

DARROW SCHOOL
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CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER: EDITION #11

Here we go again....this year would have been a thin one, in that I received relatively few letters in response to my solicitation. However, in the course of a Darrow telethon, conducted last month by the Washington Area Alumni Task Force, I had the opportunity to talk to a good number of you, and picked up some newsworthy material. Also, a few dollars in pledges to annual giving!

On the whole, though, the "spontaneous" response this year was underwhelming, and a disappointment. If you guys want me to keep making the effort to do this every year, more of you will have to get the lead out and send some news.

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The news this year includes some fairly old, but not-yet-reported items. First, we had ourselves a small-scale class reunion (15th) at Darrow last June. Looking for the notes I thought I took at the time, I discover that I either was having too much fun or drinking too much beer to have taken any notes, so I'll have to rely on memory to recount what transpired. In attendance were Bill and Joan Anthony (plus two kids); Howdy Davis and his bride of the past three months (at that point), Jerrie; Denny and Joan Hopper, plus two kids; Scott Leake, Dave Griswold, and Ned Groth. Des McCracken was on hand to greet us, and Coach Mahnken and Jack Van Vorst drove over from Pittsfield for the afternoon. Along with the latter came Jonathan Van Vorst, '60. Dick Nunley still lives right down the road, and Howdy and I stopped in to say hello to him and his family. We managed to get in touch with Steve Foote, Roland Wright, Carl Sharpe, John Cavallo, and John Ho, who live within an hour or two of the school and were thus potential attendees, but even our best efforts at persuasion couldn't override the other plans they had each made that precluded their joining us. (As I recall, Carl and John C. were mildly upset that we didn't get around to calling to persuade them til about 12:30 a.m.....)

I did gather various bits of news at the reunion. Bill Anthony still works for Uniroyal, in imports (mostly footwear); he and Joan have been busy completing the interior of their house, and bringing up two vigorous boys....Howdy's big news, of course, was Jerrie! I didn't hear from Howdy this year, but the school reports a new address for them--39 Reist Ave., Buffalo NY 14221. Have heard from most of the rest of us in recent months, so you'll catch up on them below. Among the faculty, Coach looked same as ever; Des had yet another year of character-building hockey encounters to recount. V.V. has a number of choirs and organist duties in Pittsfield that keep him quite busy, and Jonathan V.V. was working in the Post Office, as I recall. Dick Nunley is still teaching at Berkshire Community College, and thriving....alarmingly mature children (not all of them his and Sue's) were in and out of the house while we visited.

As for the reunion itself, we had a lot of fun. A good bit of the time was spent just strolling around, soaking up the feel of old familiar places that have changed only a little in 15 years. Most of us stayed in Sisters' House, and spent an evening over a lot of beers, learning about the current state of the school from Steve Howard and some of the faculty, and reminiscing the way old fogey alumni are prone to do. Thumbnail reaction, shared by most of us (I think), was that the school, insofar as we could judge in the absence of the student body, is a vital, exciting place to grow and learn. The most negative part for me (and others) was to note the fairly sad state of disrepair of much of the physical plant....the whole school needed a coat of paint, and much of the classroom furniture in Wickersham was stuff we used, or that part of it that had survived another decade and a half of abuse. When money is tight, maintenance is one of the few areas in which cutbacks are possible, so the pinch of recent years was felt a lot in that area. But Darrow pulled through while schools all around were folding, and this year the financial picture is better....I understand that most of the dorms have been painted or will be in the next year. Money is the key, and if you think that's a hint, I guess it is. (I've tried not to use this as a soapbox for making pitches for contributions to the school, but in this case, having seen the need and knowing how much the school counts on alumni for financial support, I'll slip this one in.) Back at the reunion, we had a barbecue with Dave Miller and the faculty, and proved that a group of younger (sad to say!) and probably sober people, i.e. the faculty, could beat the six of us at volleyball, though we did take them to five games!! It was a lot of fun for us to see each other again, and a very gratifying encounter with Darrow as it is today. We ought to have another one soon--and I'd urge you all to try to make it, either for our class gathering, or to one of the general alumni day functions.

