The Favorite Penn Professor Project

Harken all ‘68ers,

Welcome to an intellectual feast of sweeping dimensions. The Favorite Penn Professor Project is now presented for your consideration.

When we matriculated in 1964, did our class give any thought to the professors who taught the class entering in 1904? Too ancient, you say. Well, when 2024 comes around, a mere one presidential election cycle away, we will be in the same situation as our grandparents were when we began our studies. Does any descendant of the University of Pennsylvania Class of 1904 alive today know what their ancestor's professors were like in 1904? We have the 1904 Pennsylvania catalogue, a hefty hardback volume of 641 pages, which dryly tells us names and courses, but nothing else. Those professor memories have been lost to history.

Here, however, we can relish the memories of great Penn professors, scholars who have made us realize just why good teaching -- teaching which probes your mind and sometimes your heart -- matters significantly. The 75 memories included in this project cover 44 professors in 23 different academic departments. The range is wonderfully diverse: from the humanities to engineering to business to music, you will undoubtedly find a remembrance that will make clear just how fortunate we Penn students were to be captivated by the best minds in academia.

So when someone dismissively derides the profession of teaching because the pay scale may not be so generous, when that person asks what can a teacher possibly "make", look that clueless individual in the eye and exclaim: "**A teacher can make a difference**.”

Ladies and gentlemen of the Class of 1968, I commend to you The Favorite Penn Professor Project of 2020.

Your faithful Penn classmate,

Lee Gordon

The Favorite Penn Professor Project

Memories and Tributes

Compiled by Lee Gordon, C'68

Table of Contents:

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION: ANTHONY N.B. GARVAN -- Andrew Schwartzman

ANTHROPOLOGY: LOREN EISELEY --- Dennis Picker
IGOR KOPYTOFF -- Barbara Bravo, Richard Platt

ART: NEIL WELLIVER -- Kristi Hager

ART HISTORY: DAVID M. ROBB -- Marilyn Kramer Weitzman Kahn

BUSINESS LAW: PAUL WOHLMUTH -- Frank E. Hart

CHEMISTRY: MADELEINE JOULLIE -- Stuart Finkel, Eli Goodman (C'69)

CHINESE STUDIES: DERK BODDE -- Stuart Finkel, Mark Rosen

CLASSICAL STUDIES: ROBERT E.A. PALMER -- Jan Herbst

ECONOMICS -- ROBERT SUMMERS -- Michael Crow

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING -- JOSEPH BORDOGNA --- Dennis Picker for all 3 professors
FREDERICK KETTERER
S. REID WARREN

ENGLISH -- ROBERT BAMBERG -- Susan Croll, Lenny Levin
TRISTRAM COFFIN -- Robert Tuteur
JOEL CONARROE -- Frank Shanbacker, Elsie Howard, Richard Platt
RICHARD HOFFMAN -- Elsie Howard, Joseph Lauinger
CHARLES LEE -- Elsie Howard
ROBERT LUCID -- Lisa Davidow, Elsie Howard
IRMA LUSTIG -- Constance Bille'
MORSE PECKHAM -- Bob D'Augustine
PHYLLIS RACKIN -- Lee Gordon
GERALD WEALES -- Elsie Howard, Joseph Lauinger

GLEE CLUB -- BRUCE MONTGOMERY -- Wayne Baruch, Rick Cummins (C'69),
Ron Klein (C'69), Randy Feldman,
Andrew Schwartzman

HISTORY -- WALLACE E. DAVIES -- Lee Gordon, Lionel Schooler
ROY F. NICHOLS -- Lee Gordon
ALEXANDER RIASANOVSKY -- Hans Binnendijk, Lee Gordon, Lionel
Schooler, Christine Sommer, Geoffrey Stone
CHARLES ROSENBERG -- Stuart Finkel, Lee Gordon, Lenny Levin,
Richard Platt
MARTIN WOLFE -- Lee Gordon, Christine Sommer

MICHAEL ZUCKERMAN -- Andrew Schwartzman

LANGUAGES: GERMAN -- JOHN V. MOORE -- Frank Kampas, Mona Shangold

ITALIAN -- ENZO ORVIETO -- Barbara Bravo, Lee Gordon (Editor's Note)

LABOR RELATIONS -- RICHARD L. ROWAN -- John Raudabaugh, Andrew Woods

MATERIAL SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING -- WAYNE WORRELL -- Bruce W. Wessels

MATHEMATICS -- HERBERT WILF -- Lee Gordon, Mona Shangold, Linda Sacks

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING -- REINOUT KROON ---Thomas Cassel

NATURAL SCIENCES -- ALAN ADLER -- Frank Kampas

PHYSICS -- VIRGIL HIGHLAND -- Richard Platt
WALTER SELOVE -- Stuart Finkel, Frank Kampas, Lenny Levin, Mark Rosen, Merrie Wise

POLITICAL SCIENCE -- HENRY J. ABRAHAM -- Lee Gordon
C. J. BURNETT -- Lionel Schooler
ALVIN Z. RUBINSTEIN -- Richard Fein

SOCIOLOGY -- E. DIGBY BALTZELL -- Lee Gordon
MARVIN WOLFGANG -- Marilyn Kanas

The Favorite Penn Professor Project

Lee Gordon at the Class of 1968 Professors Forum in 2018

Left to Right: Joel Canarroe (English), Phyllis Rackin (English), Lee Gordon, C'68, Madeleine Joullie', G'50, GR'53 (Chemistry), Michael Zuckerman, C'61 (History), and Ross Weber (Management)

The Favorite Penn Professor Project

LEE GORDON
Memories and Tributes

Alex Riasanovsky, Henry J. Abraham, GR'52 and Phyllis Rackin are first in our Memories and Tributes in The Favorite Penn Professor Project since all three professors were responsible for my undertaking this labor of love.

ALEXANDER VALENTINOVICH RIASANOVSKY
by Lee Gordon, C'68

As a college student, how fortunate it is to have a special person mold your personal universe. Someone so dynamic and brilliant that you feel at once transformed into a thinking adult, while you could sense that you were in the presence of genius. That was me, Lee Gordon, fifty years ago, at the University of Pennsylvania.

The Daily Pennsylvanian "Course Guide" cited Russian History 149 as one of the finest introductory courses in the University. Yet it was the guide's reference to the course professor that truly resonated: "The Great One, as many students refer to him, received unanimous ratings of excellent from his students. His lectures are regarded as consistently interesting, often humorous, and always very well organized. He was also praised for his interest in the individual student, a trait not often found in one who lectures to 500 pupils."

And so Alexander V. Riasanovsky — "The Great One" — entered my life.

Watching Professor Riasanovsky on the grand stage in College Hall was mesmerizing. His cadence was fast-paced, his baritone voice carried in a thunderous roar when he emphasized a certain point, and his command of Russian history was awe-inspiring. The Lindback Distinguished Teaching Award winning Professor Alex Riasanovsky was Penn personified.

His Russian history course was popular with students from all programs: Wharton, pre-med, engineering, and liberal arts. Everyone wanted to hear him lecture. He was the consummate Penn ambassador, speaking to all the Penn Clubs throughout the United States, with alumni eager to hear his talk got to know Alex more intimately when he allowed me the privilege of taking his graduate course in Russian history, and to this very day, I fondly remember our conversations about the Russian intelligentsia. In his graduate seminar, Professor Riasanovsky challenged me to think analytically. He had edited a masterful book "Generalizations in Historical Writing", and believed that since history was approached from numerous philosophical, religious, social, political and economic positions, the historian must be able to frame meaningful generalizations.

Born in Harbin, Manchuria China in 1928, Alex's childhood innocence ended abruptly at age 10 when he witnessed a Japanese soldier behead a prisoner. His family fled, finding safe haven across the Pacific Ocean in Eugene, Oregon. The Riasanovsky family was living history. Alex's father Valentin was the preeminent scholar of Mongol law and his mother Nina Fedorova won the Atlantic Monthly prize for fiction in 1940 for her novel "The Family". Both Riasanovsky sons were Rhodes Scholars and both became famous Russian history professors, with Alex at Penn and his brother Nicholas at the University of California at Berkeley. But Alex was more than just a wonderful history professor. He was also a true Renaissance man: a historian, a freethinker, a fine artist and a prolific poet. I wish I had learned the Russian language because my bookshelf is filled with his poetry written in Russian. A Wallace Stevens devotee, Alex wrote poem after poem, and, gratefully, some were translated into English. Philosophically, Professor Riasanovsky was a man of peace, and he loved to poke wicked fun at the imperious political megalomaniacs. In a 1995 poem he lamented eloquently:

This long
This gray
And twisted way
Marked by festoons
Of broken flowers
Leads to a land
Where blood-soaked sand
Is raised
In monuments and towers

Here judgement's rendered
In a glance

Of lying levity, by clowns

Here means and ends
Are seen

As one
And executioners
Wear plastic crowns.

I will long cherish Alex's books, especially the one with the inscription: "To my favorite student family". But even more important, I will always cherish the memories with Professor Riasanovsky and the love and friendship we shared together over the many decades. Not only my wife Sandy, but even our three sons Alex, Eric and Michael, were able to spend

time with this wonderful raconteur, and bask in the glow of genius. Most especially, Alex and I were invited to attend the very last lecture Professor Riasanovsky gave at Penn, in the mid-1990's. What a thrill for Alex, and what a memory for his Dad, to be transported back to the halcyon days of Russian History 149.

When my eldest son was born, we proudly named him Alex. I still have the wonderful note Professor Riasanovsky sent: “I’m very happy to hear about your son. What a lovely name you have given him!” Yes, Alex, a lovely name indeed!

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW PROFESSOR HENRY J. ABRAHAM TRIBUTE

HENRY J. ABRAHAM

by Lee Gordon, C’68

I am a proud member of the Tribe of Abraham, a loyal student of a true mensch.

Many of us were fortunate to have taken Professor Henry J. Abraham’s class, Political Science 502: "American Constitutional Law", which provided amazing insight into our nation's legal history. Henry will always be remembered for his intellectual brilliance and his remarkably sharp wit. In his 23 years of teaching at Penn (from 1949 to 1972), Henry demanded a great deal in class, but in return he was passionately dedicated to his students. As an academic, Henry was a prolific author, writing many scholarly but eminently readable books, with his three most popular: “The Judicial Process”, “Justices, Presidents and Senators” and “Freedom and the Court: Civil Rights and Liberties in the United States”. Needless to say, Henry’s keen observations and insight in these respected tomes command our rapt attention today.

I was so very grateful for his lifelong friendship. I was honored to personally receive from Henry his confidential memoir, "Reflections on a Full Life: 1921 - 20__", penned as of his 81st birthday, August 25, 2002. It is breathtaking to read about the journey of a young Jewish boy suffering under brutal Nazi rule in Offenbach, Germany, coming to America alone at age 15, leaving behind his parents and younger brother. The flowering of this top student in his class in Germany became one of America's great Constitutional scholars, one who ascended to the heights of brilliant academic stardom.

What a life he led! I mean, it doesn’t get better than palling around with Kenyon College schoolmates Paul Newman and Olaf Palme, and later with The Supremes. In his honor, Henry’s former students and colleagues established the annual Abraham Distinguished Lecture Series at the UVA School of Law under the auspices of the Thomas Jefferson Center for the Protection of Free Expression. Much like the Super Bowl, the lectureships carried Roman numerals with the last event, HJA XXI, featuring journalist Evan Thomas (grandson of the famous Socialist Norman Thomas) as the guest speaker in May 2019.

My wife, Sandy, and I have great memories of the dinners which followed the annual lecture. I was the oldest of his students invited every year, as a Penn grad in the '60's, since most of the former students were Henry's Ph.D acolytes at the University of Virginia. Henry

was always in splendid rhetorical form, always accompanied by his wife Mildred (an authority on the city of Verona, Italy), and his most dedicated Ph.D. graduate, Barbara A. Perry (Director of Presidential Studies at UVA's Miller Center). His honored lecturers over the two decades Included members of the Supreme Court that he knew well, such as Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist and Associate Justice Antonin Scalia. But in keeping with the theme of his lecture series, other renowned Americans would be our fellow dinner guests, with John Wesley Dean, of Watergate fame, being my favorite.

Oh, how I shall miss those meetings with Henry, and the hug and warm embrace he gave to Sandy and me. And, of course, that wry smile and mischievous humor that were Henry's trademarks.

I invite you to read the laudatory obituaries of Professor Abraham. You will surely see why I was so hopeful that Henry would be able to be one of the panelists for the 50th Reunion Professors Forum. Alas, it was not to be. But even at 98, Henry still retained an agile mind. Farewell, Professor Henry J. Abraham, our Penn treasure. We shall not see his like again.

Dr. Henry J. Abraham

https://news.virginia.edu/content/memoriam-henry-abraham-brilliant-judicial-scholar-and-legendary-lecturer

https://www.washingtonpost.com/local/obituaries/henry-j-abraham-u-va-professor-scholar-of-supreme-court-history-dies-at-98/2020/03/04/eb32e88c-5d6e-11ea-9055-5fa12981bbbf_story.html

ENGLISH PROFESSOR PHYLLIS RACKIN TRIBUTE

PHYLLIS RACKIN

by Lee Gordon, C'68

As a callow freshman in the fall of 1964, I did not know what to expect in Phyllis Rackin's English 100 class. Surprisingly, Professor Rackin announced that we would read an author I had never heard of: Ken Kesey. The book was "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest", which had recently been published and had not yet gained traction as a great American novel. I said to myself then: "Why did my teacher select this book?"

Now one half century on, I realize just how prescient Professor Rackin was in her selection -- that assigned novel helped direct my life journey in a significant way.

