

Daniel Klem Oral History Interview–December 6, 2023

Interviewees:

Paul Adams (PA)

Christopher Breiseth (CB)

Tim Gilmour (TG)

Paul Adams(PA): Is just your employees to be able to budget.

Christopher Breiseth(CB): Okay, we're starting well, as you and I talked when you visited up here in Ticonderoga. But these are very wonderfully informal sessions. So what does each of us intervene at any point? And mostly it's going to be you talking so you, you can steer things away from where we are and topics that you really want to make sure we cover. I kind of summarized in my brief memo to the other day topics that struck me as being obvious. The interest for this project in terms of your wonderfully many sides. Rich Wilkes. Career. So I think let's just start with you talking about kind of your origins in the valley, and how you got to Wilkes and what Wilkes was for you, and how it is. How it influenced your life!

Daniel Klem, Jr.(DK): Well, first glad to see all of you, and I have unlimited respect for each and every one of you and your interests, and I have to first of all, thank you all for the privilege of your attention and your assessment that I have something worthy to contribute. So, thanks for that okay, you know, one of the questions you mentioned was, you know what makes Wilkes unique. I was reflecting on that in the sense that I remember having this discussion with several people at several institutions, to include my own employer, and at Wilkes during my days as a trustee trying to share that. I don't think there's a higher education institution in the world that doesn't want the very best for their students. And so we're all in the same game. And I really don't think you can hunt and peck. And we're in this process again, my current employer trying to pick out and explain to the world what makes us special and how we're really unique. And my answer to that is. It's the chemistry of the people that make up that institution. It also has everything to do, I think, with the philosophy and the beginning, and the foundation of each and every school. You know whether it's a public state, University land grant or something, and or whether it is a private institution that got its origins affiliated with some religious faith or something. But they're all wanting to do the very best for their students. For Wilkes. It almost seemed to me from the very beginning that the place was made for me; because it was established as a sectarian institution to help the young people of the immigrants that came to the Wyoming Valley, and others that were, were a main part of the economy to help them get better and to help to enrich the area. Let's forget about the fact that a lot of people like myself included, who got educated left. But there were many that stayed, and they're still enriching the valley and doing great things. So I felt, you know, that this place was made for me regarding my background. I came from well-meaning and wonderful people, my parents, but they had really no formal education, and their answers to me, or any of our siblings that asked questions or needed help in school, was to go to the library or ask your teacher for me when I look back on it and reflecting, I just didn't have that kind of personality that seemed to attract the attention of a teacher that would say: This guy really wants to learn some really great things, and we're going to take him under our wing, and they're going to guide him. I probably was just frightened and certainly respectful of authority and inherently shy. That was something that was drummed into all of us at home: respect for authority. So I often described my coming to Wilkes to this very day to my students: That I came out of the bushes and went to college. And this is not the

way people should do it. Most young people need a fundamental educational background, some kind of background and some guidance. But I had this unbelievable passion to go to college. It was a big thing at that time in the early sixties or the mid-sixties, and more than that, I had this vision and this dream of wanting to be a scientist. It just seemed that the turmoil in my particular life at that time had some frame of reference in the scientific world, because I perceived it to have objectivity. For me, the scientific world asked meaningful questions. Those questions could be answered with available information, and used to make informed decisions. Decisions based on what could be measured rather than by the opinions, ideas, or the emotional passion of uninformed individuals. So this was an attraction for me. And so I had this, you know. I think I told Paul and several others this story, this bush stuff, coming out of the bushes and going to school. I struggled just to get in. There were three of us from my high school that took an examination because our national SAT scores must have been so low that Wilkes must have felt they needed more evidence to justify the investment in us. Within a week after we took the supplemental test Wilkes offered us, my two classmates at Kingston High School were informed they got in. I did not receive any contact, and I just thought it was a sign that a rejection letter was coming. So, I made an appointment to see John Whitby, who was the head of Wilkes admissions at the time. He agreed to see me, and once I was before him I tried to convince him that I had this great desire and interest to come to college. And Wilkes was my only opportunity. I saw him as very stiff, the embodiment of authority sitting behind a huge desk, seemingly in the dark while I felt a spotlight on me, trying to plead what I perceived to be a losing case. He listened very well, and today I describe my reputation as being unsuccessfully funny. But this interview was anything but funny for me although as it turned out Mr. Whitby found some humor in it. I perceived our time together coming to an end, as a final departing thought and comment, to try and convince him I was worthy of Wilkes, I told Mister Whitby, I said, you know, Mr. Whitby, I know from what others have told me that there are girls coming to this college that want to get a guy. To be more respectful, I should have said women. But given my level of awareness, I said girls followed by honest, Mr. Whitby. I don't want to get a guy; I just want to come to this college. So again, to me Mister Whitby was very tall, thin, he was very austere. He looked to me like he had a tough time smiling. I hope that wasn't the case, that people who knew him personally at least I hoped knew he had a lighter side. After my remark about not wanting to get a guy, I noticed that he started to make a little bit of a smile, and I became fearful that he was going to crack into a million pieces; you know, fall apart right in front of me. Of course, that did not happen and a week after my interview with him I got my acceptance. I came to Wilkes.

That summer I was in heaven. I had been granted my dream. I was going to college. I had everything to look forward to. But in those first two weeks of the fall semester I was in a trance. I was struggling. I just could not understand anything that was being taught to me. And I kept on thinking and sinking down more and more. I began suspecting that maybe I just was not college material; so, I made a decision and a commitment: after a 2-week period if I still believed I had not learned anything, it was time to give up. My friends who saw me during this first 2-week period often wondered about my mental as well as physical health. According to them, I seemed to isolate myself within myself. They remarked that I just passed them without a word, even after they greeted me between classes. To them, I acted as if I didn't even know they were there. Rather than giving up immediately, I made arrangements to try to see selected professors to try to learn something from them and break my feeling that I was incapable of learning anything. On one faithful day, walking over the Market Street Bridge on my way to Wilkes, my intention and goal that day was to meet personally with those professors I judged could assess my ability to stay by teaching me something I could understand and identify as college learning, and on way home over that same bridge if I had not learned anything my plan was to throw my books in the river and not return to the college I so passionately wanted to attend. The books in the river would seal the deal: I just was not college material. Without learning throwing books in the Susquehanna on my way

home was the plan. I was a commuter, so I walked to school. I lived just a couple of miles away, and looking back on that day the most unpredictable person saved me and my college aspirations. It was Howard Swain in chemistry. Dr. Swain was third on my appointment list. My second was Dr. Reif, and could meet with me because of another faculty committee or some other appointment and was unavailable when I needed him, this time. The first professor on my appointment list was the math professor Mr. James DeCosmo. When I arrived at his door for my 09:00 a.m. appointment, he was already with and helping another student. I waited in the hall like a wounded puppy dog, and when the student left at 09:50 a.m., Mr. DeCosmo informed me that he had a class to teach and I would have to come back another time. My third and last appointment was with Dr. Swain (Howard A. Swain, Jr.) in Chemistry, and if chemists have a reputation, seemingly everywhere, it is stern and, true or not, let us hope not, unfriendly. So, all that was going through my mind on my way to see Dr. Swain was the prospect of heaving those books in the river. With this final but unlikely hope before me, I stood in the doorway of Dr. Swain's small laboratory while he mixed a series of small flasks containing pink fluid in them. I looked down, probably as forlorn as any student he had ever seen. I am certain that I almost surely had tears in my eyes. Standing there in that doorway, I said, likely blurting out in some low and submissive voice: I needed some help Dr. Swain. He seemed busy with his flasks, but he looked at me and said: Come in and sit down. He pointed to two student chairs with the writing arms on both, and he said open your book to the problems you were assigned on electron shells. He asked me to do Problem one. I looked him in the eye, and I said: Dr. Swain, I do not know enough to know where to begin to solve the problem. Even more, I don't even know enough to ask a question about how to answer this first or any other problems. And he said, "Okay, let me do this for you." And he did the problem. And then he said, Try the next one, and I made progress. I solved Problem 2; I got it, and learned something. My books stayed with me, no river for them that day when I walked home. I continued on, and eventually made my way, mostly a struggle, through Wilkes. That tale, even to this day I use to try to inspire struggling students in my classes. I also share with my students, to encourage them not to give up, that my undergraduate career was difficult, extremely difficult for me; in terms of grades, my performance was less than modest and you will not find a single "A" grade on my transcript, as I often emphasize, not even in the courses we were required to take about health. Even more self-deprecating, and tell them if I was applying to this institution where I currently work, it's hard for me to imagine that I would be accepted like they all have been. At the heart of it, at Wilkes, although I wanted it to be different, I was really putting my time in, trying to study, but not knowing how. I just did not have the kind of direction that would have given me knowledge about how to go about studying properly. That came later. When I eventually came back to school after being taken into the service after graduating from Wilkes. I also share with my current students, perhaps in an attempt to save or support my academic reputation, which I think I have with Chris, at least once before, as a graduate student I am proud of the fact that there wasn't a course I was enrolled in that I was not first in the class. I recall just two classes that I wasn't the top student. So, reflecting on my Wilkes performance, I judge it wasn't a matter of intellect explaining why I did not perform better, but rather a matter of maturity and being able to learn how to learn. Learning how to learn is an important part of what I teach my students today. I share my experiences with them: Many professors will wait till the very first examination to inform you about what their assessment tools, exams, are going to be, and how they're going to evaluate you. But that will not happen in our class together. I will inform you what my tests are like. Not only that. I am going to inform you what I believe is the essentially important information I want you to learn. This important information is what you will be asked about in my examinations. Also, the type of exam a teacher offers you needs to be prepared for differently, essays, multiple choice, completion questions, or something else. There are tools, study methods, to improve your success with different styles of exams. Learning these methods will make you a better test taker, a better performing student. Practicing this successful approach will result in you being more successful, and think better about yourself. It's not a mystery. And so this is my fundamental background. Sadly, helpful for sure but

no major advisor to support and encourage me. My learning during my formative Wilkes years was trial and error through experience. I learned from my many mistakes, but never gave up. Never giving up permitted me to eventually learn things. And through it all, always trying to have a positive attitude and be of good health. By doing so I have strived to offer good help to the students and the people around me. I have consistently tried to practice that. So I and those who I have been able to help can thank Dr. Swain for saving and keeping me at Wilkes. There were others at Wilkes, iconic personalities that contributed to my growth that in turn provided me with opportunity. Being recognized by Wilkes has been and always will be an honor to me. The great privilege of receiving the honorary Doctor of Science degree from Wilkes in 2,000, I am convinced had everything to do with Dr. Reif talking to Chris, and encouraging him to consider me as a prospective candidate. Dr. Reif became a defining mentor and friend, and his support describing some of my accomplishments, surely a surprise to him if I had to judge. Having the favor of his wisdom and friendship meant a great deal to me. I can't tell you how proud I am of my relationship with Dr. Reif. Now anyone who knows Dr. Reif would know that he is quirky, not strange, but he's a peculiarly unique individual. So you know, not many warmed up and enjoyed the favor of friendship with Dr. Reif, especially my student peers.

There are many exceptions, but most students did find many of his ways strange. I think it's fair to say that most of my classmates and people that knew him. we're in one way or another offended by his actions, even if those actions were well meaning, enough so that they really didn't like him. Some of his antics were: if he passed you walking down the hallway in the Department of Biology with a sport coat on without a tie, he'd pull out his wallet and you aside, pull out his wallet and give you 2 bucks to go and buy a tie to go with that sport coat. If he thought that a student needed a haircut he'd pull out his wallet again and give him another couple of dollars for a haircut. I told him this many, many years later, when we became much closer friends, I said. You know that wasn't a good or even helpful tactical approach, you winning favor with those students. He admitted such with reflection, but then justified his offerings by frankly stating that it was just my personal way. I felt that I was improving their appearance, trying to teach them to look better, be better, so that they would be making a favorable impression whomever they interacted with, which in turn would have opportunities for them. I said, Yeah, that technique still needs a little improvement. One time when I came home, Dr. told me something that really disturbed me badly. Certainly you are welcome to edit this out of the interview if you believe it should be. Some of his comments, perhaps, were not taken well by some students. He described how during the Vietnam War years, the latter part of the 70s, while he was going down stairs from one floor to another in Stark Hall, some students roughed him up in the hallway. That was terrible, and it shocked me, although I do not know why given the times. That kind of behavior does not belong anywhere. We know that it exists everywhere, but we don't have to like or condone it. Another example of his openness or rather quirky regarding how he believed we should all behave, was his correcting passersby along campus pathways. If they were not, he would stop students and remind them that they should be walking on the right side of a walkway instead of the left. Of course he did not have time or probably felt it was necessary to explain his attempt to correct their movement. I don't think many, if any, really understood. One of my favorite tales is that one of the things that he sparked in me was the fact that you could make a living working outside as a biologist. Part of that message of option possibilities occurred from when I would go with him along with some other classmates to help map the bottoms of lakes. One of those classmates, not just at Wilkes, but from our days together in high school was Charles Kostiva. He is a retired dentist now. The connection between Dr. Reif and Dr. Kostiva is what happened during Chuck Kostiva's dental school interview. He repeatedly told this tale to me a number of times as he worked on my teeth and reminisced about our days at Wilkes together. During that interview to get into dental school, they did not question his dexterity or prowess around dental issues, but asked him about what he described in his application regarding his mapping lake bottoms. They asked how to map a Lake? So that took up a good portion of their interview. His story reminded me of a number of interview tales from my own students, a handful

but more than just one or two. In their respective interviews for medical school admission, the physician conducting the interview is a birder and noticed that they have taken an ornithology class. The interview results in talking about birds, for the majority of time they are together, say 20 minutes of a 30 minutes' interview. Noticing the interview time coming to a completion, the student becomes concerned, even having a bit of a panic attack because they have spent most of their time talking about birds instead of his or her student qualifications. They would return from their interview, relate this interview experience with me, and also share that soon thereafter they learned they were accepted to medical studies. And I in reply could not help sharing that, like the lake mapping for Chuck Kostiva, just maybe the bird talk helped them get into medical school. How about that? And another medical school-bird connection, just the other day one of my former students sent me a note about a medical school experience. It was in Boston I believe but cannot remember, for sure. It was about Dr. Goldman, a woman physician who teaches in the medical school. As part of her teaching she includes birds because she thinks that they are a key teaching tool using bird identification as a means of explaining to medical students how to be able to diagnose human illnesses. So, birds are creeping in even more, having value for humans.

(CB): Let me press you on one thing, Chuck and I became very close. I think, mostly because I came from Minneapolis; we both came from the same neighborhood in Minneapolis, and so we kind of made the assumption that somehow we were linked, especially when he went back to live in Minneapolis. We both went to the Westminster Presbyterian Church. Fritz Mondale was there. Well, he and I talked about Fritz Mondale. Here we were for Humphrey. My dad was very much part of Hubert Humphreys entourage and he then just brought greetings from me to Fritz Mondale, because he knew that I was an old friend of his. So with this, there's kind of enosis between Chuck Reif and me that was a little phony, but he felt it keenly, and I think I was a friend, and an authority figure in a pleasant combination that helped him through some of those later years, including the death of Carolyn and his remarriage to his graduate school sweetheart in Minnesota. Which is, as Paul will remember in our church, was a somewhat awkward thing. Chuck always said to me that he was not a scientist. I'm a naturalist. and I'm wondering if that dimension of Chuck Reif was at all crucial for you as a student who became obviously extraordinarily observant of a part of nature in terms of birds. Of whether that part of him as you were experiencing studying Harvey's Lake was it of consequence or not?

(DK): I don't think so, but for sure I cannot be certain. For me at that time, it took some time later for me to be able to understand the distinction between what people thought.

(CB): when they called themselves naturalists versus biologists, or so on, other distinctions.

(DK): What I think Dr. Reif was referring to as a naturalist was his conception of science in relation to his view of a liberal education. He had a strong opinion about all these different desperate educational labels and their interconnections, the biotic as well as abiotic things that relate to life, the objective science components and the humanistic social components. And he was proud, and rightfully so, that he could draw upon and use these connections as knowledge made more informative by these different disciplines. I certainly admire people that can do that, but I do not consider myself as one among them. What he did do for me, I think most practically, was that he made me aware, informed me about that which I did not know, and gave me a chance to interact, work with him and other interested students, permitting me to participate in collaborative work together; although I would not have described it at the time, it was my first experience with learning by doing. And that was a great gift, because like with most small Liberal Arts colleges people come to study biology because they are interested in medicine. I think it is fair to say most biology students at Wilkes, at least in my class, had visions of a career in health sciences.

Thankfully and mercifully, that has changed over my lifetime. But there was very little information available about other biological related careers, other than health sciences. An exceptional curiosity was knowing in what specialty of study your professors were trained. Dr. Reif's training was in limnology, and if you could make the connection between his background studying freshwater habitats and education, it was possible to envision a career in the biological sciences that was not human health related. But I did not have that understanding while I was at Wilkes. I was not able to understand other biological career opportunities. I was just too ignorant. I was unable to understand the distinctions: Naturalist versus Scientist, Ornithologists versus Herpetologists, or any of the other major subdisciplines in biology. And I think you know, or if not, let me share that my particular training, of which I am grateful and proud is not limited to ornithology. Like at most universities, you are awarded a Ph.D. degree in a large label field, such as Biology, Botany, Zoology. You specialize in a subdiscipline within these large label fields, and most doctoral candidates have one subdiscipline. In my case, I enjoyed two specialties, Ornithology and another called Ethology, which is the biological study of behavior. The field of Ethology was especially appealing to me, the biological study of behavior and its role, its interest and goals differed from other fields that studied behavior, such as psychiatry and psychology. Ethology studied animal behavior like other biological inquiry, comparing how behaviors evolved across the diversity of life. Please tolerate my wanting to retreat to talk about a fundamentally important part of my life, my Wilkes life and thereafter, just briefly.