After the reunion, some news trickled in over the summer. Don Sutherland wrote to say that he and Marie had been back at Darrow the summer before, and had had their own reunion with the Durfees, Nunleys, Mahnkens, and Des McCracken, but couldn't make it this time because the year had just been too hectic at the office. Few weeks later I got a surprise letter from Carl Sharpe, who, though he hadn't been able to get over to Darrow in June, had gotten into the spirit of things and had rounded up some news of classmates in the Boston area. All good news, to boot. Starting with his own: Carl and Francie celebrated the birth of their first child, Heather Lawton Sharpe, on November 21st, 1976. At the age of eight months, Carl wrote, she was the absolute delight of their lives, though she led to quite a change in their lifestyle! Carl reported on John Cavallo, who has been married for 11 years, and is now running seasonal concessions out on Cape Cod. John and Marilyn have three sons, Mike, Jeff, and John, Jr., who by now are about 9, 6, and 3. Carl had a great time talking and reminiscing with his old roommate, and says John seemed very happy. Next, Carl accomplished a minor miracle; he found Frank Phillips!! When Carl wrote, Frank's address was 176 Jenny Dugan Road, Concord, MA 01742, phone (617) 369-7428. Frank is married, has a daughter, and works as an investigative reporter for the Lowell Sun. Carl ran across an article Frank did on crime in New England, which appeared in Boston Magazine; he spends a lot of his time digging up information that some people would prefer to keep hidden. Carl commented that Frank always did seem suited for "undercover" work--remember those clandestine trips to Albany? I'm really grateful to Carl for his efforts, which amounted to some digging and reporting of his own.

Last year, before giving up on some of you as "lost" (that list gets bigger each year if we let it), I made some calls to try to track down a missing sheep or two, and Anson Perina's mom told me her boy was still living in Fort Collins, Colorado. Tried to get in touch with Anson last summer, but didn't catch him. However, I had occasion to take a business trip out to Denver & Laramie last October, and stopped for a night in Fort Collins, with Anson and his wife, Mary. (That's news--they were married last year!) Fine lady, and just right for him. They have a house at 529 Mercer Dr., FC CO 80521, (303) 493-5826; place is populated by various dogs and cats, and the back yard is full of odd pieces of heavy equipment. Anson's business is construction work, and he makes something like a hobby of it, too. His other hobby is rugby; he's given up playing,

though he sure looked fit and solid, and is coaching a club in FC now. The day I arrived, they'd had a match, and Ans and Mary took me along to the post-game party (which is the main reason those guys go out there and pound each other all day). 'Twas an evening I'll not forget soon....imagine a group of guys among whom Anson is average or slightly smaller than average in size....many of them still in uniform....mix in a generous helping of women, the kind who dig rugby players and rugby parties...about three kegs of beer (two down, one to go when we arrived)...imagine me discussing/demonstrating the finer subtleties of soccer-style vs. straight toe-style place kicking with a couple of kickers from the team, using beer cups for the football and a piano for a goal post... just for fun, imagine the 5th game of the American League baseball playoff on the TV, and half the rugby players rooting for NY, half for KC, each half trying to outshout the other half...and some of the crudest (and in the state we were in, funniest) Australian drinking songs I ever heard....imagine being the owner of the bar where all this was going on?! Anyway, Old Anson's doing fine, settled down a bit but it hasn't hurt him any. I'm scheduled to get out there again in June, and we plan to do it again, and if possible, we'll round up Hoon and Benson (see below) and have a mini-reunion.

Christmastime brought a card from Larz & Marylou Anderson, shown here with their family last September. Fergie is a freshman at Princeton now, and was out for crew. Cate takes flute lessons and is active in drama at school. Nicky placed second in his weight class in the Texas state wrestling championships in '77, and plays the violin and clarinet. Carey plays soccer, is fond of clothes and boys, and is constantly in motion, according to her mother. L & M are doing fine, too, and they were anticipating a great '78.



Shortly after Christmas, a card from Scott and Nancy Leake brought the biggest surprise of the year to then: "TWINS! TWO good to be true!" Their names are Michael Scott and Jill Ivy, and they arrived on January 18th. Both babies, both parents, and big brothers Jeff and Bryan were reported doing fine.

