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CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER: EDITION #12

December 1979

Well, here it is December, and the <u>Newsletter</u>--normally sent out in the spring--is six months late this year. There are reasons; I was far too busy with other things, finishing up with one job and moving to another, and it just got buried under higher priorities. But I never forgot you--honest!

This long delay has its good and bad sides. To the good, there is more news of more people in this edition than in any other I can recall, except maybe the very first, ll years ago. On the other hand, a lot of the news is of vintage caliber--it was gathered either in letters that came in last winter, or in phone calls I made during the telethon from Washington last March. So, forgive me if the news is a little stale. Merry Christmas!

There's something new in this edition. As you read the news from various people, you'll note that several of us have had some rather strong negative reactions to things we've seen happening at Darrow in recent years. Many of us are probably happy at the changes Darrow has undergone, or most of them; but if pressed, I imagine each of us could come up with a thing or two we wish the school were doing better, or at least differently.

I've spoken to some of you about this, at some length. I feel I know Llew Haden's and Denny Hopper's feelings pretty accurately. Gib Manchester's experience speaks for itself. And I have had similar glimmerings from several of the rest of you. Now, some of the gripes may have to do with the fact that many of you often hear from the school with a request for money at the end. A few gripes are the least we're entitled to, especially those who've been generous in their support. Some of the complaints probably reflect the fact that we're turning into old fogies -- yes, even us -- and that all alumni of all institutions traditionally grumble about how "the place isn't as good as it was when we were there." Part of the problem, as Llew suggested to me, may be just that the materials we see--Peg Boards, and so on--tend to be high on arts and recreation and student activities, and may not be giving us an accurate picture of the substantive things we care about -- academic standards, the pursuit of excellence, the measures used to instill character in students.

But let's make the assumption that the complaints aren't entirely the result of misinformation, poor communications, or

misguided nostalgia. They come from classmates we knew well, and whose judgment I (and most of you) probably respect highly. Let's assume there is substance to the gripes—there are some things about Darrow that could be a lot better, and some of us care enough and know enough to make constructive suggestions.

OK--what can we do about it? I should say, I believe that alumni have the right to a <u>limited</u> voice in policies at Darrow. We have our love for the place, we give financial support, and we all have our own ideas about what's right--but we don't have to live there day-to-day, we aren't responsible for the carrying out of policies, and we need to give the headmaster free rein to listen to us to the extent our views deserve it. How can we do something to make that occur?

Up til lately, there has not been much. We could write letters, to the headmaster (John or Dave), the trustees, or the Director of Development (as long as there's been one). We could treat our annual giving as a conditional pledge--to be withheld if we don't like what we see going on at Darrow. Although I did that myself once to Princeton, I didn't find it very satisfying, and it really does seem like biting off the nose, etc. So what is left?

In the last year or two, there has occurred the birth, or re-birth, of the Darrow School Alumni Association. At the present time, most of the activity has been in the New York City area. I'm living there now myself, and it didn't take me long to get involved in DSAA up to my neck--or higher, as we may see in the future. After presenting the news, I'll run quickly over what the Alumni Association is now, and what it's trying to become. Above all else, it's an organized mechanism that permits alumni views to be presented to the school, and to have an impact. As the prime source of nominees for alumni members of the Board of Trustees, and as the organization that makes annual giving from alumni work, the association has clout. You may therefore want to get involved yourself in some of the activities I will describe. We especially would like to recruit people from the NYC area, to work on various task forces.

Whether you're one of the "complainers" or not, and no matter where you are, I hope you'll look to the DSAA as an organization that can work for you. Of course, we'll be asking you for money, too. But any of you with ideas about Darrow that you'd like the school to hear can communicate them, to me, and they'll be passed on, in one way or another, in a way the administration will hear them.

But, the purpose of this annual effort is news--so, let's get to it!

BILL ANTHONY told me, last march, that he has become chairperson of his community's Inland Wetlands Commission. Under a
state law providing for preservation of wetlands resources, Bill
heads up the group that has to make decisions for the Bethlehem
(CT) area. He says the issues usually are controversial, and he
enjoys "getting in there and slugging it out." Joan, meanwhile,

has been covering local government as a reporter for the community's newspaper. I imagine she has fun writing up the meetings of the wetlands commission! Bill reported that business was not-so-hot, with the state of the economy and a proposed merger hanging over them. But the house and the kids kept them busy with lots of little things to do.

DAVE BENSON has taken up scuba diving. When you've already sailed the waves (toot, toot!) and gone off into the wild blue yonder, what's left, after all? He and Linda have been taking lessons, and their expeditions have included such places as the Blue Hole--a spring some 120 feet deep and 80 feet wide, in New Mexico. He was thinking about diving in Lake Powell, and perhaps a trip to Mazatlan? The best part about it--you're totally beyond the reach of Ma Bell! Dave and Linda have been working hardest on their business (remodeling homes). They also helped on the political campaign of former astronaut Jack Schweigert, who ran unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate last year.

CARL BRAUN (with more than a little help from Maureen) has become proud papa of a little girl, for the second time. one's name is Marney, and she arrived October 18th, weighing in at 8 lb. 14 oz. Mo says she's a real good baby. Carl said, back in March, that Allyson had hit the "terrible twos," but maybe by now she's over it. (them?) Carl says business (regional sales manager for Kimber Oil Co.) was pretty much as usual, and he declined to answer this reporter's question about windfall profits. He did say he'd bought a new car--a diesel--that gives 30 mpg, which is a much more pleasant prospect than the gas lines he's sure we'll be seeing again soon. Aside from an excursion to the Army-Navy game last weekend (alas, they sat on the Army side, so had little to cheer about), the Brauns haven't had many vacations this year. Carl did see Bob Lang a couple of times -- Bob is now in the insurance business, and his travels brought him through Carl's part of N.J. now and again.

