



BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

Class of 1962
55th Reunion
Book of Remembrance



Where and how do we begin?

We begin with their names. We reach into the recesses of our memory and names become faces and faces become people and people become stories. We are standing in the middle of campus fifty-five years ago and yesterday is today. Invisible lines of connection now transcend time and place. Our hearts are crying and laughing with the same beat.

It is sacred this task of remembering. But task implies obligation and our recollections and anecdotes are so much more. They break open the past and the dreams of our youth, the friendships, the yearnings, promises, and aspirations spill out. We set them before us to remind us: how fortunate we are to have walked the path together.

We know we cannot capture them all, and the tributes we share both in this book and throughout this weekend are fragmented. Our work is incomplete. But as the shards of an ancient vase reveals its own story, so do the pieces of our classmates' lives. Our gathering lifts them up and confirms their place in our hearts.

Fifty-five years is no small feat. As much as it hurts to remember those who are not physically with us, a piece of us understands. This is the story we have been given. We are blessed to be here and this is our opportunity to cherish and sanctify our classmates:

Their names

Their vision

Their hope

The deeds that they did

The deeds left undone.

Let us praise.

Let us reflect on who they were and what their life story means to us.

The remembrances in these pages show that, although it has been fifty five years since we were all together as a class, strong memories remain.

We worked very hard to try to honor each deceased classmate by having some record of their lives and how they touched others. Many of you generously responded with heartfelt memories. Every attempt was made to ensure that the information included here was correct; we are truly sorry if any errors have been made. We especially regret that we were unable to find information on a few of our classmates but have listed their names to honor them.

Classmates Departed 2012 - 2017

Paul W. Caine

Gerald S. Carlin

Obituary

Gerald S. Carlin, died suddenly in Palm Desert, California in February 2015. A former resident of Boston, he had been a resident of California for the last 25 years. He is survived by his sister, Cynthia Weissman of Boca Raton, FL and nephew Ken Weissman, and nieces Laura Davis and Michelle Titlebaum. He was the best friend and companion of Nancy Goulston for 40 years.

Elinor Rosen Dumont

Obituary

Elinor Dumont of Washington DC and Paris, France, died Aug. 22 in Paris, age 71. She was the beloved wife of Prof. Jean Paul Dumont.

Educated in the Malden schools, and a graduate of Brandeis University, she earned advanced degrees from Barnard College and the University of Washington. She started her career as a teachers trainer in the Open Corridor Program of the New York City Schools. Having moved to Seattle she worked as a cataloger in the serials division at the University of Washington, then as a research librarian for the Betts Paterson and Mines Law Firm. In Washington DC, she was employed as a librarian for many years at the American Bankers Association (ABA) and more recently at the International Food Policy Research Institute (IFPRI).

Tom Fleming

Obituary

Tom Fleming passed away Tues. Nov 4, 2014 surrounded by his loving family at St Mary's Medical Center in West Palm Beach FL, following a brief illness. Thomas was born in Lynn, MA on March 13, 1940 and spent his childhood there graduating from St. Mary's High School a football star in 1957. His football achievements as well as his academics earned him a 4 year scholarship to Brandeis University where he graduated with a degree in Anthropology in 1961. It was while attending Brandeis that he met his beautiful wife Suzanne (Brassard) Fleming. They eventually settled in Newburyport where together they raised their three children.

Tom was very instrumental in the redevelopment of downtown Newburyport in the late 1960's and early 1970's. Together with his wife they restored the historic warehouse building on 38 Federal Street which eventually became the Windsor Inn.

Over 40 years ago it was his desire to help others in the community that led him to be one of the founders of Turning Point where he was the 1st director. He also worked for the Mass. Dept. of corrections as a drug and alcohol counselor for the last 14 years until his retirement in March 2014 to Florida.

He is survived by his daughter Deirdre (Fleming) Roaf and husband Mark of Lebanon ME, his son Thomas P Fleming and his wife Phyllis of West Palm Beach, his daughter Jennifer and her long-time partner Jon Montello of South Berwick ME, a sister Katie Fleming of Topsfield MA, two loving grandsons whom he adored Joshua B Fleming of Barrington NH and Matthew T Roaf of Lebanon ME.

Brian L. Hollander

Obituary

Brian Louis Hollander, 74, of Bloomfield, CT died peacefully at home, Saturday July 19, 2014, with his wife and son by his side. He was the beloved husband for 46 years of Carol (Balbier) Hollander. Born in New London, CT. At a young age his family moved to Fort Fairfield in Aroostook County, Maine, where his parents took over the family business, Green's Department store. When he wasn't picking potatoes along the Canadian border, Brian spent many hours on the local athletic fields and courts, earning many honors. Despite many high-level basketball and baseball scholarship offers, he chose to attend his mother's preferred academic institution, Brandeis University, where he earned a B.A. Degree in 1962 and was an Honorable Mention All America in basketball. He also shattered the school's single game scoring record in 1961 with 50 points against Merrimack. He graduated from New York University School of Law in 1965 with an LL.B, earning a book prize in taxation. Brian came to Hartford, CT to act as a Clerk for U.S. District Court Judge Joseph Blumenfeld. He subsequently worked as an attorney for Neighborhood Legal Services where among other clients he represented Vivian Thompson and argued before the U.S. Supreme Court in the landmark constitutional law case of Shapiro vs. Thompson. He worked as an Associate in Litigation at the law firm of Day Berry & Howard in Hartford, before becoming the President of the Hartford Institute for Criminal and Social Justice, a non-profit focused on developing and implementing solutions to major urban problems. He also held Chairman, President, Trustee and Director positions at many local organizations including the Hartford Chapter of the American Jewish Committee, Connecticut Junior Republic, Mount Sinai Hospital, Old State House Association, Hartford Jewish Federation, BlueRidge and the Connecticut Public Defender Services Commission. Brian loved to travel with his wife Carol and enjoyed their many overseas adventures. He coached many of his son's youth sports teams and loved watching his son's and grandsons' many youth, high school and college games. He also enjoyed hiking and relaxing with his many German Shepherd dogs, including his most recent companions Wesley and Kramer. In addition to his wife Carol, he is survived by his son and daughter-in-law, Joshua and Michelle Hollander, of West Hartford as well as his three grandsons, Duncan, Hudson and Sawyer.

Alberto Izzo

Sow-Theng Leong

By Stan Bernstein

Sow-Theng Leong was a Wien Scholar from Singapore, Malaysia. He was a very private person, not given to socializing or participating in Brandeis extracurricular activities, which he viewed as a diversion from the central importance of his studies in the history and politics of East Asia and Russia. What fueled his field of concentration was his acute awareness of the discrimination that the Chinese minority rentier class in Malaysia suffered at the hands of the majority, nationalist Malaysia. He often spoke to me of the parlous exposure the Chinese families faced from the threat of nationalization of their businesses. This concern was captured in his major work, which was published posthumously in 1997, *Migration and Ethnicity in Chinese History*. His earlier publications were monographs on *Sino-Soviet Diplomatic Relations, The First Phase, 1917-1920*, (1971), which he expanded to cover the period of 1917-1926 (1976).

He was graduated from Brandeis magna cum laude, and he enrolled for graduate work at Harvard at the Yen Ching Institute, which he regarded as the embodiment of classical ascetic life-long Confucian scholarship. He told me how proud he was to be affiliated with scholars of sixteenth century Pali and other classic languages and traditions. I do not believe that he ever left the Institute.

When I was contemplating attending graduate school at Cornell in Southeast Asian Studies, he urged me to begin learning Chinese as a foundation for those studies. Every week-end during the summer after our junior year, I would meet with him in his sparsely furnished apartment in Cambridge where he would teach me some of the basic Chinese ideograms. He reveled in parsing out the embodied parts that were combined to depict the ideogram for "house," and other "compound" ideograms. He took particular pride in showing me the excellence of his calligraphy.

There were at least four of us from the class of 62 doing graduate work at Harvard in related fields, and each of us were ultimately granted Ph.D. s, but for different reasons, we did not form an alumni/ae club, although we knew each other reasonably well as undergraduates.