In 2017, after rewatching the movie version of "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest", I had a eureka moment. I came to understand just how powerful a teacher can be in transforming one's life. From my time as a Berkeley law student, with the Vietnam War protests gathering full strength, to my legal career as an appellate lawyer, arguing constitutional issues in high courts on behalf of an accused, I vividly remembered Randle McMurphy's mantra: Question authority and think for yourself! I then reread "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest". My own copy bears Ken Kesey's imploring inscription: "You're making a sense of your own..." With this fresh insight, I knew that Phyllis Rackin's teaching had made a difference in my life. To express my everlasting gratitude to her, I invited Phyllis to be the first honored Penn teacher selected for our 50th Year Reunion's Professors Forum. In the late 1960's, our Professors Forum star was denied tenure in an English department that had no tenured women. A toxic all-male culture and a male chauvinist English department chairman blocked her way, even though nearly all her English department colleagues supported her tenure request. So, in the early 1970's, Phyllis was forced to sue the University of Pennsylvania, and she waged a hard-fought battle to secure what should have rightfully been awarded her from the beginning. Phyllis was the warrior who led Penn across the Rubicon in ending sex discrimination regarding tenure for women. Professor Rackin not only emerged victorious, but soon after, in 1977, secured the prestigious Lindback Award for Distinguished Teaching. In 1994, Professor Rackin was elected President of the Shakespeare Society of America. I was gratified to learn that the University of Pennsylvania has even created a lectureship in her name. This annual lecture celebrates the legacy of Professor Phyllis Rackin, whose pioneering work has insistently asked after the place of women in early modern literature and society, and whose presence at Penn has helped to shape and expand the role of women in the academy." Phyllis Rackin is still an active Penn professor, teaching a Shakespeare seminar; and she continues to write, as noted by her article "The Hidden Women Writers of the Elizabethan Theatre" that appeared in *The Atlantic* magazine in June, 2019.

I am virtually out of breath in trying to keep up with Professor Rackin's activities. I recently told Phyllis that she was officially an honorary member of the Class of 1968. She replied: "Thanks for the honor. Yours was a great class, so it makes me very happy. It was a privilege to teach at Penn with students who have been a continual source of intellectual stimulation and delight." The feeling is mutual, for what a gem our Penn university community has in English Professor Phyllis Rackin.

AMERICAN CIVILIZATION DEPARTMENT

ANTHONY N.B. GARVAN

by Andrew Schwartzman, C'68, L'71

Anthony N.B. Garvan was the scion of a Main Line family, but he developed a value-neutral and dispassionate methodology to study a nation's culture, similar to Margaret Mead's cultural anthropology. He used a society's family structure, religious practices, politics and economics to devise a way to explain its values. He saw movements over a generation driven by significant events that typically went unrecognized at the time. (Those familiar with the work of historians Neil Howe and William Strauss will see that they use a similar model.) I have applied his insights all throughout my career.

ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENT

LOREN EISELEY, GR'37

by Dennis Picker, EE'68

I needed to find an interesting humanities class in my sophomore year, and Anthropology 30: "Human Evolution", taught by Loren Eiseley, fit the bill, plus it had no prerequisites. What a fortuitous choice. Professor Eiseley was a distinguished and renowned anthropologist, who also had written many books popularizing physical anthropology as well as hosting a TV show, although I did not know that when I registered. It quickly became apparent that I was in the presence of greatness. Although it was an introductory course, he interacted with us as if we were advanced graduate students. His lectures were stimulating and clear, peppered with observations gleaned from his difficult childhood years in rural Nebraska. He made the subject matter come to life and left you with a sense of wonder. Professor Eisely was also a gifted poet, and I still treasure a volume of his poetry that I bought at the end of the semester. The class met in the beautiful and brand-new Annenberg Building, which was a plus, as almost all my classes were down on 33rd Street in science and engineering territory.

ANTHONY N.B. GARVAN

by Andrew Schwartzman, C'68, L'71

Anthony N.B. Garvan was the scion of a Main Line family, but he developed a value-neutral and dispassionate methodology to study a nation's culture, similar to Margaret Mead's cultural anthropology. He used a society's family structure, religious practices, politics and economics to devise a way to explain its values. He saw movements over a generation driven by significant events that typically went unrecognized at the time. (Those familiar with the work of historians Neil Howe and William Strauss will see that they use a similar model.) I have applied his insights all throughout my career.

IGOR KOPYTOFF, G'58

by Richard Platt, C'68

Igor Kopytoff was (and still is) a professor of anthropology. I reflect often on his announcing that he finally understood the value of his and others' academic products. He'd attended a gathering where Penn's president had anchored a pitch to donors by plopping a pile of books by faculty members on the podium. It was all about the thud."

IGOR KOPYTOFF, G'58

by Barbara Russo Bravo, CW'68, GED'69

I took Anthropology freshman year because it was something interesting not offered in my high school. I don't remember the thud story but Dr. Igor Kopytoff's class was fascinating and lively. Years later I spoke to him when he was in a booth at Smokey Joe's with another fellow and they invited me to join them. He was funny and it was nice to have a beer with a professor.

ART DEPARTMENT

NEIL WELLIVER

by Kristi Hager, CW'68

Neil Welliver taught "Descriptive Drawing" to architecture students. We drew free hand with a flexible nib fountain pen and black ink on 18" X 24" bond paper. No erasing. We drew architectural interiors and exteriors with the goal of describing the space with no spin. He expected our lines to be energetic and efficient. His assistant, Frank Kawasaki, took us on field trips to downtown Philly to draw in the Redding Terminal Market, Penn Station and City Hall, our biggest challenge. We drew the Furness Library inside and out. Welliver called Frank the fastest hand in the West, or some such gunslinger metaphor, and it was true. I always thought Welliver had the fastest eye in the west when he pointed out any and all false, lazy or extraneous lines in an instant. When you did something exceptional, he pointed that out to the whole class and made your day.

In his figure drawing class, I was bluffing through drawing the eye because it was hard to delineate and easier to wing it. He noticed. He brought the whole class around behind him while he drew an enlarged deconstructed the eye on the corner of my drawing pad showing the eyeball as a sphere in a socket with the eyelid moving in a curve across that volume. He taught me to slow down when I am confused and take time to visually analyze instead of glossing over with approximations. Welliver exhibited large landscapes and figures in New York when that was out of fashion in the art scene of 1968. I live and paint in Montana and know what a minefield of clichés landscape painting can be. I avoided it for years until I knew I had to face it. He showed me it could be done. Neil Welliver took on the Maine woods all his life and made it his own.

ART HISTORY DEPARTMENT

DAVID M. ROBB

by Marilyn Kramer Weitzman Kahn, CW'68, G'69

Penn was known for having one of the best Art History departments at that time. I enrolled in History of Art 140: "Art and Civilization". What was so unusual about the course was that there was a lecture to a full auditorium each week, where each professor who specialized in a particular period of art lectured on his or her specialty. Professor David Robb, one of the authors of the course textbook, was a tremendous teacher who gave very emotionally driven lectures on his favorite works of art. We really heard from the stars in their field as it was absolutely fascinating to hear very enthusiastic senior professors trying to explain what was most important in their particular period and to back it up with in depth analyses of some of the most important works or structures from that period. We also met twice a week in small group format with teaching assistants, most of whom, I recall, were Ph.D students. This course really gave me a lifetime appreciation for art.

BUSINESS LAW DEPARTMENT

PAUL WOHLMUTH, W'60

by Frank E. Hart, W'68

Of all my wonderful Penn professors, one surely took the cake: Paul Wohlmuth. Professor Wohlmuth taught Business Law my freshman year, first semester. Not ever having been a morning person (still true today), I was greatly chagrined to find my courses included Business Law at 8:00 AM – and the time torture was scheduled for Monday through Thursday - a miserable 4 mornings a week not to look forward to. What an astounding surprise for me to realize after one week that I eagerly anticipated attending that class most of all. Mr. Wohlmuth made the legal framework of business in America an interesting, indeed fascinating subject.

This course was useful to me immediately in professional life as a management consultant for a dozen years, as Mr. Wohlmuth's training permitted me to assist many clients in avoiding legal traps. It was quite valuable over the last 37 years as a hedge fund manager. It permitted me to speak legal shorthand with attorneys all over the country, especially helpful for those years when it seemed I'd been specially selected to ensure the full employment of all the lawyers in the U.S. As recently as last week, serving on the board of our New Orleans condominium, I was able to defend a condo unit owner from the accusations of the former board President. She claimed that he, after consulting with the property manager, had improperly installed a dryer vent through an outside wall because he didn't have board approval. Compliments of Mr. Wohlmuth, I was able to counter that he, in fact, did have board approval via the well-known legal principle of apparent authority.

Thanks for the 8:00 memories, Mr. Wohlmuth.

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT

MADELEINE JOULLIE’, G’50, GR’53

by Stuart Finkel, C’68

I have a clear memory of my Organic Chemistry course with Professor Madeleine Joullie, who told us: “You must loook at the boook.”

MADELEINE JOULLIE’, G’50, GR’53

by Eli Goodman, C'69

Since I was a chemistry major, I was fortunate to have Madeleine Joullie teach me for three courses. I recall that she was a woman in a man’s world. Of course, she was brilliant; but back in the 1960’s I was too young to appreciate just how brilliant she was. I do remember that in those dark ages for women professors at Penn, she stood out smartly as a woman in a male-dominated field. As she did for the 50th reunion for the Class of 1968, Professor Joullie also participated in the Professors Forum for my Class of 1969. It took me a few minutes to realize who Professor Joullie was, that she had been one of my professors, and that she had such a remarkable career.

EDWARD THORNTON

by JoAnne Stubbe, CW’68

When I was an undergraduate at Penn I did not know what I wanted to major in (chemistry?, math?, squash? tennis?). I ended up being a chemistry major because I loved detective stories, finding pieces to the puzzle, and putting them together to solve a problem. I went to graduate school in organic chemistry at UC Berkeley, where I received my Ph.D., and am now Professor Emeritus in Chemistry at MIT.

I am thus often asked: did you have any role models? The name of my Penn professor, Madeleine Joullie’, always appears, as she was at the time, one of the few women chemists (organic chemistry) with a tenured faculty position at any major university. Another name from my Penn connection is Mildred Cohn, a pioneer in nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR) methods applied to understanding enzymes, nature's catalysts. Both organic chemistry and biophysical methods have been central to my lab’s science over the past 45 years. At the time I was at Penn (1964 to 1968), I was focused on trying to figure out what I wanted to pursue. When asked to comment on role models and favorite Penn educators, I do so in retrospect. In graduate school there were NO women organic chemistry faculty. Thus, Professor Joullie’ gave me hope that I might be able to teach and pursue my passion. I met Professor Cohn through the literature while in graduate school -- she worked on an enzyme that I worked on at the time.

Over the years I got to know both of these remarkable women, with their inspiring stories. They thrived because of their ability, passion, curiosity, and perseverance.

My willingness to pursue a scientific career in chemistry was strongly influenced by my undergraduate research experiences with Professors Edward Thornton at Penn and Edward Trachtenberg at Clark University. I had a National Science Foundation fellowship to work at Clark University for three summers, and, while there, I learned organic chemistry from Professor Trachtenberg. It was Professor Thornton who was instrumental in getting me to apply to a "good" graduate program. Because there was no internet in those days, you had to rely on your professor's recommendations. Professor Thornton suggested both MIT and the University of California at Berkeley, but he pushed for the former. I chose Berkeley, the symbol of the '60's. In the fall of 1968, I flew to my new city by helicopter. On the ground, the taxi transporting me to campus was covered with flowers, and the driver had very long hair. Quite a contrast with Philadelphia. Berkeley was wonderful for me, but I was also pleased when later I fulfilled, in a nice twist of fate, Professor Thornton's school preference when I became a chemistry professor at MIT.

CLASSICAL STUDIES

ROBERT E.A. PALMER

by Jan Herbst, C'68, G'68

Before Penn one of my interests was the history of Rome with its myriad wars, especially those with Carthage and Hannibal, and the extraordinary range of its building and engineering accomplishments. Taking the course General Honors 15: "Roman Society and Institutions in the Age of the Imperial Republic" with Robert E. A. Palmer, Professor of Classical Studies, opened up whole new facets of that history for me freshman year. Dr. Palmer had profound knowledge of the social and political issues faced by the Roman republic, such as slavery, the assimilation of former adversaries, and agrarian reform. Often sitting on the edge of his desk with an impish smile, while recounting some fascinating historical tidbit or explicating a noteworthy epigraph, he made those ancient times come alive for me. During one lecture, he even passed around some of his personal collection of Roman coins for the class to touch and feel.

I so enjoyed and benefited from that one term course with Dr. Palmer that in junior year I enrolled in both semesters of his graduate course Classical Studies 624: "Expansion of Roman Sovereignty" during the Roman republic, notwithstanding that I was a physics major. Once more I was captivated by his teaching style and his marvelous ability to transport us to the times as if he were reincarnated from them. I still have the lengthy final paper I wrote on the sources of personnel for the Roman navy. What astonishes me more than the fact that I spent uncounted hours in Van Pelt library researching it is Dr. Palmer's numerous notes, challenging queries, and suggestions for further inquiry, underscoring his genuine dedication to and interest in scrutinizing, constructively critiquing, and hence encouraging a student's work. It was a great privilege to have had Dr. Palmer, who died in 2006 at only 73, as a teacher. I learned much from him, and many of those lessons remain germane today.

