



HARVARD-RADCLIFFE CLASS OF 1966

Dear Classmates,

August, 2020

Following is our August newsletter, and a reminder that responses should go to: tblack@post.harvard.edu but first an announcement from **Ann Peck**, for the reunion committee:

Whether virtual or in person, **we're hoping to connect classmates through multiple media during our reunion year.** We've begun to identify people with experience producing video. If you would like to participate by lending technical and/or creative skills, we'd be delighted. On the very embryonic agenda – upon which we invite you to expand – are interviews, Ted talks, Zoom montages (mini-Ted Talks among groups of classmates), and book/poetry talks based on classmates' recent publications.

Tell us if you'd like to participate. And tell us what topics you'd like to see classmates address, whether global (what's the biggest problem we have yet to solve in our lifetimes?) or trivial (what was your favorite diversion in college?). Send expressions of interest and suggestions of content to annpeck@comcast.net

Reunion will begin early this time around so don't delay!

Jerry Beasley

I continue to appreciate all you have done over the years to report the lives of '66ers, a source of inspiration for me here in a small mountain village. In recent weeks, I've enjoyed reading three books by our classmates, antidotes all for the sicknesses that separate us. Chester Johnson's *Damaged Heritage: The Elaine Race Massacre and a Story of Reconciliation* tells of his discovery of a beloved grandfather's involvement in a horrific murder spree to eliminate African-Americans who, emboldened by their service in WWI, challenged the oppressive tenant farming system in the Arkansas of 1919. Chester's personal struggle to shed the shackles of Southern bigotry emerges throughout the book. Jay Caldwell's *Erskine Caldwell, Margaret Bourke-White, and the Popular Front: Photojournalism in Russia* is the meticulously researched story of his father's reportorial journey, commissioned by Henry Luce's *Life* magazine, to justify the Soviets' inclusion among the Allies in the early days of WWII. And finally, Sandy Ungar's *Fresh Blood: The New American Immigrants* (published in 1995) recounts not only his family's journeys to our shores but also the immigration of other groups such as Poles, Koreans and Cubans. His chapter on the Cubans held special interest for me because I lived in South Florida at the time of their arrival and counted several as friends in my large high school. There, they encountered many of us who were part of a great internal migration in this country from Appalachia to industrial cities in the upper Midwest and teachers to new schools in Florida being hastily built to accommodate the population explosion. Sandy's book prompted recollection of classmate Michael Barone's similar book on the nature of our new immigrants and Oscar Handlin's lectures on American social history and his book *Uprooted*. Each of these books, at least in part, seems to reveal a search for roots, timely for those of us who now have a

bit of time to consider whence we have come. I wish space and time would permit me to give credit to all the classmates who have influenced my own journey over the decades since our graduation. I am deeply grateful to you and to Harvard for bringing us together.

J. Chester Johnson

My most recent book, ***Damaged Heritage: The Elaine Race Massacre and A Story of Reconciliation***, was published on May 5th by Pegasus (distributed by Simon & Schuster). The publisher notified me two weeks ago that it was an Amazon Bestseller for biographies of social activists via Kindle purchases.

Mary Mackey

One of the big fires here in California is burning about 40 miles from us and sending huge amounts of smoke into the air. The light from the sun looks like a thin layer of orange juice spread over everything. The shadows are blue. The moon looks like it's been dipped in blood. The air smells like smoke and hurts your throat and eyes. So we're staying inside, sheltering in place now from both the virus and the fires. It's a little like living in a bio dome on Mars.

J.D. Tew

I retired at the end of 2003, from Wellington (investment) Management in Boston. June and I have lived for 25 years in Rockport, Mass. we have 3 kids and 5 grandchildren. One son and his wife live outside of Santa Fe, #2 son and his wife in Pittsburgh, our daughter and her husband live 10 minutes away in Gloucester. We spend about 6 months/year east of Santa Fe. June sold her pottery business in 2005. I traveled a lot on business, in the US and overseas, and continued that after retirement: most recently on sailboat deliveries across the Atlantic and Pacific, and with my roommate, Sandy Williams, from St. Petersburg to Shang Hai on the Trans-Siberian RR. My only real charitable work was 20 years with a community development project in Haiti. Politically I have moved From Center-Right to Center-Left.. I started to get uneasy about the GOP when Bush Sr. brought Dan Quayle on to the ticket in '92. We have had major fires in Santa Fe and Rockport, and two severe hurricanes at our place in the Turks & Caicos. You don't want to live near us. Everyone healthy and happy, Covid has had no impact on our lives. That's all for now. Cheers.

