



Class of 1972 – Class of 1972 Memories

Classmates,

During my tenure as sports editor of the DP, I thought it necessary to attend at least one game, match, meet or regatta of every men's and women's varsity sport. Admittedly, I didn't last too long at the one fencing competition I watched. Invariably, I thought the fencer who lost the point had made the first touch. While most of you never got closer to a crew race than the banks of the Schuylkill at Skimmer, I actually rode in the motorboat with the coaches during one race. However, despite my never ending love of Penn basketball, my favorite event every year was the Penn Relays, which, at the time and perhaps still, was the largest track meet in the world. While my memory of all of these events is somewhat fuzzy, my guess is that the first time I saw Jeff Fried compete in the high jump was at the Penn Relays in Franklin Field. While field usually took a backseat to track at the Relays, this month's memoir writer was one of the more accomplished athletes in our class. His distinguished career as a high jumper was capped by a victory at the IC4A championships, the most competitive meet in the east, as a senior.

Jeff grew up in New Milford, NJ and graduated from New Milford High School where he teamed with the great Cornell running back, Ed Marinaro, to win a state championship in track and field. While at Penn, he majored in biology and was in the pre-med program. Jeff also was a member of the Beta Sigma Rho fraternity. Upon graduation, he attended Georgetown Medical School and managed to find the time to continue his track career for several years during which time he reached a personal best of 6'10;" he also competed in the Maccabiah Games in 1973 in Israel. Jeff returned to Penn as an orthopedic resident in and then was a sports medicine fellow at Cleveland Clinic. He has practiced orthopedic surgery for over 30 years, the last 18 years of which have been in Macon, GA. During his tenure in Macon, Jeff also was the part-owner and CEO of the Macon Whopees, a minor league hockey team whose sobriquet was selected as the best nickname of all time by *Sports Illustrated*. Jeff still is on call at a Level One Trauma Center and is a clinical professor of surgery at Mercer University School of Medicine. While hip replacements ended his high jumping days, he now competes in both swimming and throwing events where he qualified for the national senior games last summer.

Sadly, Linda, Jeff's wife of 38 years, died earlier in 2013 after a brief illness. She is survived by their son Stephen, a Penn engineering grad who is an energy trader, their son Rob, who played ice hockey at Harvard and is a TV writer and producer, and their daughter Susie, who is a professional equestrian and Grand Prix rider. I hope you enjoy Jeff's memoir, "Four Dead in Ohio." Jeff's piece is number 12 in our series. His efforts will be followed by those of Stephen Berer, Sophie Balcoff, Nancy Tulin, and Robert Samson. That will take us through February 2014 in the quest for 45 memoirs for our 45th reunion. If you would like to contribute to this project, please email me at Friar72@gmail.com.

I plan to be at [Homecoming](#) on November 9 to watch this year's Quakers continue the mastery over Princeton. Please let me know if you will be there. If enough '72 members attend, I will put together some type of informal reception.

Best,
Jeff Rothbard, President, Class of '72



Four Dead In Ohio

I knew as soon as I walked into the Palestra in the spring of 1968 that I would be attending Penn. I was on a recruiting trip and Head Coach Jim Tuppeny spotted Wilt Chamberlain and called out to him to meet me. The roof had blown off the Spectrum and thus the 76ers were practicing at Penn. I got to shake hands with one of my childhood heroes and that was it for me. The cool thing about this was three years later when I was high jumping in the Penn Relays, I looked up and saw Wilt sitting in the first row.

I had first met the Field Events Coach Irving "Moon" Mondschein earlier that year, while I was winning the New Jersey State Indoor High Jump Title. Whereas, Tupp was from the Main Line, straight as an arrow and Old School, Moon was straight out of the movie "Old School." He grew up in the streets of Brooklyn and spoke like it. He knew every "There was a Man from Nantucket" limerick and more. He spoke 6 languages, but we said he spoke "French" best. Moon also was a tremendous athlete. He was a decathlete in the 1948 Olympics and national high jump champion while at NYU. He was so strong that it took 10 of us to strip him and throw him into a lake, while we were attending a coed wild party during our trip to England in 1970. After he dried himself off, he put on only his jacket and tie and flipped a moon as the crowd chanted his nickname. The Brits in attendance were suitably impressed.