As you'll gather as this goes on, it was a good year for minor miracles, starting with Carl Sharpe's unearthing Frank Phillips. To get around to the next one, I have to recount that on my trip out west last fall, I was standing at Jenny Lake in the Grand Teton National Park, enraptured with the view of those mountains on a morning after an autumn snowfall, when a couple of kindred spirits driving a camper van with New Jersey plates arrived....in the course of sharing that glorious experience, we discovered we had a lot of other things in common, too....skip now to mid-February, and I'm on my way up to Spring Lake Heights, NJ, for a visit with my friends from Jenny Lake. Very near where they live, I drove thru a little town called Brielle, which rang a bell back in my head somewhere. Finally figured out that I'd seen it on a Darrow address list, as part of the address the school had for Carl Braun. None of the mail I had sent there had provoked any answer, but I looked in the phone book and sonofagun, there he was. So I called up, and the rest, as they say, is his story. Since we haven't heard a word from Carl since 1962, it starts with his arrival at Rutgers that fall, where he majored in engineering; but before long, he dropped out, having discovered he wasn't cut out to be an engineer. He went to work for his father's company, and shortly got married, but eventually neither the job nor the marriage worked out. Carl then went back to school at McMurray College in Illinois, where the tales he recounted indicated he had a lot of fun. He also ran into Damon Van Vliet in a bar at some point out there! Carl got a job with Phillips Petroleum, one that involved a whole lot of traveling, but life out of a suitcase wore thin after a while, and he returned to New Jersey. For the past several years, he's been working for the Kimber Oil Co., which is a distributor for a lot of the smaller independent retailers in the area. Carl is the regional sales manager for the area that includes much of the central Jersey shore. In 1974, he and Maureen O'Connell

got married, and in January last year they produced a daughter, Allyson, who at about 13 months (when I met her) was about the cutest thing you ever saw. Carl said that he decided some time ago that if he came back to New Jersey, he'd want to live at the shore, and he's delighted to be where he is now. He and Mo own a house, and have a small sailboat that keeps them busy and outdoors a lot. They like to vacation in Bermuda, and it seemed like life in their house was pretty mellow. (Had hoped to talk Carl out of a picture, but no luck. Maybe next year!?) Carl did have one other Darrow-related tale to report--he ran into Bob Lang (also in a bar--don't know if that says more about Carl or about Damon and Bob!) a couple of years ago. (Nobody's heard from Bob since!) If you want to get in touch with Carl or are in the area, his address is P.O. Box 4, Brielle, NJ 08730, phone (201) 528-7309.

We are now up to the more recent news that came in response to my solicitation for the newsletter. Richard Bethards sent a fast note to summarize the past year, in which he was promoted to a supervisorial level in the U.S. Military Mission's English As A Second Language program. Richard has a staff of 176 professional and 10 clerical employees, who train foreign military students in batches of 1100 to 1600 at a time. The objective is to give them enough competence in English to pursue technical military studies here in the States. The period of study varies; they graduate some 2900 a year. Richard's job also involves some travel, and in the past year he has been to Egypt twice and to the Sudan. He found the latter trip fabulous--boat trips on the Blue and the White Niles and their confluence, and people so charming and polite that they rate as the best he has ever seen. He was presented with an ostrich egg as a remembrance of his trip there. Back in August, I spent a few days in San Antonio visiting my brother, who is living there, working in real estate and playing and coaching soccer. David and I spent an evening over at Richard's home, which is delightfully furnished with items from the many lands in which he has lived, and Richard fixed us a marvelous dinner, on very short notice. Richard invites any Darrow people who are in the area to visit; he can be found at 7118 Grand Valley, SA, TX 78242, (512) 675-1522.

Richard noted also that Ron Emery was due back in this country in April. Ron, as you recall, spent the year in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, working for Lockheed. In a letter in March, he says that leaving Darrow was a smart move for him, and it was difficult to believe he stayed as long as he did. Corporate life, he reports, is not so different from academic life--both monstrously inefficient and wasteful. He was pretty much his own boss there. Heat, he said, was incredible. Ron enclosed a story from the Arab News that was a laudatory review of a play he produced and directed in Jeddah; they performed Tennessee Williams' "Streetcar Named Desire." The reviewer called it "a really professional performance...success...with polish and elan...both players and audience know this from Scene One...Director [Ron] has skillfully managed to bring together enthusiastic, well-casted performers, powerful drama, a brilliant set with realistic costuming and lighting [and] the mood ingredient of jazz and blues music [that] authenticates the New Orleans atmosphere of the seedy life.... The end result is an achievement of a dramatic performance that could stand out in its own right anywhere." Ron says the production was every bit as good as the rave review said, and got standing ovations the last two nights. (Now if only the reviewer hadn't identified Ron as "Don Emery"....Sic transit gloria mundi, etc.) Ron affirmed that he was coming back to the U.S. in April, and announced an intent to call me when he got to Washington, but I missed him, if he did get thru here. I don't know what his future plans are, or whether he's going to stay in this country or go back to Saudi Arabia. Perhaps by next year we'll have heard from him again.

