



THE

TATTLER

Volume 8

B-CC Class of 63

Winter 2015

It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World



Perhaps one of the greatest American comedy films ever made. Produced and directed by Stanley Kramer and starring Spencer Tracy with an all-star cast, about the madcap pursuit of \$350,000 in stolen cash by a diverse and colorful group of strangers. The ensemble comedy premiered on November 7, 1963, after we graduated and just two weeks before the Kennedy Assassination. The cast featured Edie Adams, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, Ethel Merman, Mickey Rooney, Phil Silvers, Terry-Thomas

and Jonathan Winters. The film also has a short cameo appearance of the Three Stooges.

With ISIS, the events in the Ukraine, Hong Kong, Global Warming, Ebola, Ferguson, MO, Charlie Hebdo in France, etc. It just seemed like a good starting point for this newsletter. It is a Mad World. But we are still in it. So let's make the most of it, remembering that it was, perhaps, always thus.

And our teachers and experiences at B-CC helped prepare us for it. Right?



The Merry Minuet by the Kingston Trio

They're rioting in Africa,
 They're starving in Spain.
 There's hurricanes in Florida,
 And Texas needs rain
 The whole world is festering
 With unhappy souls.
 The French hate the Germans,
 The Germans hate the Poles;
 Italians hate Yugoslavs,
 South Africans hate the Dutch,
 And I don't like anybody very much!
 But we can be tranquil
 And "thankfill" and proud,
 For man's been endowed
 With a mushroom-shaped cloud.
 And we know for certain
 That some lovely day
 Someone will set the spark off,
 And we will all be blown away!
 They're rioting in Africa,
 There's strife in Iran.
 What nature doesn't do to us
 Will be done by our fellow man!

Sheldon Harnick, best known for the popular musical, "Fiddler on the Roof", wrote this charming little ditty in 1958.

Jeff Stuart, BCC '63



English with Nathan Kudatsky

Sam! Without a word, Mr. Kudatsky hoisted his wooden desk chair onto the top of the desk. It was the first day of junior English class, and I was shocked to see such a demonstrative move.

"Write a paragraph describing this chair," he barked.

What kind of assignment is that, I thought. It's a CHAIR—it's got 4 legs, a seat, and a back. At the time, my academic interests ran towards math and science, not English, and I was unimpressed. Unfortunately for me, Mr. Kudatsky was also unimpressed. When that paragraph came back, it was covered in red pencil. We went to work on a second draft, trying to incorporate some of the suggestions he made.

I can't recall how many drafts we eventually went through trying to describe that damn chair to Mr. Kudatsky's satisfaction. Nor can I remember many of the other assignments that followed, but I know we composed descriptions of a lot of "ordinary" items. Mr. Kudatsky read them all and worked his red pencil overtime.

I remember some of his instruction: "When an Eskimo reads your description of this orange,

you want him to know exactly what an orange is like.” “Can you be more concise?” Can you think of a more descriptive word?”

Slowly, I began to get the hang of what he was after, and the assignments began to go better. Eventually, we turned to creative writing, and I was pleased with my short stories and poetry. As the academic year wound down, I came to realize I was a far more capable writer than I had been in September.

The next few years really demonstrated the value of what I had learned. In college, I could churn out 30- or 40-page term papers, while many of my classmates struggled. As it turned out, writing ended up being a skill I used regularly throughout my professional career.

So, yes, Mr. Kudatsky taught me how to write. But he taught me so much more.

He taught me to think before I wrote.
 He taught me perseverance.
 He taught me organization.
 He taught me to keep the reader’s perspective in mind.
 He taught me how small steps can eventually add up to a substantial whole.
 He taught me how to critically edit my work.

Most importantly, he helped me to understand that I was capable of stepping beyond the boundaries to which I constrained myself. In a way, he gave me permission to think bigger. Not bad for a high school English teacher. And you know what? I bet I can still write a pretty good description of a chair.

Allen Gutheim, BCC '63

Mr Kudatsky, a great teacher, taught me to write as well. Though on chair descriptions I defer to Allen.

Jeff Stuart, BCC '63

Nathan Kudatsky had a real challenge teaching English to our class of General and Commercial students. He wanted to teach and it was a tough job. He had an assignment to do creative writing. I believe it was something he really was dedicated to, and unfortunately as I recall not too many people took his creative writing seriously. I almost felt sorry for him some days, I'm sure he wondered why he came to work.

Kit Clifford Hurley, BCC '63

This is something he repeated everyday at the beginning of class (Does anyone else remember?): "Education is life and life is education".