Eugene A. Lue

Obituary

Eugene A. Lue of Berkeley Heights, N.J. passed away suddenly on Thursday, November 5, 2015 at Morristown Medical Center at the age of 75.

Born on June 12, 1940 in St. Andrew, Jamaica, W.I., Eugene has been a resident of Berkeley Heights since 1971. He achieved a Bachelor's Degree in Physics from Brandeis University and later would earn a Master's Degree in Electrical Engineering from Cornell University. After graduation, Eugene built a satisfying 30 year career with IBM. He enjoyed photography, painting, board and logic games, computers, making websites and videos, and was an avid fisherman.

He is survived by his beloved wife of 49 years Monica (Chin) Lue and his children: Deborah Lue Bokhari (Sabahat Bokhari) and Sharon Lue; his siblings: Peter Lue, Carmen HoSang, June Wang and Franklin Lue; and his cherished grandchildren: Justin, Nadia and Zachary Bokhari.

Barbara Frank Rosenberg

By Sid Boorstein

Bonny was a good friend as was her husband Arthur. She was an excellent student majoring in Pol Sci. Bonny grew up in Newton and lived most of her life in the Boston Area.

They had one son David who is a lawyer (as was Arthur), who lives and practices on the West Coast of Florida. In later years she and Arthur moved to Florida as well living close to their son. Bonny was an elegant girl and woman both physically and intellectually.

Tragically....both Bonny and her mother died in the same week if not the same day. She spent most of her adult life working in the Social Work Field.

Ellen Silverstein, MD

By Elinor Seidman Berlin

Ellen was one of the few women in our class to go on to medical school. She first taught biology in a Brooklyn high school and then went on to Downstate Medical School. She did her residency at Columbia in radiology and then joined their staff as a radiologist. She lived in Lincoln Towers on the west side of Manhattan and was a passionate opera lover and supporter of the arts. Bob and I often met her at the opera as well as at the Philharmonic and the theater. She traveled the world often going to performances of Wagner's Ring Cycle where ever it was performed. . She died on November 16, 2012 after a long illness.

Bob Simon

By David Zukerman

We were in Assistant Professor Piero Sanavio's French Lit class, sophomore year. I think Bob shared my awe of Prof. Sanavio, my one experience at Brandeis in a class conducted by a true European intellectual. If memory serves, Prof. Sanavio smoked Gauloise cigarettes, perhaps even during class. What a different time that was. (Wikipedia indicates that Prof. Sanavio is in his 87th year.)

After midyear's exam, I had a conference with Prof. Sanavio that I think I shared with Bob. We were advised that to do well in the class, we should just put down on the exam what we were told in class. Perhaps it was at that occasion that Bob and I mentioned to Prof. Sanavio that a memorial for Albert Camus was to be held in Boston. (Camus died in January 1960.) Prof. Sanavio discouraged us from attending that memorial, suggesting we go, instead, to a memorial for -- a French bicyclist, I think it was. And so, dutifully following our instructor's suggestion, we went to Boston -- perhaps Cambridge, looking for a gathering in honor of a French bicyclist we'd never heard of. We never found the location. That was April, 1960, I think.

About nine years later, I was sitting at my researcher's desk on the radio network side of the CBS Newsroom, and spotted Bob entering the newsroom. I went to greet him, and he told me that he had been offered a job with CBS News. He then asked: "Should I take it?" My quick reply: "How could you not?" Bob's Wikipedia listing shows that he remained with CBS News thereafter, as reporter and then as correspondent, until his untimely death -- forty six years.

Harriet Sherman Skurnik

By Barbara Brody Richmon

We were good friends while we attended Brandeis and corresponded long after. She married, lived in New Jersey, and had two children, a boy and a girl, who each had two children of their own. Unfortunately, she had a very hard life. Her husband died early on, leaving her a young widow. She had many health problems which only worsened in later life, and she lived in a care home during her last several years. One of her happiest days towards the end of her life was when she was able to get a motorized wheelchair so that she could be more mobile.

Phil Wagreich

By Phyllis Zweig Chinn

Phil Wagreich and I were the only two math majors in our class. As a result we were often in classes of 2-4 people! Phil was bright, kind and personable. Each of us went on to receive a PhD in mathematics, Phil's from Columbia University, and each of us eventually went on to work in mathematics education. Phil Wagreich was a co-director of the Mathematicians and Education Reform Forum, a national clearinghouse that built a program of interconnected K-12, undergraduate and graduate-level educational activities for mathematicians. It was in connection with that work that we reconnected in the late 1990s. Both of us were committed to improving the mathematical preparation of teachers and both had support from the National Science Foundation for our respective projects.

Phil also was co-author of a wonderful curriculum for K-5 children called Trail Blazers through the Teaching Integrated Mathematics and Science Project. It is unusual for a mathematician of Phil's outstanding caliber to devote so much productive time to elementary education and generations of children and parents will have benefited from his work.

Barbara Joan Weiner

Obituary

Barbara J. Levy Weiner, of Framingham passed away on February 20, 2016 at age 75. Barbara was everything to her fella Stephen Weiner, having been married to him for almost 55 amazing years. A proud, adoring and incredible mother to her children Wendy, Robert and his wife Mara, Daniel and his wife Margo Moss; and the most cool, awesome Nana to Ben, Ari and Julien, who will all remember her with great love, respect and admiration. Born February 4, 1941 in Jersey City, New Jersey, Barbara moved to New England in 1958 to attend Brandeis, where she met Steve. They married in June of 1961 and moved to Framingham in April of 1963. Barbara was an Interior Designer and it was her passion to help so many turn their house into a comfortable home filled with color, beauty and love. It was her way of touching people and enhancing their lives. In addition to her love of all things family, Barbara enjoyed friendships with so many dear people. She loved to entertain, cook, bake, knit, read, dance, watch sports and became a licensed pilot. Beautiful, gutsy and brave, Barbara put up the toughest fight of her life battling lung cancer, never losing her dignity and grace.

***Remembrances from the
Class of 1962 50th Reunion***

Claudia Levin Andrews

By Elena Lesser Bruun

Claudia was among my closest friends and I have still not recovered from the loss of her in my life. She was smart. I guess we all were, but her particular kind of smart with people was infectious. She knew what drove people with no training at all, sometimes not even knowing them! She came by it easily having grown up with social worker and psychologist parents. Nothing escaped her incisive eye or ear. Claudia and I both became psychotherapists. She went the extra mile for clients, was sought after, and so admired by colleagues that she was often other therapists' therapist. Her practice was always full.

She was at her academic best in the milieu of Philip Slater's Group Process class. It was the sixties after all, and though "Slater" repeatedly told us that "this is not group therapy," (we had a reading list and a paper), it actually was a therapy group, just with no help! All our interpersonal faults ("problems") were laid out and dissected, but no help was forthcoming. Because... "this was not a therapy group!" I hope we all survived it, but you'd never find this course in the Brandeis catalog today, at least I don't think so.

After freshman – or was it sophomore? – year, Claudia and I both moved off campus, she to marry John Andrews, I with my other girlfriends. Peter Lesser, who I later married, and I, and John and Claudia became a foursome spending many weekend nights together.

Claudia and John were an adventurous, creative, experimental, risk taking couple. John, by then a graduate student in Psychology at Harvard, was a participant in Timothy Leary's "experiments" with LSD, and Claudia "tripped" in. They were our F. Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, and I admired their style and panache no end. It didn't last forever, but while it did, they, separately and together, were brilliant. I am in touch with Nomi and Josh, Claudia and John's wonderful children, and with Nomi and Dan's daughter, Maya. I wish Claudia and John could come back for a day, like Our Town, to see how their progeny are thriving.

(Andrews, continued)

By Judith Katz

Claudia and I were friends from sophomore year. We met on the same dorm floor and became roommates our junior year. Claudia was warm, loving, smart, politically aware and from a family that, at the time, made me jealous - her father was a professor at Yale and her mother a clinical social worker. They were also very warm and welcoming.

