

Dear Ms. Warnow,

On behalf of the Society of American Archivists' Roundtable on Science Technology and Health Care we send condolences on the death of our fellow member. Joan was a friend, colleague, mentor, and inspiration to many of us throughout her productive and pioneering archival career. An active participant in SAA and Roundtable activities, Joan regularly and thoughtfully contributed to the Roundtable and the profession through her presentations and publications. To honor Joan, the Roundtable's August 2 annual meeting will be dedicated to this remarkable woman.

With best regards,

Joan Echtenkamp Klein and Janice Goldblum
Co-Chairs, Roundtable on Science, Technology, and Health Care

Hi Tandy

Merry sent me the notice today of your mom's passing. I wanted to let you and your family know how sad I was to hear about her leaving you all too soon. From my childhood memories of your mother, I recall her as such an energetic, curious, fiercely intelligent and passionate person and I know that she was an adoring and a very proud mom.

I have memories of Joan's apartment in Parkway Village as a creative refuge where candles always set a "romantic" mood amidst the array of kids' toys and the jumble of a busy life. In essence she seemed to me to be the type of woman who if encountering a pile of horse shit, would dreamily wonder if there was a sweet pony nearby! I was pleased to read of her most recent marriage – how wonderful for her to find true love at a "late" state in life.

I know that you. Kimmen and Paul and all of your children will miss her terribly, but I hope that many of the warm memories you are so lucky to share will help alleviate the sadness. You were so fortunate to have such a wonderful mother.

Much love to you and your family,
Valerie (Wolf)

Dear Tandy,

Even though I knew it was coming, how my heart sank when I saw the notice in Friday's New York Times. Dormant memories awoke: of Parkway Village, apartment doors open, kids running in and out of everyone's home, whoever was playing in one's apartment was welcome to stay for dinner. No baby sitter on a weekend night? No problem, sleepovers were quickly arranged. And Joan's house was the best: all the kids loved her.

In my mind's eye, I can see Joan and me, two young blond mothers. it's perhaps 45 years ago, maybe more. We're sitting on the grass outside the laundry room at the end of your courtyard in Parkway waiting for the wash cycle to end, so the clothes can be transferred to the dryers. Joan, a college graduate, says she's going to get a job; I, a college dropout, am talking about returning to school. What extraordinary ideas in those pre-women's lib days: middle-class married women with kids stayed home!

To Joan's grandchildren: By the time you were born, your grandmother was a successful professional woman. (Google her name if you have any doubts.) Do you have any idea how hard she struggled? What walls stood in front of her? A woman alone raising three kids in an era when divorce itself was considered a disgrace. Prospective employers were allowed to ask pretty much whatever they wanted, questions that today would bring discrimination charges. I remember one interview Joan told me about: "Three kids? what will you do if one gets sick?" "Oh, that's not a problem, my mother lives with me," Joan quickly replied. She got the job. And if an employer was willing to hire a woman with three kids, he (and they were always male) had no qualms about paying her half what he would have paid a man with equal qualifications. It was struggle, struggle, struggle for years. But Joan did it, in spite of horrific and, at times, desperate odds.

A long time later, when Joan and I met after not seeing each other for many years, we simply looked at each other and she said, "can you believe how far we've come since those Parkway days?" Yes, having been in the trenches with her, I believed it: But I, indeed, wonder if those who never fought as Joan did can truly understand what she accomplished.

Hail and Farewell, Joan.

In sympathy and with much love to Marty, Kimmen, Tandy, Paul and the grandchildren,

Merry & Sonny

Dear Tandy -

I'm thinking loving thoughts of you, Kimmen, and Paul today. And, of course, I'm thinking loving thoughts of Joan. As an older child and through my adolescence, going to Joan's house, your house, gave me a whole bunch of necessary spiritual, intellectual, and emotional nutrients that I needed to grow, and even to survive those wild years. My own parents loved me, of course; they still love me. But there were certain amino acids, or maybe what-do-you-mean-o-acids, that were flat-out missing in my own family life. I imagine that's true for kids in most nuclear families, and that many kids get what's missing at home from other adults, maybe from their parents' friends. But my parents didn't seem to have any friends, at least not any that I knew, so I got my human being proteins completed by my friends' parents, like Joan. Today, on my own birthday, I'm reflecting on how Joan discreetly yet intentionally let me adopt her as a godmother. In the pantheon of such godparents in my young life, Joan was Juno, hands down.