Former faculty continued to dominate the early responses, as Guthrie Speers was next to be heard from. His news was less cheerful, in that he was recovering from a broken hip. At the age of 87, he had practically never been inside a hospital, and is still very active and vigorous, but he fell and broke his hip toward the end of last year. He had recovered to the point of getting about with two canes when he wrote, and was looking forward to being fully recovered. About the first of May, he and Elizabeth

were to travel up to their summer home in Center Sandwich, N.H. In addition to mending his bones, Guthrie had a busy year as class agent for both his prep school (Hill) and Princeton (1912) classes, rounding up contributions to annual giving. Said he had a good letter from Charles Brodhead, and that the Brodheads were planning to visit them this summer. He invites any of us to come see them in New Hampshire, too.

Charles Brodhead sent a word of thanks for our initiative in having the reunion last year, and his regrets that he and Sue were unable to attend. He reports that they try to keep in shape through the long Vermont winters (so as to survive for our 20th!) by going out for a hike nearly every day, on snowshoes or cross-country skis. For the third year, Charles ran in the 15 km Brattleboro cross-country ski race in February; he completed the course in just over two hours, and placed 682nd out of 792 entrants who finished. (Not bad for a youth of 78, by my calculations!) Charles had a big thrill last year when he traveled to New York City to see his old ship, the four-mast bark "Peking," which is permanently moored at the South Street Maritime Museum. Some of us remember the film Charles showed at Darrow of the Peking's trip around Cape Horn, on which he was a member of the crew. A shipmate of his, Irving Johnson, wrote a book about the experience, "Peking Battles Cape Horn." A new edition of the book is on sale at the museum, and Charles offers, "If you chaps bring your copies to the next reunion, I'll be glad to autograph them." Charles also passed on a word of interest about Kazu Sohma, who he says is prospering as a farmer in Hokkaido.

Bill Goff sent a note on stationery from the Emerald Owl, a shop he is running in Limerick, Maine. He was on the way to Arizona for a one-week vacation, said he had no earth-shaking or exciting news, just routine. The shop is doing fine, he has an abundance of piano students, and Bev is going great guns as a contract analyst with Union-mutual-Portland. They'd had plenty of snow, but he expressed faith that spring would arrive, judging from past years. Reported that one of the last vestiges of Darrow he still possessed, a huge bible that had belonged to an old Shaker gentleman, which Mrs. Heyniger had given to him, had found its way into a collection of bibles owned by their minister at the Congregational Church in West Newfield. Given the fact that the area they now live in once had its share of Shakers, Bill felt this would be an appropriate home for the bible.

Got two mini-newsletters this year from Terry and Anita Duvall. They were missing Brad, who departed their home for Cleveland last June, but saw him at Christmas. Terry is becoming more expert at hang-gliding, and traded in his intermediate kite for a more soarable one. The longest he has been up is 15 minutes, but he was getting ready for a longer time aloft. Anita was learning the basics of hang-gliding, too; she had flown only for a few seconds, and wasn't ready to go off the top of any mountains yet, but at least could land under control. They say there are some excellent flying sites in Oklahoma; "You all come and we will take you flying." Both of them are teaching sixth grade this year; Terry teaches science, and Anita language arts and social studies. Last summer, they went to a learning institute in Chicago and had a fun trip. Over spring break, they were planning a trip to Vail, and Terry was planning to go to summer school at Central State. During the spring, they made a video tape of their program and presented it at an Independent Schools Conference in Houston. They were busily planting and planning a garden for the spring. Anita wrote that Terry and Tommy have a new job on the side, delivering singing telegrams. "Ding-a-ling grams," would you believe. Thought it would be fun to see what comes of it. Terry summed up with "No big changes, Ned! All is quiet on the western front!"