Barbara Bleecker Appelbaum and Benjamin Appelbaum

By Fern Cohen, with input from Joe Appelbaum

Barbara Bleecker Appelbaum was born on August 27, 1941 and grew up in Long Beach, Long Island, surrounded by a close extended family. We met in Kindergarten, continued as friends through school to Brandeis, and roomed together from sophomore through senior year. We both majored in Psychology, planning to be teachers. Barbara continued her education with a Masters in Teaching from Harvard, taught elementary school on Long Island, and then taught aspiring teachers at Fairleigh Dickenson University.

Ben Appelbaum was born on July 14, 1940, grew up in Bayonne, New Jersey, majored in Economics at Brandeis and continued his education with a JD from Rutgers, a Masters in Labor Law from the New School, and in Economics from NYU. Even before he reached Brandeis, Ben was steered by athletic booster Ace Weinstein and began working at Ace's Camp Echo Lark. Barbara and Ben eventually purchased the camp, the first of what became a business including eight camps and an elementary school, and as their son Joe says, "they never spent a summer indoors again."

They met at Brandeis in 1959 and married in 1966. Ben was a totally devoted husband and father to their son, Joe, born in 1968, and a wonderful human being. Tragedy struck in 1970 when Barbara was diagnosed with A.L.S (Lou Gehrig's disease), an incurable, progressive nerve disease. She was told that her life expectancy was no more than two years. They entered an experimental program in San Francisco, mixed their own medicines, and Ben credited that protocol with saving Barbara's life, although even the doctor wouldn't take that credit. That is when everyone learned the true natures of Barbara and Ben. "They didn't allow this pernicious disease to define their lives but lived a busy, happy, and fulfilling life together, traveling the world, raising a child, building a business together as if the disease was merely a small hurdle." (Joe Appelbaum)

(Appelbaum, continued)

They took advantage of everything that New York City had to offer - went regularly to movies, theater, restaurants, Giants home games. Ben never asked for help or let anyone know he was traveling with a severely disabled person. He'd just lift Barbara up and deposit her in her wheelchair as if it were no problem. He always gave her credit as the reason their business was successful. And when you would call them up and ask how they were, he would reply, "Great!" For several years in the 90's, Ben and Barbara gave a New Year's Eve party in a foreign capital, Florence, Paris, London, Marrakech. A large contingent of friends and family came. For the Florence trip, Ben had a Berlitz teacher come to their apartment for ten weeks to teach us enough Italian to get by.

Barbara's strong determination, sharp mind, caring nature, and enjoyment of life matched those qualities in Ben. They "lived with joy and love – and no self-pity." (Joe Appelbaum) Tragically, Ben died suddenly on July 8, 1996. It was impossible to believe that Barbara could survive but with Joe's help, her creativity and will, and good caregivers, she lived another eight years, succumbing on August 20, 2004, just before her 63rd birthday, having lived for 34 years with A.L.S.

After Ben's death, Barbara, along with friends, business partners, and family, looked for a way to honor Ben. The Ben Appelbaum Foundation they founded honors Ben's spirit and devotion to helping people who have a business (or non-profit) dream achieve it through mentoring and networking.

By Evelyn Greenbaum Mitchell

Barbara was my roommate second semester of our freshman year. She was gracious, kind, fun-loving and studious. She accepted me as a roommate and friend when I desperately needed one. My first semester rooming situation was difficult with three of us in a room made for two. I was very happy for her when she married Ben Appelbaum. Ben was a natural born leader, respected by all. The few times I saw them together after Barbara's diagnosis, I noticed what a wonderful caregiver he was. He was so strong and patient.

(Appelbaum, continued)

By Esther Levine

I met Barbara our sophomore year at Brandeis and was immediately drawn to her spirit and joie de vivre. We became close friends and I often went home with Barbara for the holidays – because I lived too far away to go home for every holiday – where I was warmly welcomed into her wonderful family.

Barbara and Ben were a perfectly matched couple, complementing each other's strengths in parenting and in business. It was wonderful to witness their love of life (even after Barbara was diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease) and we were privileged to spend time with them in NY and at their parties in Paris and Marrakech.

The large outpouring of grief at the deaths of both Ben and Barbara is a testament to their character and the many people who loved them. Words like boundless dignity and courage, fierce determination, wisdom, loving kindness, optimism, hope, creative and inspirational leadership, dear friend, vision, drive, keen intellect, commitment to children and summer camping, steadiness, irreplaceable in our hearts, role model, generosity and nurturing are found throughout the many remembrances published at the times of their deaths.

Michael Bennahum

Michael Bennahum was an investment banker, a film producer and a Democratic social activist. When he died, he left his wife and soulmate, Leslie, his children David and Samantha, the source of his great joy, and his caring brother David. He was a very generous person who inspired many young people with the confidence and clarity to extend themselves in pursuits that seemed beyond their reach.

Kathy Chernick Brailove

By Michael Brailove-husband

Kathy majored in theatre at Brandeis and enjoyed a few opportunities to participate in some productions. Perhaps she would have become more deeply involved had I not pleaded with her to do her senior year at UC Berkeley where I was in grad school. She did participate in some productions at UC Santa Cruz where we were for five years and where our two children were born. We moved back to New Jersey and she devoted herself to being a mother until she was moved to go into elementary teaching, in part because she knew she could do a better job than some of the teachers our son had in school.

In fact, she became an inspired and inspiring teacher, instructing fourth through sixth grades during her time in our town of Highland Park. She loved children's literature above all else, and I think her greatest accomplishment was her ability to get her kids to love to read. The most frequent comment I have heard these last fifteen years since she died, from parents and former students, was how her teaching turned them from indifferent students into passionate readers and with a broad engagement in learning. By the way, when she died, a fund was created which finally last year was put to good use in renovating an inner courtyard at the school where she taught, that includes a circle of benches around a patio with a plaque for her.

The plaque at Bartle School Courtyard reads:

Dedicated to Kathy Brailove (1941-1996)

A devoted and creative teacher, Kathy Brailove believed in the beauty and power of words and taught her students to speak and write with clarity and imagination. She shared her enthusiasm for everything from literature to history to science, and challenged her students to explore the world in all its natural and human realms.

(Brailove, continued)

Other than reading and gardening she had few leisure activities; her work as a teacher and as a union rep kept her fully engaged. I regret every day that we did not retire together and do some of the traveling and exploring I know she would have loved. I believe she was energized by our trip to Ecuador and the Galapagos for her fiftieth.

As accomplished as she was, she remained modest and unpretentious. But if she thought something wrong, she would speak on it. She was not afraid to confront incompetence and dishonesty, particularly in school administration.

Julian Hartford Burwell

By David Tierney

Julian was a tall black guy and a theatre major. For a couple of months in 1961, we were dating the same girl and somehow I got to know him. He was the most politically savvy theatre person I ever met, constantly talking about what was happening in Washington, D.C. When I worked in D.C. as a law student in 1964, I met Julian's family on the South side of the City and went out for soul food with Julian. He had a serious office-type job and was doing theatre at night. When I was in the Peace Corps in Venezuela, some mutual friend let me know that he had been killed on a freeway in D.C. by a drunk driver, I believe. He was one happy go-lucky dude with a great sense of humor.

Obituary

Julian Burwell was a systems analyst and a native of Washington when he died in an auto accident in 1973 at the age of 33. At the time of his death, he was senior analyst in the computer services department of Exxon Mathematics and Systems, Inc., in Florham Park, N.J.

At Brandeis Julian majored in theater arts but later did graduate work in the field of business administration. He had been assistant dean of students at Queens Community College and a systems analyst for the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

He was a member of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Seattle, where he sang in the choir.

Deborah Josepha Cohen

By Linda Marks

I was traveling in Spain with Debby when she died, so her memory is always with me. I didn't know her well at Brandeis, but we were both in Paris at the end of 1962 and she found me through American Express. She suggested we buy a car and travel to Spain, which we did, having adventure after adventure as we drove through France into Spain. During the months we travelled together I got to know her as a beautiful, sensitive, interesting artist with a love of family and friends -- and a terrific sense of humor. She died in January, 1963, in Alicante, Spain, way, way, too young, in an accident involving a space heater in a small, air-tight bedroom in the "villa by the sea" that we rented for a month. It was heart-breaking.

