CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER 13TH EDITION--July 1980

And here we go again....The 18th year since our graduation, and the 13th year of this newsletter's existence. This year, again, I've got news from most of our classmates for whom we still have addresses, gathered by letters, phone, Christmas cards, telethons, or personal contacts. Some Alumni Association news is also of likely interest to you. But there are, of course, a number of people I'd hoped to hear from who didn't make contact, and a few more lost addresses or disconnected phones....It still takes an effort from each of you to stay in touch, and keep this thing going. So, if you're not among the people listed below, get in early in the rush to be included in the next edition!

And now, on with the news....

DAVE BENSON reports not much is new. He and Linda are still in the same place (Colorado Springs) doing the same thing, renovating and selling old homes; sometimes it's like beating your head against the wall, he says, but didn't sound like he had plans to change jobs. For fun, they are teaching scuba diving, and back in February took a trip to Mexico (Cozumel) for a weekend of underwater relaxation. If I get out to Colorado on my vacation next month, Dave promises to show me all the good belly-dancing spots in Denver.

CARL BRAUN also has a relatively uneventful and happy recent life to report. He and Maureen are raising two energetic kids ("rug rats and curtain climbers" is what he called them, actually--both girls, as I recall). He admits to working hard, and for recreation, he'd bought a sailboat. When I talked to Carl during the telethon (back in March) he was really looking forward to getting out and doing some racing when the weather got warmer.

JOHN CASTELLANI and his family are now living at Mount Vernon, in the handsome quarters provided for the director, the job John now fills. His work, when I talked to him in March, was mostly fund-raising; they hope to raise \$10 million in capital funds this year. On May 24th, the Washington Area Darrow alumni and friends met for an evening reception at George Washington's home, an affair that John hosted, did most of the organizing for, and hopes to make an annual event.

I spoke to <u>JOHN CAVALLO</u> in May, in hopes of luring him back to New Lebanon for alumni day. John and his family couldn't make it, but he did fill me in on what he was up to all winter--during which time he'd

vanished, without a forwarding address! He, Marilyn, and the boys had moved to New Hampshire for a few months, to take their business—food concessions—to the ski country. John reports it was a big success, a great experience for the kids, and they hope to do it again next year. He says he's getting ready to send Mike (12) off to Darrow, and Jeff (8) is his Dad's "ice cream manager." John still gets to the Pittsfield area often, to see his mother, and is already making plans to attend our 20th reunion.

Called JOE & LAURIE COFFEE recently to see what was new, and Joe was busy building a deck for their new house. They're still married, still in the same jobs, still happy...Laurie's life is filled with a pair of part-time consulting jobs (speech therapy for adults), and of course with mothering three kids. She says three is a bit of a work load, but they are so glad to have had a girl on the third try...Joe continues to do what he can to make some impact on the way the Treasury Department develops its human resources, and he's able to help in enough ways that he hasn't felt an irresistible urge to move on. The Coffees attended the gathering at Mount Vernon, report that it was a most enjoyable evening, and that Coach Mahnken and his daughter Wendy (who lives in Richmond) were among those attending.

GENE COOK called up in July, to answer my plea for news, and he's got some good and bad news...On the good side, the career break he'd had his eye on when we last heard from him materialized; his company split up into three separate firms, and Gene is now Director of Marketing for Exite, one of the new outfits. Still in the battery business. But with the reorganization came a move—from Racine, where Colleen and both kids were born (and Gene had had roots down, after 13 years) to Furlong, PA (near Doylestown). It's taking some getting used to, for all of them, but they are settling into new routines. Gene also was recovering from surgery for diverticulitis, a problem that had him out of work for about three months, but was now behind him. His plans for the next year or so include retrofitting their home with solar heating panels and, with some friends, trying to start an export business in electronics on the side, for a little added income. Gene is staying in shape with racquetball, and they've found a country club for the kids.

When I reached HOWDY DAVIS, during the telethon, things could have been a lot better! Howdy was down with the flu, and Jerrie was nursing the dog back to health, after a losing encounter with a car (and associated mountains of veterinary bills!)....Howdy had been "promoted" at work, to a job in regional sales, with supposedly more clout—but less pay! He was making noises about looking for a better job, and Jerrie was thinking about going back to work, even though the baby is just 2. 'Course, that report has to be seen in context—the main purpose of a telethon is to ask for money! Maybe things are better by now out there in Buffalo. At least, I hope everybody's over the flu....