I will do my best to get back to some additional questions that you might want to ask me. But now, I missed the opportunity to share what I had in my notes to bring up early on in our conversation; what should have been the first thing, my first topic of importance related to me and Wilkes. Without question, of fundamental importance that Wilkes offered me was the opportunity to fulfil my passion to become a scientist. But as important, Wilkes offered me the chance to meet my life partner. So often being in the same college or university, compatible partners find one another. And so it was with me meeting Renee A. Mucci, from Patchogue, Long Island, who enrolled at Wilkes sight unseen because Wilkes had a field hockey team. She was so passionate about continuing to play field hockey after high school, and Wilkes offered her that chance. In 1971, Renee Mucci, Wilkes Class of 1970, became Renee A. (Mucci) Klem. Our partnership has only had unlimited benefits for me. I am not so sure she could claim the same for me, but whatever the level of benefits I bring to our partnership it has been enough to keep us supporting each other together. From our formal marriage on 25 September 1971 to the present, 52 years, plus adding a few years during our courtship, mostly at a distance when I was serving the Army. About two years of dating before we were able to figure out how to get together more formally. That woman, my Renee, continues to be the foundation of my life. I cannot, in fact, give her enough credit. Just one example, at so many popular or professional meetings, she accompanies me, and, as such, is stuck having to come and listen to me at various events. This summer she accompanied me on a modest book tour in Michigan, and then later in Maine. In addition to reminding me about my talking length, so I do not put anybody to sleep, afterwards, on our way to our lodgings from the event, she politely reminded me that very early on in the research I was describing that evening, she was an integral part of a number of my experiments. She was reminding me that I failed to share that what I had been able to accomplish was more than just possible because of her help. She noticed I left her out of my list of people I thanked, and, of course, I would have had no one to thank if it were not for her. I felt embarrassed, and promised her I would acknowledge her defining role in whatever successes we, together, enjoy saving and protecting birds. Even more fundamental than the research she helped me perform, preparing experimental materials and guiding my thoughts and interpretations, she was the reason she made it possible for me to complete my doctoral program. My upbringing made it very difficult for me to challenge authority, even when it seemed obvious such challenges were

justified. Renee recognized how I needed help overcoming political stumbling blocks. She did what I did not during a very stressful time in my life, going out of her way to challenge and ask questions to those faculty members that were in a position to help me, when my main mentor was not doing that. Alone I was struggling mightily, and although I did eventually come around, without her intervention I would have never finished what was required to obtain my doctoral degree, which in turn has offered us a rewarding life in academe. My opportunities resulted from her actions during difficult times. Yeah. So Renee has earned my unlimited thank yous; for my ability to practice my profession, and for an enriching life equal to any other in my humble view. Reflecting on time, Wilkes and thereafter, I remember, a noteworthy sharing from a recent Wilkes authority. A recent Wilkes President, past-President now, one among you all, was Pat Leahy. I am reminded that during my fiftieth anniversary celebration of my Wilkes graduation in 2018 at our dinner in Weckesser Hall, he shared a fact that was surprisingly astounding to me; he said, "You know, when you guys graduated I was just born." So, a vivid reminder that time passes quickly, and another reason his remarks at this event comes to mind is that during his presidency, he gave special attention to the attraction that athletics has for prospective students. And, as noted, my Renee came to Wilkes because Wilkes had a field hockey team. To marvel at her wanting to continue to play field hockey, and what the great fortune that turned out to be for me. Of course, her Wilkes education was far more and far more important than Field Hockey; she enjoyed a distinguished career in art, art education, and teaching at mostly elementary and nursery school levels thanks to her outstanding training at Wilkes. Our two lives have only been enriched by our Wilkes experiences, independently and together.

(CB): That's one story Addie, Wilkes Athletic Director, should know. That was Addie's way of joining Wilkes. She accepted our invitation to be our field hockey coach. My great pleasure was that I appointed her Athletic Director. I think she was the first female Athletic Director of our conference. And she persists, as Elizabeth Warren says she persists. Well, don't let me monopolize the questions. Paul, Jim, and Tim, pick up.

(DK): Let me follow up with another Wilkes connection. You know we can go through some. I could. If you're interested, I could tell you some things about some faculty and some students that I had there that were nice, that were good people. To begin, there are three prestigious ornithological organizations in North America, and we here at Muhlenberg College, our ornithological center was fortunate to host one of them for their annual meeting this year. It is the Wilson Orthogonal Society, of which. I am their current president. But at a previous annual meeting of the Wilson Society, I was at the banquet, sitting across the table from this young man. By way of introductions, I asked him where he was working, and he said, "Wilkes University." I then followed up saying, oh, really, what do you do there? Well, he replied, this is a bird meeting, isn't it? I teach, among other courses, ornithology at Wilkes. That young man was Jeff Stratford in the Wilkes Department of Biology. And I, of course, shared with him that Wilkes was my alma mater. I then asked him about where he did his graduate training. He says Auburn University. I then asked who was his doctoral mentor, his major professor? He says a guy named W. Douglas Robinson. I said, "Wow." He says, "Yeah. W. Doug's Robinson. Jeff also shared that he is no longer at Auburn. He left to accept an endowed chair position at Oregon State University." I then shared with Jeff that I know W. Douglas Robinson from when he was a young boy growing up in southern Illinois. When I left Southern Illinois in 1979, Douglas Robinson, who I knew as Dougy, was a middle school student. His close friend was the son of one of my professors. Douglas Robinson was a farm boy that lived next door to my professor. The professor explained to me that his son and Dougy were two boys that are very interested in birds. The professor asked me to take them with me whenever I was doing field work, and they would not interfere with my work. He also shared how grateful and

appreciative they would be to be afield with anyone that could enrich their bird experiences. And I did. And when I left southern Illinois in 1979 after finishing my degree and accepting my current job in Allentown, Pennsylvania, they were upset with me leaving, feeling bad. They both went on growing up and having distinguished careers in their own right. The son of the professor went to the Air Force Academy, and became a fighter pilot. He was on one of the first missions into Iraq when we had that horrible war there. And I said, "Well, the farm boy, Dougy Robinson, went on to the local Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, then onto the University of Illinois for his Ph.D., and eventually becoming Jeff Stratford's major professor at Auburn University in Alabama. Robinson's Ph. D. research was conducted on the geographically and geologically famous Barro Colorado Island in the Panama Canal Zone. This past summer at the annual meeting of the Wilson Ornithological Society at Muhlenberg College Doug Robinson came from Oregon State, attending the meeting in Allentown, and informing me he came to meet up again with me." His coming was a remarkable gift, a great experience, rekindling our friendship and connections, such was our mutual but different relationship with Jeff Strafford from Southern Illinois to Allentown, Pennsylvania. Quite remarkable serendipity. We were all again together and academically connected. All three of us shared how we dedicate ourselves to offering the best educational experience to our students. But again, I'll go back to Wilkes. The individual chemistry of every school makes it unique, defines it, and Wilkes has every reason to be proud of its unique chemistry, the caring environment and positive action dedicated to its students. No matter how esoteric any student might have thought of Dr Reif, he taught me dedication to seek the work you like and do the best for the students you have the privilege to touch, to teach. Returning to Dr. Reif and my early interactions with him, initially not unlike any other student he dealt with, it seemed to me. Upon showing up at his office, with a question, or seeking his advice, or getting his response to something I was thinking about but needed another perspective. After posing questions or whatever, his personality was such that he just could not help himself. He would immediately reply with what any reasonable person would think to be a witty if not insulting remark, a smart aleck remark. After this terse seemingly rude initial reply, almost invariably, the student before him was offended, did not understand his meaning, and would walk away without any other exchanges. That is where I differed, after receiving his initial, easily interpreted as an uncomplimentary, remark, I was typically so petrified I just stood there frozen like a mute stone. Then, it only took him about a minute before he realized that I wasn't going to be offended and walk off. It was then that he turned into a completely different person. He was then friendly, even warm and caring, attempting to answer whatever he thought would be helpful to me. Yeah. So, from these initial contacts to my visiting him regularly over the years our relationship grew into an affectionate friendship.

(CB): There was one other alum who brought his benefits to our students home to me in my first semester at Wilkes. That was Dan Kopen. Oh, yeah. When he talked about his success at Medical School, Washington University, St. Louis. He discovered that he was doing better at the end of the first year than students who'd come from the Ivy League. He attributed his successes to Chuck Reif who had penalized him for every comma that was in the wrong place, and following other corrective guidance, he learned to take his writing very seriously. So he said, "I really learned to write because of Chuck Reif. This is my biology, Professor." Kopen said, "Within biology, you learn how to be intellectual and disciplined. You learned biological content but also good writing, perfectly." What he described as not figuring out until after he graduated was what the additional assessment was in the middle of the semester? Chuck would give a content grade. and a style or not style that addressed the quality of writing. Sometimes he gave an F or a D quality of writing. But he gave a separate grade for content. And I guess from many of his former students that I have talked to, many went through this experience of questioning the meaning of the two grades. The final grade really reflected the content grade and not the writing grade, but he so terrorized people who did not understand his intent. But they learn to write better for his efforts, even if he did not offer

reasoning for his actions. Whatever students learned about writing in their English classes, they also learned and were reinforced in their biology classes. In the first talk he gave after I became President, Dan Kopen emphasized the importance of this type of Wilkes education to his personal successes. Dan Kopen and many others attributed their successes to Dr. Reif. And I had more than one opportunity to tell Chuck those stories that repeated how he had a tremendous positive influence on our students. Chuck certainly appreciated hearing about that. That's part of what he was trying to do, offer them opportunities to become better. But it's in the same category of style of presentation that we're talking about. He would purposefully send shots across the bow. Yeah, to get people to respond. And to be very candid we would be having some harassment suits in this day and age with some of the things he said in class, not to individuals in his office, but the things he said in his lectures. Again his remarks were shock techniques that he thought would get people thinking we're just. We just had to do our best to insure against misunderstanding, wrongful interpretation of his shock remarks. Well, what? What are your thoughts?

(DK): My immediate thoughts are that he was never purposely interested in offending anybody. I know that from my personal exchanges with him about these specific matters. What you describe to me about what he talked and taught Dan Kopen is at an exponentially higher level and more sophisticated teaching techniques than what he taught or attempted to teach me. The level of inquiry and guidance that Kopen received would not have made much sense to me. Still, when I think and reflect back on him and our times together, some of his sophisticated teaching methods somehow rubbed off and helped me as well. So, when I enjoy it, many people tell me today that they find my writing unique and good, just maybe some of that Reif teaching, without even knowing it, dribbled over to me. Yeah, I had something else to mind, but it's left me for a second, for now.

(PA): Yeah, let me add, let me try and connect two things that you talked about in your comments. First you talked about your interactions with Dean Whitby, you kind of minimize your high school preparation on your way into Wilkes. But then I thought I heard you later say that you know you were very successful in your classes at Wilkes, and very few people achieve less than you did in those courses, and I'm wondering what it was that closes the gap between those two things.

(DK): Well, first of all, that wasn't the case with me doing well, very well at Wilkes. Wilkes was a struggle for me, I mean, I devoted a great deal of time and energy to studying, but I had no understanding of how to study. That part of my Wilkes experience, knowing how to prepare for different types of tests was missing. My studying consisted of putting a great deal of time into trying to learn, thinking the time spent would be rewarded with a good grade; most times it was not. Let's see, in my defense about my relatively poor undergraduate work, I use that record to explain how my current students can do much better, learning from my experiences and practicing how to do better as I did after Wilkes. When I talk to my students about my poor record to encourage them, I say, well, I never got an "A" in any undergraduate courses, but I had a 92 average in calculus, my first math course as a freshman. Mr. DeCosmo told me later, when I came to challenge him about not earning an "A" with a 92% performance. He told me: "Mr. Klem, you're a good mathematician, but unfortunately the curve for your class was just a little bit higher than 92 to be awarded an "A."" The very next semester in the spring, Mr. Salzburg saved my math reputation and my grade. In his class, my second calculus course of my freshman year, I was convinced my grades would earn me a "C." I believe Mr. De Cosmo and Mr. Salzburg shared an office, and I fantasize that they discussed my grades with the result that Mr. Salzburg graded my work as a "B" when I more legitimately earned a "C." The grades balanced, down one letter in the fall, up one letter in the spring." Another missed opportunity to score an "A" was in Dr. Ogren's Embryology class where I earned a "B." I questioned him about my grade, and he explained to me that I was close to an "A," but to earn an "A" was to score 87 or above; my tally was 86, just short. Then there was Ecology with Dr. Donald

Tappa, and my 89 average performance. That class too was close to an "A," but I was awarded a "B." So I was close to "A" material a few times, but never enough to earn an "A" at Wilkes, as I share with my students, not even in gym, Physical Education. My current students learn from me that these "close calls" trying to qualify and earn an "A" is why in my grading of them, any student performing borderline between grade levels can expect me to assign them the higher not lower grade. My good grades came later, after Wilkes, when I returned to graduate school at Hofstra University and Southern Illinois University at Carbondale. Reflecting on that turn around, I do not attribute my later success to maturity. I had a lot of responsibility at home when I was at Wilkes, and before that during my high school years, dealing with illnesses and managing, or attempting to manage two younger brothers, at least, to the extent possible. The better grades after Wilkes was due to technique. It was the result of learning how to prepare myself for different styles of examinations, and then spending my time studying more efficiently, ensuring that I became completely familiar with what I was to know and how to express it in the proper format of different styles of exams. These revelations about how to prepare for different exams, and then learning how to successfully apply it in examinations was something I taught myself. My preparation was to my mind so complete that I believed any professor in any course in which I was enrolled, there was not an examination I sat for that I did not believe I would be asked to answer any question that I did not know. I became schooled in that I entered every examination completely confident I would perform to the best of my ability, which in turn was typically better than any other student in class. But my preparations for examinations really drove my Renee crazy because every time I had an exam in my graduate program, I would fret, explaining or as she might say complaining about how worried I was with the expectation of not doing, performing, well. Although this questioning, negative talk was nervous energy expressing itself as doubts, I really knew in my heart and mind that I had prepared enough so, as I shared, I didn't think that there was a question that that professor could ask me, that I would not know the answer. So to repeat again, I had that confidence, and I did get fooled a few times. I mean I didn't get all the right answers in every exam, but it was a rare event that I performed perfectly in most exams. Success for me turned out to be knowing how to prepare, preparing for as long as it took to learn all I was asked to learn, and then performing. I, so that you know, at least from a personal assessment, psychologically, looking back at my academic struggles at Wilkes, all that uncertainty, it had everything to do with a lack of confidence. It had everything to do with not having somebody like Dr. Reif that I would have benefited from if I were a little bit more close. Maybe I would have developed that needed confidence sooner. Even without the confidence and knowledge of how to prepare and take examinations successfully, I never gave up. I kept trying to study the only way I knew how, reading, rereading, putting time on the topics. These were things I did while at Wilkes because they were the only thing I could figure out what to do by myself. Reflecting back, at what turned out to be important defining times in my academic life were the opportunities Mr. Whitby offered me with admitting me to Wilkes, and Dr. Swain offered me to stay at Wilkes. Nothing that you identify as my positive achievements, ask me about today, and justify you taking the time to record this interview would have ever occurred without these two personalities and opportunities they offered and permitted me to succeed. So, even in my current career, as a young professional, I wasn't attracting the personal attention of authorities that could have benefited me, almost certainly because I was not showy, practicing humility rather than being boastful. I certainly would have benefited from and enjoyed the personal attention, but that would come later after my work started attracting attention. Returning to what is for me a famous quote by Dr. Reif that I just remembered as something I was. going to tell you earlier. I hope I don't forget yet another tale related to his antics that has to do with nurses, but you may be spared that story. More germane to this current topic thread was what he told us as freshman in our first class with him, in our Zoology course. He emphasized that luck wasn't finding a dollar bill on the sidewalk. It wasn't winning the lottery. Luck he informed us was preparedness meeting opportunity. That quote, definition of luck so impressed me from the first time I heard it from him that I wrote it down, typed it on a 3 by 5 card as a keepsake, and for the rest of my life, wherever I went, while in

the military and elsewhere, I tack it up in a prominent place before me to remind me what luck is, preparation not magic without reason. Now, my recreational reading is history. And so reading a historical account, I was mortified when I came upon this very definition of luck that I learned from and attributed to Dr. Reif. My surprise was that my professor was not the original author, but another. This shocking disappointment prompted me to reflect and ask: what shall I do? Shall I retrace my travels wherever I have been in the world, informing everybody that it wasn't my Dr. Reif that said preparedness meeting opportunity is the definition of luck. Of course, those were musings, and obviously impractical; but since reading who seems to be the first author of the quote I give credit to the dignitary who I learned said it for the first time. That was not Oprah Winfrey who has used this quote as well. The true origin of the quote in my humble view was Louis Pasture. Guessing, I am sure Dr. Reif was very much aware that the quote was from Pasture, sharing it for its meaning and not for recognition as its author. The connection that came to my mind before describing the definition of luck tale, was the nurse tale, coming to mind now from when Chris mentioned the characteristic of unusual Chuck Reif antics, in and out of the classroom. As a freshman, we had nursing students in our Zoology class. In those days, 1964, unlike the sophisticated nursing program we enjoy at Wilkes today, we had nurses who had graduated from schools of nursing at Nesbitt in Kingston and General in Wilkes-Barre hospitals; there may also have been a nursing school at Mercy Hospital as well, but I do not recall or cannot be certain. After completing their studies at the respective nursing schools, they would enroll at Wilkes for another year of training to earn their BA degree. So, we had a small number of these older students in our beginning Zoology class. Dr. Reif seemed to take every opportunity to jokingly comment to them, just assuming he felt comfortable doing so because they were older and more mature than the rest of us just out of high school. To Dr. Reif, us young ins probably look like we were scared to death most of the time; certainly I know I looked that way. So, one of these young women nurses whose name I have long forgotten if I ever knew it, at the beginning before he formally started class would make a remark about her hair, addressing her with Oh, Bonnie, you know your hair looks great and on one occasion stating his heart skipped a beat upon seeing her hair. My memory recalls that he remarked about her hair more than once, and the final time he mentioned it resulted in Bonnie replying: Well, you know, no hearts or minds are expected to skip a beat looking at your hair, which was almost non-existent, he was bald. Her remark resulted in the entire class enjoying a good laugh. On another occasion she received an even bigger laugh at his expense, having to do with arriving late to class. He was sensitive, especially at the beginning of course to let us all know that we were expected to be on time in class. I'll never forget the first day of class, Dr. Reif was one of those professors that expected you in your seat before class began, and if you were not in your seat you did not deserve to be in class. So, on our first day of Zoology class, somebody came in late, and he sent him away informing him that when you come on time, next time, you'll be welcome. But not on one today when a nurse arrived late. Less severe, the nurse came in after class began and apologized immediately, explaining that she was detained at the hospital, and did not want to miss the class. With a flare, when she was near the door entrance, likely waiting for him to reply to her late arrival, he gets up on the laboratory table and he starts bowing to her, welcome and thank you for making it or something like that. She then walks behind the lectern on the table and slaps him on the rear end and says, "Get up, you silly fool!" That brought the house down as well. As I recall, he was a good sport about all of that, no additional comments or antics; He showed us that he could take it just as well as give it.