Vicky Cornell Nash, BCC '63

Even after all these years, I have vivid recollections of Mr. Kudatsky, more so than most other BCC teachers (excepting that great physics teacher Mr. Evans, and all the coaches!). He was a dapper and I thought interesting man who maybe seemed rather too “Mediterranean” to be an English teacher. Typically well tailored, the image that comes to mind most strongly was an olive green suit he favored. But more than that, he always liked to do a little show off by tossing his car keys over his right shoulder and then unflinchingly catching them behind his back with a quick turn of his wrist. Caught every time, I don’t think he ever missed and the act always had that subtle self-assured smile as he so enjoyed doing this every day (maybe every class). In addition – and others might remember this – he frequently liked to make social commentary on unnamed teenagers that always ended in “those kids are crying for help!” An example might be, “See those boys in

the hot car with the loud mufflers? Well, those kids are....” He never did this in a mean-spirited way, and his comments were mostly funny. He just enjoyed commenting. All in all, Mr. Kudatsky was a great guy, certainly unique, and nice to remember from the BCC years.

(not his best student)
Bill Congdon, BCC '63

70th Birthday Cruise Anyone?

Think we all need to go on a cruise to celebrate our big 70 birthdays!!!!

Joan Sampson Cupic, BCC'63



The Wedding of Joyce Mckenzie Adam and Rich Smith

Sorry, I don't have any stories to add to your newsletter. I do have just a little bit of personal news. I got married May 31st after being divorced since 1985. Big change in my life. My new husband is a wonderful man and had been married for 56 years before his wife died of cancer almost 2 years ago. My new name, once I officially

change it next year, is Joyce M. Smith. I still go for the simple last names - ha!

Blessings,
Joyce McKenzie Adam-Smith, BCC '63 though she moved to Detroit, MI after 1962.

Thanks for the GREATEST 50th Reunion

Dear Sharonlee, Lanny, Mary, Jeff, and Mary, members of the B-CC Reunion Committee

I write to try to express my sincere and heartfelt appreciation to each of you for all you collectively did over the last few years to plan for, and actually pull off the 50th reunion we had last Friday night.

I am still on a high from the event! The feelings that have been running through me are powerful.

To think I was able to connect with friends I have known for more than a half century is mind blowing. In some cases we have known each other over 60 years!

I know, from personal experience in planning meetings and seminars I have been responsible for, that everything that I was able to partake of last Friday evening does not just happen.

I know it is too soon to look forward to our 55th reunion; but I want to volunteer to do whatever I can from Atlanta to make it happen.

Again, many thanks and best regards,

Jim Outman, B-CC'63 Oct 16, 2013

50th Reunion in Pictures

Courtesy of Dorsey Hunt
Here is the Link

http://www.smugmug.com/gallery/33527494_jMLp5B#!i=2913507253&k=97qsVz2

Password is: bcc63

Join us out on FACEBOOK (bcchsclassof63)

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/bcchsclassof63/>

“And check out the website *Bethesda Chevy Chase Back in the Day* . Some interesting observations from people and old pics.”

From Cheryl Donlin Doyle, BCC’63

https://www.facebook.com/search/str/bethesda%2bchevy%2bchase%2bback%2bin%2bthe%2bday%2bphotos/keywords_top

A Golf Redo

We, Bryant Agnew, Jim Tomlin, and I, are planning our second annual B-CC class of 63 golf outing for 2015. The one we had last year to replace the rain out at the 50th went pretty good. Well, we are going to try and do it every year for as long as possible. It will be at Falls Road and the 19th will be at the Bolger Center again. We are thinking of late spring or early summer, i.e. May, June, or July TBD shortly. Interested, contact Bryant, Jim, or me. Or contact Jeff Stuart, at the email address below.

Pete Vanness, BCC’63

English With David Snyder

Unfortunately I did not have Mr. K. I had Bingaman, Gallagher, and Heard. We diagrammed a sentence every day for Miss Bingaman. I did not do well in that class but it has stuck with me since I seem to be pretty good with grammar. I was not a reader back then so Miss Gallagher's class was a complete wash for me. Had to take 10th and 11th English again in summer school. Miss Heard’s class was better because I started to get into literature. Since I have no TV, I have become quite a reader. I am presently reading Mark Twains Autobiography.

David Snyder, BCC '63



Jerry/Jeanne/Harrison

Alumni Sightings By Harrison

Since Kate and I "retired" to Virginia, I take a necessary 4-week Annual Summer Pilgrimage back to prior life in Idaho and Colorado for a Rocky Mountain High escaping the humidity -- Biking (with motors), 4-Wheel-Driving adventures, and stuff with friends. This summer after the wonderful 50th, my high-adventure partner and fellow scout leader and I included a visit with Jeanne Welty (Southwood) and Jerry at their fab home overlooking Flathead Lake, Montana. The Lake, Glacier National Park, hydro dams, and chatting. I was always a secret admirer of Jeanne's at Western Jr High and BCC, but no chance.