I kept a journal during our trip and sent a hand copy (this was before photocopying) to Deb's family. They published a beautiful small book in her memory, named Josepha (her middle name) and sent me a copy. Debby's sister, Becky, was a few years ahead of us at Brandeis and recently we reconnected through a mutual friend from the Cleveland area, where Deb grew up. I am so glad that we now have that connection.

Deborah was an artist and a sculptor. She was the daughter of Rabbi Arnold E. Cohen, the spiritual leader of Park Synagogue in Cleveland, Ohio, and was a member of a family of Brandeis scholars. Her sister Rebecca Cohen Long graduated in 1959, her brother Samuel Cohen graduated in 1974 and her niece Arielle Kukafka graduated in 1985.

(Cohen, continued)

By Rebecca Cohen Long '59

My sister Debby left us a gift. She had the ability to visually express the beauty in our world and the inner beauty in every soul. She exemplified human kindness. Her art reflects her passion for life, her exuberance as well as her moods of somberness. She considered herself one of the "visual elite". In her three years at Brandeis, she developed her skills. She was continually encouraged by Professors Leo Bronstein, her mentor, Peter Grippe in Sculpture, and Arthur Polansky in Drawing. She was best understood by them. Her closest friends at Brandeis loved her honesty, her compelling personality and her zest for life. Hers was probably the first loss of life among your classmates. A memorial service was held at Brandeis. Debby never reached her goal, that of becoming a recognized, world-class artist—because her life was cruelly cut short.

Our family has memorialized her at Brandeis by establishing the Deborah Cohen '62 Endowed Scholarship given to a deserving art student. Every year the Deborah Cohen Award in Fine Arts is given to four graduates in the Fine Arts. The book entitled *Josepha*, the story of Deb's life, is available in the Brandeis Library. I invite all her classmates to visit my home in Cleveland to enjoy all of the beautiful originals of her sculptures, drawing and paintings. May her memory be a blessing to all of us.

Lawrence Aryeh Cooperstock

Lawrence Aryeh Cooperstock was a Wien scholar at Brandeis. He earned a degree at MIT. He married Michal and they had a child, Noam.

Cecilia Dobkin Dobrish

Cecilia Dobkin Dobrish graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Brandeis. Cecilia was a dedicated social worker and a Fellow of the Brookdale Center on Aging at Hunter College.

By Eileen Azif Schulman and Betty Zukernick Dayron

Ceil came into our lives when we were at A.B. Davis High School in Mount Vernon, N.Y. Her father married the mother of one of our good friends and Ceil moved from the Bronx and joined our friendship groups and YMHA activities. Mara Nacht Mayor and the three of us all decided to go to Brandeis and were pleased to be able to continue our friendships there.

At Brandeis Ceil majored in English and American Literature, was active in Civil rights demonstrations and did something that got her photographed in the 1961 year book in a group of women wearing formals and carrying bouquets.

After college Ceil married her high school sweetheart, became a writer, lived on the upper West Side of Manhattan, and had a son, Jeremy, who was the light of her life. She was divorced and later entered another long-term relationship.

Ceil and Betty were closest during high school and college. Eileen and Ceil led more separate lives at Brandeis and then renewed their close friendship in New York afterwards.

Ceil developed breast cancer and died, much too young, in 1987. Eileen saw a lot of her in her last years.

We both still feel very connected to her, remembering her as a very smart, very calm, loving person, totally without guile. She would ask you about your life and mean it. She would always express her thoughts directly and would always be helpful and supportive. It was a rare talent that she had— the ability to be so direct and so loving at the same time.

Eileen remains connected to Jeremy, who is a theater director, and enjoys the fact that her grandchildren know Ceil's grandchildren. We miss her still.

Wendy Danzig Glass

By Anita Goldberg Bardin & Elena Kan Lesser Bruun

Wendy typified many of the qualities we think of as Brandeis of that time, perhaps a bit more rebellious than some of us though, a bit more carefree and imaginative, and probably a lot more fun. It is still hard to imagine her gone, though she died 15 years ago after a long struggle with breast cancer. Along with a strong independent streak, she cared deeply for her friends, for people in general, and was always interested in what others were experiencing and to see if she could offer a helping hand. She tried two of the helping professions - teaching and nursing, before settling on family therapy. That the three of us landed in the same profession always amazed us. Wendy was open to Eastern philosophy (she became a Sufi toward the end of her life) and drawn to alternative medicine approaches. She married twice, the second time to Michael Glass, a psychiatrist with whom she had a son, Alex. Her beautiful red hair bespoke a lively personality, full of humor and warmth. Her death was much too early and she is still sorely missed.

Obituary

Wendy Danzig Glass was loved by all who knew her. She was described as having a bright and shining spirit, great wit and humor.

Wendy was born in New York City, the daughter of Maxine Danzig and David Danzig, a Professor of Social Work at Columbia University. After Brandeis she earned post-graduate degrees in education, nursing and family therapy.

Wendy studied homeopathy with her husband Dr. Michael Glass, and assisted him in his homeopathic and psychiatric practice. She was a member of the Foundation of Light, a holistic learning community and spiritual center for meditation, healing and study.

Ellis G. Goldman

Ellis G. Goldman came to Brandeis from Portland, Maine, a graduate of Deering High School.

He was a Program Manager in Housing and Urban Development's Office of Lead Hazard Control. He worked at HUD from 1978 to 2002 when he retired from that job. Prior to HUD, he served on the President's Commission on Housing. Even before going to Washington, he taught at Rutgers University and the Boston Architectural Center. He served in the Massachusetts Department of Community Affairs during that time.

In his final 10 years at HUD he directed the lead hazard control grants program with creativity and integrity. After leaving HUD he worked as a public policy consultant.

Ellis published numerous papers on real estate economics and housing policy.

He died on July 2, 2003.

Daniel S. Hirshfield

By Bart Kramer

I first met Danny during Orientation Week in September of 1958. A requirement for freshmen at the time was to choose a sport in which to participate during our first year to comply with the University's physical education requirement. I was not very athletic in high school, but the idea of *fencing* sounded appealing, and so I signed up for fencing classes. So did Danny, and that is where we first made contact. I'm afraid neither Danny nor I took fencing very seriously. We did the best we could to get through the Phys Ed requirement, but neither of us turned out to be a star of the Brandeis Fencing Team.

Danny and I were on different educational tracts. He was a history major while I started to pursue chemistry, and later moved into the psychology department. Danny was an outstanding scholar and as the years went by he performed with increasing skill to become one of Brandeis' first Phi Beta Kappa initiates.

By the second year I was living on campus and, although not Danny's roommate, managed to get a double in the same dorm ... Ridgewood Hall A, south side of campus.

In no time at all, six of us came together as friends, and frequently joined in on a number of social interactions on campus. There was my roommate, Irwin Rovner, from Cape Cod. Danny roomed with Michael Pine, both New Yorkers. And Jordan Miller and Phil Wagreich completed the cadre of six. Although our areas of study varied, we still maintained our friendships throughout our four years at Brandeis.

After graduation, I went on to Marshall University to pursue an MA in clinical psychology. Danny became a Rhodes Scholar and earned his PhD at Harvard. After graduate school, I spent four years on active duty in the Navy. Upon mustering out, I returned to Boston and found Danny living in Cambridge with his wife, Susan. Two months later, I married my first wife in Norfolk, VA and Danny was my best man.

(Hirschfield, continued)

As I settled in to married life living in a Boston suburb, starting a family and pursuing another graduate degree, I lost touch with my five colleagues from Brandeis. But life goes on and news travels. I later learned that Danny and Susan had moved on to Larchmont, NY. I also discovered that in the late '60s to early '70s Danny served as a speechwriter for President Richard Nixon.

What I do remember, for the four years we were at Brandeis and for the short time we were reunited in Cambridge, Danny Hirshfield was one of the most thoughtful of friends, gentle in spirit and quick to join in on whatever it would take to have fun, and just be there for me when I needed a friend. It has been 44 years since I last saw Danny Hirshfield, and I still miss my old college friend.