(CB): Right? And were there other events to share before we kind of moved from the faculty at Wilkes? Are there other faculty that were particularly important to you, positively or negatively?

(DK): Oh, yeah, oh, many, many. And, by the way, I must say that again. I was so grateful that you all passed me, and I graduated. That I was. I remember very vividly walking with my classmates down to the graduation ceremony-

(CB): And passing, I think it was a huge Elm or oak tree where the tower is now.

(DK): For sure, I vividly remember looking at that iconic tree and thinking to myself, you know, it is a defining part of the school. And now I too feel a part of the school. I feel like that tree. I feel like the tree and the school, the Wilkes it represents, is part of me. That moment passed and thinking about this end and what the last four years meant to me. It was just so moving, emotionally to me. So, I'm trying to recall other meaningful personalities. I never had President Professor Francis Michelini in class, but we seemed to always be friends. Whenever I was in his company we always chatted and talked, pleasantly. I recall when I finished my master's degree, and I was on my way to my doctoral program. I stopped by campus, as I always did every time I was in town. On this occasion, I came over to see Dr. Reif or anyone else I would have the good fortune to meet. I stopped in to see Dr. Mike in the President's office, and after learning that I had been working with housing at Hofstra University while in my MA program, he offered me a job. He asked me to be the Director of Housing at Wilkes, if I have that correctly. Because of my experience in housing and because he needed someone in housing, he asked me. I said, gee, "I'm flattered, but I am planning to continue on with the next level of my studies." I think I recall sharing this tale with Paul. I recommended somebody I worked with in housing at Hofstra, he interviewed and was offered the job. As I was told later, he didn't really work out very well. He was a good fellow, and not a bad guy, but, again, as it was shared with me, he was expected to serve Wilkes better. He was Steve Placko. Perhaps most don't know what happened to Steve after he left Wilkes. But he had a wonderful career as a principal, of what I believe was an elementary or middle school in Montrose, Pennsylvania. One fond memory of Steve I remember is when Renee and I attended the local Allentown Fair. We were relatively new Allentown residents. Walking the fair, this man seemingly walks up to Renee out of nowhere and grabs her, bending her over, you know, like in the Old World War II photograph where a sailor kisses a woman in Times Square. The man from nowhere was Steve Placko. He and his wife PK traveled down from Montrose to attend the Great Allentown Fair. And again, from all I know about Steve, he had a wonderful enriching career: teaching, counseling, and administrating young people. He died young and tragically due to a gall bladder operation that should have been routine. It was anything but routine, and he did not survive. At the urging of his wife, PK, I tried to convince the Montrose educational authorities to have the school district name the elementary school at which he was the Principal after him. I don't know if that ever happened. Notwithstanding his not working out at Wilkes, he has a good personality, and I think a human who thought whatever he did was for the students he cared for. I'm glad Dr. Mike gave him a chance to be part of Wilkes, however long that was, and I'm sure he was enriched by Wilkes just like I was, but in a very different way.

(PA): I think he was only there for a year. He was the only one there my freshman year, I think.

(DK): Oh, really. Yeah, I think he and the woman by the name of Lynn Gansky.

(PA): They were the two housing directors. She might have come back for a second year here.

(DK): I think he was only there for one year. It's a tough job. George Ralston, was an iconic figure for me as well as just about anyone affiliated with Wilkes. Like Dr. Mike, I never had him for a class or anything, and never really had to deal with him for any disciplinary issues, in his role as Dean of Students. But we always remembered and welcomed me when I would stop in to see him on my periodic visits to campus. I likely told all of you this story because it so impressed me. Dean Ralston and I were walking together during break at a football game on the cinder track around the field. We were in front of the wooden bleachers on the Wilkes side, and he said to me, "Dan, you

remember my secretary?" And I said, "Well, I remember she was the gatekeeper, and you know fortunately for me every time I stopped by to see you she let me in to see you. I was always grateful for that, but I do not recall her name. Was it Peggy Jones?" Dean Ralston says to me; "You know where you played tennis up there. The bleachers that are sitting on that concrete slab are covering a mineshaft, and Mrs. Jones's dad is down there with 6 other people." I replied: "Wow," I said to him at the time and until this day, it seems almost vulgar that we don't have a marker, a plaque identifying this site for the historic tragedy that occurred there. Some memorial honoring the miners, those who are entombed there. It just seems terrible to have overlooked, forgotten really, this dramatic tragedy. Contemporary and future generations should know about this site and the men that are still there.

(PA): So, you know what? I had taken steps to get that recognition started. Then when I became the interim President, I turned the project over to Paul Riggs, who was the Dean. He's a historian, and the dean of the school, or you know that at that time the school that housed the history department. He in turn was going to turn it over to one of the faculty, who was in turn going to assign a student project with it. Then Covid hit. And that's been it. I'm not there anymore to kind of push it through. But it was Peggy's uncle. It wasn't her father. It was Peggy's uncle. But yeah, I can remember George telling me that story. I think there's more than 6 minors down there. There were 2 mining accidents, one in the early nineteen twenties, and one in 1927, I think there were as many as 8 bodies trapped down there. As I remember.

(DK): Well, I relate what I remember George Ralston sharing with me on that walk, and the events and connections definitely stick in my mind. Does not seem I have all the accurate facts, but I recall him describing it as Peggy's dad. But for sure, my Renee accuses me of embellishing stories, so what I shared is just what is currently in my memory. And it would take a historian to look up. You know, who were those personalities? Who were those people, documenting all their names, accurately identifying them for the record? It still seems relevant to honor their memory and place of final rest, right there on our Wilkes University campus.

(TG): Yeah, I would think so in the newspaper and or somewhere. For sure, George could embellish a story. Oh, we're okay.

(CB): The guy hurt from that kind of crazy guy that started the rowing club.

(TG): Oh, yeah, yeah. Yeah.

(CB): He was still around. That is an Indian burial ground. The football field is an Indian burial ground, and I'm part of two other organizations. We're dealing with the indigenous roots of the organizations and the land that they're on, very interesting. I mean that the land that Wilkes is on both sides of the river is crucial land and the interaction. Wyoming Massacre period, Revolutionary War. There's a real indigenous story to tell including [Thaddeus Gun's,?] home, which is right on West River Street, or close to that, so that in terms of future generations of Wilkes students incorporating that history as part of their campus located first on the River common push the Iroquois up into Canada at the then orders of General Washington. which really began an Indian policy of the new government. So I tried to focus on that, and lectures I made locally, but it was without any degree of depth of knowledge. I'm now committed to developing that knowledge, and at the Frances Perkins homestead in Maine. So I'm going to finally do some learning. I should have done this a long time ago.

(DK): Well, I couldn't be more interested and supportive. I know that again, in our science societies we make a special effort to do land acknowledgment and talk about the indigenous peoples that were part of where we're meeting. And for several years now, from my talks throughout Canada probably most recently in British Columbia. I was always impressed that the first thing out of their mouths, when I was going to be introduced, or when the conference was starting was to acknowledge the native people, what the Canadians call the First Nation. In the US we refer to indigenous peoples as Native Americans. I was so very impressed: All of the lands on which the University of British Columbia are, in their view on the property of their First Nations, permit the university to retain the privilege of continuing to practice their education there. But it's really an unbelievably important part of our history. And one of those conundrums that sort of flies in the face of civil rights and other things that we all have to find a respectful way of acknowledging and dealing with. But yeah, so glad you're looking into that. Look forward to learning about it.

(PA): I will send you the link to the article about it; it's called the Woodward Colliery. I sent you the article about the disaster.

(CB): Dan, how did you get to the birds?

(DK): Oh,

(TG): Could I? Could I kind of help set that one up because I loved you talking about Chuck Reif. And those wonderful stories you related about getting into Wilkes. They certainly illustrate the personalities I know so well. But tell us a little bit about your progression at Wilkes, and how you got to the birds. And then, ultimately how did you go on to graduate school? How did books play in that process? So think of it just as you're telling us about your total experience at Wilkes. Aside from the key points, which apparently first were your wife, and then, yeah, Chuck Reif. But I'm sure there was more to it than that.

(DK): Yeah, there is, as you know, Tim, there is always a longer story, right? We don't have the time to listen to it all, but I will try to offer a brief description. But frankly, at the end of my senior year, much to my amazement, I must have judged, certainly more wishful thinking on my part, that I had a record that gave me the opportunity to apply to graduate school. And up to that point, my experience with Dr. Reif out mapping lakes, and my own upbringing in the natural world, walking the fields and the mountains around Larksville Mountain and that area. I come from a family who were outdoors men, hunters and fishermen. I was never really a hunter, but I enjoyed fishing. Trying to identify what to study in a graduate program was difficult for me. Even at that time of my inexperience, it seemed self-evident that you needed additional training in biology, beyond your undergraduate degree. Today I share with my students, graduating with an undergraduate biology degree, you may qualify selling pharmaceutical drugs if you could convince a drug company that you know enough about their products to be able to do that, or you could be a research technician in a laboratory injecting mice, assisting with modest skills. But that's about it. You need to get some higher level of training to qualify for other options. One prominent example is my classmate, Barron Mkwaila, one amongst a handful of foreign students who came to Wilkes in 1964 when their countries won independence from colonial powers. In his case it was Malawi, and Malawi, formerly Nyasaland, was a colony of Great Britain. Barron was in my first English class. We became very close friends. He knew the same thing about working in biology, and the need to obtain additional education after our graduation in the spring of 1968. He judged it was necessary, and he was desperate to get additional training. His country wanted him to come home, and he had no resources to sustain himself in the US. So, fortunately for him, my circumstances were such that

I was able to offer to support him, to pay for two years of his continuing education at the University of Massachusetts, to obtain a Master's degree in entomology. This specialty permitted him to return to Malawi and work as a government scientist. His experiences once he returns to his home country is a whole story in and of itself. He became a practicing scientist until he fell out of favor with the Government; that resulted in a string of tragedy for him. But you asked about me. In the spring just before my Wilkes graduation, I reflected on what I would find appropriate and interesting to study. I thought, you know, gee whiz! I really fell in love with the ocean the first time I saw it. So, marine science seemed attractive, and as good as anything else in the natural world. I have an affinity for. So I investigated marine science programs, and had a list of 16. Wrote out inquiries for all 16, but ended up mailing only one. The mailed one went to Northeast University in Boston for their Marine Science program. The others did not get mailed for political reasons that would alter my opportunity to continue my schooling. In the spring of 1968, the Johnson administration eliminated student deferments for military service for graduate students. The cause of this change was the turmoil over the Vietnam War, interfering with my quest for a suitable graduate school. Learning that no opportunity to attend graduate school meant military service seemed to be my immediate future. Other than the application to Northeastern University, the other 15 application letters went into the wastebasket. That thought occurred because I was subject to a military draft. And, as I often relate about this period, the spring of 1968 was before lottery draft numbers were used. So, my future seemed to be in the military, not graduate school. Much to my amazement, that one letter resulted in an acceptance. I wrote the university, explaining I was to be inducted in the military, and asked them to honor my acceptance when I finished my obligation, when released from military service, when I got out. They replied and said, yes. So I ended up in the US Army for the next three years. Instead of military service most of my classmates went into teaching that was still a deferrable occupation. Some decided to go to Canada to escape the draft. One of my close friends at Wilkes, Ned Williams, Edward H. (Herbert) Williams, went into teaching at a private school, at Montclair Academy in New Jersey. Our biology degree from Wilkes had no education course requirements, so my classmates like Ned who went into teaching were not eligible to teach in the public school systems, but were eligible to teach at private schools, and as such eligible for a military deferment. And so, among the Wilkes Class of 1968, there were only a handful of us who entered military service. Careful reflection on options such as going to Canada where I had many friends willing to welcome me, or teaching at a private school to avoid military service did not seem right for me. I was curious about their respective thinking, but I never questioned the decisions to do otherwise by my classmates. I felt I had an obligation to serve because of my upbringing growing up learning how fortunate we were to be in this country, and how respectful we must be to our leaders, respectful of the authority that knew best for the US. I was taught that it was a privilege to have been born here, to be able to have the opportunity of that Wilkes education, and our leaders know best; we ordinary citizens just do not know enough to justify the decisions affecting us. And so I return to my upbringing from Eastern European stock, immigrants from the turn to the beginning of the 20th Century. For them, it was my responsibility to give back. Although I struggled with considering alternative options, it never was a serious consideration for me to go into teaching or going to Canada. I knew I had to serve, but then came the question of what options, if any, did I have to choose how I would serve. And I wanted to do it on my terms, to the extent I had control. So, I investigated using my Wilkes education as a leader looking into what was required to attend officer school. My dad was in the Navy, and I first looked to the Navy, then the Coast Guard, then the Air Force. I was seeking to serve in a respectful way, but in my interpretation that did not mean I needed to volunteer for the front lines. So, I did everything I possibly could to open opportunities in what I interpreted as my preferred services. I quickly learned that there was so much interest in the services I preferred that there was no opportunity. The only openings were with the US Army. Attempting to apply for the Army officer school, I

remember very vividly, what is a regularly told famous story by me. The tale is my experiences with Joseph Michael Roszko, one of our highly talented Wilkes football players. We took qualifying exams for the US Army officer school together. There was an academic exam, and if passed you were required to take a psychological exam. We both passed the academic part of the exam, but we talked about the psychological exam as we walked together from the test site on public square back to campus. I asked him what he thought of what I thought were very bizarre questions in the psychological exam; such as: What would you rather do, beat your mother, your father, or your brothers or sisters? There were other seemingly outlier, troubling, questions. He turned to me, and shared that he was interested in how I answered them as well. Joe explained that he thought all those bizarre questions were just silly, and he answered them, as he described: I marked the answer randomly. And me. My strategy was that those bizarre questions had no right answer. I left all those questions blank, without recording an answer. I never answered any of them. I got into a program leading to officer school, and Joe did not. The only reason we were there was that we knew we're going to be drafted. As I shared earlier, the officer school program was my way of using education. I spent four years struggling to get through Wilkes, notwithstanding my struggles to finish. Committing, as I did, to the officer program added another year to my otherwise 2-year military obligation. Yeah. So then I was taken into the Army as a volunteer willing to attend officer school, not a formal draftee. A sidebar related tale was my high school classmate's interest about military service at the time. I believe the first high school reunion I was able to attend was the 25th year reunion. Many of my classmates ask me, what did you do, Dan? During the war? Please permit me to share a bit more background before giving you my reply. My dad purposefully moved to Kingston because he believed it had the best school system. It was within this school system that the children of the local professional community attended, the children of attorneys, physicians, businesses, teachers. Kingston was a highly supported financial school district. Consequently, this suburban community was well financed, and many professionals worked in the city of Wilkes-Barre, but they and their families lived in Kingston. My father was aware of the benefits the Kingston schools had for his children, so he purposely moved there. We lived within the school district, but in a fringe area, a modest less affluent part of town. And so I told my classmates, I was drafted, technically not formally drafted, but I was informed, alerted, that I could expect to be drafted with my draft status changed, from the deferred S2 status for a student to A1 status that made you immediately available for conscription. I explained that under the threat of being drafted I investigated and entered the officer program I described earlier. Upon learning about what actions I took, my classmates smiled and they said, Oh, yeah, I now recall how our parents told us about you guys. They were drafting all you poor kids first. Their informing that their parents were responsible for drafting eligible military service personnel from Kingston was surprising to me. I had no idea that local citizens made up a draft board to decide who was and who was not drafted. I recall my immediate response to learning that their parents serving on the Kingston Draft Board selected us poor kids first brought a huge laugh from me, followed by saying gee drafting the poor must have taken milliseconds. My impressions were that Kingston just did not have many poor kids to draft. So I went into the service, finished Officer Candidate School at the Combat Engineer school at Fort Belvoir, outside of Washington, DC. After finishing officer school, I and another candidate were offered a special assignment at the National Security Agency (NSA), which after agreeing to another year of service was to be a 3-year assignment. I agreed to take the extra year because I thought I could do my master's work at night in Washington because I was informed that the NAS work would be a 9 to 5 job. I would be free afterwards to enroll in an appropriate Washington school to ideally continue my biology studies. From Fort Belvoir, the Army sent me to Fort Devens, Massachusetts for specialty training in military intelligence. I completed this work in a few months, and just before I was supposed to report to the NSA, in the spring of 1969, the new Administration, the Nixon Administration, with Melvin Laird as the head of defense announced an