JOHN CASTELLANI is now running Mount Vernon, as noted in last year's newsletter. He says the biggest goal is to try to raise money so that they can expand the museum to display much of its collection that is now stored out of public view, for lack of exhibition space and staff. John also has entertained thoughts of a Darrow gathering for alumni and friends in the Washington area, on the terrace of George Washington's historic home, some fine spring evening. John's been a participant in the local alumni task force, and might give them a real boost that way! He reported that the antique business he and Jerilyn started a few years ago experienced a major burglary last year—a horrible experience in all ways. The kids keep getting bigger: Jonathan is 12, and Anna 8 (as of March).

When I spoke to JOHN CAVALLO last March, he had just come home from a youth hockey game with his boys. Michael (10), Jeff (7), and John, Jr. (4), keep him pretty active that way. He says he, Marilyn and the boys are "living the nice life" on Cape Cod. He operates seasonal food concessions—ice cream vendors, mostly—for the tourists on the beaches, and when I talked to him he was planning to sell that business and open a restaurant—the basic,

steak-and-potatoes variety. He was contemplating going up to New Hampshire for the winter, a more likely spot to ply the seasonal trade. John's permanent address is Box 294, Harwich Port, MA, 02646.

JOE & LAURIE COFFEE also created a daughter this year; as the announcement reads, "The Coffee House proudly announces... After months of research and experimentation... Its newest, most unique, and probably most expensive blend: Bevin Maureen. Date of production: April 26, 1979. Product weight: 9 lbs." They wanted a girl, to complement Geoff and David, and followed all the advice about how to pick the sex of your child...and Joe's note on the announcement said, "We actually did it!" Also new this year is a new home -- they've moved into a place with more bedrooms (4), a full basement, and triple the mortgage payments, but that old house was getting pretty small! Last October, they went on a Caribbean cruise for their 10th anniversary. Work is still the same for both: Laurie is enjoying her part-time status as a speech and hearing therapist for Arlington County; she works mostly with adults, which she finds very rewarding. Joe is still in personnel development at the Treasury Department, and still muttering about looking for a greener pasture, but he hasn't made the move yet. Their new address is: 3352 Taleen Ct., Annandale, VA 22003.

GENE COOK came through Washington on business last winter, and we managed to get together for a good dinner and some C&W music in Georgetown. He said his company (ESB, Inc.) was about to do some reorganizing, and he'd made some suggestions about how it could be run better...if they liked what he proposed, it would be likely he'd get a lot more responsibility under the new set-up. If they didn't like it, he sounded as if it might be time to move on to someplace else. Nothing had broken yet when I talked to him in March, in the telethon; he said he'd call if he took the leap, so maybe no news means he got the promotion? On other fronts, Gene reports that son John, who's all of 9 (or 10 by now) already "comes up to my chin!" (Hope he inherited his old man's talent for basketball!) Shannon, who's 7 now, tends more toward petite, which sounds fine too.

This is a year for daughters, or at least late news of them. HOWDY DAVIS and Jerrie had a baby girl, Morgan, a year ago. She has lots of character, according to her dad. Howdy is selling electronics in an 8-county area around Buffalo (between blizzards) and says they're living in a "neat little house."

PETER DERI describes himself as "half of the Psychology Department of the Class of '62." (John Ho's the other half.) Pete obtained his Ph.D. in psychology a few years ago, and works with handicapped children in a hospital in White Plains, N.Y. He also has a private practice. Pete and his wife, Laura, are living in Manhattan (320 W. 87th, NY NY 10024). He says that he goes through New Lebanon often, on ski trips to Jiminy Peak and other such ski slopes, but he hasn't run into any old Darrow friends yet on such trips. However, when he was on a month-long trip to Mexico earlier this year, Pete felt inspired to write to Dick Nunley, and recently got a nice letter back. He reports that Dick is still teaching at

Berkshire Community College, and enjoying it. He and Sue have two girls, both of whom inherited their mother's musical talent; one plays the flute, the other the cello. Pete gave me a phone number for Jay Tanner, who is still living in Brooklyn, but as of this point I haven't been able to catch up with Jay.

If you've missed the last few newsletters, you may be unaware that TERRY DUVALL has become a hang-glider pilot and enthusiast. This year, Terry completed his Masters' degree at Central State U. (Oklahoma); during the summer, as a reward for all that studying, Terry, Anita, and two other hang-glider pilots took a 5-week tour of a dozen or so hang-gliding sites around the western U.S. At Fort Funston, in San Francisco, Terry learned to "land on top," i.e., to land at the point from which you took off. This maneuver, and others, earned Terry his advanced hang glider pilot rating. In her letter describing the trip, Anita reports that on one occasion the three fellows were soaring 5,000 feet above the landing field. She also commented that at Torrey Pines, near San Diego, for some reason they were unable to land on top--and were forced to land on the beach below, which happens to be the gathering spot for local nude bathers. (Hope it was worth the hike back up, fellows!) trip included hang-gliding landmarks like Telluride and El Senor, in addition to those mentioned. Terry says, as far as hang gliding goes, Salt Lake City "has it all," and he may end up moving there. Meanwhile, back on earth....Terry and Anita are once again teaching 6th grade at Casady School in Oklahoma City, and will be busy, as enrollment is up to 80 this year (from 65 last year). Terry is also coaching archery, and spends some spare time (when he's not out flying) tinkering with an Austin-Healy that he brought back from a recent visit to his folks in Pennsylvania.

