.

The original has a Churchillian feel to it, a ring of authority and finality. It’s axiomatic.

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He Fires Off Letters to Editors—and Gets Them Published

Classmate Bob Sanchez Has Mastered the Art of Getting Into the Paper

Your co-editors are longtime newspaper people, so we know how picky our fellow editors are. But over the years our classmate Robert Sanchez has shared copies Letters to the Editor that he has submitted to his local paper, the Naples (FL) Daily News, and we noticed that an extraordinarily high number of them have been published. So we asked him to put together a piece that provides some rationale for his letter-writing and his high batting average. Bob has been too busy to provide a finished piece of the likes of us (humph!), but he shared some thoughts:

“lt started innocently enough with a letter sent from Long Lake in northwestern Minnesota at the summer home of a friend (neighbor) here in Pelican Bay.

“The letter was not only printed but was honored as the ‘Letter of the Day.’

“Turns out that was sufficient motivation for my regular submissions that I am pleased to say have never been rejected. Actually, one was returned that exceeded the 275 word limit. I grudgingly edited it to conform with their policy.

“The Naples Daily News is part of the USA Today network with its own local management and Editorial Board. These folks are quite aware of the conservative readership here in Naples, but fortunately they are balanced in their coverage and opinions, actually leaning slightly left in their endorsements.

“The editors do have some rules regarding clarity and taste and will edit submissions containing personal attacks and to prevent libel. They will also edit for accuracy and ask that the source of a statistic be attributed within the letter.

“Also, get this, no poetry, letter-writing campaigns, or airings of a personal grievance against a business.

“Worst of all they now limit submissions to one per month. ‘Da noive!’

“With all of these caveats the daily assortment of letters covers a wide range of issues and opinions. Many are highly partisan. Some fairly dripping with venom, mostly conservative or reactionary, and accompanied with the rarely exercised threat of cancelling their subscriptions.

“Over the years the editors have in their wisdom deigned to print some two dozen of my missives as ‘Letter of the Day,’ but for some reason best understood by them they have discontinued this encomium entirely.

“You are correct in noting that I try to find some common ground in my observations where reasonable people agree and we can move forward in the best interests of our country.
“I have been quoted by several letter writers praising my efforts to shed light rather than heat in my arguments and in one letter I listed some of the beliefs that I hold most dear.

“I think it’s up to us to bear witness as to what we experienced and the felt need to weigh in on how, equipped with a liberal education, we can process the events and choices that have confronted us (and still do confront us) over a four-score arc of history.

“They’ll have to pry the ‘pen’ out of my cold dead hand (to paraphrase Charlton Heston).”

—Sanch

Letters from Classmates (and Fans)

Thank you so very much for Ron Offenkrantz’s piece [June 2016] on that momentous day he and my late husband, Wallace Terry ’59, shared while getting the Brown Daily Herald story on Orval Faubus’s visit to Providence in 1957. To add a grace note, if you will, to this story: One of the venues for Wally’s promo tour for his book BLOODS was in Little Rock, Arkansas, September 1985. Orval Faubus came to Wally’s lecture and book signing and presented him with a signed copy of the memoir he had written of his combat duties during World War II. He mentioned the “memory of their pleasant meeting” in 1957 and “under pleasant circumstances” again in 1985.

If you wouldn’t mind, please thank Ron for maintaining the memory of what many would assume to be the far distant and unimportant past. But as William Faulkner assures us, “The past is never dead. It’s not even past.”

—Janice Terry

Editor’s note: Janice Terry can be contacted through a website devoted to her husband: http://www.wallaceterry.com/

I enjoyed the newsletter and was shocked to find that I was “mentioned in dispatches.” Ah, the price of fame. Watch out, Gawker.

—Bob Feldman, Parasol Press. [This delayed email refers to Steve Kurtz’s letter in the June 2016 issue.]

I live in a rural area with poor to non-existent Internet access and am therefore unable to view the recent newsletter. Is it possible to send me a copy via snail mail?

—Owen Hoberman [The current issue has more information on Owen.]

That was a great article you [Jim Furlong] wrote about your stroke [February 2017]. I'll keep those symptoms in mind. I also enjoyed the other articles. Keep it up!

—Doria Tenca

Read your engrossing piece [on your stroke] with interest. Glad it had a happy ending.

—Ed Flattau

Thanks to Our Contributors

The editors would like to thank classmates who have contributed so interestingly and generously to the Brown58Newsletter. Your work for the newsletter has made fine reading—humorous, biographical, informative, revealing and nostalgic. Some “Silent Generation”!

We hope that both you and classmates who haven’t yet contributed will supply us with more material in the future.