PETER DERI was getting ready last week to leave for a vacation in Europe; he, Laura, and his son Chris (who's 10½) were going to spend the rest of the summer traveling, visiting relatives, and taking it easy. Peter works three days a week at the hospital in White Plains, and carries a growing private practice, as well as teaching some psychology courses at NYU and the College of New Rochelle. His drive to work takes him through Mount Vernon, and though we haven't made it yet, we may get together sometime for a game of racquetball after work.

If you think of TERRY DUVALL, think of hanggliding! That sport has assumed a major place in his life, as those of you who've kept up with this newsletter probably can tell. This year Terry, who now is rated in the expert class, competed in a 4-state regional championship meet, and placed 9th. He has published a 10,000-word article on the sport, complete with photos. This summer, Terry and Anita planned a 5-week vacation trip to the East, with stops along the way at all the hanggliding sites (and here and there, a moment off to see family who live close enough to their route...). The nationals are being held in August in Ellenville, NY, in the Catskills, and Terry wrote in the hope we'd be able to get together, once they got that close ... But I will be out west on my vacation at the same time -- in fact, my route is through Oklahoma City, and I'd hoped to drop in on them there! When they aren't out looking for that elusive "perfect ride", Terry and Anita still are teaching sixth grade together in a team situation, participating in faculty musical productions, and celebrating 12 years of being married to each other.

When I reached STEVE FOOTE, during the telethon, he was getting his act together and getting ready to take it on the road. Since he performs alone (keyboards, assisted by a rhythm machine), that meant mainly working on new material of his own original composition. If you're resort-hopping in the Catskills this summer, you might have a chance to catch Steve's act.

BILL GETTE is another of us whose life has settled into a rather pleasant routine. As manager of imported equipment for Honeywell, he (and Marsha) gets to travel to Europe three or four times a year. In the last few months prior to the telethon, when I talked with him, he had been to France, Portugal, and Italy. Their life in the Boston area is enjoyable, and the kids (11 and 9 now) are growing up fast, as everybody's seem to. Bill said he drove through Darrow a while back, and the place looked awful, a commonly-heard complaint.

PETER & VIRGINIA GORDAY sent a Christmas card with routine news: "Same as ever, busy, tired, underpaid, and happy. Pete's dissertation still in process -- looks to the spring for an end to that." If you're like me, you'd take that last with a grain of salt, since this medium has carried that same promise ("next spring...") for 8, count 'em, 8 years running. So I figured, well, maybe I ought to just check And found the Gorday phone number in Madison, TN, disconnected! Managed to track them down, through Pete's father, and it seems Virginia's note at Christmas didn't tell half of what was to come. Not only is the dissertation <u>finished</u>, but it's been submitted, and it looks like all that Pete still faces is his orals, and he'll be Reverend Dr. Gorday. more than that, he has taken a new job, as an assistant pastor in a big (2,000-member), urban church, St. Luke's Episcopal, in Atlanta, GA. He is in charge of Christian Education, and finds the job challenging, exciting, sometimes frustrating, as his new perspective (which is what he was hired for) occasionally creates tensions with the old, entrenched ways of doing things, and the personalities wedded to them. But he's always the optimist, and sounded stimulated and enjoying things a lot. Virginia also is working at a similar job for a larger organization, in the property management sector of a big Atlanta bank. They are delighting in Atlanta, "The biggest place we've ever lived," with its vitality and cultural offerings. "It's so nice to have more than just country

music," says Virginia, after all those years in Nashville. Pete says they are really anticipating being there for our 20th reunion in '82, and claims the chances are they can really make it, this time. Those of you who recall similar promises before our 10th and 15th may remain skeptics...but if he finished his dissertation, well, anything must be possible! Pete and Virginia's new address is 1381 Euclid Ave, NE, Atlanta, GA, 30307, phone (404)523-2554.