Back in March, I talked to STEVE FOOTE, during the telethon from Washington. Steve is still living on his music, working out of a studio in his home in Catskill, NY. When I spoke to him, he was getting a group together to play some of the resorts. They do a variety of listening & dancing tunes and some jazz, including about a dozen of his own original compositions. A few years ago (about '72) Steve recorded an album, but it's hard to come by it these days.

BILL GETTE reported, also last March, that he'd had a fairly busy year between telethons. He and Marsha went to Europe on a business trip, and got to see parts of England, France, and Italy.

PETER GORDAY also has been busy. A Christmas note from Virginia a year ago said their lives "go at 90 mph all the time." In the last year or so, Virginia has been promoted twice, and is now an officer of the bank where she works. She was happy with the expanded responsibility, and was also finishing up her college degree on the side. Pete, back in March, reported with delight that his congregation was still growing, and he was very happy with his work, too. His dissertation was almost done, and all of the chapters he had submitted had been well received; he had hopes of finishing it by the end of this year. John, who by now is 4, was growing, entertaining his parents, the normal things. They miss the Northeast, but seem very happy where they are in Tennessee.

LLEW HADEN said he almost made it to Darrow last year-he was in Albany on business-but didn't get over there. Llew would like to visit the school, and see what is really going on there these days. From what is communicated to us, through the Peg Board and other media, Llew has wondered (to me and to others) whether Darrow is being effective at instilling the pursuit of excellence, at any endeavor, into its present students. He has some doubts, and would hope that a visit could "put them to bed," or give him some solid basis for constructive complaining. On the home front, he reports that he has been involved in fundraising for the Atlanta Zoo, which is 100 years old, and has a lot to offer, but definitely needs some improvements. Nani and their "two little crunchers" were doing fine. Llew reports that he saw Dave Griswold, more than a year ago, in Atlanta, and has seen John Joline from time to time in New York.

Since September of 1978, JOHN HO has been working as a resident clinical psychologist in a treatment center for disabled adolescents, in Staten Island. The job is more administrative, and thus less enjoyable but higher paying, than the work he was doing up in Rhinebeck. Last October, Josie gave birth to their second son, Lawrence, who John reports is much quieter than Jonathan (now 4) was at the same age. They were living in a rented town house on Staten Island, and thinking about buying a home in New Jersey, but had held on to the house in Rhinebeck, as a weekend retreat.

Right after the last newsletter (back in June '78), I was in Colorado on business, and took advantage of proximity to get together with DAVE HOON and his wife, Stephanie. We met for dinner at a well-known watering spot a few miles down the road from where the Hoons live, in Evergreen. Had no trouble recognizing Dave--he still looks about the same, give or take a few pounds. We probably bored the rest of our party stiff with old preppie stories, but we enjoyed ourselves. When I talked to him again last March, Dave had little new to report; said they were having a hard winter. From the looks of it, this will be another one. Dave had talked to Dave Benson, but not been able to get in touch with Anson Perina yet.

According to a Christmas newsletter from the HOPPERS (last Christmas, that is), Denny and Joan devoted a lot of their time to house renovations in the year past. One result was a redecorated family room, complete with a "wild" zebra-patterned rug that Joan picked out. Denny had installed a wood-burning stove in front of one of the fireplaces, and they were using it for heating, cooking, and entertainment. Quite a contrast to Joan's business selling microwave ovens! Since our last newsletter, the Hopper clan traveled to Maine for a summer vacation, and Denny & Joan took a business trip to New Orleans and toured the bayou country in September. Denny was thinking he should quit work and do travelogs, if he could only make a living at it! On the subject of Darrow, back in March, Denny waxed profane. A visit to the school a couple of years ago left him disenchanted with the very evident signs of abuse of buildings and furniture; tion to the lack of paint that came from economic hard times, it looked like nobody cared much any more about keeping things clean

and in operating condition. Denny's not the only alumnus to be offended by what appears, at least on a casual visit, to be some abandonment of stewardship of the Shaker heritage and the school's property on the part of the present students and faculty. As he saw it, Denny said, this showed not just a lack of money, but a basic lack of respect for the physical surroundings. It left him angry and disappointed.

BOB LANG has been the subject of a man hunt of mammoth proportions for this edition, but I'm sorry to report that he has to date eluded my net. Carl Braun did report a sighting; Bob is in the insurance business, and Carl says he was doing a lot of travel back & forth between Rhode Island and New Jersey. The Peg Board reported last summer that Bob is married again, and that his wife, Pat, is a medical student at Brown University. One of these days I'll track him down and get a first person report.

Most of you have heard from TOWNER LAPP lately, since he's continuing to do a sterling job as our class agent. His work is much the same—he is responsible for sales for Fieldcrest Mills in three regions, Canada, the Far East, and Australia. This has meant a good deal of travel, to places like Japan, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Marge is active as a girl scout leader, and Chrissie (who's 9 now) is in a private school this year; Marge has become involved in fundraising for that school, much as Towner has for Darrow. Towner says he had lunch with Huib Soutendijk a year or so ago, and sees a few other Darrow friends at gatherings here in New York, like the annual telethon.

SCOTT LEAKE reports that it was a good year for the farming business. Scott and a hired hand have been tending land in the Bennington area in addition to his own family's farm; this allows them to grow more feed, and offers other land owners the chance to have their land farmed, instead of lying idle. Nancy and the kids are doing fine. Bryan is 6½ now, in first grade, and doing well. The twins, almost a year old, are getting to be fun. Scott says he still skis and runs cross country, but just for fun; the only "training" he gets in is running to the barn and back! He also had hoped to get down to Darrow this fall, but on the few weekends that he was free from planting corn, he had no idea what was going on at the school. He suggests that the school should publish a schedule of events for the year (athletic and otherwise) so that alumni who felt like dropping by would know when a good time would be.