I'm now an admirer of Jerry who I discovered is a member of the Indiana High School Basketball Hall of Fame in the days when college players were students. We figured out that I saw him play at Duke when he was on scholarship at Vanderbilt when he was dating "my girlfriend!" I've been a March Madness freak since those college days until recently with the now one-and-done rule, big business, fewer student athletes, breakup of regional conferences, and more -- Cheers, we need more contacts and run-ins with all! (Note: new email since our 50th -- jhdaniel7@gmail.com)

Harrison Daniel, BCC '63

From Sandi Wesner Atkinson

Sold a painting that was on display at the Amici Miei restaurant about 2-1/2 years ago. That was the Street Corner in Puerto Vallarta. I did it from a photo I took. I should have had a print made from the painting but I didn't. Now I'll have to recreate the painting if I want a print!

Sandi Atkinson, BCC '63



Eleanor Inskip - Moab, UT

When I asked Eleanor why Moab, she looked at me like it should be obvious and said, "Because I wanted to be in the desert." Thirty-six years ago she, Dennis Spykerman (Spyke), and their five-year-old son Orion moved from Salt Lake City where Eleanor had graduated from the University of Utah with a degree in economics. "I had a lot of extra credits. I was quite eclectic in my interests." Eclectic is, in fact, an excellent one-word descriptor of Eleanor Inskip.



Between graduation, 1969, and moving to Moab, 1976, Eleanor spent three months in Europe and returned to Salt Lake City where

there were few jobs, so she joined VISTA, the domestic Peace Corps. She was sent to train on the Ogallala Indian Reservation with eighteen Sioux and one other anglo volunteer. "I had never seen such poverty as I saw there, and I was an Air Force brat--had been in post war Japan and China. It was a whole nation of severely depressed people. "I knew things were much better on the Navajo Reservation that they had made the system work for themselves. So the eighteen of us took two VISTA station wagons and drove to northeast Arizona to spend the weekend on the Reservation. The difference between the two reservations was staggering; those young Ogallala Sioux saw it, and I like to think it made a difference." That was a typical Eleanor response to a problem--creative and direct.

Eleanor was laid off from VISTA when they found out she was pregnant. Back in Salt Lake, Eleanor birthed Orion, put together a food co-op, baked bread for Momma Eddie's Right-on Beanery, was the business manager/bookkeeper for Marmalade School, and a nanny.

Then it was 1976--time for the desert. Eleanor was hired for 20 hours a week by Canyonlands Natural History Association (CNHA). She was the first non-park service employee. She also worked at the Poplar Place, which Spyke had purchased, making the best pizza in town and waiting tables as needed. After a particularly nasty run-in with an underage drinker' boyfriend, Eleanor quit working at the bar.

Although Eleanor wasn't exactly kicking around looking for something to do with a five-year-old and steadily increasing hours at CNHA, she enjoyed and helped create much of Moab's home-grown culture. She was the catcher for Real People Press softball team, the costumer for Moab Community Theater, and a founding board member of Canyonlands Field Institute. A member of the Chamber of Commerce, she was

soon involved in a group called Moab Area Promotion for which she wrote the articles of incorporation. This group was the point organization promoting tourism in Moab. A number of agencies and government entities cooperated to publish a slick, photo oriented booklet called *The Magic of Moab* the popularity of which demanded several printings. Eleanor was the production designer and editor.

Eleanor, now executive director of the growing CNHA, was invited to become a Rotarian. Rotary International was still banning women from membership. "When I made my first presentation to the Rotarians, I looked out and realized I was the only woman there. It took me back to college and being the only woman in most economics classes. Two Rotarians I especially respected were Don Knowles and Ed Claus, both charter board members of Canyonlands Natural History. They wanted to see this community heal." The wound of poor economic times as a result of falling uranium prices drove a wedge between those citizens who saw salvation in attracting tourists and those hoping for an infusion of federal money for a high-level nuclear waste repository in Lavendar Canyon. There were, of course, other ideas, but those were the most viable in the mid-eighties.

When Eleanor heard that the Department of Energy (DOE) was considering the creation of a "religion" to warn people away from the high level nuclear repository for the 10,000 years it would be toxic, she knew her skills were needed to design the outfits for those Atomic Priests [the DOE's own name for them]. Thus, began her Atomic Priesthood Regalia which has grown from *The All American Person* (her initial outfit, 1980) to eleven completed tribal vestments on display at Museum of Moab. [See Eleanor Inskip, *Creative Regalia* Facebook] Adrien Taylor, Publisher Emeritus of the *Times-Independent*, observed, "Eleanor Inskip has

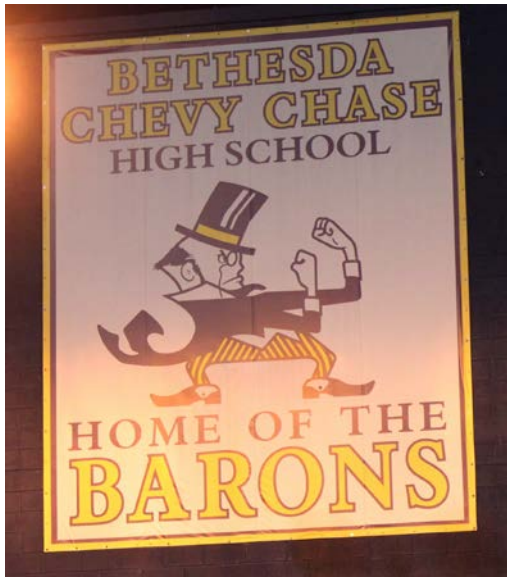
been here in Moab during at least one of its ups and downs. During the especially trying years of the early 1980's she guided Canyonlands Natural History to join hands and efforts with other community minded citizens and organizations in the planning and building of the Moab Information Center on the southwest corner of Main and Center Streets." It was a unique undertaking for a natural history association--serving the Bureau of Land Management and Forest Service as well as the National Park Service. Completed, it became not only an example of professional interpretive services, but also, the template for other multi-agency associations around the country.