DAVE GRISWOLD also has moved to a new job in a big city....Around Christmas last year, I got a card saying Dave had moved to New York; and at Telethon time, he helped with the phoning, and we got a chance to chat. Dave is working as a career counsellor with Bernard Haldane Associates, in the firm's Madison Avenue office. He says it's quite a transition from athletics into the business world (one he made primarily for economic reasons); but in some ways, he is still coaching people, trying to bring out their best performances, and using many of the same skills it took to work with athletes. He's working with older people -- those seeking new pursuits, often in mid-career -- rather than kids, but he finds it exciting and enjoyable. Dave is living in an apartment in the city, but spends time at home in Connecticut, too. spoke with him last week, and he was excited because his son Jeffrey, who's 10 now, was coming for a visit. Jeff is a real athlete, a big hero in the little league down in Mississippi, and probably "going to fulfill all my dreams", according to his Dad. As far as predictions for himself, Dave expected to stay in this area, either the New York office or perhaps the Stamford office of the company.

During the telethon, Dave talked with several people from whom we otherwise would not have heard. FRANK PHILLIPS is still in Concord, Mass., working as an investigative reporter; Dave will be up in that area later this summer, and had plans to get together with Frank, Jenny, and their children. Dave says DAMON VAN VLIET is doing fine, with his printing business, down in Miami; and though he spoke to ROLAND WRIGHT, he couldn't recall getting much news out of him (a problem this newsletter has had for 13 years...).

LLEW HADEN didn't write (again), so I assumed nothing was new. I thought I'd call, just to check, though. Once you get him talking, it turns out lots of things are going on. Not much news at work--he's had to train a lot of new staff, which is time-consuming, but has not done much traveling to speak of. Some talk about his changing jobs within the bank, but nothing will be decided there for several months. Llew had birthday #36 recently; said it didn't bother him much, and he's somehow seemed to avoid all those crises people are supposed to encounter as the years slip by. The little ones are growing like weeds; his girls are 10 (Courtney) and 8 (Beth) now. Then he began to mention the non-routine stuff...like the Outward Bound course he participated in, last November. Ten days on your own, in the Everglades. Said that is the "most different" thing he's done lately, and it certainly does give you a new perspective on things like resourcefulness, creative problemsolving, and leadership. He's tried hanggliding, also not like anything he'd done before, and enjoyed it, though his feeling now seems to be one of "I can say I did it, once," rather than the urge to get into the activity in a big way. He goes out and rides a horse now and then, saying the challenge of trying to control a big beast that's "just a little bit dumber than I am" is a good way to take out his aggressions. If riding

and tennis a couple of times a week didn't offer such outlets, Llew says he might have to take up beating on old ladies and small children. Fortunately, he seems to keep himself otherwise occupied! Not such a dull report, after all.

Since JOHN HO is living and working in the New York area, he and I have had several chances to get together during the past year. John has had an exciting, if not tumultuous, year. His work, at a clinic for disturbed adolescents in Staten Island, was taken over last year by a project to try to place 100 Vietnamese refugee kids in foster homes. The program was very successful, and attracted its share of media coverage, public attention, and (inevitably) political controversy. But the effort, and John's role as director, was of such value to the federal government that they'll be sending another 100 or so refugees this fall. Last year, John and Josie bought a house in Westfield, NJ, where for the last few months John's been living a "bachelor" existence. While they were visiting in Taiwan last winter, Josie and the two boys (Jonathan and Lawrence) stayed on for an extended stay. Josie was pregnant, and with her history of delicate pregnancies, she needed the support of her family there to help keep the boys (who John says are "pretty active") under control and allow her to take it very easy. After a long wait (during which the doctors informed John and Josie that they were definitely going to become parents of twins!), Josie gave birth to a daughter, Christina, on July 6. The baby weighed in at 112 pounds, which I believe is a Class of '62 record....John, meanwhile, has found that it's not much fun trying to be a husband and father by long distance (and it is a long distance to Taiwan!) He was looking forward to the time when the baby and Josie are ready to travel, and expecting to welcome them home sometime in August.

DAVE HOON didn't have much to report, saying "no news is good news," as far as he and Stephanie are concerned. Their life is about where it was last time we checked. Asked what he does for recreation, he said he hunts deer and elk--"I have a lot of fun, but I can't talk about it; it isn't defensible in public to shoot things." All that is part of the outdoors that Dave has found he loves too much to really think about a move back east.