Got a short note from PIERRE LOOMIS a year or so ago. He has moved into a new house, four miles down the road from the old one; has the same kids, same dogs, still doing fine at the same job (electrical contracting).

GIB MANCHESTER travels a lot in his business. As legal counsel for Commercial Shearing, Inc., of Youngstown, Gib has visited their holdings in Brazil, Austria, Switzerland, Luxembourg, and such places in the last year or two. He says that on one of his trips to Brazil, he plans to stop in Argentina and see how R.J. Brandes is doing. Gib enjoys his work a lot. Liz, meanwhile,

is pursuing her degree in nursing, and has about a year to go. The kids are busy with school. Curt, believe it or not, is old enough for prep school now--but he won't be going to Darrow. Gib and his son visited Darrow in October '78, and didn't like what they saw. Gib says the place was a mess--the buildings looked run down, the kids looked grubby, and "the place was overrun with girls, all dressed like slobs." Gib realizes that schools have had to make some compromises to stay afloat the last few years, but says the other places they visited didn't look anywhere near as bad. Curt probably will go to Western Reserve Academy, in Cleveland. Surely there is more to Darrow than visible appearances; but such things can make for unhappy alumni, and influence parents and prospective students, and Gib has a point.

ANSON PERINA reported back in March that he'd given up his "real job" (construction) to go back to his "hobby" (logging). He was logging for a sawmill/planing mill outside Fort Collins. The mill took dead trees—those killed by the pine bark beetle, a fairly common pest of conifers—and turned them into paneling. Because of the beetle infestation, Anson reports, the wood has a bluish color—"gives it kind of a rustic look," he said, and offered to sell some to anyone who wants to repanel a den. His other hobby—rugby—seemed off to a slow start; his team had lost its first game of the spring season. Mary and the various animals were reported doing fine.

This year I confirmed that, as <u>Carl Sharpe</u> reported in the last edition, <u>FRANK PHILLIPS</u> is alive and well and working as an investigative reporter in Boston. I spoke to Frank during the telethon, and learned that he and Jenny have a son--new this year-named Maxwell Perkins Phillips. Frank explained that Maxwell P. was an editor at Scribners, who helped get started a couple of young writers named Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald. It turns out Maxwell Perkins was also Jenny's grandfather. As I recall, Frank and Jenny also have a daughter--or so Anson Perina reported a few years ago. Frank said he was working on some reports about the new governor's appointees, back in March. I hope he'll send us some examples of his work.

It's always a good trick to catch up with JOHN PRENTISS, but worth it when you do. Back in March, I tracked him down by phone and found him "holed up in Vista, California, trying to get my head back together." He had quit his job back in July'78, and had a series of mishaps--car quit, house he was building went 'way over budget, and he was "damn near impoverished." John's theory is that he's going through a phase most of us went through in the late '60's--trying out various lifestyles, experimenting, living out fantasies -- things he passed up then, because he was too busy being successful. One of the main elements of his life of late has been motion. He said he'd been hooked up with a rich, gorgeous lady from San Diego, bought a mobile home, and went on an extended tour all over the national parks of the western U.S. and the Canadian Rockies with her. He spent a few months (with a different woman, looks and wealth unspecified) in Upstate NY, and had been down to Mexico a few times. In March, he was living in a house with a carpenter and his lady, who were building a boat and planning just to take off for Yucatan some day soon. Also sharing the house was a "crazy Indian dynamiter." John said they all played guitar, and he was playing a lot of banjo, guitar, and fiddle himself, mostly for fun, but occasionally doing a gig. He expressed some wistfulness about having left behind his family to experience all this freedom, and thought he'd like to get back together with Kris and the kids sometime; but before he settled down, he said he hoped he'd get a chance to take a trip around the world. And darned if he didn't. In August, John stopped in to see me for a while in Washington; he had Jennie and Jessie with him, in the midst of a trip to "do" the Smithsonian and some of the monuments. I got an expurgated account of his latest trip -- a sailing venture to the South Pacific, various island paradises, the Philippines, New Zealand...he promised to fill me in on the details later. He was headed for Upstate NY again -- where he maintains a more-or-less permanent address, c/o his brother Bard. He didn't know how long he'd be there, but somehow it didn't seem like long.... Every time I see John, I wonder how anyone could really do all the things he has done; do you suppose he makes it all up? It makes the "ordinary" lives most of us lead sound dull, but I don't know if most of us could handle it. For John, the ecstasy seems still to outweigh the agony, and I admire his thirst for adventure.

I tried to call CHUCK ROMACK during the telethon, and he wasn't home...but the friend who answered said he's alive and well, working in the pool business, in Tucson.

"finished" the house. Over the last 9 years, he's basically remodeled the whole place: new kitchen, new upstairs, plumbing, heating, etc. Frank says that anything he thought of doing had already been attempted on a near-identical house somewhere in the neighborhood, so all he had to do was look around to find good examples and advice about what to watch out for. Frank says he and his dad still are getting more business than they know what to do with, and it's been a good year. Ellie's teaching also went pretty well. Frank has been active in Darrow alumni affairs here in NYC--telethons, and this year he's decade chairman for the '60s in the annual giving campaign. Frank and I got together back in September at an exhibition of Shaker arts and crafts at the Museum of American Folk Art, here in NY, along with a few dozen other people from Darrow.