8-billion-dollar defense cut. This cut was interpreted at the time as an attempt to mitigate the problems and turmoil associated with the ongoing war in Vietnam. For me, however, the consequences of the cut were that it cut my NSA job. I clearly recall that the news of this change was announced by a contingent of Army officers sent from Washington to inform us of what to me was just another instance of a change in plans. There were about 30 of us who were to move to the NSA or similar 3-year stable assignments. Most of these young officers were trained in the ROTC program, and were just beginning their military experiences. For me, after a year and a half in the service, and having more than a few changes surprise me, I was disappointed but accepting. For many of my ROTC members this was their first promise to be changed. This meeting announcement made a lasting impression on me because a number of the ROTC boys were literally weeping once they understood that the change meant no protected assignment. They were understandably upset, but seeing these so-called young leaders crying was both moving and embarrassing to me. As I shared, I was accustomed to change, and the changes were more expected than surprising. This Army program offering the NSA job was called Voluntary Indefinite, which was a name that seemed ridiculous from the first time I was introduced to it; who volunteers indefinitely within a defined service that has time limits? So, each of us in this Voluntary Indefinite program were offered alternative assignments, but none that included the 3-year stabilized location assignment. I was told I could select an assignment in Germany, Australia, or elsewhere where openings occurred. This program was initiated to give young officers the security of a 2-years stable assignment, and then when after two years they reached the rank of a Captain, you would be eligible for assignment in Vietnam. Those who agreed to accept the program were gambling that when their two years were up at their stable assignment, the war would be downsized or over, and they would not see Vietnam. For me, I accepted the additional year in the program because of the prospect of continuing my education in an appropriate graduate program. Staying in the program to keep Vietnam or any other assignment from happening seemed manipulative; meaning, I was doing something that violated my duty, my personal honor. For sure, I was scared that a Vietnam assignment was in my imminent future, but I was not willing to evade it, thinking it was not right for me to do so. As a result, I left the Voluntary Indefinite Program, reverted back to a 2-year obligation of service after my commission as a 2nd Lieutenant, and was assigned to an intelligence battalion, the 301st ASA (Army Security Agency) Battalion at Fort Hood, Texas. Upon arriving and reporting for duty, I was one of 2 young officers being interviewed by the Commanding Officer, Colonel Sanders, and because I arrived first, I had the first interview with him. He offered me a choice of assignments within the battalion: become his Intelligence staff officer, his S2, or accept the head of motor pool. I judged the S2 job to be more of an opportunity. It was an assignment for an officer at the rank of Major, but there were no personnel to fill it, so the Colonel was offering it to his newly commissioned 2nd Lieutenants. My new S2 assignment included the responsibility of monitoring counterintelligence in the southwestern part of the United States. As it turned out, if I took the other job in the motor pool, I would have stayed there in Fort Hood for the rest of my Army service. I selected the S2 position because I thought it was a challenge, and it was interesting, and I wanted to accept the opportunity to do it. If I took the motor pool assignment, I would not have eventually been assigned to Vietnam. The motor pool job became a stable assignment because the battalion was engaged in weapons research. But nothing puts greater fear in the heart of a young officer than being assigned to the motor pool, because seemingly everyone working there knows everything you do not. Young officers were known to get jerked around along with all kinds of other unattractive experiences. So I took the S2 job. And as predicted, with one year remaining on my service obligation, and I received orders assigning me to Vietnam. With the unknowing but hopeful expectation I will be surviving the assignment, I wrote to the university who accepted me to their graduate program in Marine Science, at Northeast University. I informed them I would be coming home in the spring of 1970, and requested they honor my

enrollment for the fall of that year. Asking if I could expect them to do so, their acceptance as promised. Now, when I arrive home after being discharged from the US Army in Oakland, California, I had two letters awaiting me from Northeast University. Both were written and signed by the same member of the Office of Admissions, almost certainly its Director, but I do not recall. One of these letters is an acceptance with all my student cards and other forms needing to be filled out by new students. The other letter was a rejection letter to the university. As it eventually turned out, although a curiosity and interesting antidote it didn't really matter, receiving two letters with opposite messages dated and signed by the same person from the same Department of Admissions of the same university. The reason it did not matter was that my relationship with Renee had become so serious, that we made plans to marry. The question for our immediate future together, was what will be in our future since Renee had a tenured job in New York and not Boston where Northeastern University was located. So, for me, I needed to look for a graduate school that was closer to her. And that's how I ended up at Hofstra University. So, with these tales as background that certainly qualifies as an explanation that is certainly too much information not directly relevant to Tim's question about how I became devoted to the study of birds. Similar to the attention I received from Dr. Reif, I try to offer devoted personal attention to my students. I do my best to let them know that they're special, that they deserve my attention, that I can do my best to guide them in hopes of meaningfully helping them. Sharing that I cannot do the work for them, but I certainly can alert and inform them about what they should be thinking about doing. For example, I ask them to be attentive when they go on interviews for graduate school or a job. They should be interviewing in return, ensuring themselves that they will be working with or for someone that respects them as much as they respect their mentor or supervisor. They should expect and express the confidence of having a mutually respectful relationship. And so, when I showed up at Hofstra as a new graduate student in the Department of Biology, I dedicated myself to doing the best performance in all my course.

But what about research? One of the professors in biology that was open to me, friendly, as I judged. He was the bird guy. He wasn't a fish guy, and the people that were into fish were not engaged in research that students could easily participate. My original selection of Hofstra University was that it had an attractive cooperative marine science program with other nearby universities that did have strong fish and marine science programs that I was expecting to get involved. Similarly, in my current employment we have many institutions that collaborate and cooperate, sharing students among them, in the Lehigh Valley. Students are benefited by enrolling in courses or obtaining research guidance from faculty at other institutions but are still able to get credit at the school they matriculated. That was not the case when I returned to school on Long Island; Hofstra, Long Island University Adelphi advertised that they had a cooperative program in marine science, but I found no evidence for it. Because I initially believed I could take advantage of these cooperating schools, I chose Hofstra to enroll because it offered me better working conditions in the housing area within the Dean of Students responsibilities. Like my reasoning with the 3-year stable tour in the military, I thought I could study marine science and one or more of the other cooperating schools when I was not engaged in my paying job in housing. Hofstra was a better working condition opportunity, so I chose to study there. As I shared, the marine science faculty were good people, but not welcoming for a research Master's project. Also as noted, there was a young professor whose research was studying birds, and he was eager to have students. He gave me personal attention and showed interest in me, and invited me to study under his mentorship. I enrolled in his Ornithology class in the spring of 1972, and I was immediately captivated by what and how much you could learn about birds. The combination of the professor's interest in me, his enthusiasm for the birds he studied, and the prospect of learning about a life form that had so much diversity, and that you did most of that study out of doors was just intoxicating to me. A now famous historical event during these beginning times of bird attraction was early on during this

Ornithology class. I was out alone searching out and attempting to identify birds, on this day in the potato fields on eastern Long Island. I saw what appeared to be shorebirds, types of sandpipers, moving between the furrows of plowed soil. My search in my field guide convinced me they were Buff-breasted Sandpipers.

The next day or certainly shortly after I found these birds, upon seeing my Ornithology professor, I shared with him what I saw and what I believed were the species I recorded. My bird professor was one Dr. Paul A. Buckley. Upon hearing me out about my sighting, his immediate reply was: not likely Buff-breasted Sandpipers. They have not been recorded, seen, on Long Island for 25 years. I doubt that's what you saw, he says, but describe what you did see, the features of the birds, to me. So I described the birds to him, and he said, let's go. He drove a BMW, and I guided him to where I had discovered the birds in that potato field. And mercifully for me, we found the birds, and he confirmed that they were indeed Buff-breasted Sandpipers. P. A. Buckley was a regular contributor, a compiler for a bird journal called *American Birds*, and in his next contribution to the journal he listed these Buff-breasted Sandpipers, last seen and recorded on Long Island 25 years ago; he also credited me with the discovery in his account, and that was the very first time that my name appeared in print associated with birds. Another defining part of my early restart on my education trying to fulfill my dream of becoming a scientist was when he approached me and said, listen Dan, I'm sorry, and I don't mean to be disrespectful to anyone, but I don't have any confidence in our Biostatistics class in biology department, either for the person who teaches the course or the breath of material that is taught. So you, young man I am requiring, directing you to enroll in statistical studies in the math department. So, I go over there, follow his advice and enroll in the math department's statistical course. Once enrolled and having had time to read over the course description, I learned that the bloody prerequisite is advanced calculus. Now, from my Wilkes days, I had 2 courses in calculus, and I never had advanced calculus. Now I'm saying to myself: What in the world am I doing enrolled in this class. So I go see the math professor, and I tell them my situation, and he says: You'll probably be alright, you know, just enroll. We'll work it out together. He was a very young professor, and he was positive and very sympathetic to my specific background and fears. At the end of that course, he announces to the class, this is one of those courses where, if you've performed consistently at a specific level in your examinations up to this point, and you're pretty much solidly in one grade level, you can expect that grade and you do not need to take the final examination. Alternatively, if you believe you can better your grade, you are welcome to try by taking the final exam. Now, I thought I was firmly a "C" and just as likely in the "D" grade level. But I still wanted to check on my status with the professor, and I made an appointment to see him. I explained my assessment of my grade level prediction, and what I wanted from him was his assessment of whether I should take his final exam in an attempt to improve my chances of earning a higher grade. He replied, Mr. Klem, he says, all these students in this class are graduate students in mathematics, with math backgrounds far beyond your experiences. Look, you don't have to take the final because given how well you have performed with the background you do have, I am assessing you differently than your classmates; if you want an "A" you will receive an "A" for your performance in this class based on your background and performance. I couldn't believe it. I thought I was on a different planet. No teacher ever talked to me that way, or judged my performance based on the context of my background. I was shocked. I was so shocked and pleased that I requested the opportunity to enroll in two additional statistical courses from this math professor and my biology professor mentor was happy. You know I was happy. I struggled, but was still able to perform at the "A" level based on my math professor's evaluation. The positive experience encouraged me to continue studying mathematical statistics in my doctoral program, assigning mathematics as my minor in that degree program. So I enjoyed that part of it. The enjoyment and benefit was having a person in a position of authority show you some personal interest and introducing you to a subject having no limits on the adventure of learning about the

natural world, fulfilling my quest to seek out a career studying outdoors. From these beginning days returning to school, the fish lost out, and I started a lifelong study of birds. I still retain an interest in all life, fish especially, but I never looked back thinking I should have studied something other than birds. I've just spent, consumed, and enjoyed my bird study so much. And then, in my most recent book, I had a chance to talk a little bit about my background, and how I got interested in birds. As I have shared, I give credit to these people. How I really appreciate their personal attention. As said, I think that is very valuable. You know one can be stoic and a little arcane like Dr. Reif was periodically. But in the end, if personal interest and attention is part of the equation, you have a much greater chance of enriching the lives of the people that you touch.

(TG): Hmm. So you went from Hofstra to?

(DK): Oh, yeah. Sorry. Yeah, that is yet another story. After graduating from Hofstra in the spring of 1973, I investigated and pursued a doctoral program, I think I mucked up my application somehow. I learned later that a number of my applications never got through to their destination, or were incomplete for one reason or another. I managed to have some coding errors when attempting to arrange for my GRE scores to be sent. It was a mess, and resulted in me not being considered, evaluated for doctoral study at several institutions. But my application at Southern Illinois University was complete. Southern Illinois had just started a new program in behavioral ecology. I was attracted to the combination of behavior and ecology, and, of course, birds.

(CB): And so Edwardsville or Carbondale?

(DK): As your question indicates, Southern Illinois has two campuses, one in Carbondale, the bigger of the two; it includes a medical school, law school, and several Colleges. The Edwardsville campus east of St. Louis is a little bit more modest, but at the time of my application, I didn't even know there was another campus other than Carbondale. So Renee and I made plans to visit, driving to Carbondale to visit the university, the one school that accepted me. When all the noise associated with my applications at other universities were cleared up, for some, one was Oregon State University; this very institution is the one that is now the home of that farm boy I took to the field with me on studies in southern Illinois in the 1970s, who became the major professor of Wilkes's Jeff Stratford. Oregon State offered me a fellowship to study white-tailed deer out on an island in the Columbia River. I explained this opportunity to Renee. If I accepted, they would be happy to have us. But the conditions were that we would have to spend my data collection period, the first two or three years, out on the island in the Columbia River. Living conditions would be primitive, and we would receive our food by shuttle, from containers sent from the mainland to the island by a wire. Renee listened carefully and then said: Listen, I'm willing to go to the ends of the earth with you, but not on an island in the middle of a Columbia River. I'm sorry. I'm not a city girl, but you are asking too much of me to accept those primitive conditions. Forget that opportunity, please. Okay. Next choice was Southern Illinois. After our visit to Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, their offer for me to do my doctoral work there was very generous. Another outstanding application I had not been informed about was at The Ohio State University.

On our visit to Southern Illinois we drove by Ohio State, coming and going. Each pass Renee urged me to stop at the Columbia, Ohio campus to ask about my application status, but I refused to stop, because, psychologically, I just didn't want to walk into their office and be told to my face that I wasn't worthy. Right. I was just too sensitive. I learned later from a letter from Ohio State University that I was accepted into their doctoral program with support funding a bit more than what Southern Illinois offered us. Another graduate application tale that others have thought

humorous was my appointment to meet with the Department Chair of Biology at Hofstra, an appointment to convince them I was worthy of acceptance in the Master's program. This was immediately after leaving the service and thinking I needed to convince them that I was a worthy candidate in spite of my modest academic record at Wilkes. I was prepared with excessive enthusiasm and what I thought was convincing reasoning, entering his (Dr. McCord, Biology Chair) office ready to explode thinking I had to explain why I deserved to be accepted. Before I could speak he asked me my name, and pointed to a chair for me to sit down. Upon hearing my name, he arose from his chair and remarked that he was sure he had accepted me as he turned to obtain my file from a cabinet behind him. I was speechless, attempted to deflate my energy, and thanked him with relief for accepting me. So it turned out I had no need to worry, or do any convincing. Likewise, on our visit to Southern Illinois to learn how I would hope to fit in, there was again serendipity of events in my favor. The professor I was expected to study under was having political problems, and he was threatening to leave the university. The result of the uncertainty of his staying or going resulted in a number of highly qualified candidates attracted to him to be frightened off. They withdrew their applications to the doctoral program, and left. And me. What do I know about university politics or how it could affect me? I am just happy that I was accepted. I'm just happy to be there.

So at the beginning of my visit to the Department of Zoology, not only do I learn that I have been accepted, but I am offered a prestigious research fellowship, one originally to be offered to another doctoral applicant that left and was no longer willing and as such eligible to accept it. I could not believe my good fortune. Oh well, I was so pleased. They would pay for everything and would give me a salary. I would have my first year just doing research work as part of my fellowship, and thereafter I would be supported by having a Teaching Assistantship (TA) for the rest of the time. My graduate appointments covered all my educational expenses throughout my doctoral program. In addition to what I earned at the university, I enjoyed support from the GI Bill as a veteran of military service. Renee was also young, enthusiastic, and hoped to carry on her profession as an art teacher, as she had done in New York. But her prospects of obtaining a teaching position in the public school system that she left on Long Island, were almost non-existent. The reason was numbers. The university was so huge, and the local community relatively small. Teaching openings in the public schools were limited with long lists of qualified teachers like Renee, waiting for openings. She struggled for the first year trying to find work, eventually taking a position at a local tour company (Presley Tours) preparing guide books and other supporting materials for their tours. Renee began to think about other options, and she started investigating returning to school to enroll in a nursing program. Then, another unexpected event occurred in that she learned about a teaching opening in a local Roman Catholic Elementary School. This was the faith that Renee was raised in. She took the interview, and won the position without qualification. Her new Principal, other administrators, and colleagues just loved her.

When Renee and I reflect on those years in southern Illinois, we believe it was one of our most financially comfortable times together. Our respective salaries and my GI Bill support, along with living expenses being relatively modest resulting from a trailer we purchased from a graduating doctoral student, we seemed especially well off compared to more challenging times ahead. Our visit to southern Illinois was a terrific success. We drove back home, passing right by Ohio state again. And I still did not have the courage to go in and ask about my application status. Then three weeks later, after we had moved to Southern Illinois, I get a letter from Ohio State accepting me as a doctoral student, and as I shared earlier, offering me maybe a third or maybe a half more money than I was offered at Southern Illinois. When I now reflect on that missed opportunity at Ohio State, I have no regrets; Southern Illinois University at Carbondale was the better choice for me.