Shirley Gerstenfeld Yerkes Hoisington

By Linda Marks

Shirley always made me laugh, even across the country. She lived in Newton MA -- I lived in San Francisco. She was adventuresome and smart and we had an intuitive connection.

Our freshman year at Brandeis we lived on the third floor of DeRoy Hall with Ann Leder, Lisa Graifer, Fern Cohen, Ina Cumpiano, Susan Deutsch, Allie Twombly, Adie Roth and others. Those relationships really stuck.

Over the next years Shirley got married, had children, went to law school and became a partner in a prestigious Boston firm (not easy for a woman then.) Years later she told me she had cancer but we all hoped it was curable. I called her when I had business trips to Boston and we would try to get together.

Our last memorable meeting was a few months before she died. We drove to Brandeis and toured the campus, laughing and sharing memories of our time there. I told her I'd be back again in a few months and we planned to get together. I didn't call her again until the day I returned to Boston -- and that call was an hour after she died. I was able to attend her funeral and connected with her wonderful children, but I'd have rather walked around Brandeis with Shirley again.

Obituary in the Boston Sunday Globe, 9/25/1994

Shirley was raised in Atlantic City, New Jersey. After Brandeis she moved to Delaware but returned to the Boston area and began teaching English at Newton South High School and working as an education reporter for the Newton Times.

She decided to go to law school, graduating from Northeastern University School of Law in 1977. She joined the real estate department of the law firm Warner & Stackpole of Boston. In 1985 she became the first female partner in the firm's 100 year history. That year she was elected by Warner & Stackpole's executive committee to head the firm's real estate department for the next five years.

(Hoisington, continued)

Throughout her legal career, Shirley regularly volunteered her time to assist aspiring law students and to numerous charitable organizations, including serving as general counsel.

Neal Kotler

By Jean Bloomberg Nerenberg

Neal was one of "the best and the brightest". He was an idealist who believed he could help make a difference. Much of his life after college was spent trying to improve our world.

To me, Neal was a very good buddy. I remember one time we took public transportation in to Boston together. On our return trip we missed the last bus from Watertown (remember the transfer point?) which meant we would be late for curfew. By combining our meager cash, we barely cobbled together enough for a taxi and arrived just under the wire.

When Neal was posted by the Peace Corps to Addis Adaba , he wrote that he had hoped to end up in Paris! What a great sense of humor he had. He always made me laugh. And he always encouraged me to follow my passion. His was politics, mine was art. I often hear his voice urging and encouraging me even now when I paint in my studio.

My prayer for Neal is that he found his dreams and fulfilled them before his untimely death.

By Martin Quitt

At Brandeis we were good friends who stayed up frequently all night studying at the Kalman Science Building. I recall a poor grade in Physical Science, the bane of our freshman year, almost kept him from being a charter member of the Brandeis Phi Beta Kappa Chapter – something my grades would never have permitted for me. He was a brilliant student who was chosen to pick up Max Lerner at the airport when he would fly into Logan for his weekly stint in the classroom.

My singular moment of distinction at Brandeis came senior year, when Neil told me that Lerner asked him on one of their rides who the kid was who slept regularly in his late morning class. That was his friend Marty. I think he protected me by not giving up my last name – not that Lerner did any grading himself or would have remembered if he did.

(Kotler, continued)

Obituary in The Washington Post, 1/15/12

He earned his Master's Degree at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and his Ph.D. in political science from the University of Chicago. Neil's career included teaching at Dartmouth, and the University of Texas at Austin. For many years, he served as a Legislative Director in the United States Congress. He spent the majority of his career at the Smithsonian Institution. Neil co-authored a leading book on museums entitled "Museum Marketing and Strategy". He gave many lectures on museum marketing and strategy throughout the world. He will be dearly missed by many longtime friends and a devoted family including his brothers, Philip and Milton and their wives, Nancy and Greta; and all of his nieces and nephews.

Richard B. Laden

By David Tierney

Richard B. Laden was my next door neighbor for my last 2 years at Brandeis, then my roommate for 3 years at Harvard Law School. He was a serious, politically-minded, studious fellow who enjoyed classical music and was a fan of Fleury Papadantonakas in our class. He was a Philadelphian and returned there to practice law for years, where he donated a lot to the arts. I had a lot of late night conversations over the years with Richard, who had a great sense of humor.

Richard was an opera-lover and would play opera at maximum volume late at night, making law school quite an adventure. During our time at Cambridge he would frequently make long road trips back to Philadelphia to see family. His love of opera was second only to his interest in the Kennedy election (while we were still at Brandeis) and the intricacies of the workings of the White House (while we were at Harvard Law School). I was with Richard at a course on Constitutional Law, before a professor whom it was rumored JFK was about to appoint to the Supreme Court, when word came of Kennedy's assassination in Texas. The class was dismissed by the professor with great emotion and we walked back to our apartment in gloomy silence - then spent a lengthy weekend absorbing the details of the funeral. Richard participated in Philadelphia City Politics after he returned to his native city - but never with the passion he had shown regarding the Kennedy Presidency...

By Susan Myers

Philadelphia born and bred, Richard was intensely interested in politics. I met him when we were freshmen and I responded to his ad posted in the mailroom - "Anyone interested in a ride to Philadelphia for the holidays?" That was about as close to home as I could expect to get cheap transportation, so I called him up and requested a seat in his car. The rules were strict: the driver (Richard), four passengers, one bag plus book bag per person, drop-off where convenient for the driver.

(Laden, continued)

But what Richard didn't tell me, and I only learned to my delight on that first trip, was that the transit came with entertainment. All passengers were expected to know the lyrics to show tunes present and past and were to be prepared to sing them in the sequence in which they appeared in the relevant shows. What a great time we had careening down the icy parkways in Westchester County!

In later years we sometimes bumped into each other in Philadelphia. Richard was now a lawyer; he and his wife Carolyn founded The Philadelphia School, a private school which still exists.

Rita Turkel Lee

Obituary

Dr. Rita T. Lee, born September 14, 1940 passed away on Wednesday, September 15, 2004 surrounded by her loving family. Raised in Rosenberg and Houston, Texas, she was a life-long member of Congregation Beth Israel. After receiving her Medical Degree from Baylor College of Medicine, she commenced a 38 year medical career, 28 of which were as a Pediatric Neurologist at Texas Children's Hospital. Dr. Lee held the position of Associate Professor of Pediatrics and Neurology as well as Chief of the Brachial Plexus Clinic. Dr. Lee was active in the community and was proud to have served on the board of the ADL. Apart from her many professional accomplishments, she enjoyed reading, travelling, and in recent years, competitive dancing and learning to speak Italian. She is survived by her children, Jeremy Lee and wife Elisabeth, David Lee and wife Daphne, Mary Lee and husband Jay Shusterman, Jessica Lee Freedson and husband Armyn, Veronica Lee Strulovich and husband Shlomi

Eugene Lunn

By Marc Cohen

Eugene Lunn, since 1970 a professor in the U C Davis Department of History, died on March 14, 1990 at the age of 48, after having long and courageously suffered from cancer. He was survived by his wife, Donna Reed, who held a position as Lecturer in the Department of Comparative Literature at Davis, and by the children of his marriage to her, Benjamin and Rebecca, as well as by his daughter Rachel, born of his previous marriage to Myra Glasser. His death was a grievous loss to his many friends, colleagues, and students, as well as to the historical profession, which he deeply loved and to which he made scholarly contributions of great value.

Professor Lunn was born on September 24, 1941 in Brooklyn, New York, the son of George and Edith Maslow Lunn. In 1968 he received his Ph.D. degree from Berkeley. After teaching two years at Reed College, he joined the Davis faculty as a modern European intellectual and cultural historian.

Eugene Lunn was a passionate man. He lived the life of the mind with unfaltering intensity and with a noble conception of the role in the modern world of the critical intellectual. He was profoundly alive both to the tragedy and the promise of human history. This sensibility, paired with his analytical powers and clarity of expression, made him a man of rare presence and an exceptionally gifted teacher. His very well-attended lecture courses on modern European intellectual history enjoyed the highest possible reputation among undergraduates, graduate students, and members of the faculty. He possessed a great talent for intelligibly conveying the ideas of the most difficult thinkers while submitting them to fair-minded but unsparing analytical and ethical critiques. For very many students, Lunn's courses were a first revelation of the power of ideas not only in history and society, but in one's own personal life. In 1989 Professor Lunn received the Magnar Ronning award for teaching excellence, conferred anonymously by the student body through the office of the *Student Viewpoint*.