Of course, my heart pulled my feet to Joan's house because I loved her daughters. In those days, I loved them in the way that only boys slowly broiling into men can love, with the unbounded intimacy and confidence of childhood shot through with the unquenchable longing and insecurity of adolescence. I hate it when I hear any adult dismissing those kinds of feelings as you know, those hormones. I'm so happy to say I still love Kimmen and Tandy like that, long after the hormones have, at age 51, died down, at least so they tell me.

But once I got to the house, it was Juno Joan who just plain got down with me on Science, Literature, History, Religion, Philosophy, Music, and what the hell I was going to do with my feelings and my future. She listened to me go on and on, and then she talked back to me, rationally and seriously. I was a Jewish boy who, as one of the few among my Jewish friends, had refused to attend Hebrew school because it just seemed like empty ritual to me. Joan got me to see what my Jewish heritage meant in ways my own parents couldn't communicate. She also helped me overcome at least some of the visceral suspicion of Christians that came with my upbringing. I learned that Christmas could actually be a spiritual time, instead of just standing on shopping lines, as Joan banished tinsel in favor of sticking cloves in oranges and stringing popcorn on long strands to wind about her tree. The smell of cloves, oranges, popcorn, Scandinavian skin, and cigarette smoke all twist

together in an eau de cologne of Joan that makes as much sense and has as much force as any really vivid dream.

Joan smoked, sang, and played guitar for us. Or did Joan sing out so rhythmically that I'm just adding the guitar in my memory? Smells and sounds called up from the past always seem so authentic to me, but I often suspect my visions of playing tricks. Anyway, Tandy, Kimmen, and I sang for sure: the girls' voices high and pure, Joan's smoky, and mine as yet merely loud. The guitar sound won't go away, either.

Got along without you before I met you, gonna get along without
you now
Got along without you before I met you, gonna get along without
you now
You ran around with every man in town,
And you never knew that you got me down
Got along without you before I met you, gonna get along without
you now

I don't remember Joan ever bustling about doing Jewish motherly stuff liking making me snacks or scolding the girls for not cleaning the house before I came or scolding me for not saying I was coming. She listened, talked, sang, smoked, squinted wisely through the smoke, and looked absolutely beautiful. I close my eyes and that's how she looks now. Bless you, Joan, bless you. How alive you still are.

Nat Needle

Helen, I hope you'll send along your wonderful tribute to be read at Joan's memorial service. (See the notice below.) She would have been so pleased. Although she received many honors, Joan never drew a lot of attention to herself. Her great gift was working in collaboration with others, and as Helen points out so well, the result was her remarkable archival legacy. She also had a rare gift of friendship. I met her at the 1969 SAA conference in Madison, and we immediately became pals and fellow travelers. She was so much fun to be with, always so encouraging, full of joy in life and friends. I am grieving, yet enormously grateful to have known her.

“This was well done, my bird....to the elements be free, and fare thou well.”

My best to all, Shonnie Finnegan

My wife Gro and I were grieved to learn about the death of your mother.

As the first Associate Historian at the AIP Center for History of Physics from 1985 to 1989 I learned to appreciate Joan's endless enthusiasm for a kind of archives work that was genuinely her own. With her, such work came to represent not passively making already existing archival material available for the historian, but actively creating the material in a number of ways which included working closely with the originators, keepers and users of the material alike. Spending late evenings with Joan at the Center to develop data bases, or making visits to archives near and far to obtain information and give advice on scientific archives work, belong to my most treasured memories and learning experiences, which I still try to draw on in my own work at the Niels Bohr Archive in Copenhagen.