After Eleanor left CNHA, she researched, wrote, and published *The Colorado River through Glen Canyon: Before Lake Powell*, a powerful reminder of what was lost when the canyon was flooded. Then she took a sabbatical returning to Washington, D.C. where she further immersed herself in research, largely on John Wesley Powell, and the USGS topographical map collection. She worked as a temp for *National Geographic Magazine* and a book production editor at the *American Psychological Association*.

After returning to Moab in 2003 Eleanor served a term as the director/curator of the *Museum of Moab*, owned and operated a bed and breakfast, and, as Adrien Taylor observed with a mischievous chuckle, "Currently, she is also raising exotic chickens."

Pragmatist and idealist, administrator and artist, Eleanor Inskip is still helping us weave the fabric of community in Moab.

By Joan Gough. *Moab Happenings*, Oct 2012



B-CC's McUmbler wins DCXC Invite



B-CC's Nora McUmbler finished in first place and 31 seconds ahead of the pack in a time of 17 minutes 58 seconds in the DCXC 2014 in Kenilworth Park on September 27, 2014 in Washington, DC. It was the second time she's broken 18 minutes.

Culver from Wyoming

Hello, I am Bob Culver - or you may know me as Casey's brother (BTW, I have no idea where she is). In the 50+ years since the class of '63, a lot of things have happened to me - but hey, a lot has happened to us all. Cathy and I are now in living up on the side of Snow King Mountain overlooking the town of Jackson. It is a rough life but someone has to live it ;-)

The usual stuff after BCC Class of '63 graduation was a few years at U of MD - BSEE '70 - then working my way up as an engineer with the company my father started in '44, Lohnes & Culver Consulting Communications Engineers. There were a lot of interesting things in the 40 years doing that work (and a lot of boring stuff too). If we had enough time and enough beer, I have a lot of good stories, but let's get on to the present.

My Wife of 30+ years, Cathy, and I have now both retired and moved to Jackson, Wyoming. I first came out here to ski in '69, and then ran ski trips with friends (133 at a time in chartered 707's) for about 7 years. Cathy and I kept coming out to ski. Then on a summer trip in '87, we fell in love with the weather and the summer time activities.

We had been thinking of buying a house and made the move later that year (It was very good timing).

What we found is partly shown in the attached photos: Teton Mountains from a glider,



Wild Flowers at the house,



and cooking for the community Independence Day Pancake Breakfast. The funds raised at that street breakfast go to partly pay for the Independence Day fireworks. Anything that goes boom is attractive to Cathy and I.



Since we are both firearm instructors, we get a few occasions to make some noise. The local gun range is only a few miles away and

Wyoming is an open and Constitutional carry state. Even skiing, things sometimes go boom. Cathy is standing near a gun tower at the Teton Village - Jackson Hole Mountain Resort while a training exercise is underway. The Avlauncher gun is shot in the early morning to control avalanche conditions when no skiers are on the hill.

Cathy and I gear up in the morning and usually ski for about 4 or 5 hours. Being retired and with season passes, it is no longer a ski day of; first tram - last tram, drinks, dinner, dance, sleep and repeat as desired. We can afford to ski the good days and just wait out the bad.



Some might say a bad day is when you get 3 feet of snow and the roof slides onto the deck.



Don't worry, we have two snow blowers. We can move five tons of snow and then have breakfast.

Every once in a while we can combine some skiing, some sights and some work on the radio station transmitters at the top of Rendezvous Mountain - but heck, that's the breaks, someone has to do it. Retired yes; Sitting on my hands, NO.

Speaking of breaks, no bones have been broken yet, just some severe bends - like a dislocated shoulder. It's a long story, and I hope I did not just jinx myself.

After about 6 months of winter and a short "mud season" spring, summer and road work season arrives. For Cathy it is off to the rivers in search of the Cutthroat Trout.

That was not the largest of the catch of the day on a late September float trip, but is the photo with both the catcher and the catchee in it. Cathy is a catch-and-release fly fisher so that means no food, just fun.