Also reflecting and speculating, I have a couple of current ornithological colleagues who were at Ohio State at the time I would also have been there. They were then and still are very sophisticated and accomplished scholars. My reflection includes wondering about me having to compete with them, perhaps, a struggle I avoided from being in Illinois. I am convinced that where I ended up, I got the better deal. I enjoyed a wonderful enriching experience in Southern Illinois. I had the opportunity to meet a lot of young people and mentor them at the time. And, as good fortune can occur, two of them just contacted me within the last two weeks. One was a government career employee who retired in wildlife management. He reminded me that I was his TA in a beginning Zoology course. He wrote to me to reintroduce himself to me, and share how our time together influenced his career. He shared how he moved from being a major in zoology to botany, because of the professors that he had in the zoology course, the one I worked for as the TA of the course. He was so traumatizing and horrible in his view that he was the reason he changed majors from zoology to botany. Accordingly, for this former student, I was light in the darkness of the course, and I saved the class for him. His impression was that I was a terrific teacher, doing a good job. So, he always remembered me in this favorable light, and when he happened to see my name in a newspaper article recently, he said, "I gave myself the assignment to track you down and let you know how happy I am to learn that you had a good career." The other recent contact was also from a former government employee now retired. He reminded me that he was a high school student when I was in southern Illinois, his dad was a History professor at the university. He shared that when we were together during those years, he invited Renee and I over to dinner one night. He still had very fond and special good memories of that dinner. He remembered the encouragement and overall positive influence I meant to him from bird study and sincere and rewarding friendship. His career was in government work specializing in computer science and modeling for many government projects. He authored a couple of books on birds, one of which is on the birds of southern Illinois. He sent me a copy along with copies of a few books by his father; I am now enjoying reading them all. These two recent contacts from my past, the personal attention they offer with that of my current students are highly enriching experiences. They document relationships that are giving me wonderful rewards learning about influences from the past now that time has passed.

So you ask, after Southern Illinois, maybe you can just take us through the events in your life that followed. My career thereafter is linked to my current employer, a small Liberal Arts college, Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Even now, I share with my students that higher educational institutions at all levels describe how many Ph.D.s they have on the faculty. Prior generations of small liberal arts college, not all of them, but many, even perhaps most, required a Ph.D. to teach, and expected them to be excellent teachers. Many research universities graduating Ph.D.s that were not judged to be researchers at a level required at research universities, were encouraged to find a small liberal arts college to teach at. Now, for sure, this has changed. Colleges at all levels are expecting good teachers and good researchers. But when I began my career at Muhlenberg, the attitude and position of the leaders were that you were either a good teacher or a good researcher, you could not be both. So, the Ph.D. degree is a research degree, not a teaching degree; still, small schools expected their Ph.D.s to be excellent teachers, and little or nothing from them as researchers.

As noted, in contemporary times, colleges at all levels, to include the small liberal arts college, have learned the value of notoriety and publicity associated with scholarship. Publishing research in peer-reviewed scholarly journals is a requirement for most, if not all, colleges and universities of all sizes. Another change that occurred when I was beginning my search for a professional position after my graduate days in southern Illinois was the number of applicants for teaching positions,

again at all levels. Where historically, three to five applicants were competing for a biology position at a small school, there were now hundreds of applicants. And so I was looking for work after completing my doctorate, in fact, looking for opportunities in biology.

While working on my doctorate, I became so discouraged and disheartened, prior to Renee saving me, I applied for an opening at Misericordia College in Dallas, Pennsylvania. Reflecting, I am certain I just wanted to get away from an unfriendly toxic environment where I was making no progress. I interviewed at Misericordia, and was offered a job, just for one year. My motive and thinking was to get away to clear my head, but my advisors, to include Renee, and eventually me, realized that I was running away instead of seeking recuperation. But in the end, Renee's reasoning won out. This was a terrible time for me, not my best. But I realized I had to return to finish up and not try to escape the pain. I returned, and with Renee's help, seeking the help of others who understood our struggles, I managed to finish. Then I applied and was granted an interview with a college in Macon, Georgia, Wesleyan College, known to be the first college in the world chartered to grant degrees to women, starting in 1836. While visiting my hosts, the Department of Biology Chair and her husband took me to dinner, where I was astonished and enjoyed being engulfed in southern hospitality and culture. While dinning, young people would come to our table, talk up and greet my hosts, who in return would sincerely and cordially return their greetings and well wishes. At the end of my time in Macon, I let them know they were the only game in town for me, and if they offered me the job, I would come. For sure, during my interview they repeatedly informed me that they were suspicious of my being able to teach there because I grew up in the north. They were clear that their suspicion was based on my being from Pennsylvania, and not having the experiences of being raised in the southern culture they enjoyed, respected, and valued. My impression and interpretation, without their direct acknowledgment, was that I was a Yankee and, as such, I was suspect. Also, like with other interviews I had before and would have after, I was asked why they should consider hiring me when they have other, several, applicants that are graduates from Harvard and Yale. Their question to me was: Why should we hire you, you know you not being from Harvard or Yale? My reply was consistently the same. I explained I was just as confident that my training was as good if not better than your other applicants from Harvard, Yale, or anywhere else. I think I'm just as good as any of them. So that's why you should be considering me, I would then follow up saying, but if it makes you feel any better, I had a lot of professors that were from Harvard at Yale, and my training included what was taught there. I left them with the impression that if they offer me a contract, I will come. They did not confirm or ask me to sign anything before I left, but it was my understanding that we agreed with and on my coming. This college was my only option, and I expected to commit to them, explaining what transpired to Renee when I returned to our trailer. The next day after returning, I got a call from Muhlenberg College. My caller was the secretary of the Department of Biology, Anne Kuntz. She explains they have an opening in the Department of Biology that I am uniquely suited for. She enthusiastically explains that in her opinion their job is made for me, and I have to agree to come. My immediate reply is: No, ma'am, I am expecting to accept another job at a school in Georgia. You should look for somebody else. But she persists, no, no she says, look it, the guy that's retiring has got the same birthday that you do. The guy retiring is trained in the same discipline that you are, in ornithology. The guy that's retiring has all these things that you have in your background, and your background is exactly what we need. We never thought we'd find somebody to be able to teach birds, but you could do that, and you could also teach the anatomy course we require. You've been doing that. Oh, yeah, ma'am, very impressive, but I say, I don't think it's right, you know. I mean, I gave the Georgia school the impression that I would take their job. I think you should look for someone else. No, she said, not giving up. Just please, just please talk to the Department Head tomorrow. He is not here right now. And I relented, OK lady, I'll talk to him tomorrow. I promise. I hang up the

phone, and literally within a minute or two, I get a call from my host at Wesleyan College, and she says to me, aren't you excited? We are going to offer you this job. And with a transparent reflexive reaction, from a person who has no secrets in my life, I say to her, just because I think it's of human interest, I said. Geez, isn't this interesting? I mean, of course I'm excited that you are offering me the job. I'm telling you I am expecting to come. But how about this coincidence, I just got a call from somebody else, another school, they are, surprisingly and unexpectedly, also interested in me. How does that happen? What followed was also surprising, in that when I informed her about this other school's interest, that I got a call, and somebody else had been talking to me about an appointment, she informed me that she was very offended and disappointed that I even agreed to talk to the other school, even sounding somewhat aggressive. and she ended by saying: Hey, you want to talk to somebody else. Go ahead. We don't want to talk to you anymore. Then she hung up on me. Standing in the kitchen area of our trailer, where we had been up to then living for seven years, 30 feet long and 10 feet wide. After hanging up, I turned to Renee, and I said. "Well, Renee we had a job in hand, but we are now back in the bushes. We've got nothing." So the other school guy called. Yeah. In this case it turned out eventually to be the job for me. So the guy calls me the next day, and he gives me the same line that the secretary did. Now, of course, he's now the only game in town. He asked me to come for an interview, and I said I'd be honored to come. I travel to the interview, right? Prior to my coming he says you'll find me in the airport, because I'll be the guy with the brillo pad on his head. He had curly hair that contained a little salt and pepper appearance. He's an old navy guy, like my dad. After picking me up he stops by with me with him at the local American Legion Post. Since leaving the military, I was immersed in the academic world, and had no need or desire to affiliate with anything military. Especially because my memory was clear regarding how I was verbally abused and rudely treated whenever I traveled in uniform in public places like airports, or even on city streets. No exaggeration, but it was not uncommon to be harassed and spit on in public by individuals almost certainly my or near my own age. So, military connections were something to stay away from, not seek out. But for my new boss, James Roland Vaughan, Head of the Department of Biology at Muhlenberg College, he was a proud veteran of the Second World War, and his affiliation, member, of the American Legion was his expression of continued support for veterans and the service that the military provided the Nation's citizens. But I had not thought about military service as being appreciated by US citizens. Veteran organizations such as the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) were not among the groups I thought I would join, even though I was eligible to join both. My entire focus at this stage in my life was to establish and do well in an academic career. But to Jim, there was also need to support those who served this Nation, and these organizations were to be honored and supported for the veterans that joined them. So, upon my arrival for my interview, I attended, as a guest, and had a beer at the American Legion in Allentown, Pennsylvania. All worked out in my favor. I was offered the job, happily accepted, and looked forward to beginning my work, arriving to get organized in late August 1979, and teaching my first semester starting in September. Arriving at my office on my first day, I stared at an empty desk with a piece of paper in the middle. Picking it up and reading, I learned it was an application to the local American Legion, placed there by my new boss, Dr. Vaughan. I filled out the application, joined, and continued as a member in honor of Dr. Vaughan till this day.

Yeah, I ended up being optimally supported by Dr. Vaughan, treated unbelievably well because Dr. Vaughan was an outstanding department head, an outstanding human being that best explains his support for me. I believe that would have been the case whether I joined the American Legion or not, but joining certainly did not harm me in any way in his eyes. A dramatic example of how his support benefited me and my interests, research interests in this case had to do with the Biology Department and its row boat and motor. This equipment had been purchased for the ecologists to

use in lakes where he taught students about aquatic ecology. Then one day, Dr. Vaughan informed me about the boat and motor, and exclaimed that a member of our grounds crew, Mr. Hill who he called Hilly, had for many years had his eye on this boat, noticed it was never used still being brand new, and asked Dr. Vaughan if he could purchase it for his use in his retirement for fishing. So, Dr. Vaughan, Jim, was telling me about Hilly and his wish to buy the boat because he wanted to know if I had any use for the boat, and if not, he would in fact sell it to Hilly. And I said, "Gee, you know I don't want to disappoint Hilly about buying that boat for fishing, but if given the chance to stay here, I would have a reason to use the boat, studying waterbirds." But also I certainly will not have use for it until I learn that Muhlenberg is willing to invest in me, not until I am awarded tenure. If I am fortunate to obtain tenure, I certainly can think of using that boat. Acting on my prospective future use, Jim did not sell Hilly the boat, and it was at least four years later that I was evaluated, and awarded tenure. Then as my recollection imagines it to this day, I think it was less than an hour after Jim informed me I was awarded tenure that he asked me, "Dan, what about that boat?" I replied, "Well, you know Jim, I have visions of conducting seabird studies, and that rowboat is just not ocean worthy." His reply was, "Ok, let us go look at a bigger version to permit you to do your ocean work." Jim arranges for us to purchase a bigger boat, and I use it for a year or so and realize it is still too small for what I wanted to study, off the east coast trying to reach pelagic waters. I approach Jim about a bigger vessel, and he comes through with a bigger boat.

I began a productive seabird research program for many years thereafter, offering our biology students exciting and memorable experiences at sea. Our third and final boat was about 20 feet in length and 8 ft across the beam, certainly sea worthy, and I used it to study seabirds from shore to 60 km off shore, eastward off the southern New Jersey coast and at the mouth of Delaware Bay. I was actively engaged in continuing these seabird studies, but in September of 1992, a guy off the street called me up, made an appointment to personally see me, came into my office, and offered me a job to lead a large research project in a former Soviet Republic. That offer which I ended up accepting has brought many rewards to my employer Muhlenberg College, and also to me. As one descriptive dramatic example, although I have not kept an accurate record, not being a judicious bean counter, I believe it is safe to estimate that this research project, called the Birds of Armenia Project (BOA), brought Muhlenberg College about 12 to 14 million dollars, maybe even a little more. The BOA project spanned a 10-year period. Long after the project had been completed, when I had been invited to speak at the University of British Columbia, a colleague who knew about the BOA project remarked, Gee Dan, if I brought those kinds of resources to my university here, they would lionize me. He was curious about how my employer reacted, treated me for the benefits the project brought them. I had to truthfully explain that at Muhlenberg College, I am seemingly a forgotten person. I suspect they are grateful for my contributions, but their gratitude is more implied than overtly stated. Please do not misunderstand, I'm not complaining, I'm fine, but I do cringe a little bit when it is clear that my administrative leaders do not seem to appreciate my institutional contributions; one obvious example of that is when the Advancement Office asked me for contributions. I cannot help but think, doesn't my millions of dollars of gifts exempt me from giving more? I think, exclusively to myself, what other faculty member has brought that kind of money to this institution? And used those monies to build whole classrooms, faculty office spaces, a state of the art natural history bird museum and more. So, at least I can express here with you how very proud of the contributions that project offered my employer, and the scholarly products of the entire effort, that ended, as Chris knows, because he found value in the three books the project produced. The result of those publications was what I see as one of my biggest contributions to my ornithological discipline, bringing the results of the scientific study of birds in eastern European lands to the ornithological community in the Western Hemisphere. Knowledge shared from what was formerly hidden in the east to the west. Making it available to our ornithological scientists; for

this I am especially pleased and proud. From this project, I cannot help relate at all appropriate opportunities my first experiences, when I went to Armenia. Armenia, gaining its independence when the former Soviet Union had fallen, which made my studying there possible. I was shocked, as I relate these experiences, drawing attention to our money-centered world, with its rewards for generous salaries for what we value as prestigious or highly skilled occupations. Those financial rewards are enjoyed by those in the health science and legal occupations especially, the physicians and attorneys whose salaries permit them to populate our country clubs and enjoy other benefits. Along with the best financial support is the respect for the skills these professions enjoy. But in Armenia and throughout the former Soviet Union, the culture is very different. The physicians and attorneys are considered professions to serve citizens, just as laborers do to serve their communities. The occupations with the most respect, financial support, and cultural status in the former Soviet Union were academics, members of universities and academies of sciences. The scholars enjoyed the best housing, and overall prestige. So, the shock of visiting Armenia for the first time was how well and how much respect I was shown by everyone I came in contact with, from ordinary citizens to the scientist I worked with. On this first visit to Armenia, I was there to train my scientific colleagues about what would be necessary to report our science with western cultural standards. They gave me unlimited favors to inform them, and I was given the high honor of being invited to speak to the Armenian National Academy of Sciences. Because of my title as Dr. Professor I was given special attention and the privileges of highest status within their culture, something that was literally very foreign to me. I am especially grateful for all those experiences and what I learned from them. But one issue which was then and still is embarrassing to me was not being able to speak to my Armenian hosts in Russian, the formal language of science there. Now, I grew up in my very early years in a Russian speaking family. But I only retain fragments of the language; certainly, not enough to communicate, even rudimentarily. Because I had what seemed like unlimited resources to conduct my research grants, I was able to find and hire a talented Russian ornithologist to accompany me and be my translator. He was Dr. Sergey Kharitanov. We met and became fast friends on my first trip to Armenia, and we were together again when I asked him to accompany me to Vienna where I was invited to give a talk about our Armenian work at the International Ornithological Congress being held there. One special memory I have of that time was when Sergey and I were walking from our hotel to the Habsburg Palace, where the conference was being held, he turned to me, and he said: "You know my mother was right." And I asked, "Well, what was your mother right about?" And he said, "Well, she said that if I ever got a chance to go to Vienna, which is my first chance here, I would learn that music is in the air." And he exclaimed that she was right, drawing my attention to musicians playing on every street corner. Classical music could be heard seemingly everywhere as we walked down the street. It was just marvelous. Here again, another, this rather very dramatic example of good fortune, where preparedness met opportunity. In the fall of 1972 that gentleman came and offered me a chance to lead the scientific part of this project, a project attempting to establish a conservation and preservation ethic in the new Republic of Armenia. Another defining part of my work on this Armenian bird project was the question of my compensation.