(Lunn, continued)

Eugene Lunn wrote, in an engaging prose, two books of major importance. The first of these was *Prophet of Community: The Romantic Socialism of Gustav Landauer* (University of California Press, 1975). Lunn's second book was the widely read and admired *Marxism and Modernism: An Historical Study of Lukacs, Brecht, Benjamin and Adorno* (University of California Press, 1982).

In remembrance of Professor Lunn, the Davis History Department sponsors, in his name, an annual lecture by a distinguished scholar on an important theme in contemporary historiography.

Ronald Mack

By Larry Friedlander

Ronald Mack was small in stature but big in heart and spirit. Not only did we enjoy each other's point of view, but also reveled in our bizarre humor.

Ron brought with him a secret "club" with a banner (made by his mom). Soon Karl, Howard and I were "STROBOS". Naturally, we can't tell you what it was, but everyone else at Brandeis wasn't a part of the STROBOS. We were, in Ron's universe, the ultimate insiders. During the long dark winters on campus, in the tense times of exams or just hanging out, Ron and his band of STROBOS kept it "real".

I could fill pages with "inside jokes", and stories of Ron's family (who were grist for a reality T.V. comedy show) or the insights and emotions shared and remembered by me. The days spent at Brandeis were made better by Ron being there and being a part of the scene. The fondness of having been a part of Ron's college days at Brandeis only adds to the joy of this reunion and the sadness of Ronald Mack not being with us.

By Karl Johnson

Ronald Mack was my roommate for three years at Brandeis. I learned a lot from his example and friendship. The most important thing I learned was the difference between studying to pass a course, and studying in order to know. This was a valuable gift that has engendered in me a lifelong love of learning.

Ron was born in Portland, Maine, into an extended family that included Grandpa & Grandma Mack, his mother and father, and his brother Marshall. Ron's dad owned a well known "army-navy" type clothing store that sold to workmen. His family was one of the funniest group of people I have ever been around. They enjoyed each other's successes and disappointments, gifts and foibles; and they adopted me into all the fun at their summer cottage on Old Orchard Beach, Maine.

(Mack, continued)

The biggest impact Brandeis had on Ron's life was the introduction to the psychology of Abraham Maslow. It was the source of his inspiration to get his doctorate in Existential Psychology from Duquesne University. Later he became a professor of psychology at Cornell University.

He was a good and kind, intelligent and curious, humorous and dedicated friend; and I know at least one person who is better off from having known Ronald Mack.

Sheila Elliott Okstein

By Jane E. Hirschfield Bernstein

I met Sheila Elliott during a freshman orientation luncheon for commuting students from the Greater Boston area, and we soon became “bffs.” Sheila was born in Brookline and was graduated from Brookline High School and from Hebrew Teachers College. She had a younger brother Lewis whom she fostered throughout her life.

She married Alan Okstein in August, a few months after her graduation in 1962. They had two children, Sarabeth, who was born in 1964 and Larry, in 1968, both of whom followed their father into the practice of law. After majoring in history at Brandeis, Sheila received a master’s degree from Boston College in history and then a master’s degree in special education from Tufts University. She taught special-needs children at a private school from the time she received her second graduate degree until her untimely death. She was a gifted and loving teacher. The entire school attended her funeral and dedicated the graduation ceremony to her memory.

Throughout her life, she had an infectious wit, a remarkable affection for all manner of people, and a very discerning intelligence. There was very little of our lives we did not share, and although we lived far from Massachusetts for decades, we would visit Sheila and her family in either Newton or on Cape Cod where a happy disorder ruled. Her husband was an ardent sailor, with week-ends and vacations reserved for that activity.

Despite inoperable liver cancer, Sheila never lost hope of recovery and submitted to aggressive treatments. She recovered sufficiently to take her first trip to California in order to attend her son Larry’s wedding held at a ranch in the Napa Valley. Unfortunately, she did not live long enough to greet the birth of Larry’s twins.

(Okstein, continued)

From Obituary in The Jewish Advocate, December 3-9, 1999

Sheila was an expert in the field of special education, teaching at The Learning Prep in Newton, MA. She also taught at the Horace Mann School in Franklin and in the Needham school system, where she was a special educator in the high school organizational schools program in Wellesley. Okstein was an active member of the Brookline High School Alumni Association and Hadassah.

Joseph Olasov

By Stan Bernstein

Joe Olasov lived on the same floor of a residence hall as I did in our sophomore year; his room-mate for his Brandeis years was Steve Levine. Joe introduced us to The Chateau, his favorite restaurant in the back streets of Waltham. His menu selection was always eggplant parmigiana. When we visit family in Greater Boston, we occasionally dine at the much expanded Chateau, where we offer a hearty toast to Joe's memory.

Joe was the kindest, gentlest and most courteous of undergraduates at Brandeis. At one point, he expressed a desire to attend rabbinical school in Cincinnati, but we lost contact with him and do not know what kind of graduate or professional program he may have pursued.

A few years ago we learned from a second cousin of his who lives in Atlanta that he died very prematurely from an epileptic seizure on December 8, 2000.

Information from Linda Olasov-wife

Joseph received a PhD from the University of Tennessee at Knoxville and worked as a clinical psychologist in Cincinnati at a state mental hospital. He became politically involved when the State decided to close the hospital. He spoke to newspapers, went to city council meetings and generally worked to keep the hospital open. His stance did not sit well with his employers and he was harassed to the point that he had to hire legal assistance.

Joe was a wonderful husband and father to his two daughters, Jean and Marti. He was an accomplished recorder player with an informal group. He enjoyed chamber music throughout his life.

Joe had a special interest in pyramids. Linda and Joe travelled all over the world to observe them. He went to Peru, Egypt, Honduras, Guatemala and Mexico in search of them. Linda describes some of those trips as "pretty wild".

Vivian Alibozek Parsons

By William Parsons-husband

At Brandeis one of her favorite teachers was her Russian teacher, Irving Weil. She continued to correspond with him for some years after graduation. Her friend from Brandeis, Madeline Geltman, was the matron of honor at her wedding.

Vivian began teaching Russian to high school children at Concord-Carlisle High School in Concord, Massachusetts. She taught there 1 1/2 years, and then taught in Bloomington, Indiana.

The Parsons moved to St. Petersburg when William was offered a job at Eckerd College and Vivian joined the faculty later on.

Vivian was an avid reader, usually reading at least 100 books annually. She read books in Russian, French and English and spoke those languages plus Polish. Her taste included classical literature, current fiction, and mysteries. She actually read War and Peace twice in Russian. She had a huge collection of books, including over 200 cookbooks. She wrote one book, which was a family cookbook. She had many recipes from her Polish heritage. She also had recipes from assignments that she gave to her Russian students. She kept over 10 notebooks full of recipes. She would try them out and if they worked out, add them to her main file for inclusion in her book.

She did a lot of traveling to Eastern Europe including more than 10 trips to Russia with her husband and a group of students. She also went to Poland, Finland and Czechoslovakia as well as France and Italy. She spent the 1981-82 academic year in Leningrad under the auspices of the Council on International Educational Exchange as co-director of the Russian Language Program.

(Parsons, continued)

Vivian and her husband had 2 children, a son Steven and a daughter Sylvia. Before she died she had the pleasure of greeting 1 grandchild. Unfortunately, 3 others never had the pleasure of meeting their grandmother. Vivian also derived great pleasure from needlepoint and crochet. She actually reupholstered her own chairs and knitted many sweaters.

Obituary-St. Petersburg Times 3/26/03

Vivian Parsons died at the age of 62 in St. Petersburg, Florida. She was born in Adams, MA and moved to St. Petersburg from Bloomington, Indiana in 1966. She was assistant professor of Russian at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg for 34 years. After Brandeis she received a master's degree in teaching from Harvard. She led many study groups to Russia and was a former director of a Russian language program at Leningrad State University. She was an avid reader and loved to crochet. She had two children, Steven and Sylvia with her husband William.