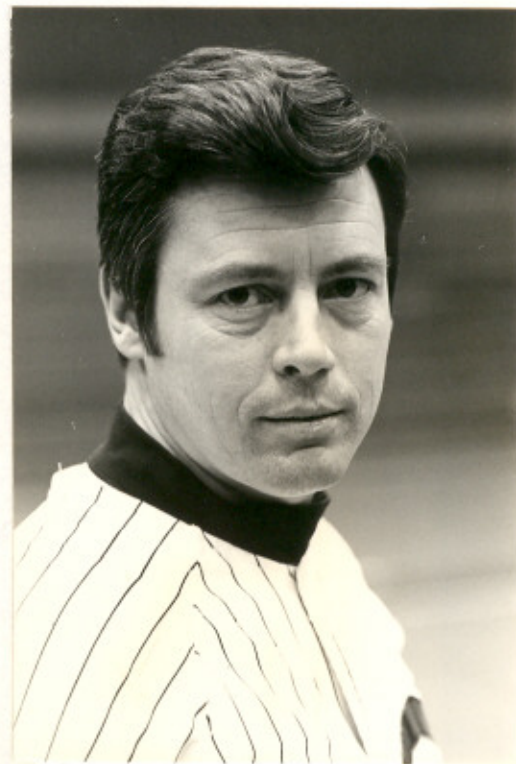
Di Spencer wrote to say that John has kept hopping this year with teaching at Dana Hall and with his prison work, and also had been moonlighting with a snowplow, clearing driveways of the record snowfall. Di herself continues to be active in her Wheaton alumnae affairs, and working on issues related to displaced homemakers. John is also finding fulfillment as a gentleman farmer; he wants everyone to know that his ayrshires were the fourth highest herd in milk production in Massachusetts last year. Abby, who is 13 now,

will be participating in horse shows this summer, the third generation of the family to do so. Di reports that they spent a night visiting the Jolines last summer at their commodious home in Duxbury, which was remodeled by Jim Baker, the Darrow alumnus who designed the new Dairy Barn.

Jim Wright is working now for the American Friends Service Committee in Akron, as Office Coordinator and junior program person. One of his first tasks was to redecorate the office so that people could work in it. He supervises volunteers and generally keeps the office work flowing; says it's a hell of a lot better than being unemployed! He also has a weekly radio program on WKSU-FM, on AFSC concerns and local human services, and he and his engineer were trying to interest National Public Radio in some of the material. He's still looking for more lucrative work, but feels more comfortable doing that from a base of employment. He brings home a little money to help the family coffers, and to keep up his Fiat 131, which he really enjoys driving a lot. He is continuing with Gestalt therapy and occasional human relations groups, and hopes to get back into training in the latter field one of these years. Says he is in better spirits than he has been for at least two years. Sarah is still the major support for the family, through her work as Director of Allocations and Agency Relations for the United Way of Summit County. She loves it, though it is tiring. That job also brings her to Washington occasionally; she was here last summer, and we got together for an evening in Old Town, Alexandria. Debby is finishing her senior year in high school, and will go to work next year; she hopes to be hired as costumer for the Akron schools' joint summer musical production. She has been taking a course in outdoor education, learning to rapel off of buildings, and was looking forward to a week-long trip to the Adirondacks to try out the real thing sometime in June. Becky is a sophomore at Emma Willard, steeped in theater and the arts. "We always thought she was a mathematician/scientist. It just shows how little parents know," Jim says. Anne is in sixth grade, and gets prizes for her science projects and her puppetry, gets better at the cello, and is cheerful to have around. Last summer, they took a trip to North Carolina for Jim's dad's 70th birthday, and spent some time camping at the beach--"heavenly." They were hoping to get to West Virginia for some more camping and perhaps white water rafting this June.

Coach Mahnken reports that his weight is down to 200 from 215, and his blood pressure down to 123 from 150. He feels good enough to run in the Boston Marathon. Says he sees the Van Vorsts often, and Dick Nunley on occasion.

Dave Griswold's period of waiting for the job he was looking for ended February 1, when he took over as head coach of baseball at Trinity College, in Hartford. For the past year or two, Dave was an assistant coach there. He has been involved since then in recruiting, promotional work, and coaching. Says the job is a challenge, and the team is young and inexperienced, but he loves it. They took the team to Florida for a spring trip, and had a 5-1 record down there. Besides coaching, Dave is still in the housepainting business during the summers. It's dull work, but it keeps him in beer money. He really enjoyed the reunion last spring, and hopes to get over to Darrow again. Had a special request (like several other people): he'd like to hear from Bob Lang. Maybe we should make a class project out of tracking Bob down! Dave's address is still Box 386, Old Lyme, CT 06371.



That was about it--got only one or two other letters this year. However, on April 3rd and 4th, we had a telethon here in Washington (like the ones they've run out of New

York for the past several years), in connection with the annual giving effort for Darrow. This gave me occasion to call a bunch of you, with the prime objective of soliciting contributions, but it made a natural way to gather news, too. (Those of you who were called by Towner Lapp from New York's telethon this year missed out; next year we'll have to plan better, so that Towner can pass on any news he collects along with his pledges!) In the course of calling around the country on WGMS's WATS line, I came up with a couple of additional "minor miracles." Read on.