CARL SHARPE and family have moved into a new house—20 Wood-land Dr., Boylston, MA, 02116. The new house has a pool, and a new phone number — (617) 869-6300. Carl has rented out the old house, and has recently obtained his real estate broker's license. He expects to do a little of that on the side, but teaching is still his main occupation. Francie continues in her job as librarian at the middle school. Carl says Heather, now 3, is "just gorgeous," and they're all very happy. He pointed out, with a mixture of anticipation and disbelief, that we will be having our 20th reunion in a couple of years. We should organize a real big bash to celebrate!

international banking (and now, from his offices high atop the World Trade Center in New York, we bring you...), and he and Kathy love living in the Big Apple. Kathy's art gallery on 57th Street is going fine, and Huib & Kathy are expecting a baby in February. Earlier this year, they spent 10 days in Cancun, down in Yucatan--Huib says he played golf every day. One of these days I'm going to drop in on Kathy & Huib, and meet some of these good looking single women Kathy keeps telling me about....

MIKE TERRY hasn't been heard from in these pages in years, but I spoke to his mother during the telethon. She informed me that he's living in New Orleans, and in touch with his family often, though she could not give me an exact address or phone number for him. If you'd like to send Mike a note, mail it c/o 6320 Joshua Rd., Fort Washington, Pa., and he'll get it eventually.

This year's "lost and found" item involves <u>DAMON VAN VLIET</u>, who had never written during the past dozen years, but who was reported seen by people like Soutendijk, from time to time. In the March telethon, I reached Damon, and extracted a quick synopsis of life since Darrow: two years at McMurray College, in Illinois; three years in the army; finished college at the U. of Maryland; spent several years in NYC (whence the encounters with Huib); was married and divorced; and about six years ago, moved to Florida. He's now living in Miami, where he runs a printing business that does everything from business forms to four-color brochures. He lives right on Biscayne Bay, plays a lot of golf, tennis, and goes sailing, and he loves it. One other thing--he denies that he ever ran into Carl Braun in a bar--we lied last year!

BOB WILLOCK, also contacted last March, was moaning about the miserable Minneapolis winters. The kids were happy to get out in the snow, but he was far from content. As far as everything else went--job, family, day-to-day pleasures--he had no complaints. Said he hadn't seen anyone from Darrow for ages.

ROLAND WRIGHT would have been declared extinct some years ago were it not for the faithful correspondence his wife has kept up with this newsletter. I talked to Deirdre during the telethon this year, too. Ron was away-he'd been bumped to the swing shift at the G.E. plant, where he's a dispatcher and planner. Since he is home all day, Ron gets to spend more time with Christopher, who's four now-that turns out good for both of them. Ron had hopes of moving up to a management job, and had completed a training course, but with business slow there have been few openings. Deirdre has been working as a financial secretary at their church, and taking courses in library science at SUNY-Albany. She said they were thinking about moving to Maine. Maybe we'll hear about that in the next newsletter.

We have abundant news of former faculty, as well. RICHARD BETHARDS is still teaching ESL for the Air Force in San Antonio. He's working out of Lackland AFB, and the day before I spoke to him, the deposed Shah of Iran arrived there for his first stop after leaving the hospital in NYC. This occasion prompted a lec-

ture from Richard on the character of the Iranian people ("a race of lackeys") and on the future of the Khomeini government ("lucky if it lasts more than a few months.") Richard saw no great likelihood of a peaceful solution to the confrontation that is still, as this is finished, in progress. What Richard is doing now is to teach basic English grammar to Air Force recruits, so that they can then go to language school for training in another language. Seems many of them need to learn their own language first. He is no longer making trips all over the world; he's moved up into administration, and must leave the field work to others. He gets to NYC often, and we expect to get together before the next newsletter.

I reported last year that CHARLES BRODHEAD had competed in a cross-country ski race, and commented that it was quite a feat for a man of 78. This led to a gentle scolding from Suzanne, who advised me that Charles is 72, not 78. (By now he's 73, and in February will be 74, and competing in the cross-country event is still quite a feat, no matter how precise we want to be about his age.) I'm sorry about the error; I confused the year of his retirement from Darrow ('70) with his age at the time, which must have been just 64. At any rate, Charles and Sue are still enjoying a happy retirement in Dummerston, Vermont. They have at least four grandchildren (last I heard), those produced by C.D.B. Jr. and his wife, Sylvia. The youngest, Katy Louise, was born in May of '78. Nothing like small grandchildren to keep them young!

RON EMERY came home from Saudi Arabia last spring. He left there in April, and stopped in Turkey, Greece, and England on the way, arriving home in August in time to help his parents park cars for the race season at Saratoga. He had hopes of getting a slot with Lockheed in China, but that didn't work out. Ron was looking forward to a few months of leisure, hoping to find a job starting around the first of the year, when fate and luck stepped in. It seems Horton Durfee and his family were spending part of the summer at their place in Geneva, and at one point Dick Nunley was visiting. The Durfees and Nunleys were having lunch with the chairman of the English Department at Hobart College, who was lamenting the sudden resignation of his drama instructor...Dick & Horton said, in effect, "Have we got a fellow for you..." Ron said he first heard about the job in August, was hired by September, and is now up to his earlobes in teaching and doing theatre at Hobart. When I spoke to him, he had just got home from a rehearsal of Equus. He's teaching a survey course, "Introduction to Theatre, " which he says he's handling in a "straight," by-thebooks way. At the same time, there is a group in residence from the Iowa Theatre Group, with more of a progressive, experimental outlook, and it makes for some interesting contrasts. He is living off campus (28 Denton St., Geneva, NY 14456, (315) 789-2878), and sounds like he's having a ball.