Almost every year, someone has asked, in these pages, "Where is BOB LANG?" Or we've reported a ghostly sighting, with never more to confirm it than rumors and second-hand data. Well, this year, folks, we have The Real Thing! I was just sitting here in my office one day when Bob called up. He's living in Summit, NJ now, and is back in the insurance business, selling benefits programs to corporations. Bob's wife, Pat, was still up on Cape Cod, and expecting a baby in August. They've bought a house in Summit, and sometime after the birth, Pat and their other child, an 18-month-old son who's already playing with hockey pucks, were going to move down here to join Bob in the new house. He's talked about having a housewarming party, to bring together the 10 or 15 members of our class who live in the NYC metropolitan area--but we may have to wait to believe that when we see it. Bob's plans still all seem to be flexible right up to the last minute. Earlier this summer, Bob's "Three gals," children from his first marriage, came up from Texas (where they now live) for a visit. Somewhere along the way, Bob had a second wife (Pat's #3) and another child, if I've got everything straight. Not sure I do yet; the only way I'll fill in the blanks in what has been

a saga of almost constant motion (vertical, as well as horizontal), that is, Bob's life since Darrow, is to get together with him sometime for a vegetarian dinner and a few gingerales (the lifestyle he now favors). We tried to manage it earlier this summer, but haven't pulled it off yet. More true adventures in our next episode....

SCOTT LEAKE was concerned with the standard run of midwinter kid and farm issues, when I talked to him during the telethon, in March: Ear infections, a lack of snow (lousy skiing weather), and how the timing of the corn planting and haying would affect his plans to go down to New Lebanon for Alumni Day in May. Must be the corn was late or the hay was early, 'cause Scott didn't make it back in May Back in March, there were plans afoot to run in a 10-mile race, just to try to stay in shape. I didn't find out how that turned out. But I did manage to get a picture of Scott, Nancy, Brian, Jeff, and the twins for this go-round.

PIERRE LOOMIS also reports another year of the "same old thing." His work in electrical contracting is mostly big jobs, and "pretty dull," he says. The kids are getting bigger; Mike, now 12, is a soccer enthusiast, and Joe, who's 7, is active in a lot of different directions (hasn't specialized yet). The most Darrow-related news that Pierre had to report was that last winter he,

Lynn, and the boys got together with <u>Don and Marie Sutherland</u> and their family. Said they all had a great time, and "They still look exactly the same--I recognized them instantly." I hope to be passing through the Chicago area in a few weeks, and maybe we can arrange another minireunion for my sake.

At Telethon time, GIB MANCHESTER reported no major events. "Another year older, etc..." was the way we put it. Working hard, but he had missed his planned trip to Brazil—the one that would've allowed a hop over to Argentina, to visit R.J.—since the company couldn't afford to send him down there, after all. His oldest son, Curt, is about to enroll at Western Reserve Academy. Liz, and the other kids, all fine.

After last year's unexpurgated exposé, JOHN PRENTISS wanted some kind of censored version of his recent life presented this year. When last heard from, John had settled once again in the Bay Area (Star Rte, Box 88, Woodside, CA 94062; 415-851-1859). He was living up on Skyline Drive, after a brief spell sharing a house in Palo Alto with a member of the local vice squad. (Though that arrangement had free police protection thrown in, John reports it did restrict his recreational opportunities!) John was looking for a job, hoping to find something that would allow him to use his creative talents to do something socially

valuable, and was exploring possibilities in solar energy or energy conservation. He was also taking courses in art, voice, communication, and pottery, and exploring a variety of avenues of personal growth. He has been talking with some patent attorneys about some inventions he's been dreaming up, but looking forward to finding a concrete direction and stable career. In the meantime, he was enjoying being back in the same geographic area with Kris and the kids. If he's having wild and crazy adventures out there, I'll never tell....

ANSON PERINA (who slipped out of alphabetical order when I got a couple of pages of notes mixed up here) has been working "back and forth" in both logging and construction over the last year or two. He has worked special crews on refinery take-down and re-building jobs, a routine maintenance operation that involves lots of overtime, since the "down time" costs the owners money. Says sometimes "The more I do, the further behind I get;" sounds like he and Benson have the same problem. Maybe it's the altitude out there? Does a lot of fishing and hunting in his spare time, and says he's semi-retired from rugby. But this summer, two of his old rugby buddies got married, and if you think rugby post-game parties are notable blowouts...Anson said people have been coming in from all over the country for the weddings, and "My God, have we been drunk...." Sounded like it was going to last all summer!