What would I be expecting to be paid for doing the work? Now, among many general and specific issues we discussed at our first meeting together, my gentleman visitor, one Mr. Sarkis Acopian, a successful engineer and businessman from Easton, Pennsylvania, he explained that he did not expect me to conduct this work for free, and he recommended I accept an annual salary of \$50-60,000. Upon his bringing up this subject of compensation, for whatever reason at the time, I immediately replied, "No Sir, I do not believe that will permit me to work best with you and your colleagues. I recommend a different arrangement. If I end up agreeing to working with you, I will expect to take no salary. I will expect you to pay those that I hire to help me with the work to

receive the best available compensation for the work they do, but not me, for this important reason. You are a businessman. I am no business man, but all that I know about businessmen is that they expect to receive what they pay for. So, I do not want to be in a position while we are working together that you call me up and inform me that you are taking my money and you must do what I think is right and best for our work together. I will defer your compensation, thinking that I am the Scientific Director of the project, and I will be making the very best scientific decisions about what is best to achieve our agreed upon goals. So if you're willing to agree to such deferred compensation for me, we can begin to work together. If at the end of our time together, when the project is complete. When the project is complete, you and your other colleagues supporting this project will have a chance to evaluate the results. In doing so, you all can determine if I have done what you expected. If the work we produce is assessed as professionally valuable by peer-reviewed scientists, evaluated in professional scientific journals to be a meaningful contribution, fulfilling your conservation and preservation goals for Armenia; then it will be time for you to invest in me, offer me appropriate compensation for, ideally, work well done. Then you can give back to me.” That is what happened. Instead of the personal salary coming to me, offering me to be about \$500,000 to \$600,000 richer than I am today, I directed my compensation to benefit my employer, Muhlenberg College. Through that compensation gifted to Muhlenberg I hoped to ensure that ornithology would live well and prosper at Muhlenberg, to continue, ideally, in perpetuity at this institution, justified by the work that I had done and the meaning it offers to the education of the institution's students. Another personal reflection regarding my opportunity to lead this project is also revealing in describing my work and the opportunities I received conducting that work. It was also part of my initial meeting with Mr. Acopian in my office in the fall of 1992. Without hesitation, shortly after we talked about the expected goal of what needed to be done, the use of birds to establish an environmental ethic in the new republic, He committed to wanting me to head the scientific part of the project. He described how he was among a number of members of the Armenian Diaspora investing in the new republic, establishing a new university, the American University of Armenia (AUA). Our Birds of Armenia (BOA) Project would be part of this university development, having environmental studies as an integral part of the curriculum, and the work we conduct contributing to that curriculum. He explained that Armenia was small, about the size of Maryland or the country of Belgium in Europe. I listened to him carefully, and when it was my first time to respond, I said, “Well, sir, I'm very flattered, but a couple of questions immediately come to my mind,” and I ask them with hopes of not insulting you or revealing my extravagant ignorance. First, what is an Armenia? Again, please do not be offended. Second, why, me? I mean my assessment is that I am just a small guy in the small school, but you can choose to work with far more distinguished scientists at, for example, the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences or the American Museum of Natural History in New York. You have all these prestigious resources available to you within spitting distance of us here in the Lehigh Valley where you work and live. Why would you? Why would you be interested in me? As an aside, when I have relayed this information part of our meeting together, I cannot help but describe Mr. Acopian's attire, explaining that I had no knowledge or concept that he likely was wearing a suit worth several thousands of dollars, but at the time if I was asked about his clothing, I would have thought his jacket alone was worth about \$50, what I guessed my Renee would buy me at Sears or Penney's. So forgetting about his attire other than this observed curiosity, he addresses my questions. Explaining that he certainly was not offended by my questions. For the first one, he shared that if we decide and agree to work together, he will teach me about Armenia, its history and its culture. He shared more stating that, in his opinion, very few people really actually know much or anything about Armenia. What he did not reveal at the time was that in his teaching me about Armenia he would be peddling my buns around the country in his private jet doing so. Okay? So secondly. he says, and by the way, he shares that he was not ignoring your question about why me? The reason

is that I have had you investigated and you will do. So, he had me investigated. I said, Okay, okay. I agree to work with you. And that became the beginning of our history together. I began building a team, research staff to begin and develop our mission, preserving Armenian wild lands using birds. I was able to hire about 7 people full time here at the college.

At that time small Liberal arts colleges had no flaming idea about what or how to administer research grants, or how they were authorized by the Government to charge a certain percentage of overhead they received in grant funding. So to protect our work and myself, I suspected that it would only be a matter of time before the college recognized it could obtain benefits from overhead funding of grants. And I suspected that research grants would or should be part of my career at the college. I love, value, and believe I must continue teaching. I want and continue to strive to be the best possible teacher. But I took seriously that my Ph.D. degree was a research degree, not a teaching degree, and I have always felt obligated to conduct research and contribute to the scholarly literature, as long as I can, and to the best of my ability. This massive research grant from the Armenian Diaspora for conservation was part, a huge part, of my research contribution, then and now reflecting upon its successful outcome. So to protect our work I said to the college, look, as part of our grant funding for the Armenian project I will arrange to have all the annual salaries for my people, those working on the project; again, at the time there were 7 of them to be given by the granting agency in January for the entire calendar year. Those monies were distributed by Mr. Acopian, to repeat for emphasis, Sarkis Acopian, a prominent distinguished member of the Armenian Diaspora, and a local resident, living in Easton, Pennsylvania. Mr. Acopian was the main force behind this environmental project, and he in my judgment because except for my allotments to me to my employer, I was not party to the financial dealings of the project. As much as I could interpret, Mr. Acopian was the principal source of funding, to ensure its success. There were other Armenian and Armenian supporters offering leadership and financial support, primarily from California, but for me he was our contact, main supporter, and leader that we needed to work with and please for the good of the overall mission. And so I asked and Mr. Acopian agreed and gave the annual funding for the entire year up front. This was my way of ensuring that once the college learned about overhead monies, this upfront funding would have paid that overhead amount and then some through the interest the beginning-year funds generated. For the college's part, it was my expectation that they took these upfront salary monies and invested it. At this time the stock market investments were doing very well, perhaps a return of about 16%. When overhead funding was part of the college's task with grants received or applied for, as hoped for, the college did not request overhead funding for our Armenian project, which ran for a period of about ten years. By contrast, I was struggling to get attention and grants for my research studying avian mortality resulting from window collisions.

As a strategy to be more appealing for grant funding for my window research, I asked the college to defer requesting overhead funding from my studies until I could build up enough of a reputation to attract support. Promising them that once that support was forthcoming consistently, I would request overhead funding in my grants. Those window-related grants were expected to come from industry, commercial interest, and it was predicted they would honor the additional overhead costs for the research. That eventually happened, and the college requested and I complied to add the 32.5% overhead charge to the overall grant funding that the US Government informed Muhlenberg College they were authorized to charge. And so that's what happened, and this arrangement for me including overhead funding for my research grants continues to this day. The college continued to receive these funds because I budget for them in each of my grant proposals.

Thank you for asking, Tim, about my academic training from Wilkes to the present. And thank you

all for the tolerance of listening to my many accounts, seemingly few direct and others indirect. My motive and hope is that these many sidebar indirect tales are connected to the main question, and ideally are of interest, and are in fact interesting. And, here is another indirect account related to my current position, one that is concerning if not embarrassing to me. It has to do with how I got the opportunity to work at Muhlenberg College. How the circumstances at the time that I was hired ended up being uncomfortable for me at the time, and still is. I met my predecessor in my current position when he came to see me shortly after my arrival. In my office, across from my new desk that had been his before me, he looked me in the eye and said, I did not want to leave the college, but the college leadership forced me out, they made me leave. He explained that the institution's reasoning was my age, he had to leave because he reached the age of 65. At this time, others had told me that this was common practice, but primarily in corporations. Now I don't know the details, but the way it's been explained to me, several years later, is that this practice of dismissing employees, everywhere really, is prohibited because of an iconic class action suit referred to as Age Discrimination. That court judgment made it illegal to dismiss anyone from their job because they reached a specific age, unless agreed upon in contractual form when you started employment. So, when retirement issues are discussed and directed to me, I explain about how my appointment was aided by age discrimination. And, I say, I follow up by describing how I am still very grateful that when I turned 65 there wasn't a note on my desk asking me to leave like there was on the desk of my predecessor, John E. Trainer that you have to go. Dr. Trainer, not so incidentally, had an outstanding distinguished teaching career at Muhlenberg College. That 65-year-old marker occurred 11 years ago now, for me.

Consequently, I am still able to teach my classes, thanks in part to the class action Age Discrimination lawsuit and the Armenian money that came to the institution as the reward for me and my research team's successful completion of our Birds of Armenia Project (BOA). Part of this reward was that I was offered a special appointment. I had been at the institution long enough to have lost several Sabbaticals that I was eligible for every seven years. Not a complaint or a lament because I was always kept current with what I was working on, and could do so at "home" just as much as anywhere else. In keeping with my dedicated work ethic is a lament from an exchange with a Muhlenberg math colleague. One Saturday or Sunday morning we were passing each other on our way to our respective offices. He stopped to greet and then ask me how I was able to be as prolific in my research, regular publications, and my teaching. Being able to teach to the level that people thought they wanted and sought to be in my classes, having classes that were always full. And I said to him, "By coming every day of the year, having a family that tolerated me doing so, and with, in my view, little or no special talents." As I watched him while explaining, I could see the expression on his face change, as if I offended him, or at least that is how I interpreted his expression. For sure, he knew that, and I did not need to elaborate, and interpret him being insulted because I thought he felt he was not as prolific because he did not put the time in at work that I did. I regret and feel disappointed that he might feel that way, which meant I unintentionally insulted him, if in fact, his expression meant how I interpreted it. I certainly hope not. Another related work commitment that was somewhat of a conflict with my work at Muhlenberg was when I agreed and was appointed the Editor of the journal of the Pennsylvania Academy of Science, formally the Proceeding of the Pennsylvania Academy of Science. I enlisted the help of my students and, for sure, they learned a great deal because of their experience working in our editorial office. But this was a huge burden on me, seemingly literally requiring at least some six hours a day for four years. Consequently, I approached my boss, Dr. Vaughan, and asked, saying Jim, I have colleagues at other institutions who are editors, and they receive some relief time for the amount of work involved. Can you help me request some relief time for my editor job? I tried to justify my plea by emphasizing that the college's name was on the cover of each issue, and we were receiving

valuable publicity for our collective scholarly contribution through my being editor. What do you think? Time off for my being the editor that benefits our students and advertises our scholarly contribution.

The work was demanding, as if it were another job; surely it was getting to me, and this was my second or third year as editor, in some cases helping authors by rewriting their entire manuscripts. So, as he so often did when faced with a challenging question, he starts off in response, Oh, Dan. Let me explain how proud we are of you for being the editor of that journal, and we certainly are grateful for the experiences you provide our students and the publicity you offer the college. But you know, Dan, I hired you to teach, not to be the editor of the Journal. and I am so sorry, I'm not going to ask for any time off for you because of your volunteering to be the editor. I need you in the classroom but if you decide to continue as editor, you can still count on my support and being grateful and thanking you for spreading the word the scholarly contributions our school, and the Department of Biology specifically, is making to science.

Yeah, that didn't work the way I hoped. But all things considered, my work on the Armenian project and my work and commitments from Mr. Acopian worked out far better. But getting that benefit required patience, and only after a full year after the project ended did I have some hope I would get the rewards I hoped for. The reason I felt I had lost those chances of obtaining those rewards, whatever they turned out to be instead of the money I turned down to do the work, was dramatically felt because twice during our times working together, Mr. Acopian would not talk to me, once for three months and the last for 13 months. The reason for these unpleasant periods was he believed I was doing something behind his back with our Russian trained Armenian colleagues; he detested their Russian affiliation and education, from the Soviet system. After both these silent periods, he asked me to come to his office for a personal talk, which I always did when he asked. Both were on Sundays, in his work office at his industrial plant when we were the only two present. On both occasions, my suspicion was that he would be informing me that I should expect nothing from him for my work on the project. During our last meeting of this kind, he begins our talk with: Dan, you know I'm talking to you because I know I was wrong about speculating you doing untoward things. He then pulls out his keychain, and on it is a little metal barrel. He opens it, and a small pill drops from the barrel to his hand. He then asks me if I know what this pill is for? I said. No, sir. He then explains that the pill is what his physician tells him to take when he gets upset. Not just upset, but when he gets very upset, because, which I knew, he had suffered a stroke sometime in the past, and the pill is expected to prevent another stroke. He reminded me that he is still recovering from that stroke. He then shares that during the time we have been working together, my interactions with you have resulted in him taking this pill on two occasions. Two potential stroke producing events associated with me in the ten years we have been working together. Upon hearing of this, I was mortified. I said, Oh, my God. I would never do anything to harm you, or cause you to be so upset as to result in you being harmed. He then informs me he does not want to talk about it. Except to share with me that the reason we are having this conversation is because I know the reason I was upset had nothing to do with you. I thought it did at the time, but it involved others. So we parted, but then an entire year goes by and I have no contact with him. After a year of no contact, just as suddenly, he calls me up and wants to know if I still want a supported professorship. I reply, of course. He then asks me to look into it, investigate the possibility. I do, and learn that donors who give money for professorships have no, or ideally have no say in who is selected for the professorship. Who gets selected is to be the institution's choice because the institution is expected to have a free hand in selecting only the best from among the academic faculty with world renowned talent. I did my investigating, and reported back to him. Explaining, you know, Mr. Acopian, your offer is very generous and kind, but I cannot imagine my employer evaluating me as

the world authority deserving a professorship. I predict they would not be selecting me. And he says, No, no, no, you do not understand. It is more complicated and your school or any other institution simply selects what they judge to be the best for a professorship. He explained and asked me to trust him. He has had experience, already offering and establishing five professorships at other academic institutions. If they want you for a professorship they can have my money to establish it. If not, I can assure you that I know many academic colleges and universities that would welcome you on their faculty. It is their opportunity. And I said, "Okay." And he then said, "This is what I would do if I were you." I admitted being too naive to understand all involved. He recommended that I go home and sit down in a quiet place and figure out what you want from this professorship, this special appointment. Once you settle on your requirements, go to your school leaders and tell them your expectations, your needs. Tell them what you want. If they agree, you inform me that you accept and are willing to stay at Muhlenberg College. When I learn you are satisfied, I will write them a check. Alternatively, if they don't agree, again, I promise you I will offer you work at another school until you retire. Okay, so I go to the school and I say, I want to spend half my academic year teaching my specialty course about birds, and half my time doing research. I will value teaching about birds, in the fall semester only. The spring and summer, I request freedom to conduct field and other research, and to travel conducting or presenting my research at all appropriate opportunities, nationally and internationally. The college informed me that they had a number of named and endowed professorships, but none of them had enough of an endowment to pay for the professor's salary and expenses completely. This professorship will pay for my compensation and research expenses completely, no cost to the overall college budget. I offered that this donation will be a good investment in my view. Muhlenberg College agreed to my terms, and I wrote up to document that agreement. Additionally, part of the agreement was that when I did retire, they were committing to offer the professorship to a world renowned avian conservationist to keep the ornithology legacy at Muhlenberg College going into the future. So, I have myself in this professorship position, titled the Sarkis Acopian Professor of Ornithology and Conservation Biology, since 2001. Reflecting on my missing those seven Sabbaticals, I now enjoy a Sabbatical every spring semester. Ever since my appointment, I have not abused or not constructively used my research time, coming in for office work every day, or conducting studies in the field, or traveling to other institutions to offer lectures and training. One travel opportunity was a book tour this summer, to Maine and then Michigan, both invitations associated with my current reputation as the world's leading scientist studying avian mortality from striking sheet glass and plastic in the form of windows. Covid put a cheek, a halt on my travel, but also offered opportunities to present using the internet program Zoom. I very much enjoy in person presentations, but look to honor all opportunities for the cause of saving more bird lives from windows. The book on this topic that I just recently completed is published in print and digital form. It needs international and viral attention, it is worthy, as young people would say or could promote, it is worthy to go viral as a topic. At least I know Chris will have informed me he has read the book. It is also true to state that most people don't think much about the topic. Yet, one of our past US presidents is prominently quoted in the book to emphasize the value and need to keep at it, keep trying to educate to save more bird lives. I quote Calvin Coolidge addressing the value of persistence. Guessing most US citizens would not consider President Coolidge as a leading star US President, not in the Pantheon of notables. But for me, his quote was especially germane, writing about persistence in which he describes it is not educational accomplishments, degrees, or genius that contributes to success. It is not giving up, staying the course, being persistent. In my view, the quote was referring to people like me, someone with a strong work ethic that keeps on going because there is an important need to do so. So assessing my level of talents, self-denigrating, described as accomplishing what is equivalent to even a blind squirrel finding an acorn. And if Dan is able to work 7 days a week, 365 days of the year, he, too, can publish a few papers and get things

done, and even write a book. For me, receiving special personal attention in this book, I am offered what I believe is a terrific compliment that in big part identifies my character. Maybe some might think me egotistical for highlighting, mentioning this small part of the book, but here is hoping not. My esteemed colleague, a world renowned and distinguished Canadian ornithological scientist who I asked and he agreed to write the Forward for the book. In that Forward in the last paragraph he states: In my travels around the world, of all the biologists I have met and known. Dan is the most humble. So I like that compliment. But, agreeing to this interview requesting me to talk about myself, which I have done in what I would predict will be evaluated as in poor fashion, spilling my guts as I have done now for what seems like a very long time is likely to describe my overall character as anything but humble. No matter how the content of this interview is judged, I am absolutely astonished and feel privileged and grateful to have your personal interest and attention. Thank you over and over again.

(CB): Now, that is wonderful. Now take us, as the last part of this interview on how you got into studying the glass problem, that's so important to the world. Yeah, how did that emerge among all your other interests? To be the principal focus of your work, certainly your current work?

(DK): Well. I use the comment of one of the reviewers of my book because what he had to say is a nice segue into answering your question Chris. The comment went something like: if you're an architect or you're a developer, you might want to turn to chapter 9 because it talks about solutions. But don't miss chapter 8 because chapter 8 is about human interest. Part of how Dan's studies evolved, and how Dan had to struggle to bring this to the scientific community. But more directly to your question Chris about my beginnings studying birds and glass. I happened to be in the office of my mentor, my doctoral major professor, and just before I arrived he had a conversation with an undergraduate student, and that conversation set him off. He was angry with the student. Why? He asked the student to collect a nest of a bird species of interest to the professor, and the student said, oh no, I cannot possibly do that. To do so would be unethical, not morally right. The professor said nothing to the student, but after he left and I entered the scene, he went ballistic. He exploded in explaining that the student considered me asking him to collect a nest as being unethical, and yet this guy lives in a home that's extravagantly covered with glass, several huge plate glass windows. Those windows kill birds, and he consistently brings me 50 to 60 birds that have been killed hitting those windows of his house every year. And he doesn't think of that killing as unethical, but he believes taking a little bloody mist is. And the professor then turns to me and says, Okay, by the way, Dan, this business about birds flying into glass. Maybe there's a study in that for you.

(TG): Huh?