Jackson is a small town, about 10% the population of Bethesda, indeed Wyoming is the least populous and the second least densely populated state of all 50 states (only Alaska is less densely populated). The state has about 1/2 the population of Montgomery County. Heck, Wyoming has about 2.4 head of cattle per resident (and perhaps 10 firearms per resident). Jackson and Wyoming have a small but personal population and elected officials. We see a local and sometimes a state official almost

every day. We greet officials and they greet Cathy and me on a first name basis. That close tie between the elected servants and their citizen employers makes for a responsive and respectful government.

This community is very independent, as is the state of Wyoming. It attracts a lot of very well developed intellect. We attend and participate in meetings and seminars on a variety of stuff, like; Astronomy (a retired engineer has his own observatory), geology, energy policy (Wyoming is the No.1 coal producing state), tectonophysics in Yellowstone Park (Dr. Bob Smith runs a Yellowstone related earth science project), fishing, wildlife, historical ranches and families (Beef, it's what's for dinner), shooting, etc.

Now it is October 1st, about mid fall and there is snow on Rendezvous Mountain ski area - the view of the ski bowl and tram is from our front deck - [photo 1080100] down to about 7000 elevation - global warming at work I guess. If it were about 30 days later in the year all that rain would have been a 3 foot snow fall. Not to worry - season ski passes at Teton Village and Targhee ski areas are in hand, new skis ready to go, lots of fire wood stacked, snow blowers ready, cars checked and stocked for the snow, ammo in good supply, pantry very well stocked. Yep, we are ready for that independent life style in Wyoming. Not survivalist, just well prepared by the standards out here, but back in Maryland we could have been a big news story. As I wrote in the local newspaper (I write a lot now-a-days) out here it is, "Ride Hard, Speak the Truth, Shoot Straight and Live Free".

If you want to live free, come on out to Wyoming. Leave your troubles on the other side of the mountains

Bob Culver, BCC '63 and Cathy Culver

For a few more pictures: <http://1drv.ms/1Kz3ocv>

Mary Lippitt Has 2 New Books

D will have two books on the market in October. One is *Discover Your Inner Strengths* where I have a chapter along with chapters from Ken Blanchard, Stephen Covey and Brian Tracey. Got my picture on the cover with them - which is fun.

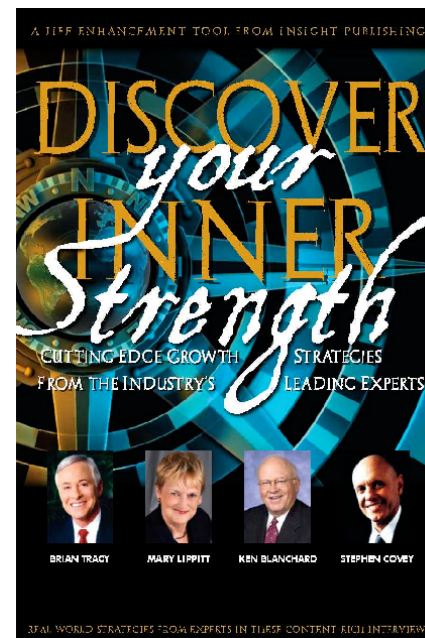
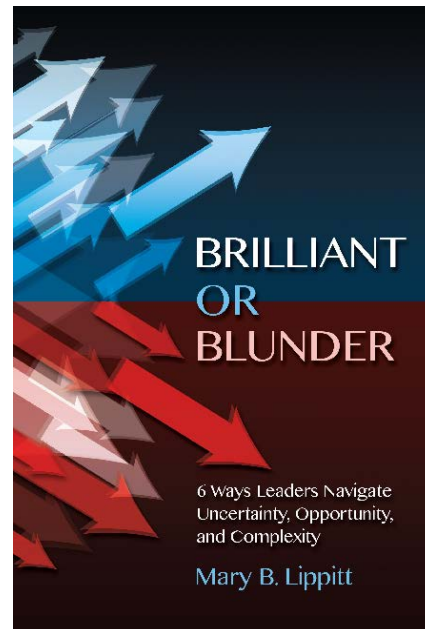
My new book is *Brilliant or Blunder: 6 Ways Leaders Navigate Uncertainty, Opportunity and Complexity*. A short overview of this new leadership framework is: In an era of complexity, uncertainty and change, leaders must be agile and wise. *Brilliant or Blunder* presents a new leadership paradigm founded on mastering current realities and crafting decisions to capture opportunities, reduce risk and sidestep pitfalls.

Leaders need to untether their minds from limited thinking, old habits and false assumptions to ensure wise decision making. This book provides a mindset template to effectively judge current needs, trends and opportunities. Using six mindsets, leaders can ensure that we have the information necessary to make exceptional decisions. Based on sixteen years of research with over 6,000 leaders, this leadership paradigm promotes agility, unity and stellar achievement.

I have been invited back to speak again on this topic in Prague and Brno (Czech Republic) and it will be my first presentation at Warsaw University in October also. It will be an exciting month for me.

As you might have guessed, I am postponing my retirement.