Gro and I are happy that we were able to retain our relationship with Joan even when far apart, and her visit with her granddaughter Kristin in the late summer of 2000 to our country house in Denmark was a high point which we will never forget: "Ten thousand Swedes..., etc.", as Joan wrote in our guest book. Thank you, Joan, for everything. We will miss you, but the memory of all that you gave to us will always be there.

Finn

Finn Aaserud
Director
Niels Bohr Archive
Blegdamsvej 17
DK-2100 Copenhagen

Dear Dr. Warnow:

I just found via Google the obituary you wrote for your mother, including the information about the memorial to be held at Carolina Meadows next Sunday. We were much saddened by the news of Joan's death. She was a wonderful friend to us. I had known her slightly from AIP contacts, but we established our close friendship only after she and John moved to Chapel Hill. She enormously enriched our circle of friends here, and we soon came to depend on civilized intelligent conversation with her - and of course on her marvelous hospitality, especially at Christmas. On Sunday, I took the liberty of lighting a candle in her memory at the UU Community Church in Chapel Hill. I mentioned how appropriate a white candle was, since Joan always had "real" candles on her tree, Swedish style (and fire extinguisher nearby).

Our common interests, other than the history of physics, were a passion for good books and a commitment to classical music, and of course good food.

We much regret that we cannot be at Carolina Meadows next Sunday. Joan and Marty knew that last fall about the time that she became ill again we brought our youngest daughter Mary back to Chapel Hill from the Triform community in NY state, where she had lived with an increasing disability (brain tumors) for twenty years. Mary died in a local nursing home in March. Next weekend we will be at Triform for the final memorial gathering for Mary. Please tell your family how much we miss Joan, and that she made a big difference in our lives and our community. We will not stop thinking of her. But we will also look forward to getting together with our friend Marty, after we return.

Sincerely,

Eugen and Ann

Eugen and Ann Merzbacher
1396 Halifax Road
Chapel Hill, NC 27514
919-942-5429

Joan's Garden
Lillian Hoddeson

Joan and I met and became close friends in the early 1970s, through our overlap working at the Center for History of Physics in Manhattan. It was a period when our lives were individually undergoing rapid change and when having a friend to share and talk about things personal and professional was especially important to us. We were single then with rich pasts, both happy and sad, to digest, and with our futures wide open and somewhat daunting just then. We talked about everything, from Niels Bohr to our ex-husbands and family, and of course our latest romances, or our fantasies of them. We shared walks, meals, phone calls, and friends. And as we lived more or less across the street from each other, on the same Manhattan block – West 69th St, between Central Park West and Columbus – we saw each other almost daily for a number of years. Sometimes we ate sushi at one of the three tiny Japanese restaurants at the corner of 69th and Columbus.

During this formative and often difficult interlude in our lives, between marriages, I had the incredible fortune to experience the fullness of Joan's warmth and zest for life, and especially her approach to nurturing just about everyone and everything around her. She nurtured not only her family and the friends she loved, but even people she didn't like so well. Her capacity for love was generous and unusually bountiful. In talking with me about the people who were then passing through our lives, she taught me to always look for their potential growth spots, those places in their emotional selves with the capacity to make space for love to find a way in. In everything Joan did – in her work, her singing, her friendships – Joan constantly scanned for these precious opportunities for love to take root, grow, and possibly spread elsewhere. And so Joan leaves behind for all of us to enjoy a thriving garden of friendship and love that grew only because of her capable nurturing. I will miss her very much, even as I do my best to continue cultivating love in the way she taught me.

Dear Tandy:

Joan was a fabulous person, and I greatly admired her and honor her memory. I met her as a young archivist when Joan was very active in the Society of American Archivist and was a leading figure of her generation in the profession. I knew her first professionally, but Joan swept young people up in her work and pulled us all into her life. So, like many others, I was invited to join Joan for lunches and dinners, and I was invited to stay at her homes in New York and DC whenever I blew through for a meeting. She wanted to know what I thought about issues in archives. Maybe she was the first colleague that thought my opinion was worth hearing. But even better, she was someone I could always go to for advice or just chat about the latest trends and theories, important studies and books. She was an astute politician. She felt that the work of archives was important, and that drive and commitment was a spark that reinvigorated my own work in the field, especially when I was tired or discouraged. She spoke often about her family, proud of you all. What a luminous friend she was to me, and to many others who shared her interests in science and history. I am so sorry for your loss, because I know what it was like to have Joan in your corner.