(DK): So the next day, as I chronicle in my book because I am regularly asked how did you start studying birds and glass, I decided to see if I could witness a bird hitting a window. Like just about everyone else at the time and many still today, I had never really heard of this happening and had not thought of it on my own. So, about 05:00 a.m. the next day I sat on a bench in front of our chemistry building, a building about four stories high with a complete glass façade facing an open space with a few large trees. I have a picture of this building in my book. It was dark when I arrived, but as the dawn arrived, a Mourning Dove flew through the upper branches of a large leafless tree and right into one of the top stories of the building, into the reflective glass of the building. After the crash that occurred right in front of me, the bird fell to the ground at the base of the glass façade, where I have since found what must be thousands of birds in a similar condition at the base. But this first one stunned me. Then it occurred to me to search other buildings on campus, so I went around the campus, and I looked under the windows of other buildings, especially

reveling were corridors lined with glass that connected two main buildings. Under these windows I found evidence of collisions, remnants of strike victims such as skeletons and feathers, and smears and smudges on the glass surface, somewhere feathers or fluids seem to be stuck to the window surface. From witnessing an actual strike to discovering victim remains, I was hooked. I got studying and the topic became my doctoral dissertation subject, conducted from January 1974 to the spring of 1979. I was spellbound thinking that here was an ornithological subject that most in the scientific community, especially those interested in birds, seemed to know little to nothing about. I felt that my work, as novel and revealing as it was, at least to me, would be easily published in the best scientific journals. I fantasized that these journals, especially our most prestigious one in North America, *Science*, would be eager to have it in print because of the novel findings and its avian conservation importance. So, I prepare a manuscript for *Science*, and it is returned to me in two weeks with the editor explaining that the topic is unsuitable. I was perplexed by this explanation, thinking and being taught that all topics are suitable for scientific inquiry. Nonetheless, I then sent the manuscript to our most prestigious ornithological journal, at the time called *The Auk*, and again, without sending the paper out for peer review, the editor of *The Auk* also judged it an unsuitable topic and returned it to me. I tried one more prestigious ornithological journal with the same result. Unsuitable, but this third journal editor did send my manuscript out for peer evaluation. The editor rejected my submitted manuscript, but in the rejection included the reviews of the two peers who evaluated it. Both evaluators recommended publication, describing the work as good stuff, fascinating, and should be published. So the unsuitable reason for rejection was even more perplexing to me. I was demoralized. I persisted, trying to get my work published, and I had some less well known journals publish brief accounts of my work, but it was a full ten years before I was able to convince a major ornithological journal to publish my first paper detailing the fundamentals of this source of avian mortality and its implication for the health of bird populations.

Similar struggles as I experienced are not uncommon in science, and occur in all other scholarly fields. In my book I write about these struggles, and describe how a woman author whose name escapes me now, wrote about this. She wrote a book that was very well done about science, progress, and how ideas and discoveries took time to be accepted. She told a tale about how during Darwin's time the whole idea of uniformitarianism, in which geology was describing how the slow march of time resulted in small but inexorable changes in the land as opposed to what was thought of as a competing theory describing dramatic land changes due to catastrophes. Considering and comparing both geological explanations, it was eventually discovered that both processes explained different changes in land features. This outcome is a good teaching point in my classes, explaining that two, three, or more theories addressing a single subject does not result in one of them being right while the others are proven wrong. Like the geological example, they could all be right under different circumstances. Keeping an open mind is essential in all human endeavors, and scientific study is no different. My findings were comparatively straight forward, but as you heard, convincing the editors of the most prestigious scientific journals took a great deal of time, eventually winning out.

The problem is now recognized. So much so that in 2019 in that prestigious journal *Science*, a paper was published documenting that some 3 billion or 29% of the North American bird population has been lost since 1970. Intuitively, recalling my youthful days walking the woods and fields on Larksville Mountain, I can recall far more birds than I see there today. This 2019 *Science* study highlighted how window-kills are a principal source of avian mortality contributing to these dramatic losses. Other human-associated hazards were also described in the losses, such as those attributable to domestic cats and road collisions. Educating about the threat that windows pose to

birds is still a major need, but major progress has also been made. And the more we learn the more convincing the need to solve the problem, how to make windows safe for birds. A part of the awareness of the issue and a great source of pride to me are the young scientists, those from universities such as Oklahoma State University, Ohio State, and others who have been bringing their talents to studying this issue. They flatter me with credit for being the pioneer who first studied the topic in a comprehensive way. I could not be more grateful for their recognition, but there is still much to do, and I am compelled to keep working to make the human-built environment safe for birds the world over. Millikin University, University of Tennessee, and many others are contributing, University of Utah, British Columbia, University of Toronto; others. What I lack in skill, these young scientists are using sophisticated mathematical models to study the topic and bringing it to the attention of others. Consequently, more of the scientific community realize that it is worthy. It is important, and we need to account for this source of man-caused bird mortality wherever birds can occur near human dwellings. That important authorities are convinced that this is an issue to address, just recently, I have been asked to inform the Saudi Arabian Government how important it is to make some of their building plans safe for birds, but they are under no legal obligation to do so. But they hired a German consulting firm who hired me in turn to educate and inform them about building options to protect birds. Remarkable. The buildings consist of facades covered in glass, creating a city in the desert, a complex in what I believe is northwest Saudi Arabia. My part is offering information and guidance to make their buildings safe for birds, to repeat. My interpretation of their reasoning addressing this issue is related to increasing their positive image around the world. And they're taking this action voluntarily. But for whatever reason it's helping the animals that I care so much about. So this topic continues to be relevant because just like, I say, when I travel around the country doing these talks. No matter how much the topic is ignored it is not going to go away because of the nature of the problem; birds behave as if clear and reflective sheet glass and plastic in the form of windows are invisible to them. But regarding awareness of the issue, in my travels, I regularly learn about schools that I never heard of before. and I'm surprised. I reflect, asking myself why Dan, why should you be surprised. There's 3,000 or so schools, maybe more of these schools all over our country. Why should you expect yourself to know all of them? And likewise, when I talk to architects, I think that this topic should be second nature to them and they're ignorant. They know nothing about it. And I have in my book the story about how I was invited by the National Audubon Society to apply to speak to architects at their large annual meeting, the American Institute of Architects (AIA). Audubon thought I was best suited to introduce them to the threats to birds that their work posed, and I applied to speak. But as I write, again, in my book, I have requested to speak at this important AIA meeting at least three times, and I have been turned down three times. three strikes and you are out; perhaps, a different tactic is required. My opinion about why I keep getting turned down is that those deciding on who will speak view my topic to be uncomplimentary to their profession. They see the topic highlighting dead and dying birds that are the direct result of their designs. Another factor is that architects consider themselves artists, and it is unwelcome to have a scientist offer advice on their works. I have shared many times, if invited to speak I would not be insulting them, unintentionally or trying to make them uncomfortable. Just the opposite really. My emphasis would be on a need to collaborate and cooperate to save birds from these unintended tragedies. I would be pleading for them to use their creativity to solve this problem for birds. But for them to be part of the solution they must understand the problem. This is a challenge for the entire industry, those I call the building professional industry consisting of architects, but also developers who hire the architects. If the developers understood the problem and directed the architect to account for it, address it, we will have progress. Then other key players in the building profession industry are glass and film manufacturers and fabricators where some modest successes have occurred. As it is, there is still much to do and I am still trying. At the very beginning of my book, I write about why I wrote the

book, and explain for the purpose of attracting and capturing a critical mass of the general public. Who in turn would convince these building professionals to comply with saving these innocent victims from the windows they use in their designs creating human structures.

(CB): This is a serious topic that they need to incorporate into their work and make the built environment worldwide safe for birds. Right? When we first started talking about this, you were dealing with trying to develop a glass that the birds would see and be repelled from. What has the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Corporation done, if anything, since they're one of the major manufacturers?

(DK): Yeah, well, regarding the production of new types of glass. Most people don't know that there's only really a handful of manufacturers that make glass from scratch, right? But the industry consists of thousands of glass manufacturers. All of these manufacturers must buy their raw products from those handful of manufacturers that make glass from scratch. Then they use that raw product to modify it for their own unique brand, purpose for sale.

My own research and development revealed that ultraviolet (UV) signals that birds see and humans do not can be used to prevent bird kills at windows. I call this use of UV the elegant solution because the birds are protected and we humans can still look out our windows without any impediment, markers to limit our view, no matter how modest. In the 1970s when I first started studying this issue, the most ardent bird conservationist would tell me that, Dan, you are going to lose if you go mucking around with how I or anyone else sees out their windows. No one is going to take you seriously. That concern would be addressed with this UV glass, and my work has convinced at least two major manufacturers to accept my patent on the use of UV signals to prevent bird strikes, and they both have licensing agreements with me, one is Walker Glass in Montreal, Quebec, Canada and the other is Guardian Glass in Michigan. In the case of Guardian, they are one of the major manufacturers who make glass from scratch. When I started working with them, they invited me to come and tour their plant to see the process. I did that and at the end of the tour, they had a huge map of the world on the wall. It marked where Guardian had their plants making glass from its basic chemical composition, Silicon, Oxygen, and they described for me that their plants were located all over the world except on the continents of Australia and Antarctica. The plant I was given a tour of was in Carlton, Michigan. At least these two manufacturers are investing in this issue, and they still are.

To this day I work with their respective Research and Development teams to recommend novel glass products, and I enjoy their research grant support to test what new prototypes we come up with, to see if they work. For sure this is cutting edge research. Bird-safe glass is expensive, as low as \$35 and as high as \$50 a square foot. But as more gets manufactured and used the more the price goes down. A legal colleague, Jim Cubie, retired former attorney for the US Senate, has experience working with solar panels that initially was highly expensive, but has now been reduced to a cheap cost. What was once \$77 for a photovoltaic cell is now less than 33 cents (\$0.33). He also points out that if you consider the total cost of bird-safe glass in a building the cost is less than 1% of the entire building cost, adding that even overrun costs of new building construction is extravagantly higher than all the bird-safe glass that would be installed in the building. These arguments try to convince the building industry that bird-safe glass is a realistic alternative. All things considered, it is not an excessive financial burden. It's not the economic problem or barrier that people think. Focusing on the big picture makes the costs reasonable, and the cause is great. This past summer, on that book tour Renee and I went on to Maine, invited by bird store entrepreneurs, former wildlife professionals that worked for the government, but left that work to start their own business. They invested in their own home by using various types of bird-safe glass to serve as a model,

demonstrating what can be done to address stopping killing birds at windows. Part of our visit consisted of them inviting the public to see their home, while I offered a presentation afterward. Their message was that other homeowners can do the same. Helping to save billions of birds from windows around the world. And I have a paper in review right now that's going to increase that number to maybe 2 billion or more birds that die every year in the United States alone, from flying into windows; that translates into 3.5 million bird deaths every day of the year in the US. But from a previous study by my Oklahoma State colleagues, those young scientists who have shared that I inspired them, their findings describe 44% of the window victims die at homes and commercial buildings 1-3 stories high, 56% of them die at buildings in suburban, rural, and urban areas at structures 4 to 11 stories high, and less than 1% of the birds die at skyscrapers in cities, those buildings over 12 stories high. But just recently, in the last few years, a 1,000 plus birds died in Chicago. These dramatic kills capture the public's attention, learning about them from the media, reporters who write about these tragedies. They write from cities about these tragedies because it is a spectacular number of deaths, but the numbers are relatively insignificant compared to the killing occurring everywhere else. Sadly, nobody seems to be writing about the carnage outside the cities, elsewhere. Sound bites are highlighted expressions I have tried to use to bring more attention to these universal fatalities. One such sound bite I have used relates to oil spills. For whatever reason, national media focus on oil spills as, again, seemingly the most disastrous type of environmental hazard causing environmental problems. But get this. My lowest estimate of how many birds died flying into windows in the 1970s and then in a peer-reviewed scientific paper in 1990 was 100 million birds annually in the US alone. My sound bite was that you need 333 Exxon Valdez level oil spills every year to equal the annual toll from windows; the Exxon Valdez is estimated to have killed about 250,000 birds. And yet, as I have written often, most recently in my book, why are reporters and the general public not more alarmed by the number of window-kills compared to the meager number dying from oil spills? All this said, there's still a lot to do. There's still a lot of promise, but it will require education and action. So, at the end of my book, I try to put the best face on what has been accomplished, noting that we have come a long way in the last several years. We still have a long way to go, but nobody's giving up. Two other accounts as we end our consideration of the window topic, hopefully to try and save your patience and your ears. This first account may bring us back full circle to my beginnings. This kid calls me at my office one day, right, and he introduces himself as a student from Oregon. He describes his motive for the call being that he recently read a recent publication of mine, and he wants to tell me in person on the phone how proud, and how respectful he is that I am carrying on the work of my father before me on the topic of bird-window collisions. And I said to him, well, how very kind of you, but my dad was a barber. He made me get a barber's license before he'd let me drive the family car. He knew about science, but no, he wasn't a scientist, and he certainly would not have really comprehended my interest in saving birds from windows. I said so what you think is carrying on from work that was done previously, it's just the same old fat guy you're now talking to, that is continuing on from then up until now, it's just me. But thank you for thinking of me and my work on behalf of birds in such a positive way. And, by the way, in January of this year, 2024, coming up, I will now have formally been studying, writing, and teaching about this topic of birds and windows for 50 years, half a century.

My wife, Renee, gets very upset with me when I'm giving talks, and addressing the progress on the topic, not reaching enough of the architects and developers who can do so much to solve this problem. I describe my efforts as evidence that I am the definition of an educational failure. She, rightfully so, gets upset at me describing my work in such a negative way, but I am just trying to be dramatic, to again try and capture meaningful attention for additional help, and hoping no one believes I really mean what I have done and continue to do on behalf of birds is in any way failing.

I do it gain attention with another sound bite. Renee still thinks I should eliminate it from my repertoire. Reinforcing my claim that I have a reputation for being unsuccessfully funny, one reporter in an article calls me the Rodney Dangerfield of ornithology. I get no respect. Seems that way, too often.

What's the other account to relate? Yeah. There is a supporter participating in this common cause to save birds from windows by the name of Joe Bartel. From the time he first told me about his experiences in Denver, Colorado, I found them interesting and when I think about it I incorporate what he shared in my talks on the subject. Joe is a dedicated and kind human being, who cares about birds, and seeks to stop their senseless killing at windows. I first met and learned about his work on behalf of birds when I gave some presentations on the topic at the Detroit Zoological Gardens, the Detroit Zoo. At that time, he was a member of the Detroit Audubon Society. Then he and his partner move to Denver, and he joins the local Audubon Society, and asks what they are doing about window-kills? They say nothing. They inform him it doesn't happen here in Denver. And he replies, well, you know, I know this guy in Pennsylvania who claims that birds are dying wherever birds and glass are found together, you are going to have these tragedies. No, no. You know it might happen in Pennsylvania, Chicago, New York. but it doesn't happen here in Denver. So what does Joe do? Something ingenious in my view, and that is why I like telling his story. He calls up all the professional window washers he can find in the Denver area, and he asks each, ever heard of birds flying into and being killed by windows, ever find any dead birds under windows? Their answer: All the time. And the final account. A woman by the name of Rebecca Creshkoff asked me to help her get the attention of the building managers for the World Trade Center, the first before it was destroyed on 9/11. I did, and she guided them to putting up netting to keep birds from hitting their windows. I helped and Rebecca monitoring those windows informed me the netting barrier saved many bird lives. The New World Trade center, which is another story that connected me, indirectly to Mr. Silverstein, who I was told was the owner of the World Trade Center property. His tale has to do with his attempt to employ me to help make the rebuild of the World Trade Center safe for birds. But yet again, there is always something to make for a longer story. Back to Rebecca, and her call to me at my office, now several years back. Here also, when I think about it, I include this phone call and what Rebecca had to share at the end of my presentations. Here is hoping you get some relief from my going on and on if I end this way. She specifically wanted to tell me, Dan, I just wanted to call and tell you that this is still a worthy cause. This is still an important investment. This is still something I hope you'll continue to do and work on. But I got to tell you that you're going to be long dead before anybody does anything meaningful about this issue. I said, "Wow!", and then I shared with Rebecca what I shared with my audiences: I still hope she is wrong. I am still hoping for some meaningful progress in my lifetime. But my window is closing, and so I inform and plead with my audiences, you young people out there pay attention, be a part of the solution. Help out. In the last 5 years or so, especially, there's been some really great progress. Thanks for asking Chris.

(CB): Any final observations. Paul. any?

(PA): No, I'm just fascinated as he talks about all these important moments, and how they're just these pivotal people at different stages of your life, who have led you to this wonderful conclusion. You know I always talk in my classes about, you know, Wordsworth's poem, The Rainbow, where he talks about the child as the father of the man, and you know there's just such moments in your career that have just been so influential to bring you to this, this stage of this. Well, I will say Pinnacle, because I think you've achieved so much in your life, and I think it's been fascinating to listen to it. And how your success turned on some of these like that lady in Georgia hung up the

phone on you. Yeah, what if that didn't happen? And you ended up in Georgia? I mean, I'm sure you would have still been a wonderful success. But we wouldn't have gotten to have the privilege of having this conversation and enjoying it so much.

(DK): So well, you know, Paul, that that Georgia school, if I went there my life most certainly would have been different. I have enjoyed so much, lucked out, Dr. Reif's or Dr. Pasture's preparedness meeting opportunity, in a number of different ways and at a number of different levels in being able to come to Muhlenberg College. Just as at Wilkes, there's no less attractive people here, too.

(CB): But again, like you say, I would have been pleased to hear that addition on your part.

(DK): Yeah, well. yeah, my last reflection is probably something I should have kept to myself. But, you received my open and transparent description of my experiences, and likely too many interpretations of them. Those experiences for sure, prepared the way for all this, your privileged attention, my life to date, and beyond my ability to express how grateful I am for you invite and assessment that it is worthy to document in this manner.