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN RULES:
SKIRTS TO BE WORN AT ALL TIMES IN CLASS AND IN THE LIBRARY

Linda Mann Sacks, CW'68, FEL'78:
Ladies- remember when we could only wear slacks to the library during finals week??? Skirts for us. How times change.

Mona Shangold, CW'68:
I definitely remember that we had to wear skirts to classes. I don't remember the exception for the library during finals week.

Merrie Bauer Wise, CW'68, GEE'76, GR'81:
I remember wearing a suit in Chemistry lab! I must have splattered acid, because the next day I had quarter-sized holes all over the skirt. Crushed!

I agree standards for women have changed dramatically - but I still really loved my time at Penn.

CHINESE STUDIES DEPARTMENT

DERK BODDE

by Stuart Finkel, C'68

I just quoted Professor Derk Bodde recently in a 99 Garden Market that sells Asian foods. I remember him saying that there are more varieties of Chinese vegetables than there are names for them in English. This, as I was looking at 25 varieties of baby bok choy, plus innumerable varieties of adolescent, adult, and geriatric bok choy. Clearly not enough English names for just the bok choy. Dr. Bodde invited me to consider majoring in Oriental Studies after taking his Chinese Civilization course, when "Oriental" was not yet a racist word. Purely occidental, I swear. But I responded to him, "We don't even have diplomatic relations with China. What am I going to do, teach Chinese history?" I am still ashamed of my rudeness to this gentle man, and clearly disqualified myself as a diplomat. I still have an appreciation for Shang and Chou bronzes, and would love to acquire a k'u.

DERK BODDE

by Mark Rosen, C'68, M'72

I took a General Honors History 12 "The Evolution of Chinese Classical Civilization" freshman seminar course from Professor Derk Bodde. I do recall that he made what sounds like a boring topic, Ancient Chinese History, into a fascinating one. His lectures were brilliant, bringing to life what seemed to me to be a dull history.   I learned how history shapes and explains the present.

ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT

ROBERT SUMMERS

by Michael Crow, C'68, WG'70

Introductory Economics with Robert Summers really triggered my interest in Economics and started me on the path of Economics as a major. My course in Macroeconomics with Robert Summers, followed by others in Macroeconomic Theory and about the Business Cycle, provided me with a theoretical and practical basis for better understanding the overall economy and the financial markets, as well as the housing markets in which I was working.

The Economics Department overall had an important impact on me. Suddenly there was a subject (well-taught by the various faculty members) that really captured my interest; as my interest developed, my efforts toward learning suddenly blossomed. The economics courses I took were certainly valuable and appreciated when I was active in business. What I really recall about my professors at Penn was not so much about any particular professor other than Robert Summers. Looking back, because I was sufficiently reserved and introverted, what I regret is not getting to know any of them very well.

When I left Penn, I had the seemingly crazy notion of someday getting a doctorate in Economics, and at some point moving on to teach. I actually enrolled in a Ph.D program in Economics in Dallas in the early seventies with that in mind. Among the things I quickly learned was that I wasn't ready to seek a degree on a part-time basis that was often interrupted with business travel. When I did finally decide to seek a doctorate to teach, I realized I needed to be a full time student. I also found a different subject to learn about (one to which I was not exposed while at Penn) - Psychology. When finally teaching, I also learned from my own reserved behaviors -- that it would be worthwhile encouraging students to get to know their faculty. In that vein, there are several students I have had over the twenty years of teaching who stay in touch, and that has been one of the gratifying aspects of teaching.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

JOSEPH BORDOGNA, EE'55, GRE'64

By Dennis Picker, EE'68

Joe, as Joseph Bordogna liked to be called, was a newly minted assistant professor when I was in his classes. He had joined the faculty after getting his degrees from Penn and serving in the Navy. Dr. S. Reid Warren had been his mentor. He had a contagious enthusiasm, and conveyed a sense of excitement about the field of electrical engineering and the career possibilities we faced. He often had a twinkle in his eyes as he took us through the study of electronic circuit design. In addition to his teaching, he was very active in consulting to local industry. Over the years, he became chair of the EE department, then Dean of Engineering, implementing many important initiatives. Eventually, he left Penn to

become a senior administrator at the National Science Foundation. After several decades there, he returned to teach at Penn. He mentored an enormous number of electrical engineers. I was sad to be unable to attend his memorial service on campus last February, due to the covid-19 virus, but hundreds of others were present.

FREDERICK KETTERER

by Dennis Picker, EE'68

Professor Frederick Ketterer looked like the stereotype of an engineer in the early 1960's. Black framed eye glasses and a crew cut. He was a dynamo and really challenged us in his classes. The subject matter was ostensibly electromagnetic machines (motors, generators and such), and most of us were not interested in that—it seemed old fashioned compared to the electronics revolution. But, he used that subject matter to force us to dig deeply into our understanding of electricity, physics, and mathematics. His problem sets were beyond legendary. They were issued once per week and used to take 10 or more hours to complete. They were multi-layered problems, like puzzles: you had to do a whole bunch of calculations to figure out A, which then let you do a whole more work to figure out B, then on to C, etc., eventually leading to the end result, which might have been around step M. We quickly figured out that we needed to band together to tackle these problem sets. A revolving group of around 10-15 EEs would meet in the EE lounge to drink horrid vending machine coffee and collaborate on outlining the plan of attack to unravel that week's problem set. At least once, we met at someone's apartment over a spaghetti dinner. It was very hard work, but we learned a lot. Professor Ketterer died of cancer at a young age, and it was a great loss to future students who missed experiencing his classes.

S. REID WARREN

by Dennis Picker, EE'68

Professor Warren taught a class in electromagnetic fields, an advanced class required of all Electrical Engineering majors. It was a difficult subject and many of us struggled with it. He had spent his entire career at Penn, getting his BS, MS, and PhD in EE there before joining the faculty. He garnered respect, and he fostered high academic standards. To me, he was the elder statesman of the electrical engineering department. I met with him several times in his capacity as Dean to convince him to allow me to pack in more physics courses, at the expense of taking fewer than the normal required number of humanities courses, but, in retrospect, this was a mistake.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

ROBERT D. BAMBERG

by Susan Croll, CW'68, G'94

In 1967-68, Dr. Robert Bamberg was an assistant professor in the English department and the department's undergraduate chair. We met when he guided me through the process of changing my major from elementary education to English two weeks into our senior year. I enrolled in his course in the novel which became one of my favorite Penn courses. The write-up about him in our class yearbook states "Bamberg sees himself as a difficult and demanding teacher and feels the students get satisfaction from this regimen". I agree. He was a fine teacher with high expectations, who did not suffer fools gladly and who was liked and respected by the students.

Readings included novels by Austen, Eliot, James, Conrad, Faulkner and Joyce, among others, and he normally assigned one novel per week (we may have had two weeks to read "Middlemarch" and certainly had two for "Ulysses"). In addition to the heavy reading load, "demanding" included his taking attendance and raising questions at the beginning of each class to determine who was present and who had actually read the novel. Dr. Bamberg had a specific approach to the study of the novel and expected us to incorporate that approach into our discussion of the works and into our papers. I recall, in particular, that he asked that we observe and be able to speak to "conventions" that the author used (an example that comes to mind is the use of houses in James' "The Portrait of a Lady").

For the first several weeks of the semester, when Dr. Bamberg took attendance using registration cards provided by the Registrar's Office, he would call the name of a male student who never appeared. Dr. Bamberg finally concluded that the student had dropped the course. Over the subsequent weeks, Dr. Bamberg became acquainted with all of us by name (I estimate the class size at about 30 to 40). Grading was based on class participation, several papers that he assigned and on a comprehensive final exam at the end of the semester. On the day of the final exam, a male student appeared whom Dr. Bamberg had not seen before. He asked the student who he was and what he was doing there. It turned out to be that student who had never shown up. I and my classmates froze at the audacity of this student never coming to class and showing up to take the final exam. He calmly explained to Dr. Bamberg that he had read all of the books. We braced for Dr. Bamberg's explosion. Instead, his face assumed a demonic look and he said "Fine. Stay. I *want* you to take this exam." The exam questions were all based on Dr. Bamberg's approach to reading and critiquing a novel and I could not imagine how they could be answered in any other terms. I have never stopped wondering what happened with that student's exam and his grade for the course, and I still shudder when I remember the look on Dr. Bamberg's face. Dr. Bamberg's research while he was at Penn was on James Joyce.

I remember his encouraging us to become acquainted with the Joyce collection at Philadelphia's Rosenbach Museum, suggesting that living in Philadelphia and not taking advantage of that museum's resources was wasteful. As a continuous resident of the Philadelphia area, I still hear his admonishment whenever I receive information about the Rosenbach's events and collections. Dr. Bamberg left Penn in 1970. His post-Penn career is summarized on a web page for the Norton Critical Edition of "The Portrait of a Lady", Henry James, Robert D. Bamberg (Editor): "Robert D. Bamberg is Emeritus Professor of English at Kent State University. He previously taught at Bates College (where he was chairman of the department and Dean of the Faculty) and at the University of Pennsylvania. He received his Ph.D. from Cornell University. He is the author of articles on British and American fiction and is editor of The Confessions of Jereboam O. Beauchamp. He is an affiliate member of the American Psychoanalytic Association and practices psychoanalysis in Cleveland."

ROBERT D. BAMBERG

by Lenny Levin, C'68

Robert D. Bamberg was the professor for my General Honors Literature 11 course in "Modern Fiction". I well remember the intellectual arguments I had (expressed through my papers) with him. While Professor Bamberg was championing how to grapple with the complex legacy of the American South through its writers (such as Robert Penn Warren), I was critiquing the South's competitive-honor ideal from a pacifist social-democratic standpoint that I imbibed from Maurice Samuel's *The Gentleman and the Jew*.

TRISTRAM COFFIN

by Robert Tuteur, W'68

As I remember the English 135 Shakespeare course that I took as a Wharton student, two things come to mind: the course material and the many ways to interpret the meaning of Shakespeare's works, and the professor who presented it. Tristram Coffin, as I remember him, was the consummate ivy league stereotype professor. He looked like central casting right out of the Main LIne upper crust of that era: wavy, unkempt hair and patch pocket sport jackets. He brought to life the characters in a way that you were never quite certain of how to analyze what Shakespeare was saying, or what he meant, or whether there were many interpretations. That was Coffin's genius: he made you think in nontraditional and unconventional ways. His course opened my eyes and gave me great interest in Shakespeare over the years. He also enabled this Wharton student to think in liberal arts terms, as opposed to linear, business ways, which has contributed to my professional success over the years.

ROBERT LUCID

by Lisbeth Davidow, CW'68

I took my first class with Dr. Robert Lucid in 1967. He had short gray hair, wore a blue shirt and tweed jacket, held a lit Galois in his hand, and uttered one profound insight after another, non-stop. After that (and I couldn't believe the appropriateness of his name) I took as many classes with him as I could. My favorite line of his was something like, 'Art is an attempt to turn a howl into a song.' I was too shy to talk to him while I was at Penn, but when I read about him and the Writer's House online a few years ago, I emailed him to tell him what a fan of his I had always been, and to remind him of that comment. He wrote back the same day, as cordial and happy to hear from me as if I were an old friend.

IRMA LUSTIG, GR'63

by Constance Bille', CW'68

My most influential teacher was former English faculty member Irma Lustig who passed away on February 5, 2020. She was 98 and right to the end of her life, some of her former Penn students remained close friends, among them Arthur Kaplan (C '67), Janet Freedman Stotland (CW '66), JD '(69), and me CW '68. I studied Shakespeare with Dr. Lustig, but her impact on me and others came primarily from her support and encouragement of student activism for justice and civil liberties. She helped us raise money for Project Mississippi so we could go to the Delta to help voting rights activities. She came to our many anti-war rallies. She raised her voice in the Faculty Senate to condemn the secret germ warfare research being conducted on campus. But most of all she told us she was proud of what we were doing and what we would go on to do. Art went on to become a distinguished jurist and National ACLU Board member. Janet went on to a distinguished career in public interest law as a Managing Attorney for Community Legal Services, Director of the Education Law Center, where she established educational rights for disabled students, and a Fellow of the Law School. I started the first Women's Liberation study group in Philly, was a founder and leader of NARAL Pro-Choice America and various other nonprofits including Philadelphia Neighborhood Networks.

In 1968, Dr. Irma Lustig became the last female faculty member in the English Department denied tenure because of her gender. Irma went on to teach at Yale and Bryn Mawr. The next year, the English Department denied tenure to Dr. Phyllis Rackin. Phyllis sued, and she got tenure.

MORSE PECKHAM

by Bob D'Augustine, C'68, G'71

During my undergraduate years at Penn (1964-1968), the Philosophy Department was rather weak. In particular, I was unable to take even an introductory course in aesthetics during the three years when electives were available to me. So it immediately attracted my attention when an English Department course, English 175: "Literature and the Other Arts", was available. I'd never heard of the professor, Morse Peckham – but that didn't matter too much to me.

Peckham was a very interesting guy, a public intellectual with wide-ranging interests. While the focal point of his teaching and research was the literature of the Romantic and Victorian periods in England, he'd made his reputation by editing the works of Charles Darwin. Human psychology was an ongoing interest for him – the words *behavior*, *identity* and *culture* all appear multiple times in his book titles and subtitles. The main textbook for "Literature and the Other Arts" was Peckham's book, *Man's Rage for Chaos: Biology, Behavior and the Arts*. Also required reading for the course was an anthology of poetry that he'd edited – something called *Word, Meaning, Poem*. (The first of three assigned papers for the course was to select a poem from that volume and analyze it from the vantage point of the ideas Peckham expressed in *Man's Rage for Chaos*. That was the only use made of his poetry anthology throughout the course.)