Hadara Bella Perpignan

By Ruth Cielak

There is one thing that you can say about Hadara that you cannot say about a lot of people: Not only was she a beautiful person on the outside, she was even more beautiful on the inside: a gentle, loving, giving, kind soul.

Our group of friends did not want her to return to Brazil after graduation and not have her in our midst. We tried everything we could to convince her that she should stay in the U.S. She told us that the U.S. was too culturally different from her world in Brazil, that she needed to return, and that she did not think that she would be happy living long term in the U.S.

I could not understand what she meant until I myself married someone from the Mexican Jewish community, moved to Mexico and realized how different the Latin American Jewish society was from what I had known all my life. To explain everything further in detail would be very difficult and very long, but once I was in Mexico I understood her perfectly.

I was very fortunate to have the opportunity to see her again when her husband and she traveled to Mexico, and I must say, upon meeting her husband, I understood so well why she felt she needed to go back to her roots.

From the Minutes of the Forum for Academic Writing 1/31/2011

Hadara Bella Perpignan came to Brandeis from Rio de Janeiro in Brazil. After Brandeis she received an MA from American University. She worked at Bar-Ilan University in Israel as a senior lecturer in English in the Department of English as a Second Language.

She was a founder of the Israel Forum for Academic Writing (IFAW), the mission of which is to connect people engaged in the teaching and research of academic writing in Israel. She was very much concerned that people who were doing the same kind of work, even in the same institution, did not know each other or what others were doing.

(Perpignan, continued)

Hadara was a perfectionist in everything she did, whether it was taking notes, taking minutes, or organizing workshops. She chaired the abstract committee for the international conference until she was taken ill and became active again on the program committee when she recovered after her operation. Hadara agreed to be program chair for the 2011 academic year. She planned several meetings but her worsening illness precluded further involvement. She died on December 25, 2010.

Dimitri Procos

Obituary from The Chronicle Herald (Halifax, Nova Scotia), 2/9/2009

Born in Athens, Greece, on September 14, 1940, he was the son of Patroclos and Mary (Buhler) Procos. Dimitri was raised in Greece and Switzerland, and spoke fluent French, German, Greek and English by his teens, as well as a smattering of other languages.

Dimitri came to the U.S. in 1960, where he was a foreign student at Brandeis, later transferring to M.I.T. where he received his Bachelor of Architecture, and then to the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, where he received his Masters degree in 1967. After two years in Toronto, he accepted a position in Halifax with the School of Architecture at Nova Scotia Technical College (later Dalhousie University). Dimitri remained there until his retirement in 2006, rising to the status of Full Professorship in 1994. He also held Visiting Professorships at the Universite de Paris 1 (Pantheon and Sorbonne) in 1984-85, the University of the Aegean, Athens and Mytilini in 1991-92, as well as Athens Technical University in 2000-1.

Professor Procos was the founding Chair of the Department of Urban and Rural Planning in the Faculty of Architecture at Technical University of Nova Scotia (it later became Dalhousie University) from 1978-1981. Professor Procos was intensively involved in funded research centered on energy issues in the built environment. His applied and contract research was conducted in urban and rural settings ranging from the metropolitan scale to that of a single building. Dimitri was a constant participant in architectural competitions; he and his students were often successful competitors in both national and international design competitions. In addition, he was a tireless conference attendee, presenter and organizer.

Professor Procos retired from Dalhousie's Faculty of Architecture and Planning in 2006, after a long career as teacher, researcher and practicing architect and urban planning. Through his passionate and innovative work in the fields of energy conservation and sustainable building design, he made an invaluable and lasting contribution to our knowledge in a field of immediate and urgent concern of mankind.

(Procos, continued)

As well as his professional ventures, Dimitri also was an avid world traveler, and had a keen interest in politics, history, the arts, stimulating conversation, and enjoyed following soccer, tennis and the Olympics.

Professor Procos is survived by partner Judith, sons Alexis Procos and Nicolas Procos, stepchildren Lisa Van Houten (Craig Fraser) and Jason Van Houten (Robin Cormier), grandchildren Zoe Paloma and Julian, and step-grandchildren Christopher, Leilia, Angus, and Catherine, as well as relatives in Switzerland.

Alice Lowenthal Prusko

Robert Alan Richman

By Ira Shoolman

Bob Richman was born November 21, 1940 in Brooklyn, New York, moved all over the United States after attending medical school in Syracuse to complete his training to become a Pediatric Endocrinologist (Boston, New York City, North Carolina, South Carolina, Chicago, Nashville). In 1976, he moved to Syracuse, New York and died there August 19, 2008.

Brandeis gave him a love of questioning, problem solving and research, baroque music and the importance of a liberal arts education. He loved to play tennis and basketball and did so until his death.

After graduation, he obtained an MA in Psychology from Queens College, New York, an MD from SUNY Upstate Medical University and completed two NIH fellowships. One, in 1969-71, was in Pediatric Endocrinology at University of North Carolina Medical School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where he became a lifelong Tar Heel basketball fan. The second, in 1974-76, was a full basic science research fellowship in the Nobel Prize-winning Physiology Department at Vanderbilt University. He rose to become a full professor at SUNY Upstate Medical University and Chair of the Division of Pediatric Endocrinology.

Bob felt his biggest and best accomplishments were his 3 children, Peter (Brandeis 1989), Michael and Tammy, the many medical students and residents he adopted as family and taught to think and problem-solve and become researchers, and his many accomplishments in the study of growth and the sense of smell, resulting in NIH grants and publications.

By Tammy Richman

My dad's heart fought for me and my brothers with everything it had. He fought to open the best doors for us and to shut the ones that were harmful. He fought for us to be well-rounded, to be athletes, to embrace music and art, to excel in math, science, medicine, to be independent, to be good parents ourselves someday, to always wear our seatbelt, to apply Richman Rules (the art of inevitably finding a fantastic parking space in an overcrowded lot). All the children who passed through his clinic over the years had our dad as their champion.

(Richman, continued)

By Michael Richman

He was a father, a grandfather, a brother, a husband, a tennis partner, a physician, a mentor, and an educator. What I will remember most of all is his passion for living. My dad was not someone to do things half way. He was strong-willed and opinionated, traits that helped him become so accomplished yet also made him a polarizing figure. Those that could see beyond the surface found a caring individual whose love and kindness knew no bounds.

Myra Nelson Breen Ruskin

By Adrienne Roth

I had reconnected with Myra-she lived in Marin, California and was also in real estate here. She owned some rental properties. I had a client who rented from her in Mill Valley. She then decided to go back to school to get a degree in marriage/family counseling. She did that, established an office in Corte Madera, and really loved her new career. She remarried a scientist who studied water quality, and my late husband was also a scientist, an expert in air pollution, so we all got together several times and really enjoyed their company.

By Susan Levin

I respected Myra for her calm demeanor, voice of reason, lack of affectation and empathy. She was a feet on the ground anchor in the quirky Maison Francaise. She knew how to be a good and devoted friend.

Linda Dunne, daughter, & Joshua Breen, son

Myra loved people. Myra loved her family. Myra loved to laugh. In her 56 years our mom accomplished so much. She left the East Coast for San Francisco in the 1960s, and made a wonderful life for herself on the West Coast. She was the mother to two children (Linda and Josh), raising them single-handedly after her first marriage ended; she was able to break into the challenging real estate market in Marin County, CA as a real estate agent; she went back to school in her 40s to launch a new career as a therapist.

Linda shared: Growing up in Mill Valley, CA with my mom and brother included the phone at our house ringing every 10 to 20 minutes. I would answer it, hoping it was for me. Inevitably the person on the other end of the line would say, "Hello is Myra there?" "Mom, the phone is for you!" I would call through the house. My mom had many friends who would call her every day, turning to her for her unwavering emotional support, kindness, and generosity.