Sincerely, Deborah.

Deborah Day, Archivist
Scripps Institution of Oceanography
University of California, San Diego
9500 Gilman Drive
La Jolla, CA 92093-0219 USA

Dear Tandy,

I was so sorry to hear the news that Joan had passed way at the end of May. Please accept the sympathy and condolences from all of us here at the Australian Science and Technology Heritage Centre at the University of Melbourne.

Although most of the staff here at the centre did not have the privilege of meeting Joan, they were all very aware of the seminal work she did in the field of science archives and the inspiration she has been to the small international community of science archivists.

Despite living and working on the other side of the world, I was one of the very fortunate people from Australia to have met Joan on a number of occasions and we remained regular correspondents during those times between conferences and meetings.

I first met Joan in 1986 shortly after I started work at the Australian Science Archives Project (ASAP) at the University of Melbourne. In preparing for my job interview I became aware of the work that she had done at the AIP Center for History of Physics and how this was being used as the model for ASAP. When it became clear that I could combine a planned overseas extended holiday with my young family (our son was only seven months old) with visits to major science archives organizations in Europe and the USA, a visit to New York was one of the highest priorities.

As it turned out Joan was heading off 'bush' the day after my visit to the AIP CHP offices so she said that we were welcome to use her apartment as a home base for our planned week in New York. This was absolutely brilliant and just so typical of the generosity and trust that I came to know as a hallmark of Joan and her relationships with all she met.

We had some remarkable experiences in New York that are still so vivid in my memory.

In 1992 we were able to bring Joan to Australia to lead a series of workshops around the country that looked at the use of the emerging information technologies and the sharing of knowledge on both national and international levels. Tim Sherratt and I have enduring memories of enjoying the early summer evenings in one of the iconic coffee strips in inner Melbourne

(Lygon Street) creating wild visions of what we might be able to achieve in the distant future (like 2006).

Joan got me to Washington in 1995 and led to a period of fairly frequent international travel and our paths crossed many times until her retirement - but of course she kept travelling so our meetings then tended to happen in Europe rather than the USA.

Joan has been a real inspiration to me and has shown by her actions what can be achieved through the establishment and maintenance of long-term relationships. I will sorely miss the regular Christmas letters but she will remain in our hearts henceforth.

In particular, please accept the warmest memories and the very strongest regard from myself and my family, and we hope that Joan receives a send off that is full of the love and true affection that she gave out to so many people.

Much of what we dreamed about in 1992 is now coming to fruition and even though there is still much to do, new visions are now being imagined. Joan's legacy to science archives will be reflected clearly in what we create now and in subsequent generations.

kindest regards Gavan

Gavan McCarthy
Director - Australian Science and Technology Heritage Centre
The University of Melbourne Victoria 3010

From Spencer Weart:

I first met Joan when I was a postdoctoral student, attending my first History of Science Society meeting. A young woman came up to me, found I was studying history of physics, and started enthusiastically telling me about a place I had never heard of, called the Center for History of Physics. Being an arrogant academic, I supposed that since I hadn't heard of it, I didn't need to know anything about it. But this woman thrust some brochures on me and insisted I keep in touch. It turned out the place was worth learning about after all.

When I became Director of the Center a couple of years later, it was a small place: basically me, the Director, and Joan, the Directee. But she was the one who really knew what was to be done. She had been running the place as acting director for a year, getting out the Newsletter, starting up fundraising, and handling a big educational project along with everything else. So she began to teach me about these things, and about libraries and archives in general. Most historians don't know much more about libraries and archives than a motorist knows about what is behind the gas pump; you just go in and fill up. It turned out there was a lot to learn.