Peckham's general thesis for the course, and for his textbook, was that the desire for innovation, rather than the desire for structure and order, fuels human efforts in, and appreciation of, the arts, particularly in the high arts of literature, music, painting and sculpture. He developed the theory by focusing on what he called "stylistic dynamism" (a phrase that I remember clearly more than 50 years after taking the course and reading his book). Stylistic dynamism simply means the amount and rapidity of change in styles of artistic expression. Peckham posited that the higher the art form the greater the level of stylistic dynamism, both in individual works and in transitions from one stylistic era to another.

His lectures consisted of analyses of individual works of painting (most commonly, as I recall), music and literature, focusing on innovative elements within the works.

Though his was a large lecture course, he was not above casual interactions with his undergraduate students. I recall meeting him once on College green, and, in a brief conversation about classical music recordings, asking him whose performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony he preferred. (His answer was Furtwangler's, which had fairly recently become the choice of a large portion of the cognoscenti.) Peckham had a significant impact on my thinking about artistic expression and experience. While I don't believe that stylistic dynamism is the central aesthetic driving force, the idea was a starting point for my own thinking about why art, music, literature and the other arts are so important to us humans. (Fortunately for me, I didn't develop any ideas that conflicted with his until after completing my work for his course; I expressed enough appreciation for his ideas to get A's in all three of the papers I wrote for him. In my second paper, which used Peckham's analytical framework to compare Constable's The Haywain with Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, he penned "Excellent Paper!" on the cover. In retrospect, I might be more pleased to have gotten an F – but I was gratified at the time.)

Peckham left Penn for the University of South Carolina in the summer of 1967, immediately after the semester in which I took his course.

GERALD WEALES AND RICHARD HOFFMAN

by Joseph Lauinger, C'68

I'm still working as a professor of literature (at Sarah Lawrence College), and both Gerald Weales and Richard Hoffman were such essential influences upon me that I've internalized them: they are less "memories" than working parts of my everyday life. For my first twenty or so years of teaching I always wore a bow-tie in class (Dr. Hoffman's talisman of eccentric authority?), and the academic area in which I specialize is dramatic literature, or "plays, dammit, performed by people in places," as Dr. Weales always insisted to his students and as I do now with mine. Both men were deeply and widely read, both wore their learning lightly, both were quirky, original, funny.

I took only one course with Dr. Weales, English 187: Modern American Drama, and I was initially disappointed to find myself in his class: he had decided not to teach the greats (O'Neill, Miller, Williams etc.) that semester, but a passel of playwrights who had just been produced Off-Broadway, none of them a "name" (yet). This meant that there wasn't a body of critical literature to tell us what to think about them. We had to think for ourselves -- which meant thinking about what made plays *plays*: their actors, their staging, the sets, the theaters they were being performed in, their audiences and why these audiences paid good money to see this particular show. All this became the foundation of my scholarship, the historical reconstruction of theatrical works, even as it led me eventually to writing plays myself. Gerald Weales was mild-mannered, soft-spoken, wickedly ironic, and his mind was as daring as it was judicious -- an unusual combination. He confused people. He confused his students by asking them off-kilter questions that unbalanced safe responses, but this confusion never resulted in humiliation.

As a student, you either went for it, following his lead -- which meant risking more and more confusion -- or you stayed comfortably oblivious, faintly aware perhaps that something unsettling had happened but your weird professor wouldn't make you pay terribly for it (apart from that enigmatic silent laughter in his eye). I went for it. The day I braved his office to ask for a letter of recommendation to graduate school in English he answered the door wearing the black paper moustache that came with the Beatles' Sergeant Pepper album. Good God, do I say something? Laugh? Sing "With a Little Help From My Friends?" No. He did -- because he knew what I had come for, and he was going to give me a little help.

I took three courses with Richard Hoffman: English 105: The History of the English Language, English 125: his Chaucer lecture, and a year-long Senior Seminar -- in my sophomore, junior, and senior years respectively. It's no exaggeration therefore to say that whatever intellect I might have had in those days was shaped by his demand for historical precision, his graceful allusiveness, his love of the music of language, his love of music, his humor, his style. He was an extremely popular professor, which was very much to his credit because he really made you work. I still remember sweating blood over one of his exams which required us to transcribe one of Hamlet's soliloquies into the symbols of the International Phonetic Alphabet according to our own accent. (I chose "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!") His Chaucer lecture was deeply learned but somehow as good as a

play. My wife, Ann Jacobson Lauinger, whom I hadn't met yet, was in the same class, and we still remember many of his observations about *The Canterbury Tales* as well as a lot of his jokes. (She became a specialist in medieval and Renaissance literature.) Remarkably, despite his impeccable tailoring, his carefully lighted and elegantly puffed English Ovals, and the complexly periodic sentences in which he spoke, he actually became interested in me. (I had written something about *Romeo and Juliet* that showed, to use his phrase, that I'd been "uncommonly awake.") It was Richard Hoffman who recommended that I "think about" applying for a Thouron Fellowship and going to Oxford; it was he who thought Princeton might be "a suitable place" for me to pursue my Ph.D. And, like Gerald Weales, he gave me "a little help" so I could travel in those directions.

Living up to the standards that Gerald Weales and Richard Hoffman established for me ineffaceably in my days at Penn is what I have tried to do in every class I've taught to this day -- and what I can only hope, palely, to pass on.

JOEL CONARROE AND HIS ENGLISH PROFESSOR COLLEAGUES

by Elsie Sterling Howard, CW'68

I'm forever grateful to the fabulous Dr Joel Connaroe for introducing me to a group of Interesting theatrical fellows - those funny, witty guys: Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Godot, with his patience, brilliance and good humor. I've fond memories of Charles Lee, who taught the best critique course ever (If you hate it, he said, share the ending), the spectacular Dr. Robert Lucid and his ever present cigarette ash and of two skilled academics - Drs. Gerald Weales and Richard Hoffman. And I'm super thankful to those special and they shall-go-unnamed Biology and Psychology professors who helped determine my non-scientific career.

JOEL CONARROE

by Richard Platt, C'68

Joel Conarroe taught English in our time. He subsequently became Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, and then President of the Guggenheim Foundation. He's emeritus at Penn now. I mention him for two reasons: he did a memorable 15 minute riff on the Beatles' new album, Sergeant Pepper; and as coach of the GE College Bowl team, he gave me space to keep my beard despite an appeal by the suits to shave it off in order to get a team photo on the alumni magazine cover.

JOEL CONARROE

by Frank Shanbacker, C'68

I remember Joel Conarroe as the sort of teacher who led our senior class seminar devoted to modern drama without ever "lecturing "us. He was more of a host, a master of ceremonies, efficiently guiding, encouraging and challenging our group discussions as he introduced us to the plays of Pinter, Beckett, Williams, O'Neill, Albee, and many others. He maintained a delicate balance between commanding our respect and treating us

as equals. He also shared his wisdom outside the classroom when he agreed to be a judge in the Penn Players' annual student playwriting competition, with which I was involved. His guidance when I applied to New York University for a master's program was invaluable and enabled me not only to apply the intellectual skills that he had helped awaken in me at Penn, but sent me on my way to New York City, which has been my home ever since.

Although I did not remain in touch with Dr. Conarroe over the years, he could be counted on to express his views in frequent letters to the editors of The New York Times on subjects as diverse as don't ask-don't tell, cellphone-ready subways, the writers who influenced Barack Obama and Conarroe's own dismay whenever poetry was ignored in literary "best ten" lists. After so many decades, it was a great pleasure to be a student again as part of the audience listening to Joel Conarroe at the Professors Forum during our 50th reunion weekend. Seeing him after more than half a century was a reaffirmation of the productive year I spent in his seminar and the positive influence he had on me at Penn and beyond.

GLEE CLUB DEPARTMENT

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

by Wayne Baruch, C'68

I can only echo the reflections of many others about Bruce – his genius, his humanity, his humor, his incredible body of work in the musical and visual arts. Today it is common to say that a charismatic person makes one feel like one is the only person in the room. But that's what I remember about Bruce. He was among the most influential figures in my life. Here are but a few of countless thoughts as I remember the most formative, most memorable, most enjoyable experience of my college career – membership in the 100-voice University of Pennsylvania Glee Club, Bruce Montgomery, Director.

My first exposure to Bruce was as a nervous freshman when I auditioned for the Club. Bruce explained that sight-reading was a consideration for membership, but the test wouldn't be too hard. After all, who doesn't know the melody to "My Country 'Tis of Thee?" But Bruce was depending on us knowing it by heart. With a poker face, he handed over the sheet music. He had fiendishly changed a few of the notes. Just a half tone here and there. I can still remember trying to purge my muscle memory and sing that song a la Bruce. No doubt he had sprung that trap on hundreds of applicants. But he still got a big kick out of it. If anyone still has a copy of Bruce's version, it would be great to see again.

From Bruce, I learned that Shakespeare declared puns to be the highest form of humor. And I actually believed it. Another vivid memory: several members of the Club frequently gathered for lunch at a round table in Houston Hall. In the midst of an otherwise reasonable discussion, Bruce would slip in a pun. And then other puns on the same theme would fly around the table thick and fast. It was contagious. To this day, I can't stop thinking up puns whenever anybody says something… about anything. Everyone remembers Bruce's hands

– articulate yet powerful when conducting. A true combination of artistry and force. He drew his own hands in a conducting pose, which became an iconic Glee Club logo. Along the same lines, he had a distinctive signature. Always exactly the same – as if it had been reproduced. Bold and easy to read, yet artistically stylized. I adapted my own signature to emulate his elegant approach.

When Bruce concentrated on something in front of him, he was in another world. Writing, composing, drawing – he couldn't be reached. When his tongue peeked out of the side of his mouth, we knew he had closed the door on any interruptions. Bruce had a way of programming Glee Club concert repertoire to be especially impactful. He said "I learned it was possible to do something that would cause people to be teary followed by something that would be hilarious." Bruce wrote several fantastic choral settings of historic works. For example, his arrangement of Franklin D. Roosevelt's declaration of war after the 1941 Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Aside from Bruce's expressionistic musical interpretation of FDR's three themes - anger to sadness to resolve – the piece was modernistic for its time, yet timeless to this day. And by the way, Bruce insisted that the correct phrase was "…a date which will live in infamy, "rather than "a day that…" He was right of course.

I remember Bruce's setting of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address even more vividly. There is one word above all that I would use to describe it: Soaring. Bruce wrote it in 1962 for the Glee Club's TTBB (Tenor 1, Tenor 2, Bass 1, Bass 2) voices. (I think he wrote it on commission from NBC for the centennial of the speech.) Years later, as a tribute to Bruce, I had the pleasure and privilege of commissioning a brilliant SATB (soprano, alto, tenor and bass) arrangement from fellow Glee Club member Robert Hallock. It was performed by a 350 voice mixed chorus in 2011 at a July 4 patriotic event for a live audience of 50,000 and a television feed to our troops and their families in 100 countries on the American Forces Television Network. What a proud moment. You can enjoy it here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qkhJhD1oz5A. In short, thank you Bruce Montgomery – for everything.

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

by Rick Cummins, C'69

I went back to Penn in May 2019 for my 50th reunion. It was an amazing weekend, in spring weather that was glorious (a real "Bruce" word), and It was more fun and exciting than I could have imagined. Thinking back to 1965-69, I loved the academic stimulation of fellow classmates; the parties, dinners, and friendships at Tau Delta Phi; and the chance to become an adult in the big new city of Philadelphia. But the crown jewel in my college life was being a member of the Penn Glee Club.

The camaraderie....Life long friendships tied to singing.... The road trips. Seeing the U.S. and South America. Dressing in white tie and tails to sing amazing TTBB choral music over four years. The various small groups I sang with... The chance to sing classic arrangements by Randall Thompson or Marshall Bartholomew.....The chance to perform in ambitious new works like "A Declaration of Peace".... And then there was the magnetic, larger than life,

intelligent, clever, charming, witty, and very articulate conductor at its center---
Bruce Montgomery. Bruce spoke with such majesty and confidence, and I came to see he had more talent than I had ever encountered.

Bruce conducted our chorus with grace, passion, and commitment. He was a teacher to us ---as if we were in an ongoing Master Class. And through it all he never failed to entertain us and make us laugh. His huge baritone voice inspired proper tone and diction from his chorus. We loved and respected him immensely. We wanted to please him. He was like royalty and we were lucky to be in his royal family. Over the years I learned about his limitless talents---in music, composition, calligraphy, painting, directing, expertise in Gilbert and Sullivan, writing for musical theatre, orchestration, on and on..... Everything that Bruce did or said or thought was touched by the artistry and excellence at his core. He was in fact larger than life... so much so that you could easily misinterpret him as being insincere...or exaggerating...or boasting--- which in fact he was. But we loved it! And in Bruce's eyes we were always "magnificent" and "glorious".

He dressed with such class and style. He was indefatigable! And yet whenever he did fall asleep in a daytime nap, he would be in such a VERY deep sleep that he could not be awakened even by loud noises all around him. It is Glee Club "legend" that on one of our bus tours in the midwest, he fell asleep and the guys played a practical joke. They were able to lift him up onto the overhead luggage racks without waking him! As a freshman from a small town in western PA, that was so COOL! (It still is.) Another Bruce definer was the way he could turn his gaze to you with a single eyebrow in a huge arch to convey a pretend sensibility of disapproval. It always made us roar with laughter. Then there were his many bowties...