Gene Cook told me all about how he'd been meaning to write a long letter...doing much the same old stuff, selling batteries, and watching the kids grow up. He's active in coaching kids teams, and is on the school board. Traveled to San Francisco on business last year, and gave Lester Henderson a call; says Les is very happy, really settled in at the Athenian School. Gene's job entails a lot of travel, and he gets to Baltimore often. We may manage a get-together this summer.

Through his father, I next managed to locate Bill Gette, whom we haven't heard from in about 10 years. Bill now lives in the Boston area, where he works for Honeywell as manager of imported material for their computer division. Bill and Marsha have two children; Melissa is 9, and Christopher is 7. They're both active in their church and teach Sunday school, and they still enjoy a variety of outdoor activities. Bill says he has not seen anyone from Darrow since graduation. Their address is 147 North Rd., Bedford, MA 01730, (617) 275-6253.

A call to Tennessee connected me with Peter Gorday, who's doing just fine down there. Peter has been working hard to build a congregation, and the church is prospering. Though still small, the church is growing. It's a largely blue-collar suburban area of Nashville, and Peter and Virginia are both very happy and at home. They find their present very fulfilling, and plan to stay there indefinitely. Pete has developed quite a southern accent, and said "Oh really--that's great!" when I noticed it! Virginia is still working at the bank and is taking psychology courses, and John is going on three, and is becoming a great little person with a strong personality. Peter is still working on his dissertation, has finished 2 of 6 chapters, and those parts have been well received by his advisors. Says he's determined to finish, eventually. They will be taking a trip up to New York, to visit his dad, sometime this summer, and hope to stop in for a stay with me en route.

John Ho was out walking the dog when I called, but Josie told me they had taken a trip to California around Christmas; flew to San Francisco and drove down the coast, and saw some friends in San Bernardino. More or less by surprise, John was offered a job in that area, and for a while they considered moving to California, but for the moment they will stay in Rhinebeck. Along about then, John came back with the dog, and the rest of the news is from him...he says he's overworked, and will be cutting back, by dropping some of his private patients. Though that will be hard to do, he wants to spend more time with his family than he's been able to lately. Jonathan is full of energy and is a challenge to keep up with. John said he'd been feeling a bit restless; perhaps it was the long, hard winter, but the job offer in California had been very tempting, and maybe before too long he'll be ready to move on to something new.

Along comes another minor miracle. Had not heard a word of Dave Hoon since 1962, but Darrow had an address for him, out in Colorado. Turned out he'd moved, but the Phone Co. had a new number for him. When I talked to him, he said he'd been getting most of the newsletters and related mail, and meant to get in touch, but he just hates to write. Since Darrow...Dave spent his college days at Gettysburg College, which he described as small, quiet, and all-WASP. After being graduated in '66, he was in the army for three years, and served in Vietnam in counterintelligence. He got out of the army and "dorked around for a year or so." Had always wanted to live near the wide open spaces and outdoor recreation areas, but not too far from city amenities, so he came to the Denver area about seven years ago. Did odd jobs for a while, then finally found the

job he holds now, helping to run the state Veteran Employment Service Program. His wife, Stephanie, works for the state, too, in the unemployment division. They've been married about five years, have no children. Dave likes his job and really enjoys living in Colorado; says he does a lot of hunting and fishing every year. They now live in the town of Evergreen, which is populated (at least partly) by eccentrics; the guy who lives down the hill from them raises llamas, and assorted other interesting and unusual people and events can be found all around. We're hoping to get together when I get out there in June. Dave's new address is Rte. 5, Box 700, Evergreen, CO 80439.

Talked to Joan Hopper; Denny was out somewhere. They had had a hectic time recently, because Joan's father passed away just before Christmas. Even without events of that sad nature, they have both been very busy. Joan's business selling microwave ovens is going strong, and she spends her time in sales training, public speaking, and supervising a staff of 10 girls out of her new office. Denny is still working hard as planner for the city of West Hartford, and is quite content--no moves in the offing. When they get a chance, they've done some cross-country skiing. Tammi and Kimberly are 9 and 6 now, and into all kinds of activities you might expect of them--violin, girl scouts, etc. Last fall or winter, they took a 2-week vacation without the kids in California, mostly in the desert areas (Palm Springs, Borrego Springs, etc.). They spent eight days in San Diego, and Joan says it rained every day! Things were going well for them in West Hartford, and they were about to celebrate their 11th anniversary when I spoke to Joan.