Following is a list of classmate contributions to date. The list serves both to recognize them with gratitude and to provide readers with an index to content.
Issue 1, April 2014
Harry Batchelder Jr. (Military intelligence and legal career)
Dorothy Cotten-Pemstein (Dealing with spousal loss)
Stan and Rosemarie Dobson (African trip)
George Held (Poems: “The Graft” and “Fireflies”)
John Reistrup (Newspaper days)

Issue 2, June 2014
Alfred Chapman (By son, Henry, about his father’s mental illness)
Lois Hammersberg Lowry (Brown honorary doctor of letters)
Edward Flattau (Global environmental challenges)
Judith Hillery (Art and wit)
Jim Furlong (Niels Bohr reminiscence)
Peter Howard (I’m a canoe)
Lee Ann Etscovitz (My gender journey)

Issue 3, November 2014
Sandy Taylor and classmates (September 26-28 mini-reunion). Classmates: Jane Bertram Miluski, Raya McCully Goff, Peter Howard, Abbe Robinson Young, Paul Johnson, Jill Hirst Scobie
Ulysses (Jim) James (Musical odyssey)
Kay Ulry Baker (Great Loop voyage)
Donald Lazere (Tenured radical)
David Finkelstein (Fish on the doorjamb)
Bruce McFadden Jr. (Story by son about Bruce Sr.’s high school reunion)
Lois Lowry (Essay about undergrad literary life at Brown)
Alfred Uhry (Essay about undergrad literary life at Brown)
Letters: Henry Chapman (responses received to inquiry on father), BJ Adams, Tom Moses, Jane

Issue 4, May 2015
Hays Rockwell (Life in the clergy)
Bob McLaughlin (Tribute by Jim Moody)
Doria Tenca (Bicycle days)
Bob Murphy (Flying, law, music)
George Vandervoort (Still skiing)
George Held (Nature poetry)
Bob Barta (Computer fraud)
Letters: Pat Patricelli, Ulysses (Jim) James, Kay Ulry Baker, Dave Labovitz, Dion Shea, Charlie (Gig) Shumway, Dick Emmons.

Issue 5, December 2015
Anne Walter Lowenthal (Travels with Wtewaal)
Gilbert Lugossy (Sheriff of Nottingham)
Janet Nelson Hall (A long love affair with music and a retirement home)
Martin Plaut (The Refectory rebellion)
David Clough (An executive turns artist)
Jim Moody (The trial of Ruby, the black Lab)
Martin Ritter (If memory serves)
Donald Lazere (Book synopsis)
Letters: Lois Dean, Joe Miluski

Issue 6, June 2016
Steve Singiser (Young banker leaves NYC for Vermont)
Ronald Offenkrantz (The shot almost seen ’round the world)
Jill Hirst Scobie (My rainbow coalition of a family)
Peter Howard (Backyard engineering)
Edward Flattau (Green to mean)
Letters: Ron Offenkrantz, Dick Neal, Steven Kurtz, Kirk Smith, Brody Summerfield)

**Issue 7, February 2017**

Sandy McFarland Taylor (October mini-reunion)
Pat Patricelli (Pat, her brother, and baseball)
Peter Howard (A Cold War engineer)
Betsy Morriss Campbell (On her aunt the Dean)
John Reistrup (Defense of the media)
Jerry Levine (Maxey memories)
Jim Furlong (Accidental early stroke rehab)
Paul Schaffer (Ilya Ehrenburg in Moscow)

**Issue 8, January 2018**

Owen Hoberman (An ark in the Berkshires)
Stan Dobson (Walking down the Hill, and Berlin in the Cold War)
Harry Batchelder (His new online biography)
Mike Trotter (His latest book and career in Atlanta)
Dick Emmons (He taught people to fish)
Jerry Levine (Bringing Playboy to Brown)
John Reistrup (Witnessing journalism history)
Bob Sanchez (Writing letters to the editor)
Letters: Janice Terry, Bob Feldman, Owen Hoberman, Doria Tenca, Ed Flattau

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**Navigation to Brown Class of 1958 Websites Is Now Easier**

The official 1958 Class Website—containing an extensive gallery of pictures, useful links and news of interest to alumni—now is easier to access. The website, associated with the Brown Alumni Association, may now be reached directly by clicking on:

https://sites.google.com/a/brown.edu/brown-class-of-1958/

If you want to tell your friends and family how to get to this newsletter (even if they’re not classmates!), an easy way is to Google “Brown58Newsletter”—or they can go this link:

https://brown58newsletter.wordpress.com/

You can look up classmates in the Brown Alumni Directory (login required):


You can get also in touch with many of your classmates through Facebook, Twitter and LinkedIn:

http://alumni.brown.edu/community/networking/