FRANK ROSENBERG and I have crossed paths occasionally lately, most notably at the telethon, and recently at Alumni Day, at Darrow, in May. Another year of hard work and occasional play for Frank and Ellie, with no major excitement to report. On a ski break this winter, they took third place in the regionals in the couples division of the Equitable Family Challenge, at Stowe. Frank has put in some time working for a Celebrity Sports Night benefit, featuring local sports heroes, to raise money for handicapped and disabled people. The famous Rosenberg 4th of July Clambake is being held in August this year; if it's a notable event you may read about it next year.

I spoke with <u>CARL SHARPE</u> very briefly, back in May, and he had no news to report, but said everything's fine, and "We're very happy."

HUIB SOUTENDIJK called up last month, and with just the slightest provocation from me, indulged in a little bragging about Steven, who was born to Kathy & Huib on February 24. "He's a doll," said his proud poppa, who claims to be feeding him Jack Daniels and giving him toy golf clubs, to "bring him up right." Kathy is eager to get back to work at her gallery, which is expanding--more space, but more overhead! But to handle some big pieces, what Huib calls "real blue-chippers," she'll be glad to have the room. Huib's work still takes him to Europe often, but the last trip didn't sound like much fun--a whirlwind tour from Madrid to Helsinki, with all stops in between, living out of a suitcase, never quite enough time to get that suit pressed....Back home, Huib has been working out regularly at the NYAC, running in Central Park; he's in real great shape, looks good, and feels good. Back in March, Huib almost had lunch with R.J. Brandes, who was in town on one of his frequent business trips; but R.J. got caught up in some financial dealings and had to cancel. So a "near miss" is as close as we get to a report on our Class Expatriate, this year.

That's all the news from the class--the T's & W's were uncharacter-

istically silent this year. A couple of miscellaneous notes, though: I tried to track down JOHN HAMWI, one of our long-lost mates, by writing to his mother. She sent me his address (P.O. Box 4797, Aspen, CO, 81611), but added that he is terrible about writing letters. How well she knows her son; my letters to him brought no reply. But anyone who wants to write him directly now has the address. And if my travels in the next month take me through Aspen, ole Hams may just get a surprise phone call...Finally, sad to report, we've lost CHUCK ROMACK again; at least, the phone number that worked last year no longer does. He's never communicated with this newsletter in 13 years, but at least we thought we knew where he was. No longer....

FACULTY NOTES & NEWS

CHARLES BRODHEAD wrote last Christmas, too late for the last edition, but well worth saving for this one, describing his 50th reunion, a year ago, at Princeton. He had a wonderful time, saw John Joline and some other old Darrow Tigers; but what he says was "most fun" was the Alumni Track Meet, in which CDB ran the mile in 7:56. I won't risk an error in noting his age again, but that is remarkable and inspiring! Charles next reported on his trip, also last year, to Darrow, at the invitation of Dave Miller, to talk with the faculty about the "old days" as he experienced them. He said the place looked to be in good shape, and his message to the current faculty was "You're more important than you think." A month or two later, I got another letter from Charles, enclosing a letter he had written to the Brattleboro Informer, about the hostage situation in Iran. From the time he has lived in the Middle East, Charles has developed the ability to sympathize with both the hostages and their families, and the Moslem culture which gave rise to the Ayatollah and the militants who took the hostages. Charles expressed his deep concern with the erosive impact our permissive attitudes have had, both on Moslem culture, and on our own. He continues to be outspoken in urging us all to live up to the highest of standards, as he always did when we were at Darrow.

Around Christmas, BILL GOFF wrote to say there was no news in '79, but perhaps he'd be the first for '80. Bill also has an allergy to "maudlin alumni-type talk," but he finds he can still recall our class as a bunch of decent guys, and follows our adventures with interest. As for his adventures, Bill & Bev have opened a "huge" antique shop in a reconstructed downtown area of Laconia, N.H., which he said was "going great guns!" They have a partner who tends shop, while they pick new items, and though this keeps them busy, neither of them considers it "working," so they've accomplished their goal of carefree retirement in Maine. Peter is now in 8th, and Mindy in 6th, grade (this fall); and all was going fine. As Bill put it, "What a great life!"