Stephen Bergman

Re your asking for more info and photos. I mention that my wife and I had the Covid—I caught it while on speaking tour of hospitals/med schools in NYC first week in March for my new novel, *Man's 4th Best Hospital*. Janet and I figured we'd better try the Trump plan, and Janet had me drink a lot of Lysol—and It worked! But I came out of it looking a little funny. So the update photo is attached. I am the one on the right.



[Ed. Note] I thought we all might benefit from Steve's experience with the Covid, so I asked him to submit the following:]

Sure. March 8th I came back from the Covid-infested Bronx, where the only prohibition was not to shake hands, and was okay for a few days and then all of a sudden as I was walking up from my carriage house where I write to the house where we live, even though it wasn't too cold I had a rigor—a medical term for an uncontrollable shaking of every muscle of my body, teeth chattering, legs shaking, dragging myself up the stairs. And all of a sudden I said, could this be it? I took my temperature, and it was below normal—by a couple of degree—as if I could not make a temperature. What followed was worse, being smacked by a hammer, leached out of energy, bad headache, and lesion in the eye. My wife had the same but worse, high fever, chest pain probably pericarditis etc. This syndrome would not let up—weeks passed, with every day we fearing that the virus would go into the lungs. For whatever reason, it tiptoed up to the lungs and then went back. The fear was a main symptom—for a doctor, every cough means “ventilator.” Took us 8 weeks to recover. I found out later that a distinguished surgeon my age, that I'd met and signed a book for and shook hands with at Montefiore, died the week later.

John Diamonte:

San Francisco, fiery, desperate California, August 24—

Especially with Mitch, now, I'll be slightly dreading the Necrology's (baleful word) procession of exits. Past several years, noting '67s, '65s going, in *Harvard*, found it curious we (of '43*) seemed unusually, actuarially robust.

Was it something in our vintage of the Charles??

But here we go, I reckon.

-Cheers, as we can/should muster 'em, 'midst so many's miseries,

John D

*Just finished Kathy Foote's loan of Larson's *The Vile and the Splendid*, re first, '39-'40, prime ministerial year of Churchill--a



deep page-turning steep in the days our wartime conceptions contemplated/gleamed; perspective on current ravages.

Also from **John Diamonte**:



Matthew, John, Giants' ballpark



Victoria's Dumfro banner



At Nepenthe post July 4



Cate '61 annual SF reception



Adaptive tech, Africa

Cathleen Cavell

This is an epilogue to what I wrote for our 55th Reunion Book. My early August entry was filled with pride and details about Stanley's and my children, especially our younger son, David, who was running to succeed Joe Kennedy in Congress from our MA-04 district.

After I submitted that update, on August 13, 2020, David suspended his campaign and endorsed the other undeniably progressive candidate in the 8-person field, Jesse Mermell. As he explained in the *Boston Globe* article linked below, David had determined that, by remaining in the race, he might assist the most dubious Democrat running, who had over a million dollars in SuperPac support from his wealthy parents and lobbyists from Big Pharma and fossil fuel interests, as well as a widely-criticized endorsement from the *Globe* itself.

<https://www.bostonglobe.com/2020/08/13/metro/shake-up-cavell-dropping-out-fourth-district-primary-back-merrell-stop-auchincloss/>

David's principled decision was painful for him and the many good people who supported him, but I know it was the right one. The Primary on September 1 will likely decide this race in a reliably Democratic district.

Cheers to you all in this troubled time. If November works out as I pray it will, we can look forward to a better 2021 than the year we are ending. Fingers crossed.