Moon's antics, however, paled in comparison to one of the most bizarre sporting events in US history, the 1970 Heptagonal Outdoor Track and Field Championships on May 9, 1970 at Yale. News of the Cambodian invasion had sparked outrage on US college campuses and then the murder of four Kent State students by American armed forces resulted in a call for strikes on campus. The Heps, which consisted of the Ivy League member and the service academies of Army and Navy were scheduled for 5 days after the Kent State tragedy. Much of the Princeton team stopped competing in track and field.

Harvard's star miler, Royce Shaw decided to join the huge protest in Washington, DC rather than participate. Even without Shaw, Harvard was favored to win the meet.

The academies got word of a possible protest at the Heps, but decided to attend anyway and hoped the storm would abate; it didn't. Ed Nosal from Harvard and Yale captain Kwaku Ohene-Frempong (now emeritus professor in Pediatrics at Penn) organized a captains' meeting and conducted a vote whether to issue a proclamation condemning both the invasion and the military intervention at Kent State, although Army and Navy told them they would have to quit the meet if the proclamation passed. I am sure George Lokken, Penn's captain, voted against the declaration which was read right before the start of the meet. It is set forth below:

We, the athletes assembled before you, members of the Ivy League teams competing here today, seek to call attention to our belief that business as usual is not sufficient. As athletes and trackmen we understand that our sport is not, and must never become a hideout from our basic responsibilities as human beings. Since the last outdoor Heptagonal meet, thousands have been killed in the unending war in Southeast Asia. Within the last year, student opposition to the war has increased while the Administration continues to listen to a postulated Silent Majority. Still, there has been no Congressional decision to enter the war, no less to pursue it across international borders. Since our last encounter, the spirit of division and intolerance separating us from our national leaders has grown. The Administration has resorted to name-calling and worse, in an effort to ignore and silence the legitimate opposition to the war, conscription and senseless violence. We decry the killing of the students at Kent State as a national tragedy and focus of shame. We decry the growing intolerance which permits some to accept those sacrifices as necessary or justified. We further deplore the growing tolerance for repression directed against political and racial minorities such as the Black Panther party and people of racial disposition in general. Those of us who compete here today do so in the hope that our concern with these vital issues will be expressed to all spectators, and all those who found pleasure in track and field. We respect and acknowledge those members of our teams who felt they cannot in conscience participate in this meet.

It was an awkward speech. Some in attendance applauded; few were comfortable with the context in which it was delivered. Although I agreed with much of the statement, I felt sorry for the Army and Navy athletes who had no choice but to leave. I had always enjoyed competing against the Academy athletes, so I was very conflicted about the timing of the statement.

Nevertheless, the Penn team was focused on winning as we had not won a title in almost 30 years and we held a mid-meet mini rally which really annoyed Harvard. Tupp had once described the long-haired, bearded Harvard team as a disgrace to the Ivy League so there was no love lost between the two teams. One runner from Yale, Thomas Dunn qualified in the 880 relay, and then refused to run in the final as a counter protest to the “unyielding arrogance” of the captains’ statement.

I finished second to Gene Halton in the high jump. I can still remember his Princeton shirt with a fist and the saying ON STRIKE, and he also wore a red and black headband. The day then ended on a bizarre note with Harvard winning and Penn second and Harvard refusing to accept the trophy. However, the Heps protest did make The New York Times front page right alongside the 100,000 strong demonstration in Washington, DC. Perhaps a few athletes can make a difference and give momentum to a movement.

By the 1971 Outdoor Championships, the Heps participants had reconciled. Army and Navy returned. There were no protests this time at the meet which took place in Franklin Field. I went on to win the high jump and Penn would garner its long awaited Heps title, one of nine over the next 10 years. We would also win the IC4A outdoor title as the top Eastern School my senior year. I feel lucky to have participated in and witnessed these strange events. The Kent State killings and subsequent weekend protests proved to be a tipping point in ending the Vietnam War. Indeed, our stay at Penn was a time of great change in the world.

By Jeffrey A. Fried, MD, C’72, RES’81