JOHN JOLINE had not corresponded with us for a while, so when he did get around to it, he had a lot to tell us about. He reminds us that our 20th reunion in '82 will coincide with Darrow's 50th anniversary, so perhaps we can kick off a major hemicentennial celebration, too. John describes his life and Jean's as "enjoying ourselves in a quiet way, with interesting new experiences cropping up from time to time." Jean

is rapidly becoming an excellent ceramicist, doing pottery and sculpture; and she is actively re-establishing contact with her large number of scattered cousins, organizing a family expedition to Deerfield, the locale where her forebears were pioneers. John continues as director of a foundation here in New York, which keeps him busy enough, but has also "volunteered" to plan his Princeton Class of '47's 35th reunion, Another extracurricular jaunt got him involved as a judge in the Police Athletic League's annual essay contest, and a follow-up job chairing a discussion among the award-winning students, taped for the PAL radio show. The topic of the contest was "Stories my Grandparents Told Me," and John says it elicited some fascinating tales from China, Korea, several other nations, rural America, with content ranging from medieval legends to realistic World War II and Depression experiences. He said he felt almost as if he were back in the classroom, and the spirit of the whole project was cheerful and heartening. Those Joline kids are now grown up and out in the world: Jo (JFJ IV) is an artist-in-residence in Taos, New Mexico, and Bitsy (Helen) is an emergency room nurse in Hanover, New Hampshire. Both children are avid outdoor recreationists, and led the family on a climb of Mt. Washington last summer. the summer, the family center-of-gravity still is Duxbury, but come the fall, we will try to get together here in the city.

As reported last time, <u>DES McCRACKEN</u> has moved off campus, and my brother Dave and I visited <u>Des at his new home back in May, when we were up there for Alumni Day. He has more space, fewer intrusions by noisy (etc.) students, and more freedom to play music from his extensive collection, at any hour of the night! We drank a few beers and engaged in rambling reminiscences, a worthy way to spend a few hours for any of you who may be in the vicinity.</u>

DI SPENCER wrote back in January, to say that John had decided to go into the wood business, part time. After 20 years of teaching, he had no plans to give that up, but was going to cut back to half-time, and spend the rest of his time hauling wood down from their farm, near Brookfield, to the Wellesley area, where it was selling for about \$130 a cord last winter. John also is a Deacon of the Wellesley Hills Congregational Church. Last summer, they spent 21/2 weeks out west, at a ranch in Wyoming, where John helped the "real cowboys" wrangle the hor-Di has taken finance and ses, and hiking in the Canadian Rockies. economics courses, in Cambridge and at Wellesley, and is active as a board member of a community organization that started an activitiesoriented group for singles. She was also busy with being a wife and mother, reported that the children are their pride & joy, and, like their parents, love to travel. A few months later, Di and daughter Abby traveled down to Tarrytown, to visit her family for Memorial Day weekend, and invited me to join them for a most enjoyable afternoon of tennis, swimming, socializing, and a picnic. It was great to see Di again, after all the years it had been, and to meet her family, and Abby, who says she's tired of hearing how much she looks like her Dad (first thing out of my mouth, for the obvious reason!). John and Kim were busy with a horse show that weekend, so I'll have to catch up with him later. But Di said he'd been singled out by the students at Dana Hall for an award as "most socially concerned teacher." This summer, the family was spending a pleasant vacation up in Maine, and they were planning to move into a new home in Wellesley sometime soon.

German proverb, "The hurrieder I go, the behinder I get." When I spoke to them last month, Don said he was working more hours (too many more) at the same job, but in a supervisory capacity. Marie expressed the hope that when things die down (after the election, since Don's working for a government agency and that seems to be occupying everybody's attention for the moment), maybe she'd get to see him come home a little earlier, even if it meant a somewhat smaller paycheck. The kids keep getting bigger; Janet's 14 now, about to enter high school, and was off at summer camp, learning how to be a flag corps member for the marching band. Mark is 11, and was earning money on his own for the first time, shining shoes and delivering papers. This will help with the expenses of participation in youth hockey, which had him off to hockey camp this summer, and keeps him busy most of the winter. Don's already beginning to think about the college tuition costs, and looking ahead to continued hard work. news at their house was a family reunion -- his parents, sister, brother, uncle, and cousin all live in the East, but since Don & Marie didn't get back east this year, they persuaded the others all to come to Chicago; in all, they had about 13 visitors, and as many as 8 or 9 at once. Marie has been taking courses in computer programming, which she's finding a help in her field of public administration. The Sutherlands were planning to take a vacation up in Door County, Wisconsin, an area they find reminds them of New England, later this summer. But I hope they'll be home when I pass through, so I can give you an in-person report, next year.