And he had a grand style of addressing the audience at a performance, and then would swirl around with arms raised into conductor mode: "Drink a highball at nightfall...." And we got to know his large family at Christmas parties in their Germantown home. His mother was very sweet, and his lovely sister Liz who would sing his songs. It would be so magical to travel back in time for one more Christmas party, for one more rehearsal at Houston Hall, for one last performance at Irvine Auditorium.

I have never met anyone who was such a towering figure in my life. He inspired me to do choral arranging and to be student conductor my senior year. And because of him I was able to recognize how important music was in my life. To continue my pursuits in New York writing for musical theatre. What a thrill it was years later to have him attend a performance of my musical THE LITTLE PRINCE. I chuckle when I recall that in my "fantasized Oscar acceptance speech," I would always be sure to thank Bruce Montgomery.

Many years later, when word came that Bruce had died, my reaction was disbelief. "That can't be true!" But in writing this tribute, I can see it surely isn't. The first word that comes to mind in association with the University of Pennsylvania is Bruce Montgomery.

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

by Ron Klein, C'69

Bruce was an extraordinary person, with perfect pitch, photographic memory and the ability to put himself into trance to get work done. He knew every word and gesture of the D'Oily Carte Gilbert and Sullivan repertory and introduced choreography into our shows. Needless to say, being a showman, he was given to hyperbole--every group being the "best" group ever, every new song being "fantastic!" and everything "just marvelous!" We had two outfits we wore in concerts, white tie and tails for the more formal first half, and grey slacks and blue blazers after intermission. Before each show, as we stood on the wings in our formal wear, though only college kids minutes before, we did look rather elegant. And every time, Bruce would encourage us to walk on stage with that same pride—"Gentlemen, don't be afraid to be magnificent!" And, judging by the applause afterwards, sometimes we were.

Thirty years later, in 1999, after 50 years at Penn, Monty was about to retire. I would visit Bruce in his new office from time to time when I was in Philadelphia and suggested a "Sayonara Trip" to Japan. As the Business Manager my year, we went to Ecuador and Peru, and I knew the excitement of a concert trip abroad. "That would be wonderful!" he enthused. Eventually I could arrange a tour, with stops in Tokyo, Kyoto and Hiroshima, with homestays and joint concerts with some of Japan's best university glee clubs. The Honorary Co-Chairmen were the Presidents of Fuji-Xerox and ORIX. The ORIX executive, a glee club member in his day at Kwansei Gakuin University, insisted on coming on stage to sing along at an encore. When the club got to Hiroshima, there was a welcome party for them at a fancy hotel, and a major concert at the biggest concert hall in town. I had arranged a joint-concert and homestay with my own women's university and affiliated high school. I was optimistic in the allure of a famous American university glee club. The 1200-seat hall was standing room only, and people were sitting in the aisles. I stood at the back, watching. When the curtain rose, showing the Club standing there in their white tie and tails, I whispered to them the words I knew Bruce had probably exhorted them moments before, "Gentlemen, don't be afraid to be magnificent!" And they were!

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

by Randy Feldman, C'68, GED'69

As a proud member of the University of Pennsylvania Glee Club, I concur fully with the warm feelings of my quartet members Wayne, Ron and Rick, in the love and admiration for Bruce Montgomery.

BRUCE MONTGOMERY

by Andrew Schwartzman, C'68, L'71

Bruce Montgomery was not a member of the faculty; he was director of the Glee Club. I have frequently said that I learned more from him than from any class I took at Penn. The daily one-hour rehearsals taught me discipline, teamwork and performance skills. Bruce's sometimes over the top showmanship also showed me how to be an effective teacher.

GERMAN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

JOHN V. MOORE

by Mona Shangold, CW'68

We had some great teachers and excellent courses, and I offer only a few of the wonderful memories here: **Herr John V. Moore**, our General Honors German professor, taught me to speak German fluently enough to be mistaken for a German native when I visited Germany during the summer after graduation. (Unfortunately, I lost my German fluency soon afterward.) He had us practicing "Frau Braun" in our closets every night to acquire the right accent. In addition, we learned "Die Lorelei" so well that several of us still remember the words and lyrics

JOHN V. MOORE

by Frank Kampas, C'68, G'68

Herr Moore had us read "Die Lorelei" so many times that I can still recite the beginning: "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedauten, das ich so traurig bin".

HISTORY DEPARTMENT

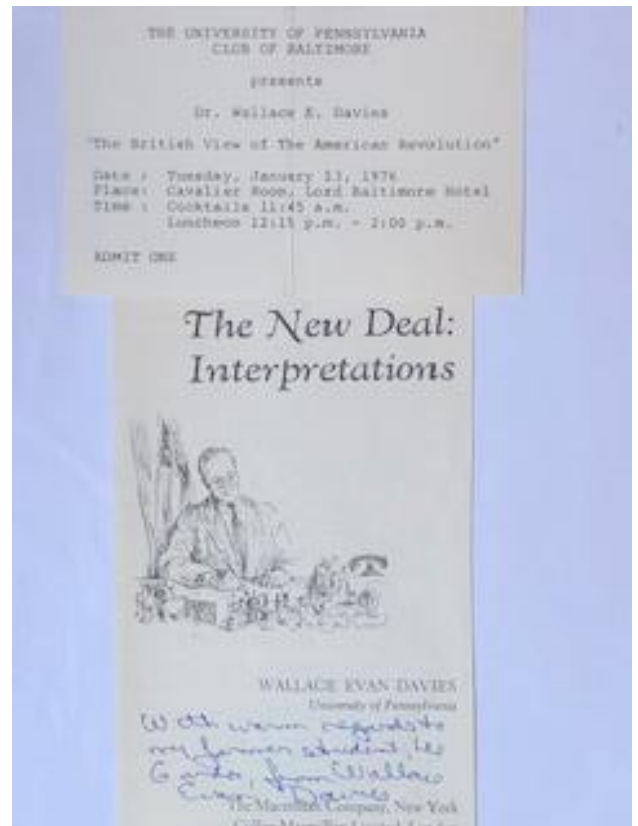
WALLACE E. DAVIES

by Lee Gordon, C'68

I actually delved into the Advanced Course History 173: "American Social and Intellectual History" as a freshman. Little did I realize how entertaining the professor would be. Wallace E. Davies was one of the most popular and well-loved history teachers at Penn, having been teaching at this institution since 1949. He was teaching not only this class, but also an introductory United States history class, History 60: "History of the United States", as well as the graduate course History 473. Both Daily Pennsylvanian Course Guides, from 1963-1964 and 1965 to 1966, write voluminously about Professor Davies. One "B student" called him "the Jerry Lewis of the quasi-intelligentsia, terribly cute, terribly phony." But almost all students sang his praise, with one "C student" commenting that "those who think he is not intellectual enough are pompous fools."

All students were quite aware of Professor Davies' 100% Orthodox New Deal liberalism. Wallace Davies was a fervent follower of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and a strong proponent of the Jacksonian democracy historiography which infused our 1960's Great Society thinking. (Sadly, we never really stopped to consider in class the horrific Andrew Jackson, the brutal murderer of some many thousand and thousands of Native Americans.) I enjoyed reading his works dealing with "Select Problems in Historical Interpretation: The New Deal and Business Recovery" and "New Perspectives in American History: The New Deal Interpretations." But humor and irony were his trademark in class, even as we probed into deeper intellectual waters.

After Penn, I kept in touch with Professor Davies, and still treasure a letter I received from him in December 1971, at the end of my time in Berkeley. The letter is classic Davies: a full page, single spaced, with an old typewriter whose ribbon has seen better days, all on the Department of History stationery. He bemoans the climate at his beloved university. "Penn has changed a great deal in recent years, and I am becoming more and more reactionary and grumpy. I am still living in the world of the 1930's [i.e."New Deal"] and have never adjusted to the tempestuous 1960's and the uncertain 1970's." His even more trenchant criticism is for Penn's new building fiasco: "New buildings [e.g., the high rise dormitories], whose chief merit is functionalism, and they don't always achieve that. But in the process much of what charm and atmosphere ws left around the campus has been destroyed." He did touch on History 173, telling me that he now required a term paper, " though we have already run into the problem of plagiarism". The upside for him, though, was the new personal interaction with his students that the original History 173 did not have, since the student must consult with Professor Davies about the paper topic. "I do now have a little more personal contact with the students than formerly."



I have kept my voluminous notes from his yearlong course (and the mid-term and final exam questions) which touched on, among other topics, Tories versus Loyalists, which leads me to the highlight lecture for which Professor Wallace Davies is best known: "The British View of the American Revolution." Few teachers ever touched on such an idea, let alone to be able to consummate this clever topic with such finesse, humor and intellectual heft. It was at the Penn Club of Baltimore in January 1976 that I was able to reconnect with my beloved professor, when he presented this very topic at a luncheon at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. He inscribed his New Deal book for me, and I we both looked forward to seeing each other in 1978 for our 10th Reunion. Sadly, less than a year later, Professor Wallace E. Davies died. Perhaps the liberalism he loved so much is also dying, but we still have his spirit to keep us afloat and moving forward in a progressive course, heeding his warning and that of his fellow historian Richard Hofstadter to beware of political paranoia and xenophobic extremism. We stand with you, Professor Wallace E. Davies!

WALLACE E. DAVIES

by Lionel Schooler, C'68

I came to Penn seeking enlightenment. In the process, I discovered the history of the "Real America."

After some deliberation, mostly prompted by my dislike of the sight of blood, I decided in my freshman year that I could not make it as a pre-med and, therefore, opted to become a History major. My exposure to history in secondary school had been the usual fare: a required year of study of Texas history; a year of American history, and a year of "world" history. Each course focused almost exclusively upon politicians and military people, elections and wars.

My initial experiences with the study of History at Penn were no different, even when I took a course from Prof. Lynn Case discussing European History in the period before, during and after the 1815 Conference in Vienna. Politicians and military people; elections and wars.

So it came to pass that based mostly upon the reviews in the DP Guide, and some astute input and encouragement from my friend and fellow history devotee, Lee Gordon, I signed up to take Prof. Wallace Davies' course History 173: "American Social and Intellectual History in the Twentieth Century".

What a revelation Prof. Davies and that course turned out to be.

A lean but dynamic individual, Prof. Davies made the life of everyday folks in America come to life. He exposed me to the crusading work of Louis Brandeis, pursuing equal treatment for women in the workplace; he exposed me to the impact of the "muckrakers" on American society, particularly Sinclair Lewis, who made a name for himself with his groundbreaking expose on the meat industry ("The Jungle"); and he particularly awakened me to the underpinnings of the Progressive Era of the 1910s, as captured in the astonishing work of Richard Hofstadter in books like "The Age of Reform." I still remember the opening sentence of Hofstadter's book describing the underpinnings of the Progressive Era.

> "The United States was born in perfection and then aspired to progress."

He also impressed upon me that the ideal of America (and the Republic for which it stood) was fragile, teetering painfully close to a precipice in the 1930s, and risking being overrun by foreign influences. Another Sinclair Lewis book, "It Can't Happen Here," was the foundation for awakening this awareness.

His discussion of what came to be known in the wake of World War II as the Civil Rights Era was another eye-opening experience for me. As a Texan, I only understood the "way things were" from the perspective of a child growing up in a city (Houston) where the words "Colored" and "White" hung over every public bathroom and drinking fountain, and where I never attended a public school class with any African-American students.

As a result, I had little exposure to decisions like Brown v. Board of Education (1954). I still remember what Prof. Davies had to say about that case, and more specifically, how he described its impact upon the South. In a fitting summary, he said that after the Brown decision, “Southerners did not think there were many Communists on the Supreme Court; only nine!”

In Prof. Davies class, I learned what kinds of food people ate, what affected them in their everyday lives, what they read in their leisure time, to what music they listened, how they recreated, how they met the challenges afflicting the country, including the daunting Depression of the 1930s, and how various public actions (whether in war or in politics) affected them, not their leaders.

In short, it was because of Prof. Davies that I learned about the “Real America.”

ROY F. NICHOLS

by Lee Gordon, C’68

Roy Franklin Nichols was my very first and very last professor at the University of Pennsylvania. Let me explain. Before our freshman year was to begin, all students were invited to partake of a seminar taught by one of Penn's accomplished faculty. Since I had always been fascinated by the American Civil War, I signed up to hear Professor Nichols talk about the assigned book, his recently published "The Stakes of Power 1845-1877". It was a mesmerizing experience. Professor Nichols had a way of evoking the emotions of the frenzied period in the decade before the Civil War. He had won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949 for his classic work "The Disruption of American Democracy". (My first edition was inscribed by the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.)

Unfortunately, no undergraduate courses were offered by Professor Nichols because he had taken Emeritus Professor status. Also, he was preoccupied in his role of President of the American Historical Association in 1966-67. Then an opportunity arose in senior year. I decided to write an history honors thesis concerning the pre-Civil War era. I asked Professor Nichols if I could have special permission to take his Civil War year long graduate course History 664: "The United States in Civil War and Reconstruction". When he agreed, I was elated. This was to be my last class at Penn and I had validated how right I was in choosing my freshman seminar with Roy F. Nichols. As the only undergraduate in the class, I tried to envision myself as a Ph.D candidate in history. Happily, there was a very smart and friendly graduate student to discuss these wonderful lectures with, one Ann Pepek, shortly to become the wife of my roommate Don Morrison. What exciting lectures we enjoyed and what terrific insights this wise historian gave us. As we fell under the spell of Professor Nichols, he would weave his material in unforgettable ways. He explained his classic word about a major cause of the Civil War, "hyperemotionalism". Hyperemotionalism came about because of the abject fear of the Southern plantation owners that John Brown or his abolitionist followers would invade their home and attack them in the dead of night by ramming a pike through their heart. So chilling when you heard Roy Nichols describe the trepidation.