(CB): Oh, yeah, right? Right?

(DK): Yeah. So I think, Paul, what you said is probably the most important thing of all. It doesn't matter what the details were, about successes or not, it was that people who took the time to be kind and generous and sincere, as opposed to otherwise. Many of the people in my life had a tough time, sacrificing on my behalf. Like how Renee helped me so much to get out of my doctoral program. My mentor inhibiting my progress, almost certainly with no malice or purposeful inhibition, that she successfully addressed and successfully overcame. His attitude was such that he did not think his students could write effectively and his answer in dealing with this shortcoming was to write their thesis for them. He just couldn't do that with mine, because it was too complicated, too voluminous. So he just sat on it. I was stuck going nowhere thinking I didn't have the talent, or what talent I did have wasn't good enough. Renee changed all that by informing me that, Dan, you are not thinking about this in a logical way, and she asked another professor for help, to help me. During this confusing period, ironically, I attempted to do so on my own. But even my helping myself was encouraged and guided by Renee, and seemingly falling apart and desperate I stopped to seek help in person. After explaining, and after the professor, George H. Waring, was prepared by Renee, he instructed me to leave my dissertation manuscript with him, go home and get some rest. He promised to get back to me with his assessment. I was on my way to getting feedback on my work, something I did not get from my principal mentor. Dr. Waring assessed my work as excellent, and as important he was able to tactfully get my principal mentor to agree to move me forward in my program, toward completion. Thanks to his efforts on my behalf, my departmental doctoral committee all agreed that I had done a wonderful job, and they wanted to make sure that I moved on. And you know, although that experience was not all positive, it worked out because of key people doing good things at the right time. As I write trying to emphasize an issue in my book: Most surprises are not really good. You wake up and start to go to work when you find out the car won't start, or going into the shower you find out there is no hot water. But every once in a while you get a good surprise. And that is what I believe you are talking about, Paul. All those people that enriched my life were good surprises, the very best kind of surprises upon reflection. In this case, Renee was the key, the best, and she has never stopped offering me good surprises. I predict she never will. Yeah, yeah.

(CB): Tim, Tim. Any final thought, when you're apart. Okay.

(TG): Chris, I guess Chris and Paul understand that I have a little set of issues in the background. I apologize for that. Dan didn't notice, didn't notice. Tim was okay with they're good issues, but good issues. Good! My grandson and my dog. But in any event, you didn't talk any, and I know you probably need to get going. But if you could just quickly say something about your services as a member of the Board, because I hope you realize how valuable you've been over the years in that role. It's been played, by the way, was extraordinary on your part.

(DK): Key point that Chris had mentioned to speak to. I think a couple things stand out to me. First of all, from the very beginning that I was asked to serve on the Board, I felt inadequate and unqualified, no matter how many times the three-Ws were brought up: wealth, willingness, and wisdom. I judged I only had the willingness, and it was embarrassing to me as a person to be with my board colleagues that were demonstrably wealthy and were generous with their wealth to Wilkes. I did not have those kinds of resources, and giving is an important part for any Board member. My work required that Renee and I struggled to make ends meet, raising our family; consequently, discretionary funds for philanthropy, for Wilkes, were not available. So I was sensitive and never felt that I could fulfill my responsibility as a Board member to be able to give as much as was expected, even if it was as much as I had available to give. But the one thing, though, that I did try to meaningfully do as a Board member was to inform my successful business colleagues on the Board what life was like for faculty. How they struggled with a huge workload, with a modest level of compensation.

What troubled me most was our business people trying to push for merit, rewards for select individuals doing recognized outstanding work. That would be to offer such individuals rewards in the form of more pay. For my part, with rare exceptions for rare exceptional production by rare individuals, I tried to explain to them that such practices in academia are more often insulting and discouraging rather than helpful for most faculty members. Because, with rare exception, most faculty members, I would suggest all, are meritorious. Best practices for supporting faculty in my view, for faculty at an institution like Wilkes, with challenges and having limited resources to meet them, would be to reward all faculty with an equal percentage annually. For those exceptionally rare achievers, the institution may find special supplemental funding to reward them, but in my view all faculty are performing meritoriously, and they need to know that the Board recognizes them, and is doing their best to compensate them as much as finances allow. I also, tried to share how faculty think about their academic positions and dedicate themselves to Wilkes or any other institution with which they are affiliated, I shared my views with the Board regarding how faculty think about themselves and their value to their respective employers. Whereas an employee of a commercial business is expected to think about their employer as the best, and their identity working for the best is their best contribution to their employer, academic faculty think differently and a Board that understands them is likely to make better decisions to support and manage them. To this end, attempting to explain the faculty to permit a better understanding of faculty by the Board, I explained that I am very proud of being an employee of Muhlenberg College, but my identity is linked to my profession, my training not my employer. I am first and foremost a professional scientist employed by Muhlenberg College, and being the very best professional scientist I can be offers the most meaning and benefit to Muhlenberg College. Faculty identity associated with their professional disciplines offers universal benefits to whichever institution they are respectively employed. I hoped this explanation helped the faculty and our business Board members to better understand each other's attitude. I intended no disrespect, just better understanding. The Board could expect the faculty to be optimally professional whether they

worked at Wilkes or at Muhlenberg or at Penn State, they would be the very, very best professional they could be. The Board could be assured that the Wilkes faculty would give their best and be grateful and proud to be part of this special institution; grateful and proud that Wilkes selected and believed in their contributions to the institution as being academically meaningful. My hope was I was helping provide a better understanding of the faculty to the Board. The faculty gave their best, and treating them the best meant sharing equally the financial rewards offered to them. Merit in my view and with my explanation was divisive more than it was encouraging. Merit may be a powerful and successful incentive in business, but not so much in academy. I you know, reflecting on my Board assignments, especially while I served as Chair of the Student Environment Committee, whatever positive contributions I offered was because of what Paul Adams, his staff, and his successors, and the other leaders, Deans, the Academic Deans, that guided me about what I should do to ensure the Board has the most accurate information, and keep me from muck it up. So it was a privilege to serve on the Wilkes Board, and thank you for giving me the chance to describe my experiences so positively in doing so. Recently while I was at Wilkes, select personalities were making noises about me, meaning a possible invitation to my coming back to the Board, as Liz Slaughter has done. To these suggestions, I think I didn't consciously or purposely discourage a return invitation, but I honestly feel I have enjoyed and contributed positively overall to the Wilkes Board. That I receive no formal invitation to return does not offend me in any way. I'm just happy that I was able to serve when and as long as I did. I'm happy that I have a positive attitude about what limited things I was able to contribute. I really enjoyed everything about that Board experience, both learning about the good things and the not-so-good things that we're challenging at the university. And the social events were terrific. Renee and I participated and enjoyed all we were able to attend. They were wonderful. And I must tell you that before I was on the Board of Trustees, with one exception, an invitation from Dr. Reif to lunch there, I did not know I would enjoy the privilege of being at the Westmorland Club for Board functions so often. But as a kid growing up the Westmorland Club featured prominently as high society in our area, especially from the view in what many described as the boondocks of Larksville and Edwardsville. What we knew about the Westmorland Club was limited to newspaper pictures that featured their events. The Westmorland Club to us was the pinnacle of social life. In those days I certainly had the opinion that I could look, but not expect to touch or be part of such social events or the culture to which it emanated. But thanks to Wilkes, I enjoyed many Westmorland Club experiences that only and always had a Trustee's connection. I have a connection that comes to mind regarding social status and associated places. Perhaps, you can find some amusement and appreciate this connection. A colleague of mine on the faculty at Juniata College. Yeah, I think so, Juniata I believe is located in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. So this colleague and I are at a science meeting, and he wants to know if I enjoy the same perks, benefits at Muhlenberg that he enjoys at Juniata; the same opportunities faculty have at my school that they enjoy at Juniata. And I say, well, what would you be talking about? Well, he explains that all the faculty at Juniata are invited, free of charge, to be members of their local Country Club. Right? My colleague explains to me that the community within the Country Club extends this invitation to enrich their membership experiences interacting with Juniata's faculty. Do they do the same at Mullenberg he wants to know? I said, "Gee, you know. I think if I have this right, if agreeable, our President is offered a complimentary membership at our local country club." But the faculty at large? No, not hardly, I said. "I think I've been in our, the Lehigh Valley Country Club, maybe a couple of times, and both times I was mistaken for somebody that was, you know, being shown the kitchen where the dishes are being washed. Never as a prospective member, or even a guest of a member." Another connected tale, you may appreciate hearing about. My boss, the department head that I described as so supportive of me in my career at Muhlenberg, had an interesting experience at our country club, as a legitimate guest. He described how he and his wife were invited to dinner by a research colleague, a distinguished

orthopedic physician, Dr. White. They were dining in the bar area as he described, and Dr. White was identifying select high profile personalities at the bar. Among them were attorneys, businessmen, and other physician colleagues of Dr. White. As they were dining one of those prominent figures at the bar fell to the floor, losing his balance from a bit too much to drink. So Dr. White says to my boss, Jim, now I don't want you to think badly of us. But the attorney that slipped, fell to the floor is a high image personality, on television regularly. Such an embarrassing fall in a more public place would be harmful to his reputation. But here in the Country Club, he is protected from criticism. Being a member of the Country Club offered protection for those who could afford it. Membership in the Country Club and the salary that makes it possible results in many benefits.

(PA): Hey, Dan, when you mention a SE, Student Environment Committee, did word reach you that Ann Skleter died?

(DK): No.

(PA): Yeah. She died. Oh, God! two months ago she had leukemia, a blood cancer.

(DK): She had gone out of her way when she moved to her new position as President of a college in Georgia to keep in contact with me. I had the favor of communicating with her because her sister, and perhaps other relatives, lives here in Bethlehem. I was expecting to get together with her when she came on one of her visits. I just have not heard from her for a while.

(PA): She got sick, you know, a year ago. We all knew she was ill, but we also all expected that she was going to improve. I mean, the prognosis was good, but she had a couple bone marrow transplants that failed, and she was at Emory University Hospital down in Georgia. You know she eventually succumbed, and much to our shock and dismay. We went to her funeral. Was it Alvernia a few weeks ago? And didn't know if you knew that. Yeah. So when you mentioned the Student Environmental Committee, and you no longer are getting the Board communication, I suspected you did not know what happened to Ann.

(DK): I did not know that, and it is very sad, yes, 50 to 57 years of age, really way, way, way, way too young. So if I knew about her passing, I certainly would have joined you, in honoring and celebrating her life, I know you know from past descriptions, exchanges, Paul, my cousin is a local barber in Edwardsville, and my dad gave him an opportunity to work with him, and when my father retired he gave him all of his equipment. Today, much to Renee's consternation, if not constipation, she chastises me because I still drive to Wilkes Barre to get my haircut from my cousin, right. Well, I was up there getting a haircut recently, and my cousin informed me that one of my relatives, an uncle I was very close to, had died, like two months ago. And I was shocked and mortified. You know, I mean, he has a daughter, another cousin of mine, but Renee and I were not notified and we missed the opportunity to celebrate his life. One of those unwelcome surprises. For sure people are busy, but important information is not always easily available. You do not always hear what you expect to hear, or you know it's not good news, but by the same token, it was, it still was crushingly disappointing to me that I wasn't able to honor my uncle. I would have felt privileged to be with you and other Wilkes friends to honor Ann. She was the reason why I got through all those SE meetings. So that's why I remembered we all did those together, you know. So yeah.

(PA): Yeah. And you know Terry is now the Provost at De Sales? She just bought a house.

(DK): Terry Wignot. No, I did not know that. Her cousin is my neighbor and my former student.

He's a housing director at Lehigh University and so yeah, Terry is special. I knew her when she was at Lehigh, in Chemistry. I knew her husband as well; he was at Muhlenberg for a while. We certainly enjoy a lot of really great personalities and connections. Thanks for telling me what I did not know about Ann and Terry.

(PA): You know, but, you know, it was a little over a year ago that her daughter died.

(DK): No. Sorry.

(PA): She was driving back from Pittsburgh, her daughter Monica. She was troubled. I think, in the end, I think they think she took her own life in a car accident. But yeah, so. But she's relocated, and I think very happy. Down at De Sales. Just bought a house down there, so good for her. That's where her family is from down there.

(DK): So, in Chris's nice workup for me for the 2,000 honorary degrees he mentioned, and I didn't mention any at all about my children, but you sharing about Terry's daughter brings them to mind. I have not been successful in getting any of them to become scientists. Nonetheless, they're doing well, and Renee and I feel so fortunate for their good health and status so far. You likely may not know, but our oldest daughter went through a period of serious illness. The nature of the illness was such that the last thing in the world we ever thought because of the severity of her illness, almost lost her a couple times, was that she would recover to be able to have children. But she did. She offered us two wonderful grandchildren, and they all live in Florida. My second child, our daughter Robyn and our son with their respective partners live just a few blocks apart in Washington, DC. And the both of them just had babies, doubling our number of grandchildren. Renee and I had our children late in life, and we therefore did not expect to see grandchildren. Feeling very grateful and fortunate. Yeah. And again, we know there's always a Wilkes connection. Renee had to come to Wilkes because of her interest in field hockey, and of course because of her assessment of an excellent education; otherwise none of these new lives would be a part of our lives. We remind them of that all the time.

(PA): Hmm!

(DK): Wonderful! You're muted, Chris.

(CB): Hope you come back to Ticonderoga, and inspect our porcupine population. We recently went out for a little bird walk, and actually saw two copulating porcupines up in a tree.

(DK): Didn't fall on you, did they?

(CB): Oh, they're quite, effective or shall I say they stayed intact even on the branch? It was very slow. Nothing was fast.

(DK): They're togetherness and you relating it Chris reminds me of two instances that are repeated in my ornithology class, from dramatic experiences on field trips. When at the site where these events occurred while on field trips, I feel compelled to share what happened. One occurs at a site that my predecessor told me about. While checking it out, I'm walking in the woods like you're describing Chris, and I come upon these two human beings. They were so huge I in my wildest imagination couldn't think that one blanket could accommodate them. There must have been several, and they were enjoying each other in the most intimate way. They looked at me, and I

looked at them as I passed by, and both of us, the three of us, silently agree that we were going to ignore one another, not acknowledge our respective existence at that time and place. And that's what happened. They went on doing their thing, and I went on my birding walk. But every time I visit that site I seem to be cursed and feel compelled to tell that story. The other one was when I'm at another site and I'm coming off this hill, and I have this van loaded with students, and they all start screaming at me as I approach our destination, on a road to a small lake. They're screaming at me. Stop! Stop! Stop! Okay, I stop! They explode out of the van, and they all have the binoculars up, looking across the lake. I am sitting behind the wheel stunned, I said to myself, my God. what is it that I said to them, or what did they see to get them so excited and engaged? So I jumped out of the vehicle, asking what you got, Bald Eagle? You see an Osprey, what do you got? And they're all pointing across the lake -- a naked lady. In keeping with the kind of luck that I have. I get my binoculars up to witness what they are seeing, and the naked lady has her back turned to us now, and is putting her jacket on, walking away. I saw nothing, but they saw this lady in the van. It wasn't a bird, but they showed me they could pick out something interesting to them seemingly a mile away.

(CB): We live. We lived at Deep Springs College, in California, which was a major stop for birders, and the Audubon came at the appropriate time each year, and they would come right up. Look at our house and we didn't have a frosted glass in the bathroom. We could be sitting on the can, and these folks would be in there with their glasses, and we just found we had to be very protective during the birding season. We always had a big delegation that came to the valley. Many prominent people from Hollywood were there. Oh. looking at us as well as the birds, but we did have an incredible display of birds during the season. We had a lake. We had two reservoirs, so that water and the Eastern Sierra was awesome. Well, this has been fabulous, and I just hope the film survives, and that we also get the transcript which we will send you for any changes. Although I judge that you were, your language was so fluid and precise, accurate that I don't think there will be much need to alter the manuscript. I doubt or I mean a lot of changes will be required. We have had some real trouble afterwards. We needed to figure out what was that sound on the recording all about? I don't think that's going to be a problem with this recording. If the transcription is good quality? This is going through the work system, is it not?

(PA): It's going through. Zoom, it'll be instantaneous. I should have it today.

(CB): Super. Okay? Well, it's hard again. It's hard for me to imagine that.

(DK): You know all of the trouble and the talk that I shared with you is relevant, but I am over the moon grateful, as I have repeatedly stated, that you asked me, and I feel, again, more privileged to have your attention.

(CB): It was delightful. It was delightful.

(DK): I pass people and say hello to them, and they reply in kind, seemingly without thinking, or giving any thought to what they reply. When challenged, do you really mean have a good day? My immediate reply is, yeah, it's easy to tell the truth. So it was easy to tell you all the truth. Yeah.

(CB): Terrific. Well everybody have a Merry Christmas and stay in touch, and I'd love to see you again, Dan, with Renee up here. Come up!

(DK): We would fight to get there again. It was so enriching. Chris, as I shared with you a number

of times, it still bears repeating ever since you taught me about Francis Perkins. It's the first thing out of my mouth when I meet somebody new, and I ask them, do you know about this person, and how important they are for your wellbeing in this country? I'm embarrassed to tell you that I haven't found one person who knows who Frances Perkins is; how shameful is that? Because of you Chris, I have such great pride and pleasure to introduce her to anyone who will listen, and to share your book highlighting her life.

(CB): Terrific. Thank you. Okay.

(PA): Good night, everybody.

(TG): Good to see y'all.

(PA): Take care.