Just after I mailed out the last edition of this rag, back in the spring of '78, I took off for a vacation in Europe. My first stop was London, and I spent some time visiting with PATRICK EVANS. By the time I arrived, Maggy had gone to France for the summer (they have a summer place in Provence, where she is from),

and Sophie, their 3-year-old daughter, was with her mother. But Patrick and I had a nice chance to chat about old and new times, and people we had both known back at Darrow. We spent a day, with Patrick's mother and a friend, on a tour out to Woburn Abbey, one of the stateliest homes of England, through which the public may pass as tourists (helps pay the taxes, y'know). Beyond the grandeur of the abbey itself, the Duke has created a wild animal park on the grounds, and one can drive around amongst tigers, lions, bears, and other beasts. Patrick was leaving London on a business trip; he is in charge of export marketing for Guinness (makers of the famous stout), and spends as much



as half his time away from home. He has been to the Caribbean, and frequently to Saudi Arabia, where Guinness is energetically marketing a non-alcoholic stout. (The Islamic faith frowns on alcohol use, but the mystique of Guinness may sell despite that!) Before Patrick left on his trip, I snapped the picture you see here, in front of his home, near Hampstead Heath, in NW London. Patrick admits to being 40 now, but you'd never know it unless you stop to add up how long it's been. Perhaps before another 20 years slip by, I'll run into him again, if not in London, in New York, or perhaps Provence...If any of you who knew him at Darrow should be in London, Patrick and Maggy would like to see you. They live at 7 Heath Close, London NW11 7DS, Tel. 01-458-6002. Or you can call Patrick at the Guinness offices, in London, 01-965-7700.

I spoke to DES McCRACKEN just a few days ago, and he provided a cornucopia of news. His own news is substantial; he is, as of this fall, no longer teaching at Darrow. He remains tied to the school, serving as librarian, a job he did in his spare time when we were there. He sounded pleased with the change in lifestyle; he's living off campus, up on the hill across the valley from the school, and hoped we wouldn't think it disloyal of him when he admitted he didn't exactly miss living in a dorm. Twenty-four years of that was enough! His address is P.O. Box 428, NL NY 12125, (518) 794-7391. We commiserated over the decline of ice hockey as a high-school sport; Darrow can no longer support a team, and many of the schools we used to compete against have had to give it up too -- it simply costs too much to rent, or maintain, a rink. Des seems to be adjusting to his new status well--he no longer has to go to endless faculty meetings, for instance. But he did report on the initial faculty meeting of the year. Dave Miller invited Charles Brodhead to come back and give the current faculty a perspective on how things used to be, the traditions in which the school grew up. Des said Charles gave a lovely talk, and it was very well received. This is the second year in a row that Dave Miller has brought in such ties to tradition at the first fall faculty meeting. Last year, Harry Mahnken gave the talk.... It was Des who told me the story first about how Ron Emery got his

new job, and he had more news of the Durfees. Horton is now teaching at Berkshire Community College, while Jean continues to teach at Emma Willard. David Durfee is a freshman at--would anyone like to guess? -- Hobart College, and is running crosscountry. Last spring, he ran in the Boston Marathon. Linda Durfee is living in Connecticut, and is active in Darrow alumni affairs; I believe she is in charge of the reunions program. Des says she is also a member of a choral group and recently sang in Carnegie Hall...Des also reports that Dick Nunley is thriving; his name appears often in the local press, attached to book reviews, poems, and so on. Diana (the older daughter?) is on the honor roll at the school in the valley. Des has been keeper-ofthe-archives for many years (it is he who supplies the alumni notes for the Peg Board), and would love to hear from anyone with news of members of the class or faculty whose names haven't been mentioned here...and if any of us get back, we'll be able to find him nearby.

During the telethon last year, I spoke to <u>DIANA SPENCER</u>, who reported that life goes on much as before for her and John and the girls. John is still teaching at Dana Hall and active in the program working with convicts. They were planning a trip to Williamstown in March, and hoped to stop in at Darrow...she said there had been a Darrow cocktail party in the Boston area the previous June, which was a lot of fun, and that they saw the <u>Jolines</u> occasionally, when John & Jeanne came up to Duxbury for weekends.

Every year, <u>DON SUTHERLAND</u> seems to write just after the newsletter is mailed out, and the news he sends must wait almost a full year before it sees print. This year it happened, too, but the delay was more like 18 months....And Don enclosed a picture this time. It was taken in June, 1977, when the Durfees



stopped in to see the Sutherlands on their way to Colorado. All of the children are now two years older than they appear here. Left to right, Marie, Steve, Paul, Jean Janet, Mark, Horton, & Dave; Don's behind the camera. Janet and Mark are Sutherlands, the rest Durfees, for those of you who haven't kept up with the details ... Aside from visits from old friends, Don had news that his job was involving more travel -- mostly to Indianapolis and vicinity, and that this made it harder to stay caught up with things. He said they had taken a vacation in the East (Boston) for Christmas '77, and stopped at Darrow on the way back. He had news of that vintage about the

Durfees, Nunleys, and Des McCracken. They all went ice skating on the local ponds, and Don said the "pepsi generation" skated circles around the old faculty folks. Don has been doing exercises and watching his diet, to keep a bad back from flaring up again, and son Mark had a torn ligament that put an early end to his hockey season. Marie had broken an ankle the summer before, and Janet had several sprained ankles and a broken foot. It was a year of minor calamities, and by spring, when Don wrote, it appeared the mishaps had stopped for a while. They had plans for a summer vacation in Wisconsin.