Warm regards,
Mary Lippitt, BCC '63





19th Hole Golf Outing on June 20, 2014

Quality Time for the small group taking advantage of the golfing event at The Bolger Center in Potomac MD. Photo shows the majority of the Tavern Boys. From left to right in clockwise direction are: Paul Otto, Jeff Stuart, Bryant Agnew, Leo Rosetta, Dave Wilson, Pete Vanness, Harrison Daniel, John Berry, and Phil Scott. Ronnie Collins had just left. The quality team, i.e. the last to leave, was Harrison, Jeff, Dave, John, and Phil. If you gorgeous gals want to know what was discussed or more importantly referee the information, you will have to join us! Van Williamson, our loss in not making your DC Music Show -- regrets, and someday. The table is split with golfers and 19th-holers with some more of each roaming the room. Event initiated by Dorsey Hunt, Pete Vanness, and Jim Tomlin with Jeff Stuart assisting in getting the word out. Hoisting one (or more) to All.

OMG -- Our 70th Coming Up! Maybe a Party?

I'm thinking (help)) it would be fun to have an off-year Birthday Gathering. I recall the Bethesda Woman's Club, on or about our 40th or so? We danced, brought our own music and brew, and a pig roasting by Paul Otto and his fab machine on wheels. Planned time frame

possibly early October 2015.Â Not a costly affair; planned by interested participants; social stuff to include touring up the Potomac/Canal including Glen Echo, Clare Barton House, Old Angler's Inn, Wide Water, Billy Goat Trail, Great Falls and more. Other places as Dickerson Quarry, Rock Creek Park, the School, Van Williamson's Music Show, Mount Vernon, DC Sights, and others. Rent out the Potomac VFW Lodge down the road from Great Falls Tavern, I'm a member.....so much and so little time! Attached are photos of 3 of the eight spots between Glen Echo and Great Falls that Phil Scott and I stopped by following our 50th Reunion and the rain. Want a wonderful time our very busy organized planners provided for us all, and the Anniversary Book -- a treasure.

Harrison Daniel , BCC '63





Where in the World is Fran Isaacs Gilmore?

Fran Isaacs Gilmore and husband John had a big travel year. We went on a pilgrimage to an ashram in southern India in January, learned a lot, meditated, sang a lot, and sweltered while US friends endured that astounding winter. In August Fran went on a hiking trip to Yellowstone, a bucket list item, with Road Scholar. In October Fran, John and an old friend went to northern Italy--first time to Florence and Venice and not enough time--and ended that with a visit to a unique spiritual community north of Turin.

Fran Isaacs Gilmore, BCC '63

From Bill Wang

In Nov., Bill Wang, his wife, Kwan, their daughter, and her boyfriend went to Myanmar and had a wonderful time.

Bill Wang. BCC '63



Wedding Gala Under Clear Blue Sky

Summer 2014 was the occasion of a beautiful wedding for Bill Congdon's second daughter (and third child). But for a time the weather looked rather uncertain at this picturesque and heavily wooded lodge setting in the Midwest. "We had torrential rain the three days prior, some rain that morning, and drizzles for several days thereafter," Bill recalls. "But, what luck, that afternoon it all stopped and we had beautiful sunshine for the lovely ceremony and reception. Weddings are such grand occasions and major milestones, sunny starts are truly the best!" Next stop on the agenda was a glorious two weeks at the beaches of Hawaii with sunshine all day and every day!

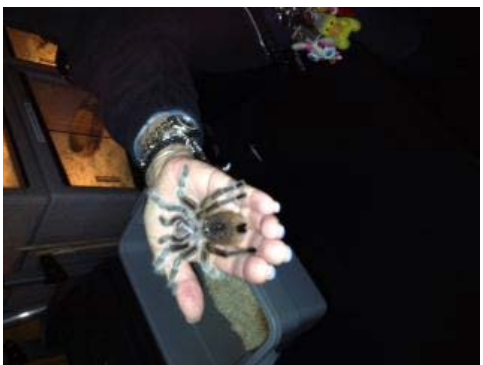
Bill Congdon, BCC '63

Terry Segal Timberlake Interacts With Wildlife

OS haking Hands with a Lioness and
an Orangutan at Jungleland., FL.



Yes it's a rose hair tarantula



Playing with Blu



And Monkeys



Dr. Constance Freeman

A Profile



A renowned specialist on Africa issues. Connie was the Regional Director for the East and Southern Africa section of the Canadian International Development Research Center from 2001 – 2010, overseeing the extensive African-lead research program in a cross-section of disciplines that IDRC has supported for the last forty years. She has spent 40 years working on African issues and is a frequent commentator on sub-Saharan African development. During her 14 years as a diplomat in Africa, Freeman helped craft American economic policy for sub-Saharan Africa and Kenya. She was Peace Corps Country Director in Cameroon and Congo-Brazzaville. Earlier in her career she was on the professional staff of the Foreign Assistance Sub-Committee of the US Senate Foreign Relations Committee. There she played a major role in shaping legislation related to foreign assistance, development banks, and the Peace Corps. She was also a professor of Defense Economics at the Africa Center for Strategic Studies, and a Director of African Studies at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, DC. Freeman has a Ph.D. in economic development from the University of Denver's School of International Studies.