Over many years, I never stopped learning from Joan. That was largely because she herself kept learning. And once she knew pretty much all there was to know about science archiving, she invented some more. She spent a long time working out concepts of "documentation strategy"... it sounds arcane and theoretical, but she made it all real. To put it bluntly, she raised many hundreds of thousands of dollars in grants so she could get actual work done. Meanwhile she presided at my side over the growth of the History Center to a good-sized staff. In the early years we had an archives roughly the size of a walk-in closet (and as messy) and a one-drawer cardfile of archives. Now the archives occupies an entire floor and the International Catalog of Sources is a major online database. All this happened with Joan's meticulous and ardent attention to doing everything right, up to the highest standards – and where there weren't any standards in the archival community, she created them. Even after she retired, she continued to be a great help with her sound advice and her cheerful aid in fund-raising.

Joan's most important monument is an invisible one: all over the country,

in fact all over the world, there are papers preserved in archives that would otherwise have gone into the dumpster, irretrievably lost. These rescued papers document science in the past century. And that has been so important a part of the history of civilization, that I expect scholars will be using these papers for as long as human civilization exists. Not many people leave such a useful and important legacy.

Joan's human qualities were as outstanding as her professional ones. She was interested in everything, and I remember countless lunches when we talked about politics, books, and anything else in the world. Always upbeat and thoughtful of others, she was admired and warmly appreciated by everyone in the Institute (she knew them all, at least in the old days when it was smaller), and broadly in the archival and scientific communities. My wife Carole and myself, like all who knew her, were greatly saddened to learn of her untimely death. It is hard for me to say more, and hardest to say this: farewell, great friend.

Spencer Weart

Dear Kimmen and Tandy,

I was very sorry to hear of your mother's death. She was an extraordinary person. I joined the History Center just after the move to College Park, and I worked closely with Joan until her retirement. I enjoyed every minute of it, and while I succeeded her when she retired, we both emphatically agreed that no one would ever replace her at AIP.

We've sent an a memorial notice to her many friends and colleagues on the Society of American Archivists and History of Science Society listservs (I've copied the notice below), and quite a few people have responded and asked us to extend their condolences to the family. I wonder if you would like for us to post a notice suggesting that her friends send their thoughts and memories for the memorial service this Sunday. Not many of us who knew her professionally will be able to attend, but I know that many us would be glad to have a way to express our respect and fondness. If this seems okay, can you tell me the appropriate email and postal addresses?

Joan had dinner with my wife and me at Taste of Saigon, one of the few area restaurants that came close to her NYC standards, regularly on her visits here after the move to N. Carolina. We would have a great time and, among other things, catch up on what you and the rest of the family were doing. We came to know you vicariously, and it was wonderful to see how proud she was of all of you

With all best regards,

Joe Anderson

Memorial notice sent to the SAA and History of Science Society listservs:

I'm sorry to report that Joan Warnow-Blewett died on Tuesday, May 30, 2006. Joan was a good friend and an extraordinary colleague, and she was a forceful voice for change in the archival profession. Her work here at the AIP History Center, along with her many publications and presentations, helped shape modern archival practice.

Joan retired in 1997 and moved to North Carolina with her husband, physicist John Blewett. She maintained her ties with the AIP History Center, first as an occasional consultant and later as a member of our Development Committee. John died in 2000, and Joan married noted Yale historian Martin Klein in 2005.

For information on Joan's remarkable career, see <http://www.aip.org/history/historymatters/warnow.htm>.

Joe Anderson
Center for History of Physics
American Institute of Physics

Tandy, I was deeply shocked and saddened to learn of your mother's death. (Joe Anderson of AIP posted a tribute on the Archives Listserv.) I met her at the annual SAA meeting in Madison, WI, in 1969 and we immediately became fast friends. I am just so full of regret that I never got down to NC to visit her and meet Marty. She sent such cheerful Christmas letters that I didn't realize she was sick. Joan was so bright and full of good cheer and good will. She was a close colleague, but I also loved her as a sister. It was comforting to read on your web page (which I found via a google search on her name) that she died in peace. But I am grieving. She was one of the few people who made me feel truly okay about myself and the state of the world.

I know how proud she was of you and your sister and brother. At one time, you were all casting about, but she had faith and wasn't at all surprised by your subsequent achievements.