STEVE SWENSON wrote, back in March, to report that he and his family were very much alive and well. Steve and Sally have been running ski and foot marathons, and in the Portland Marathon last Thanksgiving, they did their best ever. They also took part in a 50-kilometer Cascade Crest Ski Marathon. Steve is a school psychologist in Corvallis, Oregon, and Sally is working part-time in a reading lab in a rural school. The big news he had to offer last spring was their plan to spend July and part of August in Europe. They were going to an International School Psychology Colloquium, in York, England, first; then on to Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Germany, and France. Steve was looking to make contacts to find a job for the 1980-81 academic year in Europe, so that the family could live there for a year. He also hoped to make contact with Patrick Evans while they were in England. I hope by now they will have some further news to pass on about the trip and the prospects for next year.

It had been a long time since the Newsletter had heard from FRED WHEELOCK, so I placed a call to New Hampshire, and struck news. Dr. Wheelock retired several years ago, and spends his time gardening, taking long walks, fishing, woodworking, and cutting wood for fuel in their woodburning stove. He says a lot of people dread retirement, but much as he enjoyed the academic life, he loves being retired, and the life of a gentleman farmer. When I asked how his text on Introductory Latin was doing, he replied that, surprisingly, it is still selling pretty well...He also published a reader to accompany it, and a treatise titled "Quintillian as Educator," which deals with the growth of permissiveness in modern education. I spoke to Mrs. Wheelock as well, and she said they had seen the Brodheads once or twice in the years both families have been retired to New England. said the Brodheads are pretty busy with their grandchildren, and acknowledged that she and Fred, after 42 years of marriage, are now grandparents, too. Debbie has a baby girl, Vanessa, who is going on two now. Both Debbie and older sister Martha are living in New York, and I was able to catch up with Debbie by phone, too. In addition to raising a child, she's a jeweler, producing a variety of gold and silver items sold in specialty shops in the city. She is known professionally by her married name, Deborah Wheelock Taylor. Husband John works in the juvenile division of the NYC court system. Martha was teaching English in a high school in Great Neck, and working on her doctoral thesis at NYU, doing a study of the life and work of a woman novelist named May Sarton. She and a friend who's a filmmaker made a movie based on her research, "World of Light," and Martha is on leave from teaching in order to try to distribute and promote the film. Keep an eye open for it...Debbie reports that Martha is also a very good astrologer, should anyone need one of those. There you have it--

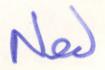
we've recovered contact with not just a former Latin teacher, but a whole family, including the only two girls who were "at" Darrow during our era!

JIM and SARAH WRIGHT have spent most of this year apart, as Jim pursues a peripatetic career in search of a more stable position in secondary education. This year, and last, he's working at the Becket Academy, in East Haddam, Connecticut. Becket is an unusual place; it specializes in kids who are disciplinary problems, have learning disabilities, or are mildly emotionally disturbed, and runs from grades 4 through 12. Jim is Assistant to the President; most of his work is promotional, and involves a lot of travel to try to sell the school to prospective students and parents. He is hoping, in his process of making contact with many other schools, to find an opening that would offer him what he'd like to do for the next 10 years or so, which he now feels is be director of admissions for a stable private school. gets near Darrow frequently, en route to visit Becky, their middle daughter, who is a senior at Emma Willard. She's much involved in drama and student productions, and is hoping to go to Wesleyan, because of its excellent program in performing arts. Jim stopped in at Darrow in October, but didn't see anyone from our era. Sarah, keeping the home fires burning back in Akron, is still in charge of allocations for the United Way there, and at this point is amid the crucial decision stage of dividing the \$4.5 million raised among all the charities that hope to get some part of the pie. Annie is in 8th grade, and still playing the cello; Debbie has gone back to school at Akron U., and is supporting herself by sewing. She just finished doing a set of Christmas costumes -- Santa, Mrs. Santa, and lots of elves...and is also active in the campus theatre group. She has a part ("the ingenue," according to Sarah) in a musical about Noah's ark, "Two By Two," performed on Broadway with Danny Kaye. Despite having jobs in different places and kids here & there, they all get together for holidays and vacations. Jim and Sarah were en route to such a vacation last summer, and stopped to see me in Washington. stumbled into a performance of a Scottish drum & bugle corps, and had a nice dinner in Old Town, Alexandria. I expect to encounter Jim sometime, in NYC or up in Connecticut.

As always, I have saved news of myself for last, and there is a lot that's happened to NED GROTH of late. I've hinted here and there that I am now living in New York; to be precise, my new address is 30 Park Ave., Apt. 2-F, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550. home and work phone numbers are (914) 667-8694, and (914) 664-6544, respectively. I came here in September, to be Director of Public Service Projects for Consumers Union, in Mount Vernon. CU publishes the magazine Consumer Reports, and in addition to looking at autos and toasters and various products, is interested in informing the consumer about broader environmental and health problems. hired me both to have an in-house source of expertise on environmental issues, and to direct and develop a program of activity on public policy questions of that sort. I had been at the NAS, in Washington, almost five years, and the project I was working on, a report on lead in the human environment, was to end this fall. I was looking for something else to do; NAS was a nice