She now teaches graduate courses on Africa for the Maxwell School at Syracuse University

Excerpts from Interview by: Charles Stuart Kennedy. Association for Diplomatic Studies and Training Foreign Affairs Oral History Project: August 20, 1996 Copyright 2002 [Note: This interview has not been edited by Ms. Freeman.]

For full interview go to:

<http://adst.org/OH%20TOCs/Freeman,%20Constance%20J.toc.pdf>

Q: Could you tell me a bit about when and where you were born and a little about your background, family, and education.

FREEMAN: I was born on July 3, 1945, in Washington, DC, at Columbia Hospital for Women. My father had been wounded in the Second World War, on Guadalcanal, and was sent back to Washington after he'd recovered, and he was serving at the Pentagon at that time. The family story goes that the 3rd of July was an excruciatingly hot day, and that as seven o'clock in the evening approached, there was a great thunderstorm, and the thunderstorm brought me...

Six months later, we moved back to Minnesota, where my folks were from...

So I grew up in Minnesota, until I was 15, and my childhood was very much dominated by the political arena. When I was five, my father ran for attorney general of Minnesota, and lost. When I was seven, he ran for governor, and lost. When I was nine, he ran for governor, and won. When I was 11 and 13, he ran for governor, and won. And when I was 15, he ran for governor, and lost.

Q: As a politician's child, what did this mean to you?

FREEMAN: Politics was the family business. The family ran for elections, and it was usually identified as being in the plural.

My family, and in particular my mother, was very anxious to retain a family lifestyle. So, with the exception of campaign summers every other

summer, Sunday was family day. And we spent it together, doing all kinds of things like skating and swimming and sailing and whatever.

But campaign summers, we campaigned on Sunday...So it was very much a political upbringing, and I was very much involved in it.

Q: Your father was still in this whole process when you were in high school.

FREEMAN: Yes, he ran for governor when I was 15, so I would have been a sophomore in high school. He lost that election, but he had also nominated Kennedy for president that year at the California convention, and had been considered as a vice presidential candidate, although Johnson was chosen. And so, when he lost, there was much flurry and discussion about his joining the Kennedy administration, which he did subsequently do as secretary of agriculture. As a teenager with a boyfriend and a school and a life and all of those kinds of things, this was very traumatic, because I didn't want to leave home, and I didn't want to leave all of those things... But we dutifully all shuffled off to Washington in March of 1961...

I did not like being identified as the governor's daughter, or as the secretary's daughter. I think it all came about when the guy I wanted to go out with was scared to come to the governor's house, and the guy I didn't want to go out with wanted to go out with me because I was the governor's daughter. I think that's it. But it's been a lifelong thing that's only dissipated, perhaps, in the last decade, the determination to be my own person and to make my own way and not to trade on my father's reputation.

Q: You might allude to this as we progress, but what about when you went to school. You were still a junior or senior in high school. Where did you go?

FREEMAN: Bethesda-Chevy Chase, here in Washington, and I was a sophomore. I spent a little over two years there. We moved in March of my sophomore year. I had been attending the

University of Minnesota's Laboratory School in Minneapolis, and going back to a public school was very hard for me. It was big; it was impersonal. They made me repeat classes I'd already had, because they were structured in a little bit different way. And I didn't like it. I didn't like it at all.

Q: Were you developing any interest in international affairs while you were in high school, because, you know, this was the capital and a lot of people were...?

FREEMAN: That goes back even further than that. Minnesota is actually a very cosmopolitan, international kind of an area, with American Field Service students everywhere. Even the churches. My parents had traveled a great deal as the first family of Minnesota, on various trips, Scandinavia and then to the Far East, promoting business for Minnesota, but also had gone to the then-horrible refugee camps in Korea. And so my mother had come back and done a statewide sweep to all the mother-daughter banquets in sight, raising money for the refugees in Korea. And I, of course, as the daughter, was in tow. So the international arena was very much a part of my consciousness.

I decided, toward the end of high school, however, that I could not have a career in International relations, because I found languages difficult. I had had a very back-and-forth, unfortunate learning experience with French- too many teachers, too many different schools, too many different methods – and I was convinced I couldn't learn a foreign language. But toward the end of my senior year in high school, when I had already decided where I would go to college and that I would study political science and government and give up on international relations, I was chosen as an exchange student with the International Christian Youth Exchange out of my church. First, they wanted to send me to Congo, Brazzaville, which is relevant because I was subsequently Peace Corps director there many years later, and then

they wanted to send me to Germany. So, instead of going on to college directly from high school, I went to Germany, where I lived with a German family and went to a German school for a year, and was able to learn German, because the alternative was not to talk for a year, and that didn't seem to be an alternative at all.

Q: You were a part of a generation?