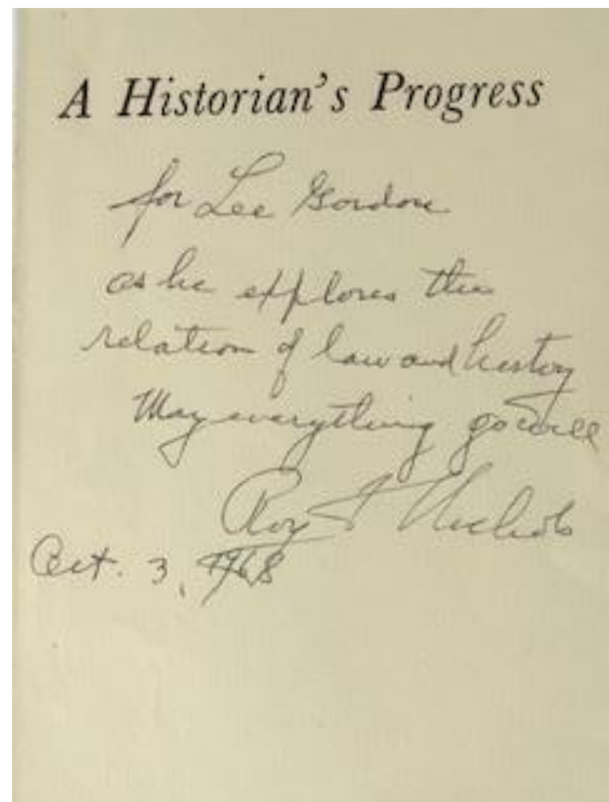
Professor Nichols would become my unofficial, but nonetheless my actual advisor for my thesis, “Zachary Taylor and the Election of 1848”. What an honor to work under this Pulitzer Prize winner. I still have his letter of introduction to the Director of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania asking that I be granted full access to the Society's collections about the year 1848. I was proud of my work, and thank my advisor for his gentle, yet purposeful guidance along the way.

In this year of racial turmoil, it was inspiring to revisit his 1968 autobiography. "A Historian's Progress". Professor Nichols had been a PhD student at Columbia under the noted but infamous historian William Dunning, whose antipathy for Reconstruction led the historiography charge in favor of the Southern Jim Crow view of America. To his great credit Roy F. Nichols refused — one hundred years ago — to accept this racist interpretation of Reconstruction. On reflection today, I realize even more, what a great inspiration he was for me. My complete set of classroom notes for History 664 sit proudly in my library, awaiting yet another look.

One final personal memory about Roy F. Nichols. After Penn, I enrolled at Berkeley law school. However, my love for history would not abate, as I still aspired to become a Civil War historian. I considered forsaking law school and I was accepted into the History PhD program at Berkeley to study under the prestigious Kenneth Stampp. I asked Professor Nichols for his advice as to what I should do. He alerted me to an impending contraction in academia concerning history departments. He told me “There will always be history in law”.

I proudly possess his lovely note, inscribed on his autobiography's frontis, where he wrote: "For Lee Gordon, as he explores this relation of law and history. May everything go well". Indeed it did. My life as a happy lawyer, always studying history, is due in no small measure to the great and beloved

Professor Roy F. Nichols.



A Historian's Progress

for Lee Gordon
as he explores this
relation of law and history
May everything go well
Roy F. Nichols
Oct. 3, 1968

ALEXANDER V. RIASANOVSKY

by Hans Binnendijk, C’68

Alexander Riasanovsky stands out for me as the best professor that I had at Penn. Of course I need to admit that looking back, much of those four years were an academic blur. But not so with Riasanovsky. When he started to lecture, the entire class was mesmerized. His somewhat raspy voice would nearly sing with enthusiasm. And his body seemed to dance through the lecture. It is hard to make Ivan the Terrible or the Soviet Union much fun, but he managed to do it. He did it with humor. The joke I remember best explained why his father got into trouble with the Moscow authorities. During a census he was asked “where were you born?” and he answered St. Petersburg. Then he was asked “where were you raised?” and he answered Petrograd. Next he was asked “where do you live now?” and he answered Leningrad. Finally, he was asked “where do you want to live?” and he answered St. Petersburg. It made the point in a way I still recall today.

I still have my class notes from half a century ago and occasionally look at them. When I later worked at the State Department In the mid-1980s, I arranged to have Alex deliver a series of lectures there. He was able to provide foreign service officers with some historical depth as we all went through glasnost and perestroika. I can’t claim that he won the Cold War for us, but it did not hurt.

ALEX RIASANOVKSY MEMORY

by Lee Gordon, C’68

My favorite Alex Riasanovsky humorous story centers around Little Ivan, the mischievous Soviet student. His teacher goes around the class to ask the pupils three questions, to which they all had the same response: Who is your mother? MOTHER RUSSIA; Who is your father? STALIN; What do you want to be when you grow up? A DEDICATED COMMUNIST!

When it’s little Ivan’s turn, the exchange is as follows: Who is your mother? MOTHER RUSSIA; Who is your father? STALIN; What do you want to be when you grow up? AN ORPHAN!

And who can forget how Alex was able to control his Communist apparatchik dorm monitor when he was a graduate student at Moscow University in the late 1950’s. Well, Toinka, a solemn and unattractive warden of sorts, could not be swayed to give any favors for sweet talk by American students. Alex’s sharp and successful plan was to bribe Toinka philatelically. She, like most Muscovites, were avid stamp collectors who were drooling for “forbidden” stamps, that is United States postage stamps. Alex got all he needed from Toinka, supplying her as if he was a drug dealer. Lots and lots of letters with bright, colorful stamps attached, coming from the USA to Alex, found their way eventually into Toinka’s greedy clutches. Alex lived the good life in his Moscow digs for his entire academic stay.

ALEXANDER RIASANOVSKY
by Lionel Schooler, C'68

We are apparently a nation devoted to reducing complex subjects into symbols. The most basic such symbol is "color." So it was that in the 1960s, the then Soviet Union was frequently referred to as the "Red Menace."

As children in the 1950s, we only had some vague notion of the polemics engaged in by Sen. Joseph McCarthy. Even so, we were always acutely aware of the threat, the existential threat, posed by the Soviet Union. This threat was compounded by the revelation that the Soviets had succeeded in 1960 in gaining a foothold in the Western Hemisphere, with the conversion of Cuba to a Communist state, followed quickly by the catastrophic Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, and the so-called Cuban missile crisis of 1962.

No one in my generation understood at the time the wise philosophy of Don Vito Corleone first uttered on-screen in 1972 that "one should keep one's friends close, but one's enemies closer." So it was that although I ended up majoring in History at Penn (along with legions of others), I had zero interest in studying about the Soviet Union.

Thankfully, my eyes were opened by the DP Guide, which uniformly ranked the course on Russian History taught by Prof. Alexander Riasanovsky at the top. I then figured that I should take the leap and study the Red Menace solely because of him.

This was probably my wisest academic investment in my years at Penn. I took many other History courses as part of my major, several of them covering fascinating topics (such as "Social and Intellectual History of the U.S.," taught by Wallace Davies). But none could compare with that rare blend of intellectual stimulation and personality brought to bear each class by Prof. Riasanovsky.

He achieved what I came to realize is one of the hallmarks of excellent teaching: breathing life into the everyday existence of ordinary people. His accomplishment was all the more astounding to me considering the extent to which Russian History from the 17th century to the time of the Russian Revolution of 1917 was dominated by the Czars and Czarinas.

His most popular lecture, at least the one I remember best, was his last lecture of the Term. We had gotten through the Revolution period, and Russia's slow descent into Communism under Trotsky and Stalin. Instead of discussing many of the popular headlines of the day emphasizing the "Red Scare," he spent the last lecture discussing the competition that evolved on the athletic fields, more or less as a substitute for military incursions, and more fun to discuss than the threat presented by the crisis of October 1962.

His focus was upon the U.S. – U.S.S.R. track and field competition held at Franklin Field in 1959. This competition had become an annual event (held in every year other than an Olympic year), and of course, it was encrusted with symbolism, the superiority of a nation based upon the superiority of its track and field athletes.

As Prof. Riasanovsky built up the drama of the event for us, he also interjected his patented humorous touch. My strongest memory of the lecture was his pointing out that one of the Penn fight songs, Hail Pennsylvania, was composed to the tune of the former Russian national anthem. This anthem had been abolished with the fall of the Czars, and was likely unknown to any of the athletes competing for the Soviets 40 years after the fact.

However, as Prof. Riasanovsky delighted in recounting, the graybeards coaching or accompanying the Soviet athletes that day in 1959 were old enough to remember this tune. He acted out their facial expressions when they heard the old familiar melody played by the Penn Band at Franklin Field, particularly how startled they were to hear the anthem being played in the U.S. It was to them almost as if the Revolution had either never happened, or had collapsed while they were in transit to the U.S., which meant for many of them the possibility that the old regime was waiting for them on their return flight to Moscow.

Professor Riasanovsky lived long enough to see the fall of the Berlin Wall, and the collapse of the Soviet Union. I am certain such events pleased him. Unfortunately, the glasnost for which he hoped, and which flowered briefly after 1989, has now withered under the dictatorial gaze of Vladamir Putin.

ALEXANDER RIASANOVSKY

by Geoffrey Stone, W'68

Although I attended Wharton, my favorite professor during my time at Penn was Alexander Riasanovsky, a professor of Russian history. I had heard great things about him and decided to take his rather large lecture course during my junior year. Riasanovsky was born in Harbin, Manchuria, in 1928 to Russian parents. When he was 9 years old, Japan invaded China and his family fled to Eugene, Oregon. After graduating from high school, he enlisted in the Army as a paratrooper, serving in Japan as part of the occupation force. He earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Oregon, was a Rhodes Scholar at St. John's College, Oxford University, and then received a PhD from Stanford University in Russian medieval history. Professor Riasanovsky joined the faculty at Penn in 1965 and remained a member of the faculty for nearly 35 years. He received Penn's Lindback Distinguished Teaching Award his first year on the faculty. I suppose it was this achievement that led me to take his course.

The course was simply brilliant. Raisanovsky was lively, engaging and challenging. The textbook for the course was written by his older brother Nicholas, who was a professor of Russian History at the University of California, Berkeley. It was dense, complex and richly fascinating. Each week I looked forward to reading the assignment and then hearing Professor Raisanovksy's always enthralling and energizing lectures. It was, for me, the highlight of my educational experience at Penn, and I have no doubt that my respect and admiration for Professor Raisanovsky's teaching was one of the factors that led me to embrace a career as a professor myself.

I kept the textbook for the course on my bookshelf for many decades and always cherished it. But when I learned that Professor Raisanovsky had passed away in 2016 I discovered to

my dismay that I no longer possessed the book. Somehow, over the decades, through many moves, it had disappeared. I turned immediately to Amazon and, to my delight, I found a used copy of the very edition I had used as a student. It now sits on the shelf in my office at the University of Chicago Law School. And I treasure it.

CHARLES ROSENBERG

by Stuart Finkel, C'68

After General Honors, I took Professor Charles Rosenberg's course History 568: History of American Medicine. I enjoyed it thoroughly and wrote a term paper comparing Volume One of JAMA to a volume 50 years later. His comment was that it was "almost good enough to be published." We never took it any farther, but that was good enough for me.

CHARLES ROSENBERG

by Lee Gordon, C'68

It is easy to forget that Charles Rosenberg was just 30 years old at the time, a rising star in the field of the History of Medicine. When he taught me in my senior year in his course "Honors Seminar in History 300", he was writing his acclaimed book on legal insanity: "The Trial of the Assassin Guiteau: Psychiatry and the Law in the Gilded Age". Professor Rosenberg was my general guide for my history honors thesis, "Zachary Taylor and the Election of 1848", which I wrote under the direction of the famous Emeritus Professor Roy F. Nichols, the Pulitzer Prize winning Civil War historian.

In class, Professor Rosenberg did have a wry sense of humor, as noted in the 1965-66 Daily Pennsylvanian Course Guide: "His lectures are interesting and interspersed in them is enough dry humor to brighten potentially dull subjects." In our class together, , our gatherings were quite informal, and he actually held one class at his home. I distinctly remember one hilarious esoteric joke which arose from our discussion of bitter political satire during the Federalist era. The English letter "f" (or "long s") was commonly used for the "s" or soft "c" sound in the printed broadsides or screeds (contemporary usage would be the letter "s"). Professor Rosenberg recounted the tale of a sexually aroused Federalist who took a young coquette to his living room and proceeded to "fedufe her on the fofa".

In 1969, I had to make a crucial life decision: whether to continue to pursue a law degree at Berkeley or to accept an offer from the Berkeley history department as a PhD candidate in Civil War history. Though I ultimately chose law, Professor Rosenberg's long letter of advice to me was very caring and thoughtful. It is important to note that Professor Rosenberg was a significant factor in the careers of two famous women in academia. He married two prominent historians: Carol Smith-Rosenberg and Drew Faust. Both were Penn professors, and the latter became President of Harvard College. So it is fair to say that I was taught by a Presidential "First Lady" Gentleman.

CHARLES ROSENBERG

by Lenny Levin, C’68

Charles Rosenberg was history, wasn't he? I loved that course! A book a week. I still refer to his "Slavery Defended" to show how easy it is to appeal to the Bible to support diverse political programs.

CHARLES ROSENBERG

by Richard Platt, C’68

Charles Rosenberg was a professor of US history. His memorable final exam consisted of "Congratulations, you are a visiting Fulbright professor about to give a series of lectures entitled 'The Old South in the New.' Please outline your talks."