I got a Christmas card from <u>STEVE SWENSON</u>, who was (with Sally and the kids) in Bend, Oregon, skiing, where he said there already was 52" of snow--and half the population of California. Steve reported on the summer '79 trip they took to Europe--England, Scandinavia, some skiing at Zermatt. Said it was the best family venture yet, and they would love to spend a year over there.

JACK VAN VORST wrote to fill us in on the V.V. family's news. He is still playing the organ in Pittsfield, now at the 1st Church of Christ, Scientist, within easy walking distance of their home. Dorothy continues her piano teaching, and Paul Durfee is one of her pupils—the last of the line that included Linda, David, and Stephen. Jonathan is still in Pittsfield, and Neil is still on Nantucket. Adrienne was married to David Cheda a couple of years ago (and how old does that make you feel, guys?), and they live in the Boston area. "Guess who played the organ for the ceremony!," V.V. adds. He wishes us luck with our grand plans for a 20th reunion, and fully expects us to make it happen.

I contacted MARTHA WHEELOCK a few months back, and got some update on the family. Her Dad was doing fine, having recovered from surgery, and the movie Martha made, World of Light, was a finalist in the American Film Institute competition, and scheduled to be shown on Hugh Downs' TV program in the fall. Martha had ambitions to pursue a career in film making, perhaps a full-length feature, but expected to be returning to teaching this fall, to earn a living. Debbie and her family were the source of news about the Wheelocks last time, and still are doing fine.

The latest word from JIM WRIGHT (back in the spring) was that he'd been looking around very hard for a job in a secondary school close to home (Akron), but without much success. There were a few leads in such places as Tennessee, and the possibility of another year at Becket, in the event nothing materialized. Jim has been seasoned in living with

uncertainty about the future -- and apart from his family -- over the last few years, and no abrupt changes of the pattern seemed imminent. While he enjoys the work he does for Becket -- a small, coed school for kids who are classed as learning disabled and mildly emotionally disturbed, for which Jim serves as sort of a roving ambassador and recruitment officer -- he hoped to find a more stable job in admissions, somewhere closer to home. Sarah's job with the United Way in Akron continues to make her feel "overemployed," but she had time for singing in the choir of a local Unitarian church and some recreational music with a local Debby is attending the U. of Akron, studying drama and graphic arts; Bekkie, who has graduated from Emma Willard, will enter Wesleyan in the fall; and Anne, who's about to enter 9th grade, is becoming very adept at the cello. When I tried to reach Jim this summer, I found the party staying at his place knew only that he was "out west somewhere," perhaps with the family temporarily united again, at least for the summer.

Among the faculty miscellany, I can report seeing HORTON DURFEE at Alumni Day; both Horton, who's teaching at Berkshire Community College now, and Jean, who's still at Emma Willard, seemed fine. COACH MAHNKEN came to our Alumni Banquet, and gave a rousing and brief speech. Coach looks fit as a fiddle, says he's lost weight and feels great, for a guy who's 200 years old! (Honest, he doesn't look a day over 100!) Tried to reach DICK NUNLEY during Alumni weekend, but he was tied up with a number of other things, and didn't get to join us. Likewise, I missed contact with RICHARD BETHARDS, who as far as I know is still based at Lackland AFB in San Antonio, but wasn't around when I phoned.