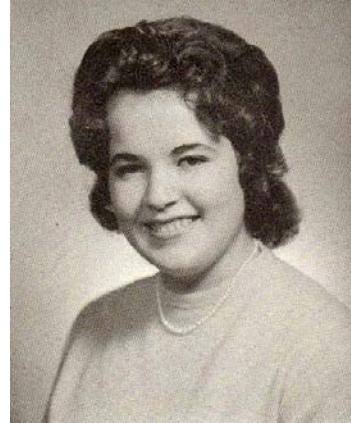
FREEMAN: Very much a part of my generation. AU was not active in the way that Berkeley was, or some of the others, in fact, but they did sit in. I think the thing that hit me the hardest was, in the spring of 1968, I was student-teaching in downtown Washington at Roosevelt High School when Martin Luther King was assassinated and the 14th Street and H Street riots occurred. We were instructed not to go to school to student-teach. But my supervising teacher was not well at all. And I was terribly afraid that she wouldn't be able to handle the situation (arrogant thing that I was at 21), and so I went anyway. It was quite an education to break through the National Guard lines and to hear the experiences of my students who were caught right in the middle of the riots. So, with Martin Luther King and then Bobby Kennedy and the riots in Washington, I really lived the summer of '68.

Many of those memories come back to me now because of the Chicago convention, which is just coming up again in Chicago. I was married in August. My ex-husband was in the Peace Corps, and he came back, and we were married about a week or so before the convention. We were scheduled to go to the convention with my parents right after the wedding, and at the last minute, he decided against it, which was probably a good thing, because we might well have been on the street. That would have been awkward, to say the least, when my father was there as a Cabinet member.

So it's these conflicts that sort of pockmark that period of time. And yet what I knew deep down inside at that time, and what [my father] knew,

too, even if he wasn't admitting it, was that [he] would have been where I was if he'd been my age, because he came out of the intense political struggle of Minnesota in the 1940s, and so was a Socialist in his time.

And so, in many ways, it was just simply the changing of the generations. And it was very rich in that sense.



Rona Kern Lord

I thought you might want to know that Ronna Kern Lord, of our class passed away just after Christmas.

Ella Jane Peebles, BCC '63



Anne Solotar

Ann passed away in December 2013. She had become my FARMVILLE neighbor on Facebook.

Jeff Stuart, BCC '63

From Alim (Hank) Thompson

Hey - I don't think I have an article in me at this time. I don't know if any kind of announcement would be appropriate, but I help retired folks create a secondary income with a home-based Internet business and would be happy to connect with anyone interested.

Internet Entrepreneur/Lifestyle Trainer
<http://alimandmiriam.ceoffun.net> be part of our lives

Alim Thompson, BCC '63



Nobel Prize Winners Wow B-CC Audience

Dr. Thomas Schelling, 2005 Nobel winner in Economics and Dr. William Phillips, 1997 winner in Physics were VIP guests at an assembly Wednesday, Oct. 22 at Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School. The Nobel Laureates engaged the audience of students and parents at the event, which was sponsored by the B-CC Scandinavian Club. 250 people came to be inspired and support the B-CC Educational Foundation.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KX5yMQiRgOI>

Getting to Know One Another

We don't always have a choice how we get to know one another. Sometimes, people fall into our lives cleanly--as if out of the sky, or as if there were a direct flight from Heaven to Earth--the same sudden way we lose people, who once seemed they would always be part of our lives

John Irving, Last Night in Twisted River



The Journey Home

The journey home is never a direct route; it is, in fact, always circuitous, and somewhere along the way, we discover that the journey is more significant than the destination, and that the people we meet along the way will be traveling companions of our memories forever.

Nelson DeMille – Up Country

Please Keep in Touch!

The only official school affiliated website for B-CC HS Alumni is www.bccedfoundation.org/alumni.

Newsletters and information about our class will be posted there periodically. If you move or change your email please contact your reunion committee: Sharonlee Johnson Vogel, sharonleevogel@gmail.com, Lanny Hunt, lanny0706@netscape.net, Jeff Stuart, sark10@juno.com, or Mary Lou Ricker Mall, mallmary@comcast.net



Tempus Fug It

Growing older, I curse at the ways
That the calendar tricks and betrays.
It's completely infernal
That weeks seem eternal
While the years pass more quickly
Than days

Brendan Beary



Closing Credits

Thanks to Allan Gutheim for his great piece on Mr. Kudatsky, and to Harrison Daniel (without whose encouragement this latest edition of the newsletter might not have happened), Bob Culver, Eleanor Inskip, Bill Wang, Fran Isaacs Gilmore, Bill Congdon, Cheryl Donlin Doyle, Joyce McKenzie Adam-Smith, Mary Lippitt, Terry Segal Timberlake-our own Marlin Perkins, Ella Jane Peebles, David Snyder, and Sandy Wesner Atkinson.



Til Next Time

We'll meet again,
Don't know where,
Don't know when.
But I know we'll meet again, some sunny day.