place to work, but doing another study there would be doing the same thing again in many ways, and I was ready for a change. At CU, I have a great deal of latitude to pick my own projects, and opportunities at every turn to interact with the technical staff on project tests, the editorial staff that puts out the magazine, legal staff that run several regional advocacy offices, etc. It is very stimulating, and more "activist" an organization than NAS was. At 35, I may have found what I'll do when I grow up. If this takes (I like them and they like me), it seems the sort of job that could offer continuing challenges and gratification. I've moved from the rambling old farmhouse on a wooded lot that I rented for five years in Washington to a high-rise apartment in downtown Mount Vernon; very convenient (I walk to work, stores, and the train station, from which it's 25 minutes to downtown Manhattan), but I miss the "outdoors." House rentals here are out of sight; and I can't afford to buy a house yet, so I'll stay where I am for a while. I also left behind in Washington a woman I'd been with exclusively for 15 months, but we both knew that the relationship, or that phase of it, had run its course. So I'm footloose & fancy-free, with all of New York for a playpen, and looking forward to the social life. I'm just now starting to have time for it, since my report from NAS wasn't quite finished on time, and I had to bring it with me to my new job ... that ate up my spare time (and partly explains the delay in getting this newsletter together). I had only been here three weeks, however, before I got roped into the NYC Darrow Alumni group (see section on Alumni Activities, below). A few weeks after that, I got a call from Zene Colt '64, who is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Darrow School Alumni Associ-The vice-chairman had resigned, and I was to be nominated to fill the slot. Since there were no other nominees, my election was a foregone conclusion. I have yet to learn what the vice-chairman does, but you'll get an idea of the possibilities from the last section of this document. So far, I haven't had time to go find me a volleyball team or other excuse for regular exercise, but before long my expanding waistline will shame me into getting back into shape, one way or another. I'm sure many of you get to NYC on occasion; there are more than a dozen of us who live within 50 miles of the city. If any of the rest of you get to town, come by and visit.

Meanwhile, because it's the season for it, I wanted to send you all a Christmas card, so I'm reproducing below one made from a photo I took in Wyoming two years ago. Happy holidays! And send me news for the next edition, right away!





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DARROW ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS

The DSAA consists chiefly at this point of a few organized task forces. The biggest and most active is here in New York, and is the result of several years of efforts by Tim Gilbert '63 and Zene Colt '64. Tim is now a member of the Darrow Board of Trustees, and Zene is president of the Alumni Association. The task force idea has been transplanted, successfully, to the Washington, D.C. area, and a similar group in the Boston area has carried out some activities. In fact, however, all of you are members, by virtue of being alumni; and there are no dues! Now that I'm involved myself, I want to take a moment here to tell you what the DSAA is doing, and encourage you to both send me ideas and suggestions, and get involved in some of the activities outlined below.

One important function of the DSAA is that it is the main source of nominees for the alumni positions on the Board of Trustees. There are three alumni slots on the board (and a few other trustees who also are alumni). This is the most direct and effective way for the alumni voice to be heard by the school. The Board is involved enough to know what is going on, and while they can't supervise day-to-day activities, they do set broad goals and policies to be implemented by the headmaster and his staff.

A second important function of the DSAA is fundraising. In the last few years, Darrow's annual giving drive has gained some momentum, through a combination of consultation with experts, better planning and organization, and more active alumni participation. This year, for the first time in memory, there is an active class agent for each class. Hard as it is to imagine, the slot was vacant for many classes before now. Tim Gilbert is the head

honcho for the fund drive, and he's being assisted by five decade chairmen and all the class agents. The goal this year is to get 100,000 dollars in contributions—not quite 10 percent of the school's budget.

Beyond those two fundamental goals, the DSAA is pursuing several other activities to increase awareness by alumni of what is happening at Darrow today, to bolster the participation of the alumni as an effective element in the school's life, and to engage alumni in helping Darrow in non-financial ways. For all of these tasks, we need bodies. The active members of the task forces that exist usually are already committing most of the time they can spare, and most of them are involved in the annual giving effort. To make the other things happen, we need to get new people involved, so we don't penalize our other work. There is ample room for creative activity. For instance, any area that has enough alumni to form a task force can organize a program (a cocktail party is the norm) and invite the headmaster down to give a dog-and-pony show.

Most of the things happening now are going on in the NYC area, so I'd like to encourage those of you in NY, NJ, and CT, especially, to think about getting involved. Here are some of the things that need help:

- Reunions. Darrow has not yet made a regular thing of bringing classes back to celebrate the passage of time, but all it takes is someone to do the work of organizing it. I'd like two or three volunteers from '62 to start planning for our 20th; and we could "warm up" with an 18th and 19th, while we're at it!
- Darrow Today. This program brings selected alumni back to the school for a day or two of intense learning about what is happening there now. Alumni guests (one at a time, usually) attend classes, meet with students and faculty, get to look over facilities, etc. The school needs to identify individuals who would like to go through the Darrow Today program, as a first step to being active in alumni affairs of several kinds.
- Admissions. To help Darrow identify and recruit high-caliber candidates for admission, the school can use all manner of alumni support. Alumni scattered all over the country can mention Darrow to families interested in sending children to a prep school, can interview prospective students, and can help arrange visits by the headmaster to "sell" the school to prospects. If you think you can help, even in a small way, contact the school. Eventually, the DSAA would like to organize this function, but first we need to have alumni who are involved in it.
- Communications. I would like to see every class put out a newsletter; I'd like to see a Darrow Alumni News magazine that could carry information on all classes, and about the school, independent of the Peg Board. These are goals I'll be working to implement through my participation in the DSAA. We also need to track down "lost" alumni. Often someone knows where they are, but no one knows who knows.

As you can see, there are all sorts of things alumni can do, both to keep themselves informed about Darrow and to help the school in ways other than just giving money. The DSAA is just getting started. We need participation to make ourselves felt. If the things you read in the Peg Board bother you; if you think the complaints from Llew, Denny, and Gib reflect your own attitudes; or if you want to get involved in work that can renew old friendships and build new ones, now's the time to join us! The association will become what you make of it.

In future newsletters, I'll try to keep from sermonizing, but will devote some space to reports on significant alumni activities.



Just think--if Carl Braun had kept his promise to send a photo, I wouldn't have had to fill the space up with this one...