Called Dave Benson twice. The first time, I had a nice conversation with one of those robot phone-answering machines. Next night, I got the real thing. Dave swore he had a letter half written when I called. He has gotten out of the stock broker business and is now working full time on buying up and fixing up old houses. His goal is to have a whole big string of rental properties, and he hopes he'll make a nickel or two out of it eventually. He says this business takes the old Hands-to-Work concept and puts it to work, and he's trying to instill the same spirit in the fellows who work for him on the restorations. Linda has been teaching a sewing class at adult school in Colorado Springs. They don't have any children yet. Dave hasn't been doing much photography in recent years; too wrapped up in other things. He's another of our Colorado crew that I'm planning to round up in Denver in June.

Bob Willock reported a pregnant wife (his) last year, so it's not surprising that he has the birth of a son, William Todd, back in August, to report this time. He says four is enough! Bobby is 9 now, Scott is 7, and Christy (a.k.a. Kiki) is 4. Bob is now working in personnel for IBM's regional office, and says he's about ready to move into something else. Life is pretty routine; plays some tennis, and each year they go to Hilton Head for a week or two of rest and recreation. Bob hasn't been back to Darrow since graduation, but would like to make it to one of our reunions.

Frank and Ellie Rosenberg also have a relatively routine year to report. For Frank, there is still a lot of hard work to do, and he puts in a lot of hours. He says it's under control, but still could stand to have it ease up a little. Ellie has been teaching 7th grade math and 10th thru 12th grade computer science, and it's been very demanding. Because of all the snow days early in the year, there were some eight weeks of solid school, without a day off. They went to France to ski in the Alps in February, and really enjoyed it. Hadn't been able to get much skiing in recently, though, because the slopes were too icy. They have hopes of a trip to Hawaii this summer. I tried to get together with Frank and Ellie a couple of weeks ago; I was on another one of those trips to New Jersey, and spent a day and evening in New York. But it turns out that the Islanders were in the playoffs, and they had tickets, so I found out I rate lower than a hockey puck! Oh well, I had fun anyway.

I reached Roland Wright up in Saratoga, where he works for G.E. in Schenectady. He was due to be transferred to another job within the plant soon, but wasn't sure what he would end up doing. Deirdre has started taking courses in library science at SUNY in Albany, and their son Christopher is into being three years old. I asked Ron what he

does in his spare time; "As little as possible!" was his reply.

Llew Haden says the years are monotonously all alike, and except for getting a year older, pretty routine. Atlanta banking has suffered a good bit from the Bert Lance flap, with guilt-by-association putting a dent in nationwide attitudes toward Atlanta financial institutions. Other than being a bit tense, work has been pretty much the same. Llew's wife Nani has launched her own business, designing and importing jewelry. The girls are 7 (Courtney) and 6 (Beth) now. Llew still runs into Soutendijk and Frank Schroeder in New York banking circles occasionally. We made our annual promise to try to get together next time he's near D.C. or I'm in Atlanta...haven't made it yet, but keep trying.

I contacted John Prentiss at his home in southern California, and he chatted with me for 20 minutes before telling me he had been about to sit down to a lovely dinner prepared by a lady friend when the phone rang. He says he's been unbelievably busy, and is involved in a number of business and political ventures that are pretty far out. He told me about one idea he was trying to sell to AT&T--a way to save millions of dollars a year in costs of "information" calls. Sounded worth trying--but AT&T may be resisting because they didn't think of it themselves! John says his work at the Vineyard is maintaining him in a lifestyle that leaves little to be desired; he is also doing some consulting for Borel Restaurants, and is v.p. of a small construction company in San Francisco. He and Kris are split up for good, and within a short time will be divorced. John's happy with his love life now, and inclined to doubt he will risk marriage again. He says he just about went crazy the last two years, trying to figure out who he is and what he wanted, but he feels like it's really coming together now. Says he still has a lot of bases to cover before everything comes up roses, though. In tracking down John, I did speak to Kris, too. She and the girls are living in an apartment in Woodside, and she is working as a drug abuse counselor with heroin addicts; says it's a real eye opener, and required her to get toughened up in a hurry. She's beginning to feel good about being single again, too. She and John see each other often, and it's pleasant enough. Back to John--when I got to the pitch for annual giving, he immediately came up with an idea to provide some incentive to others who haven't given yet. John offers to give Darrow an additional \$20 for every \$50 dollar pledge (up to 5 such pledges) made by another member of '62. YOU GUYS WHO HAVEN'T GIVEN YET HEAR THAT? If five of us will come up with \$50 pledges, the school will get an extra \$100 from John. Hope those of you who can afford it (and most of us are hardly broke any more) will dig down and send in your pledges. And maybe next year it would pay Darrow to fly John to New York to take part in the telethon! What a salesman.