MARTIN WOLFE

by Lee Gordon, C’68

As a serious history major, I had heard about a Directed Reading tutorial, which, as the Undergraduate Catalogue notes, is for Juniors who are Prospective Honors Majors in History. I had read about the British system of one on one meetings with a professor, and I was eager to sign up. In our junior year, the professor assigned to History 201: "Directed Reading" was Marty Wolfe, a prominent economic historian, specializing in French and German economic history.

He was gracious enough to leave his beloved continental Europe behind, to allow me to study Sir Robert Walpole, England’s first designated prime minister. Marty was a quiet presence, very low key, but quite friendly. It was an immensely enjoyable experience, as we delved into the deep thinking of the England of the early 18th century. I followed Professor Wolfe's own historical path when I read his worthy essay "French Interwar Stagnation Revisited" in the book "From the Ancient Regime to the Popular Front" that was published the year after our graduation.

ALEXANDER RIASANOVSKY AND MARTIN WOLFE

by Christine Cobler Sommer, CW'68

I would like to write about two of my favorite professors at Penn, Dr. Alexander Riasanovsky and Dr. Martin Wolfe. For those of you who did not experience any classes with these exceptional teachers and know nothing about them, they taught history.

Dr. Riasanovsky taught Russian History and was a very animated lecturer. He used a great deal of energy every time he stepped up to and around the podium. I took three courses that he taught and there was never a dull moment. One particular story he told about his father stuck in my memory more than any other. His father, who lived in Russia (then called the Soviet Union) was completing a census or some such form for the new Communist government. The first question was, where were you born? He answered, St. Petersburg. The next question was, where did you grow up? He answered, Petrograd. The next question was, where do you live now? He answered, Leningrad. Then he was asked, where would you like to live? He answered, ST. PETERSBURG! After contemplating his answers, his father thought it would be expedient if he got himself out of the Soviet Union. And that's how Dr. Alexander Riasanovsky came to be in the United States teaching students such as me.

Dr. Wolfe taught European History but I think mostly German history. I took his course about Germany during the years between the World Wars. He was not as dramatic a lecturer as Dr. Riasanovsky, but he still presented very interesting lectures. The stand out lecture was about the super hyperinflation Germany suffered as an aftermath of World War I. I could never forget the images he evoked describing struggling Germans running down the street pushing wheelbarrows full of money so they could buy food before the money wasn't worth anything. I wish I had a video of that lecture. Many years later, I was at a Penn Alumni Awards Banquet at which Barbara Bravo (fellow classmate, sorority sister, and dear friend) was receiving an award of merit and I found myself sitting next to Dr. Wolfe. He was there with his wife and, after introductions, I told him I had taken his course and that I particularly enjoyed the lecture about inflation and wheelbarrows. He replied that yes, as a professor, you really needed a signature lecture and that one was his. I found that profoundly interesting. I wished I had heard about signature lectures when I was still sitting in the lectures. I wished I could have had many conversations like this with past professors. But it was a very satisfying evening which I did appreciate, and I sadly can never repeat, at least with either of these two professors.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

ENZO ORVIETO

by Barbara Russo Bravo, CW'68, GED'69

In our discussion of favorite professors, Lee Gordon spoke about his Italian daughter-in-law, Giulia Orvieto, and told me that her great-uncle, Professor Enzo Orvieto, taught Italian at Penn in the 60's. My email reply to Lee: "OMG! I loved him." I loved my first year Italian class with Enzo Orvieto. I had regretted that my second generation parents had not passed on the language of my Italian grandparents, and, because of that, I decided in my sophomore year, in addition to my ongoing French studies, to begin Italian.

Professor Orvieto was engaging and funny, but demanding. He had been surprised to learn that my Penn classmate, Mia Argentieri, who had taken his class freshman year, had not spoken any Italian at home. As with my own second generation parents, the Italian language had not been passed on in post-war America (not so with food, of course). Mia and I were both happy to learn both the language and the culture of our Italian heritage from such a skilled and caring teacher. Learning Italian from Professor Orvieto has always served me well. I hope that I will meet Enzo Orvieto's great-niece Giulia with Lee someday.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Daily Pennsylvanian "Guide to Courses 1963-1964" highlights Professor Orvieto's style of teaching: "Section-leader Orvieto discusses the world situation, spaghetti, and his boyhood in Italy." So, any Penn student who takes Professor Orvieto's class will have hit the Italian Language Trifecta: you not only learn Italian, but you also get a strong dose of Italian politics, culture and cuisine to boot! Enzo Orvieto was born in Florence, Italy (Giulia's hometown is Verona) on January 14, 1913, and received his Ph.D at Penn in 1967. Following the awarding of his Ph.D, Enzo remained in the United States, teaching at various institutions, until he died in Deltona, Florida, at age 88 on December 28, 2001.

His scholarly work included his published work on two sonnets by the Italian poet Alessandro Tassoni (b.1565- d.1635), addressed to the Italian singer Anna Caterina. It is noteworthy that Professor Orvieto discovered the manuscript of these two sonnets at Penn's Kislak Center for Special Collections, Rare Books and Manuscripts. On December 1, 1969, he published his research paper "Due Sonetti Inediti Di Alessandro Tassoni" ("Two Unpublished Sonnets by A. Tassoni"). Of this popular Penn instructor, one can surely say "un gentiluomo e un bravo professore" -- a gentleman and a fine professor!

LABOR RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

RICHARD L. ROWAN

by John Raudabaugh, W'68

Arriving at Penn was overwhelming. One of my first classes was with Dr. Herbert Northrup who triggered my interest in labor relations and labor economics. But it was his colleague and co-director of the Wharton Industrial Research Unit, Dr. Richard Lamar Rowan who became my career long mentor. I became his research assistant working on timely subjects of significant socio-economic issues. He and his wife Marilyn and children John and Jennifer invited me to their home on many occasions. After my four years as a Navy Supply Corps Aide and Flag Lieutenant, Dr. Rowan advised me to pursue a graduate degree in labor economics. Next came the difficult choice between a doctoral degree and career in academia or a law degree. It was a very difficult decision but I elected law. Twelve years following law school I pleased Dr. Rowan, my labor relations guide, by being nominated by President George H.W. Bush and confirmed by the U.S. Senate to serve as a Member of the National Labor Relations Board. During my term, I was involved with the famous Electromation decision, 309 NLRB No. 163 (1992). The fundamental principles of Electromation were derived from my studies and research with Drs. Rowan and Northrup regarding employee participation and involvement in workplace issues impacting overall productivity, economic returns, employee recognition, and wage growth. Dr. Rowan was and remains a significant influencer, as was my father and Rear Admiral Elton Sutherling, in my life. After decades of professional work, I am now a law professor intent on motivating a new generation. Thank you to Penn for launching my life's work.

RICHARD L. ROWAN

by Andrew Woods, W'68

I transferred from Florida State University in 1965 to the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, an undergraduate curriculum that contained business courses as well as liberal arts offerings. One summer course was Labor Relations. Wharton was a business school and "labor" and "business" were like the proverbial oil and water. Professor Richard Rowan, who taught the course, had been one of the major negotiators called in during the steel crisis of 1962, with the confrontation between President John F. Kennedy and U.S. Steel Corporation.

Professor Rowan was a very quiet, low-key teacher. He was always well dressed. It was easy to see how he could be an effective mediator. I later learned that he was from Birmingham, Alabama, and had received all his formal education in the South. Because my own Southern accent had been previously derided at Penn, I tended to say as little as possible in class and to perform on examinations and papers. I sat in the back of Professor Rowan's room, aware but not aware. One day after class he called me aside and said, "Mr. Woods, you are going to teach this class next Friday," and told me the subject matter.

I had one week to prepare, and I became a man obsessed. I read and read and wrote and wrote. On Thursday, I went out and bought a pinstriped, seersucker blue summer suit for the occasion, which I could ill afford. On Friday, I stood before the class and felt the magic. No “uhs”, just smooth flowing explanations of somewhat complicated material. The class paid attention. I saw no one nodding off or looking around. Near the end of the hour, I knew: “I am going to be a teacher.” Alas, it would be almost twenty years before I would embrace that knowledge.

I was the only student Professor Rowan asked to teach that summer. Soon after my teaching experience, he took me to lunch. He told me how outstanding my teaching performance was. It felt good to be stroked. He probably talked more about my plans but I do not remember any of this conversation. I did not realize that I was walking away from an open door, a world-class professor who wanted to mentor me into a world in which I could probably be very successful. I will always wonder how he picked me out, probably the only pro-labor person in the class. When I read his obituary, I learned that he had been an outstanding mentor to many students and had won numerous awards for his teaching as well as his scholarship. Professor Rowan’s decision to put me in a teaching role had an enormous impact on my life. Over a decade later, after pursuing a career as a filmmaker in Los Angeles, I decided to go to medical school, even though I fainted at the sight of blood. I eventually became an academic pediatric anesthesiologist and worked extensively as a humanitarian medical worker, most often in politically unstable regions, including: the Gaza Strip in 1993 and 1994; Romania in 1994; Shantou, China in 1993 and 1994; Nanchang, China in 1994 and 1995; Kenya in 1999; and Honduras 2012 and 2013. In all these locations, I worked in operating rooms alongside local doctors, sharing with them my knowledge of Western medicine. Because of Professor Rowan, I became a teacher on an international scale, truly a joyous experience.

MATERIAL SCIENCES DEPARTMENT

WAYNE WORRELL

by Bruce W. Wessels, MTE’68

When I matriculated at Penn in 1964 it was an exciting time: the Sputnik era had already begun. Penn was leading the way in education of new engineers and scientists. The university had just built a new building to further research in advanced materials. New faculty were also added to strengthen these activities. Among the new faculty was Wayne Worrell, who specialized in materials chemistry. He wanted to build his lab and was recruiting graduate and undergraduate students. I was to become his first undergraduate student and I spent the next several years working in his lab and learning my trade. In my junior year, he recommended me for a research position at the Lawrence Laboratory in Berkeley, California. In addition to working alongside a senior scientist, I got to meet leaders in the field, including Edward Teller. I subsequently undertook my senior thesis project under Wayne Worrell’s guidance.

My experience led me to attain my PhD in Material Science at MIT. I subsequently became a faculty member in the McCormick School of Engineering at Northwestern University. Needless to say, Wayne Worrell played an important role throughout my undergraduate years.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

HERBERT WILF

by Lee Gordon, C'68

I was very fortunate to have been taught by Professor Herbert Wilf in my freshman year, with his General Honors Math 140 course. Simply put, this superstar mathematician was not only brilliant, but was an exceptional instructor as well. Professor Wilf, in 1973, was presented with the Lindback Award for Distinguished Teaching.

In 1964, I was seriously thinking of becoming an actuary. I had been advised that it would be ideal to take my actuarial exam during my undergraduate work in mathematics. Professor Wilf's calculus instruction helped me pass Part One of the Actuarial Examination; and, because of this success, I was, throughout all my Penn years, able to work all summers and Decembers in a major life insurance company. I was most appreciative of Professor Wilf when I received my first weekly paycheck of $50(!) in 1965 from the Baltimore Life Insurance Company.

In researching Herbert Wilf on the Math genealogy site, I discovered that in his career my professor successfully mentored 27 Penn graduate students who went on to obtain their Ph.D degrees. https://www.mathgenealogy.org/id.php?id=15200 One of Professor Wilf's Ph.D students, E. Roy Weintraub, was the son of Penn Economics Professor Sidney Weintraub. The math/economics genealogy linkage carries into another generation because E. Roy Weintraub was the mathematics advisor for my son Eric Gordon's game theory undergraduate thesis at Duke University. Go figure!

HERBERT WILF

by Linda Mann Sacks, CW'68, FEL'78

In the Fall of 1964, I started out as a pre-vet student in the General Honors at Penn. In those days, there was a single advisory board for all pre-med, pre-dental, and pre-vet students. Its purpose was to guide us in choosing classes, extra-curricular activities, research positions, so as to ensure our success in gaining admission. My freshman year coincided with the height of the Vietnam War, and many young men were seeking medical-associated careers as a means of avoiding the draft, enhancing the number of applicants to medical, dental and veterinary school. In addition, back in those ancient 1960's, those unenlightened, non-diverse times, women comprised a less than ten percent of medical school students, and even less in veterinary schools (about 5%).

One late afternoon just prior to winter break, I went to see my advisor who turned out to be my calculus professor, Dr. Herbert Wilf. To my dismay, he immediately tried to talk me out of my career choice, veterinary medicine. He did not reveal any reason, nor did I ask, timid as I was. In retrospect, I think he believed I wouldn't get in. I was female (and therefore, not cannon fodder), had diminutive physical status (think big animals), or maybe I was just not smart enough (after all, I had been his student). He suggested I try for medical school admission instead. After more than 50 years, I still remember his parting words: "Miss Mann, think about it. Do you want to spend the rest of your life taking care of rich people's French poodles?"

Wow. He struck a sore spot. In those days Penn was true Ivy League – a school teeming with wealthy young men and women, although maybe less so in GH program. Here I was, strictly middle class, attending Penn only because I won a full- tuition ride via a Philadelphia Board of Education scholarship. I didn't even live in the dorms. I commuted. The rich well-dressed (hey, it was the 60's) girls on campus scared me. How did Dr. Wilf know that? And the professor had cited the one breed of canine I disliked (and still do) - French poodles!!