Betsy Peltz

I will be staying at my grandchildren's house for a week a month to give my co-grandmother respite. She has been providing stability to both kids while both parents work from home during this year of remote learning. Our special needs guy and his sister both need our love and guidance. I hope to be of help.

I have been in training: sleep, a low stress diet, (some) exercise, more sleep, and trying out various calming schemes. Xword puzzles. And brief meditations for the meditation-averse. I love this one which is new to me: Go outside (several times a day) for 5 minutes. Sit. Observe 5 sights, 4 audibles, 3 skin-sensations, 2 smells, 1 taste. (A bite of chocolate?) At 5 minutes, these are doable and vivid. I can remember later - for the purpose of centering - the early morning smell of pine needles and earth, the sight of the late afternoon sun shining through the leaves, the sound of the insects, the hummingbirds, and the wind in the pines. And the feel of stillness or the feel of a breeze. Those of you who are practiced meditators may laugh in my general direction, or, I hope, say: baby steps

Stephen Shafer

Could you please announce the good news that in the recent election for Overseer, three of the Harvard Forward candidates nominated by petition were elected: Margaret Purce, Thea Sebastian and Jayson Toweh. Here's an article from Harvard Magazine

<https://harvardmagazine.com/2020/08/harvard-divestment-advocates-win-overseer-seats>

William Neaves

The wildlife on our mesa top out here in Northwest Texas consoles me in Priscilla's absence. She died of cortical Lewy body disease one year ago on August 30th. I was fortunate to photograph this grey fox through a dining room window on August 22nd.



Virginia Morris

Did write something in class book but here is small addition: we, a group of 4 elders/grandmothers, in Oakland, as the ad hoc group 'Grandmothers 4 a Green New Deal', are now finishing a very simple, short (16 min.) 'web story' to educate (and maybe inspire) general audiences about the green new deal proposal. If we get all done (permissions, etc.) and piece ready to distribute, will send link in next newsletter!
Best to all, in covid and shutdown, ginio

Elayne Archer

I have spent the summer in Brooklyn, and masks are a big part of my life. I expressed some of my thoughts about masks in the following poem.

My Masked City, My Masked Self

Now after months of wearing one
I forget to put one on.
I walk a block and people
Look at me strangely
I realize I am maskless
I carry extra in my pockets and bags
But can never find one.
Masked I smile at adults,
at children, at dogs
Dogs are the best—
Unmasked they smile back
In their lopsided, drooly way.
In childhood, masks were scary
What bank robbers wore,
Mardi gras revelers in a riotous city,
The condemned awaiting the executioner's Ax or the hangman's noose.
When this is over
Will people have forgotten how to smile?
Or not feel like smiling?
When this is over
And we walk unmasked
Will I see the city anew,
As if for the first time
Like a tourist?
Or will I view it
As I did after 9/11
Another country
A dangerous place

A target for evil
 And now a place
 For contagion to spread?
 My fellow New Yorkers possible carriers
 Or maybe terrorists.
 If you see something, say something
 Will there be something to say
 about all of us?

Necrology

AL AB63, GSD64 *	Mr. Theodore D. Kohner	11/01/2019	DuBois, PA
AL AB65 *	Mr. Anthony F. Willard	07/13/2020	San Carlos, CA
AL AB65 *	Mr. Jonathan Jewett	07/09/2020	Vero Beach, FL
AM COL65 *	Mr. Peter D. Coburn	06/21/2020	Bryant's Pond, ME
AL AB66, MBA69(E) *	The Honorable Mitchell L. Adams	07/18/2020	Boston, MA
AL AB66, MD70 *	Dr. James H. Tenney	03/12/2012	Hamden, CT
AL AB66, PHD72, GSAJF70 *	Professor Michael Silverstein	07/17/2020	Chicago, IL
AL AB67 *	C. Peter Waldinger	07/08/2020	Dover, MA
AL AB67, JD71 *	Peter J. Ames, Esq.	06/27/2020	White River Junction, VT

Also, more recent: **Penelope "Penny" Schafer** this week in MA. A longtime member of our reunion committee, and a class secretary.

Respectfully submitted,

Tom Black
 co-class secretary