If you have a chance, I would appreciate knowing more about her last days and funeral.

Sincerely,

Shonnie Finnegan
mmfinn@buffalo.edu
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Linda,

Thank you for sending us the news about Joan. She was, as you said, a wonderful person. - and fortunately for me, a valued colleague and dear friend.

Soon after I started work in the Archives at MIT I got my first call from Joan. After brief pleasantries she asked how old I was. Well, I thought, that's quite an odd question. But after I responded Joan said, "Well it's a damn good thing you are young. You have a LOT of work to do." And I = was then given my marching orders.

Joan is best know to us because of her long and invaluable career at AIP's Center for History of Physics and the role that she, and her colleagues played in documenting the history of modern American physics. What may be less appreciated, though, is that the documentary research Joan led at AIP influenced myself and others who were thinking about appraisal and approaches to modern documentation. For years AIP fulfilled its documentary mandate by ensuring the placement in the university archives = of their home institution of the personal and professional papers of physicists who were members of the National Academy of Sciences. But as modern physics was increasingly based in federal as well as university settings, and was no longer carried out by individuals, but by large international interdisciplinary teams of researchers, AIP undertook important projects to understand this new complex documentary record, and plan for its coordinated collection and retention. She and her AIP colleagues accomplished significant work that greatly enhanced the documentation of modern physics, and helped develop new approaches to preserving modern records.

Last Fall when I was in Chapel Hill I was able to visit with Joan and meet Marty Klein. It was as if we had just had our last conversation about a week before, and she took off with the same gusto for all things archival. Her energy, love of life and people - even as she was receiving treatments - was wonderful to see. She will be greatly missed.

Helen Samuels, MIT

From Julie Coopersmith (friend of Joan's from the early 1960's)

I knew Joan from a different time and a different place. We met sometime in the early 1960s at a party at the local nursery school where we both had children. The most elegantly dressed woman in the room (possibly the only elegantly dressed woman in the room), Joan was wearing a strapless dress with a little bolero jacket, which she had made herself. It was sort of a pale greenish blue and with it, and I am not making this up, she was wearing long gloves. With her then very short and chic blonde hair, Joan could have stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine. She looked very cool and Nordic and quite beautiful. Joan and I were neighbors who had things in common. We were both in marriages that were falling apart, and we both had young children. Joan's son Paul and my son were even the same age.

Not long after that Joan and I were struggling single moms commuting from Queens to Manhattan for work. Our offices were near each other, and for more years than I can remember, every evening we would meet up at the Third Avenue Express bus stop and ride home together. The ride usually took about an hour, but we had a lot to talk about. It was tough being a working mother in the days before the women's movement made employers more sensitive to things like the need for childcare. Neither of us had enough money to live on; Joan also had no family living anywhere near by. She was a woman without any kind of safety net who was trying to put together a meaningful life. She was living in a one bedroom garden apartment with Tandy, Kimmen, and Paul, and on some level, she was always anxious about money, her children, and things in general. But what I remember most about Joan was the degree to which she was able to be positive about all of life's travails.

No matter what went wrong - and trust me with three young children and no support system, something was always going wrong - Joan always focused on the positive. Joan was capable of framing sentences like, "It is really too bad that Kimmen and Tandy have strep and Paul looks like he is catching something and I don't have the money for the rent, let alone the pediatrician, and everybody needs school supplies, and everything that could go wrong in my life is going wrong - But I really think this is a good thing because we are all learning to work together! - and I really mean that!

If something exceptionally negative happened, Joan might acknowledge that perhaps it wasn't a good thing, but the worse thing I heard her say about any experience was, "Well, that was very interesting!"

No matter what was going on around her, Joan was cheerful. I remember

seeing Joan one morning in the community where we both lived. It had to be about five below zero, and there were huge mounds of snow everywhere. I think I was staying home, but Joan was forging forward, walking into the wind. "Look at her," another neighbor exclaimed. "She's like Prince Valiant." Joan smiled and waved.