That's the end of the telethon news. However, we did have an "event" here, as part of our organizing for the Washington Area Alumni Task Force, in the form of a cocktail party a few weeks ago. At the party I got a chance to talk to Joe and Laurie Coffee and John and Jerilyn Castellani. Joe continues his work in executive development at the Treasury Department; the frustrations of the bureaucracy haven't prompted him to move on yet. Laurie is working for a county speech clinic, and deals almost entirely with adult patients now. It's quite different from what she was doing before, and she seems to enjoy it a lot. Jeff is six and David is three now. Joe & Laurie were looking forward to a trip to the Caribbean this fall; they're planning the cruise in honor of their 10th anniversary. John has been promoted to assistant director of Mount Vernon; that means he now runs the place, I believe. He and Jerilyn built a new house in the Wilton Woods area of Alexandria, and moved in last fall--by now, they've got the place pretty much the way they want it, but there's always something to do. They were hoping that Bob Sherwood would come down for a visit this spring; his sister was getting married in Wilmington, and they planned to try to entice him down here for a stay.

I've also been in touch with Towner Lapp and Huib Soutendijk briefly, by phone, in recent months. Towner has been very busy with his work, which involves a lot of travel; he was about to depart for Hawaii or Tahiti or some horrid place like that when I talked to him. Marjorie often gets to play hostess to foreign clients who come to stay at their house in Chatham; often this includes being tour guide for guests who have never been

to New York, so she sees a lot of the Statue of Liberty, etc. They have another Bob Lang story--Bob turned up on their doorstep, nearly two years ago. No one seems to know where he is now, though! Huib continues to work for his bank, as head of the NY office of the international subsidiary of a Chicago bank. His wife, Kathy, runs an art gallery, where they had a disaster recently--the sprinkler system went off and some \$50 thousand worth of art was ruined. But she's bouncing back from that episode. They took a trip to the Caribbean for a vacation earlier this year, and will be going to Europe in June; he gets over there about twice a year, mostly on business. I'd hoped to see Huib when I was in New York last month, but we couldn't connect. Says he's enjoying himself a lot. Kathy is from the Richmond area, and they get through D.C. often, and perhaps we'll manage to get it together one time before long.

Brings it round to me....Ned Groth has had a good year. You've heard about bits and pieces of it all through this letter, so I'll highlight. Still work for the Environmental Studies Board of the National Academy of Sciences, and have just begun a project that will take me through July of '79. Don't know what then. Recently finished a two-year study that produced a 750-page report on Nitrates, and for a while I was sweating blood over every page, but things are back to normal now. New study is on lead in the environment and how to reduce hazards of lead poisoning. I enjoy my work, but am restless; don't know what direction I'd head if I moved, though. I mentioned my trip to the west last fall; in addition to seeing Anson Perina, I spent a week hiking, stalking wildlife, and photographing in the Grand Tetons and Yellowstone. It was spectacular fall weather, and then it snowed, and for a day the landscape was like a Christmas card, too beautiful to believe. Still am playing volleyball; this year I started for our "B" team. Last spring, we were regional champions, but this year we were rebuilding, and had a mediocre season. Still, I play mostly for fun and exercise, and got plenty of each. My divorce occurred last summer, but well before that I was used to being single and enjoying it. That state has continued, though perhaps I've mellowed out a little; doesn't seem so important any more. I've been through a lot of women in the past year, and enjoyed many different things and learned a lot, but I still don't know what it is I'm looking for, and know I'm not looking for anything permanent now. Next week, I'll be flying off to Europe for about 3 weeks of well-earned vacation (London and Paris); if I'm lucky, I'll get this printed and mailed before I go! I've got a big house here with just me and the cat to keep it occupied, and there's lots of room for any of you who might be in the area, so stop and see me!

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A few last words: Don't pass up the chance John Prentiss has offered to make the school a bit richer; send your pledges in now....

And if you meant to write this year, but didn't get around to it, why not do it now, while your intentions are stimulated again? It'll give me a start on next year's edition, and you'll have a clear conscience when the request comes around next time!

Have a good year (and tell me about it!)--

Ned