(Ruskin, continued)

Josh shared: I have fond memories of smelling wafts of her experimental new Asian dishes getting tossed in the wok. Hiking mountain trails and taking in nature together. Sharing stories of our life journeys; she had such an inherent ability to really listen and always be so supportive. She offered so much of herself all the time. She loved to play the piano and threw many fun music parties at our home with friends singing and playing throughout the night. Myra was ever giving and truly dedicated to making a positive impact on the world and the people she touched.

Susan Schwartz Siegel

By Evelyn Greenbaum Mitchell

Susan Schwartz came to Brandeis from her hometown of Colchester, Connecticut. Susan and I roomed together the last two years of our time at Brandeis. Susan was fun-loving and a very good friend to many. She had a great mind and learned quickly. She had colitis but did not let it get her down. We loved living in the Castle our senior year.

By Stephen Schwartz-brother

As you may know, we lost Susan in the Spring of 1983. She had suffered for many years from Crohn's Disease, but was always "up," and never let her poor health get her down. She was a wonderful sister, a great mother to her two children, and a good daughter to my mother. Susan later graduated from Boston University with a master's in Special Ed. Her roommate during part of her time at Brandeis was Barbara Appelbaum. She taught for a few years in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn.

She looked back on her time at Brandeis as perhaps her happiest, and made great friends there. Her experience no doubt influenced my decision to attend the school.

Norman Paul Singer

By Steve Riekes

I remember Norm Singer as a very decent, fun-loving, fellow Midwesterner. However, it was his death that made an unforgettable impression upon me. Many years ago, I was in Oklahoma City attending a family simcha and we were looking for something to do. The art museum took about 30 minutes to traverse, and the only other thing we could find in the tourist material was the "Cowboy Museum." So we thought we ought to give it a try. The museum was somewhat interesting, but, coming from Nebraska, it was not something exotic. Then we wandered into a new addition dealing with Indian culture. I was stunned to notice that this wing of the museum was dedicated by the Singer family in memory of Norman Singer.

I believe that Norman had become a doctor and had died in Vietnam. In the museum was his picture next to his Brandeis University diploma. At this point, I lost it. I could not stop crying. This was the first of my classmates, to my knowledge, that had passed away. It was a shocking reminder of mortality for a still youthful man. It was also a moving and beautiful tribute to Norman Paul Singer, a proud Brandeis graduate, who died for his country.

Steven Solarz

By Garry Grossman

Steve Solarz, my Brandeis roommate and lifelong friend, passed away on November 29, 2010. At Brandeis, Steve was Vice-President of the Student Council and Editor-in-Chief of the Justice. After college, he attended Columbia and received a Masters degree in political science. A chance meeting with a high school friend led to a position as campaign manager for a man who was running for Congress in Brooklyn. The candidate lost, but Steve laid the groundwork for his own entry into politics, as a candidate for the New York State Assembly in 1968. Steve won, upsetting an Assemblyman who had been in office for 32 years. Six years later, he was elected to Congress, where he served nine terms.

During his Congressional career, Steve's major area of interest was foreign affairs. He served as chairman of the House subcommittees on Africa and Asia, and was a leading spokesman for human rights throughout the world. Steve was also a founder of the International Crisis Group, which is the pre-eminent organization in the field of conflict prevention. He travelled extensively and wrote numerous articles in publications specializing in foreign affairs. He also served as a longtime member of the Brandeis Board of Trustees.

Steve spent his final years writing his Congressional memoir, entitled "Journeys to War and Peace". It was published by the Brandeis University Press, and is an extraordinary account of his years in Congress, with emphasis on his notable achievements in helping to bring peace and democracy to countries all over the world.

His passing inspired lengthy and eloquent obituaries from publications in the Philippines, India, Taiwan, Israel, Thailand, and others too numerous to mention. His funeral, at which I spoke, was attended by scores of diplomats, elected officials, and good friends that he had made in a lifetime of public service. It was a true privilege to know Steve, to work with him, and to learn from him. He is missed by all who knew him, and his achievements and influence will never be forgotten. He would have loved to attend our 50th reunion from Brandeis, and to renew the friendships and acquaintances that he made during those enjoyable years so long ago.

(Solarz, continued)

By Douglas Martin in the NY Times, December 2, 2010

Mr. Solarz would go on to be the first congressman to visit North Korea in 30 years; have a nine-hour conversation with Fidel Castro; introduce a nuclear freeze resolution; help alter Reagan administration policies in Central America and Lebanon; and battle many in his own party when he supported the Persian Gulf War in 1991. Mr. Solarz visited more than 100 countries, more than earning his nickname, the Marco Polo of Congress. He once got a standing ovation on the floor of the Indian Parliament.

Sara Ruth Levine Ullman

By Bart Kramer

Although Sunny and I weren't the closest of friends, she did write to me and call me often after we graduated. Sunny was struck with an acute form of fibromyalgia, and it kept her in constant pain. She had traveled from Chicago to Phoenix for specialized surgery, but it was not successful.

There were two things in her life that I knew about that brought her a lot of pleasure. One was an award she received at an early Brandeis reunion (possibly our tenth.) The second was a most unselfish act that she performed on her own initiative. It was sometime during the Viet Nam War. I was stationed in an amphibious warship on the east coast and was not directly involved with the war. Sunny felt that servicemen and servicewomen needed more support than the American Public were showing to the troops in a very unpopular conflict. She wrote to the commanding officer of a naval warship and arranged to send dozens of letters to the sailors in that command, simply expressing her appreciation for all they were doing for their country, and for the sacrifices they, and their families, were making during those terrible years. According to Sunny, the Captain commended her for her selfless efforts, and as a naval officer myself, I was extremely proud of her. Sunny deserves to have her classmates know about these two "happy" events in her life.

In the late '90s, my wife and I moved to Gurnee, IL and I had a chance to see Sunny in a Chicago hospital. She was in a great deal of pain back then. Shortly afterward her husband informed me that she had passed away.

Obituary in Chicago Sun Times 5/26/2003

Ullman, Sara R. (nee Levine), beloved wife of Sidney "Jerry", devoted mother of Jonathan and Matthew (Victoria) Ullman, cherished grandmother of Nicholas, Sabrina and Brett.

Marsha Cronig Waldman

Caroline Margery Wilder

From South Coast Today, February 13, 1998

"My mentor great, compassionate, caring, loving ... accepting, generous, intelligent -- a devoted person," is how Clifford Taylor, 11, described his adjustment counselor at Carney Academy, the late Carolyn Margery Wilder. "She took me to gym when I was good," recalled Clifford, reading a poem he had written about Ms. Wilder at yesterday's annual Brotherhood Dinner at the school. "Why is it that the good die young?" he questioned, wiping away tears.

Remembering Ms. Wilder, 550 parents, students and teachers gathered in the gymnasium to celebrate the adjustment counselor and educator's life, which was tragically cut short at 56. Carolyn Margery Wilder, the daughter of veteran former School Committee member Margery "Ruby" Dottin and the late Lt. Reginald Wilder, died unexpectedly on Oct. 4, 1997.

Born in Cambridge, Ms. Wilder lived most of her life in New Bedford. She worked for the New Bedford Public Schools for 24 years.

Dressed in black, Ms. Dottin sat in the front of the gym, smiling radiantly as colleagues and students remembered her daughter's life. Under a banner reading "Togetherness," Carney parents shared a meal of spaghetti and meatballs before the presentations began. Symbolizing Ms. Wilder's spirit, Carney students used large cards with the letters A-N-G-E-L to describe facets of Ms. Wilder's personality.

A 1958 honor graduate of New Bedford High School, Ms. Wilder graduated from Brandeis University, majoring in psychology. Following in her mother's footsteps, she received her master's of education from Harvard University.

"This dinner means the world to me. She dedicated her life to her profession," said Flora Sena, a 10-year adjustment counselor at Carney Academy and close friend of Ms. Wilder. "She was a loving and giving person. She was an angel while she was alive," she said. As a final tribute, Carney Students presented Ms. Dottin with a gilt-framed picture of Standard-Times' photographer Mike Valeri's "angel in the clouds" picture, a large, red heart-shaped box of candy and a bouquet. Summing up the feeling of the dinner for many parents, teachers and students, Clifford told the audience, "She will always live on in our hearts."