I was facing a three week winter break, to be spent in its entirety in Philadelphia, in my parents' home. No beach or ski vacation were in the plans for me. So I went home, and dutifully spent the next few weeks watching all the medical shows – original and reruns- that I could find: Dr. Kildare, Ben Casey, Marcus Welby, maybe a few others. On television, medicine seemed exciting, stimulating, rewarding, even fun. And there were absolutely no shows about the exciting lives of veterinarians. When I returned to school in January, I changed my registration to Premed, and the rest, as they say, is history.

I am sure that my ending up as a Neonatologist represents a subconscious wish to practice veterinary medicine. My tiny patients are always blameless. They do not self-destruct by not following my advice. Neonates can only communicate non-verbally, and their parents (a.k.a owners) are always worried and at times can be obnoxious!!!

HERBERT WILF

by Mona Shangold, CW'68

Herbert Wilf, our GH math professor, was a brilliant mathematician and teacher, whose compassion and talent added greatly to the experience of being his student.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

REINOUT KROON

by Thomas Cassel, ME'68, GME'73, GR'79

Fraternity life and Penn Rowing were somewhat of a distraction during those first 3 semesters at Penn and my engineering grades suffered. But with support from an

extraordinary mentor in Professor Reinout Kroon, I eventually graduated with a handful of academic honors.

Professor Kroon was an internationally respected and distinguished expert in jet engines. He was also the Mechanical Engineering and Applied Mechanics (MEAM) department chair who taught an upper level course in high-speed turbomachinery. Yet despite his rank and busy schedule, he always made time to meet with his students. There was so much to learn from Professor Kroon – his approachability, his listening skills, his empathy, his genuine interest in people, his sound advice conveyed in the most humble manner, and the pleasure of talking with him about his varied and rich life experiences and his interest in his students' experiences. On giving advice, he made sure to leave any ultimate decision up to the student, but only after he helped the student explore the pluses and minuses of any alternative courses of action. Professor Kroon also impressed upon me to "get good at something" i.e., develop an expertise, a personal value proposition.

Later, after returning from a 3-year stint with the Peace Corps in Lesotho in 1972, Professor Kroon invited me to give a seminar on my experience to Penn Engineering's faculty and students. On the day of the talk, I saw that he sent a personal message to all faculty and students encouraging attendance. The auditorium was packed, much more than it would have been otherwise, and he was in the front row. So much to learn from him. In my faculty position today at Penn Engineering, 50 years later, I strive to be the mentor to my students that Professor Kroon was to me.

NATURAL SCIENCES DEPARTMENT

ALAN ADLER, GR'60

by Frank Kampas, C'68, G'68

The Penn professor who had the most effect on my life was Dr. Alan Adler, who was not at Penn for a very long time, as he did not get tenure from the Chemistry department. His research specialty was the synthesis of porphyrins (natural porphyrins include chlorophyll and heme, the part of hemoglobin which binds oxygen).

It all started with my General Honors course "Natural Science 10" lab experiment that Dr. Adler devised, which used his method to synthesize tetraphenylporphyrin. The group of 3 that I was in for that experiment got a good yield. (I had a home chemistry lab in high school which may have been partly responsible.) Dr. Adler was my GH advisor and I went to him at the beginning of sophomore year to ask how I could get a part-time job working at Penn, since my scholarship covered tuition, but not room and board, and other expenses. He gave me a job, testing out a method he had devised for making metal porphyrins. I worked for him sophomore and junior year. He left at the end of my junior year, having not gotten tenure. When he wrote up the method, he included me as an author and that paper has been cited 1792 times as of today. The method is still being used.

In my senior year I worked for Prof. Walter Selove, in the Physics Department. Also, in senior year, I was accepted by the Stanford Physics department for graduate work and received a letter saying that the department was trying to get graduate students involved in research their first year, to get a reason for a draft deferment, since graduate students were no longer deferred. My reply included my work on porphyrins and Stanford replied that Prof. W. A. Little wanted to test out his idea for room temperature superconductors by having someone make a porphryin with other dye molecules attached. I went to work for Dr. Little and did succeed in synthesizing the molecule he wanted. However, my draft board was not impressed, so I enlisted in the Navy, having made a deal with the recruiter that I would be a science instructor at a Navy school, after graduating from Naval Officers Candidate School. I returned to Stanford 2 1/2 years later, after having been an instructor at the Naval Academy Preparatory School, teaching physics and chemistry to recruited athletes for Annapolis. I finished up my Ph.D. and then got a postdoc at the University of Washington, making solar cells from porphyrins, including some I had synthesized at Penn. After that I went to Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island, making more solar cells from porphyrins. There, in 1978, I switched to making solar cells from amorphous silicon. From there I went into the solar energy industry, but that's another story.

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

VIRGIL HIGHLAND

by Richard Platt, C'68

Professor Virgil Highland gave the following exam in his course "Electricity and Magnetism". Dr. Highland walked in, said nothing while setting up a vertical 12" dowel wrapped in wire. He attached the two ends of the wire to a battery. Then he produced a ring, also wrapped in wire. He slipped the ring over the dowel and it just hovered in mid-air, with the dowel poking through its center. Then he swapped the ring for another one that had a flashlight battery connected to the wire. I believe the light lit and the ring hit the desk. The exam question was to describe what we'd seen. I wonder, does every EandM course end that way?

WALTER SELOVE

by Stuart Finkel, C'68

I was not a star in physics, physical chemistry, or math, but I remember a question on one of his exams: Calculate the distance from the earth of a geostationary satellite orbit. As a follower of the space program in 1965, I knew the answer was 22,300 miles, but I couldn't do the damned equations. So I tried to work backwards from the answer with the equations on my test paper, and ended up with a complete mess. He later told me if I had just written down "22,300 miles," and nothing else, he would have given me full credit. We laughed.

WALTER SELOVE

by Frank Kampas, C'68, G'68

In my junior year I decided I wanted to be a particle physicist, which was Walter Selove's field. He came in on Saturdays to privately tutor me. The summer after junior year, I worked in his group at the Penn-Penn accelerator (near Princeton) and worked for his group senior year at Penn. I eventually decided I wasn't cut out for a career in a field which involved collaborating with so many people, but have never forgotten his coming in on Saturdays to tutor me in the field.

THE WALTER SELOVE RADAR TICKET TRIAL DISCUSSION

Mark Rosen, C'68, L'72:

My General Honors first year physics professor, Walter Selove, told our class how he got off from a speeding ticket by proving to the judge how radar could be fooled by grill ornaments.

Lenny Levin, C'68:

Yes, the radar incident. Thanks for supplying the name Walter Selove.

EDITOR'S NOTE: More details about the radar case emerged. Professor Selove's starting point was the premise that physics has application to everyday life. The Studebaker was a convertible, and Professor Selove got a laugh from his class by commenting that he had hair and was quite a dashing fellow in those days of yore. Apparently the radar readout covered an interval of time. The readout for Selove's car was a jagged line, indicating wild variations in speed during what could not have been more than a couple of seconds. Selove argued to the judge that analysis of the forces required to change his speed that much in such a short time proved that the readout could not possibly be accurate.

Merrie Bauer Wise, CW'68, GEE'76, GR'81:

I too don't recall much, but I do recall the radar incident. It was Walter Selove and, as I remember it, he was driving one of those old bullet-nosed Studebakers from the early 1950s. (My mother had one.) He attributed the radar mistake to the pointy nose ornament and slope of the hood. He told us he knew nobody in court was following his explanation, but they let him off anyhow for creativity!

POLITICAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

C.J. BURNETT

by Lionel Schooler, C'68

Plato spoke of a society inhabited by Philosopher Kings. At Penn, I encountered for the first time a self-styled "King of Political Philosophers," C. J. Burnett. I signed up for Mr. Burnett's course

(Poli Sci 80) because of my interest in history, and by the potential for exploring under Mr. Burnett's tutelage the history of the development of political philosophy. By the way, he was quite proud of the fact that he had never received an advanced degree in his area of expertise, and usually displayed annoyance at being labeled "Professor."

Mr. Burnett was a Penn alum who had lettered in football and lacrosse while in college. He occasionally regaled us with his reminiscences of life at Penn in the 1920s and early 1930s, where he teamed with his long-time friend and contemporary, George Munger, a Penn football playing and coaching legend from the 1930s to the 1950s.

By his appearance, one would never have ascribed to Mr. Burnett the attribute of scholar. His rotund physique balanced atop short legs gave him the characteristic appearance of a "leatherhead," a nickname for footballers who wore leather helmets in the 1920s and 1930s (and who were immortalized, or at least nostalgically remembered, in George Clooney's 2008 movie of that name).

But that first impression dissolved quickly when hearing Mr. Burnett speak of Plato, Aristotle, and other renowned political philosophers, sometimes dubbed the Philosopher Kings. He revered the great political thinkers of the world. He relished the opportunity to educate us on these great minds and their legacies. He also enjoyed the opportunity to pass along his unvarnished thoughts on the evolution of politics in the United States, and on the state of modern politics.

Mr. Burnett was an original, and quite a character. That moniker does not do him justice intellectually. He made me wish that I could take another course from him. That's about as good as it gets when rating teachers.

ALVIN Z. RUBINSTEIN

by Richard Fein, C'68

Alvin Rubinstein is one of my fondest memories at Penn. The courses he taught on the Soviet Union were based on vast expertise and presented with vigor. He knew and cared about his students. A great scholar, pedagogue and person.

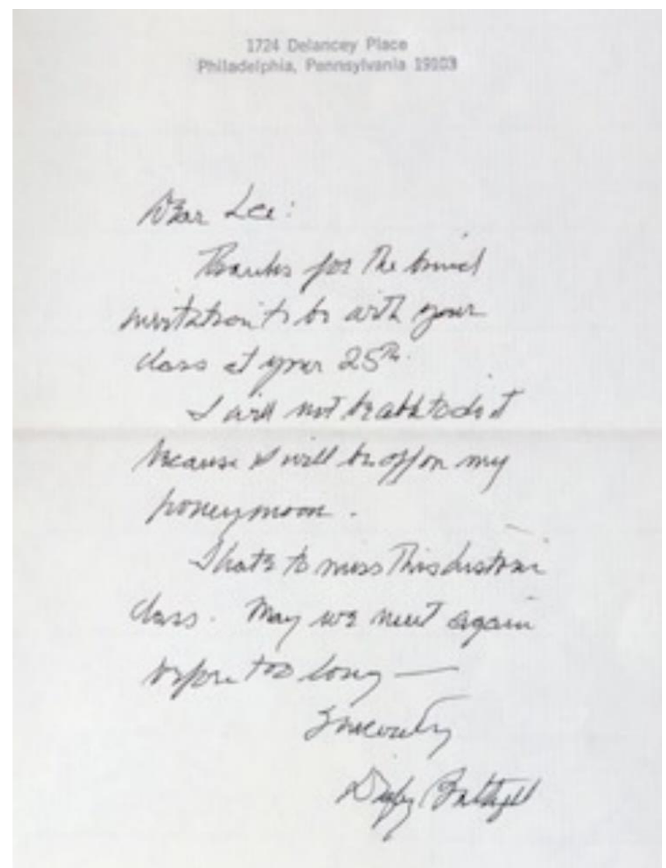
SOCIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

E. DIGBY BALTZELL

by Lee Gordon, C'68

Before I arrived at Penn, I purchased a newly printed 1964 book called "The Protestant Establishment: Aristocracy and Caste in America", by E. Digby Baltzell. What a transformative tome! Professor Baltzell had brought to the fore the term "WASP", with all the ensuing drama in American that term engendered. American life that emanated from that term included the heated discussion about meritocracy in America. Professor Baltzell, himself a WASP from the Philadelphia Main Line, was a charismatic teacher. Those of us in his Sociology 10: "Social Stratification" course were swept into the maelstrom of change from the Kennedy era into the LBJ years. Professor Baltzell strongly claimed that the Catholic JFK was, in fact, more of a WASP than many of his fellow Boston brahmins. Probing us with questions about status in society, namely should one's birth status grant one the right of automatic success. In class, the nattily dressed, preppy professor with bow tie, stressed the danger facing American leadership. He wrote in his book that "there is a crisis in American leadership in the middle of the twentieth century that is partly due, I think, to the declining authority of an establishment which is now based on an increasingly castelike White-Anglo Saxon-Protestant (WASP) upper class." The issues of meritocracy and White class privilege that Professor Baltzell raised in 1964 are still very much with us today.

In 1993, for our 25th Reunion, I invited E. Digby Baltzell to be our guest as a favorite professor, along with such other luminaries as Alex Riasanovsky. He sent me a lovely handwritten letter, asking that he be allowed to graciously decline since he was going to be off on his honeymoon. But he wrote a tribute to the Class of 1968 in that letter: "I hate to miss this historic class. May we meet again before too long." Bon voyage, Professor E. Digby Baltzell!



1724 Delancey Place
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

Dear Lee:

Thanks for the kind invitation to be with your class at your 25th.

I am not able to do it because I will be off on my honeymoon.

I hate to miss this historic class. May we meet again before too long —

Sincerely

Digby Baltzell

MARVIN WOLFGANG, GR’55

by Marilyn Turetz Kanas, CW’68

My favorite professor was Dr. Marvin Wolfgang, who was Professor of Criminology and Sociology and headed the Criminology Center. In the summer after our Junior year I worked in the Criminology Center on a model to support his research into recidivism. We (Susan Greenblatt, CW’68 from our class and Anne O’Hara ’69) worked on large paper drawings, placing numbers in circles with lines attaching them to their history. Today this could be easily done on a computer model.

I remember one day having trouble reading Dr. Wolfgang's handwriting and **Dr. Thorsten Sellin** was there so I went to ask him since he had worked so close with Dr. Wolfgang. He was able to determine what was written and commented that was what came from 30+ years of grading student papers!