I've run out of personal news items about everyone but NED GROTH; I'll try now to fill all of you in on my last year. The new job here with Consumers Union has been challenging, varied, sometimes exciting, sometimes frustrating, but seldom dull. I am still defining my role in the organization; as a person with a broad overview and sense of the interdigitations of science, policy, and journalism, I often find I'm in the role of trying to identify and balance different perspectives and constituencies within CU, when issues relating to public policy, on risk-related issues, usually, come up. That means about once or twice a month (in phase with getting the magazine together), and with new or different issues every time. This still-evolving role I play here can sometimes make me a threat to The Way Things Have Always Been Done, so part of what I do is provoke tension and anxiety, but I feel as if it is all working out well, for me and for CU. Living in Mount Vernon is a compromise: I walk to work, and practically everywhere else, and it is half an hour into the City for entertainment, or out to the relative wide open spaces of upper Westchester, for recreation and escape. What social life I've had hasn't been very much to write about yet, but it's slowly building, as I acquire a circle of friends and learn what the area has to offer. I've all but given up volleyball; my 36-year-old legs found it harder and harder to take, year after year. Have begun to learn racquetball, a game for which I think I'll develop the same kind of enthusiasm. Seems as if, after a year here, I am looking to stay on for quite a while. But right now, I'm looking forward to my vacation, a two-week trip taking me out to Las Cruces, to see my folks, with stops along the way to see quite a few old Darrowites (or, as a younger and less reverent alum said at the telethon, "Darrowlicts"). I'll tell you about it next year.



Before ending this, a few items of general DSAA news that should be of interest to you. As noted here and there throughout the prior pages, I attended the spring Alumni Day festivities this year; more to the point, Linda Durfee and I, with a great deal of logistical support from Dick Tauber and Debbie Cusey at Darrow, beat the drums all spring to boost attendance, and Zene Colt, in consultation with others on the DSAA Executive Committee, planned most of the day's activities. was the first time the alumni really took the lead in organizing Alumni Day, and by all indices, it was a raging success. You can read about the details of the day in the Peg Board, when it arrives. The main success was the attendance; some 60+ alumni showed up. Many of them were familiar faces, and I'll just run through quickly the ones from years that '62 was at Darrow. Harry Bird '58 reports that his brother Tom Bird (originally '62, graduated with '63) is an archaeologist, living in Cuernavaca (I think), and loves it down there, probably won't ever come back. Harry Savage '59 is a lawyer, if my memory serves, lives in Connecticut, and reported visiting Smith Robertson '59 last winter. The Class of '60 was having a 20th reunion, and among those coming back were Pete Von Mertens, who had spent some time in Nepal and Tibet, and is now living in the Cambridge area, working in solar energy and energy conservation through home designs; Van Selden, who lives in the Hartford or New Haven area, and I believe works for the state government; and Jim Brooks, who lives in Boulder, Colorado, and owns a restaurant, China Dragon, in Denver. Owen Kelly was also there, at least for the banquet, but I didn't find out what he's been up to. Dick Gerrity '61 is in business for himself in the Albany area, and doing quite well; Dick is, or soon will be, the newest alumni representative on the Board of Trustees, the last I heard. Frank Rosenberg and I represented '62 at the shindig. From '63, Tim Gilbert, like Zene Colt '64 a big-shot New York Banker, & Darrow Trustee, was there, as was Zene. Lee Smith '64 came up from Somerville, NJ, where he is a wine distributor, and Bill Bridgham '64, who still lives in the Pittsfield area, where he's a civil engineer, if I can remember, also came by to say hello. The Class of '65 had four of its members back for its 15th reunion: Dave Groth, who is still active in soccer and occasionally employed, in San Antonio; Dave Thompson, who lives and works in the Boston area, and who came back with his Dad as the only father-and-son alumni pair returning; Bruce Wooley, who works for a bank in Canandaigua, NY, and who pitched and batted the alumni to a 17-14 victory over the faculty-plus-ringers in the softball fiasco; and Bill Faude, who works in historic preservation at the old Connecticut State House in Hartford, and tries to run the Darrow Today program that you'll read about in the Peg Board. All in all, this gathering in May offered far more chances to catch up with old acquaintances than I was able to make good with, so I probably missed a lot of news you may have welcomed. Plan to be there yourself in 1982!

One other development worth mention is that this is no longer the only Darrow Class Newsletter. The Class of '65 has now joined us, with a maiden issue, distributed last month, by my brother David. The fact that he's family made it easy—it only took 12 years to get him to try it! I hope to be able to spur a few other adventurous souls to emulate us, within the next few months. Maybe some day we'll have a whole separate alumni magazine!

Au revoir for nov---