Since I have a sort of Henny-Penny-The-Sky-Is-Falling outlook on life, Joan's insistence on a Panglossian- this is the best of all possible worlds approach - often irritated me greatly. I even remember arguing with her that she needed to get more realistic. But Joan had little patience for the mundane details of life. She was, however, always up for a serious discussion of more philosophical issues. I would hear her stories about growing up in a Swedish family in the town of Tonawanda, New York and I would question her about whether she had been adequately prepared for life in the Big Apple.

Joan would often talk about how important it was to her to build a life filled with joy, quality, and meaning. That's what she was trying to do. Joan was a graceful, vulnerable woman with a strong brain, but when I knew her she sort of took her intelligence and her work skills very much for granted. I remember her best sitting at her dining room table talking about something like "what it means to love." No matter what kind of chaos was taking place in the background, Joan was warm and accepting and her home was filled with grace notes, flowers and candle light. And there was always music. Lots of music

Some of my favorite memories of Joan revolve around her Christmas parties. There would be gallons of glug. And, of course, there was the large tree that was decorated with real candles. At some point in the evening, Joan and her two daughters would gather together in front of the tree. One of them would be wearing the St. Lucia head ornament which was outfitted also with real candles - seven of them, I believe - complete with real flames and real dripping wax. Joan would light the tree and the crown of candles and Joan, Tandy, and Kimmen would sing. Did I mention that Joan, like both her daughters, had a wonderful voice? The tree, the flaming candles, beautiful Joan and her beautiful daughters singing their hearts out created a take-your-breath-away moment. Every year I went into panic mode as Joan's Christmas party approached. I thought the candles were insane. I insisted that I be standing with a large bucket of water right near Joan and the girls. It's beautiful, I would say, but you can all get killed! Joan smiled and ignored me. I know she thought my worries were silly.

The last time we spoke, it was only for a minute. I phoned Joan at the

hospice. When she heard my voice, she said, Oh Julie, can you believe what's happening now? Her voice actually sounded mildly amused. It was one of her, - Well, this is interesting, - comments.

I know that if Joan were able to share her thoughts right now, she would be putting a positive spin on her death. She would tell us to find a way to learn something and become better from the experience of knowing her. She would also suggest that we pour some wine and listen to some music. Her death has made me realize that I didn't learn enough from all that Joan had to offer in the way of wisdom, warmth, and grace. I'm going to try to do better. Thank you Joan for sharing so much with me. And I really mean that!

Julie Coopersmith

Dear Tandy,

I was saddened to hear of your mother's passing. I met her when I was in graduate school at Princeton University, from 1973-75. In an academic world dominated by men, your Mom was a very welcome colleague and friend, much able to put all matters in perspective. She gave me the opportunity to work as an "intern" at the old AIP Center for History of Physics in NYC, and from her I learned a lot about sources in the history of modern physics. When I decided to leave Princeton and return to Cornell to finish my graduate work, your Mom was a dear friend and confidant and a welcome and much needed source of moral support. I shall never forget when she invited me to a holiday party at her apartment in NYC: to this day I associate nutmeg artfully placed in longitudinal rows on oranges with her.

Most of all it was your Mom's warmth, sincerity, and friendship that was and still remains endearing to me. I was thrilled when I heard that she and Martin Klein (with whom I had taken a course, on the history of quantum physics, in graduate school) had gotten together. Your Mom was always cheerful, happy, and excited about all that matters in life—one could not but share her enthusiasm in her presence.

My husband and I send our sincere sympathy to you and your family, especially to Martin. The world was a better place thanks to your Mom. We shall remember her in our hearts always.

In sympathy,

Kathy Olesko

Kathy Olesko, Associate Professor
Department of History
Georgetown University

A few thought about Joan.

I knew Joan for about fifty-two years. I gave her my bed during the last month of her pregnancy with Kimmen and Tandy. I tried to support her and comfort her during a difficult period of her life. Joan was a woman of great dedication, to her family and to her work. She was able to accept and love people. I was always proud to be included. I loved Joan. I am thankful that I was able to see her during this past month, to hold her hand and to say good-bye, Even though our contacts were not often, I shall miss her.

Phil Sine (brother-in-law)