

## CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER #1\*

Dear Classmate:

Below you will find the fruits of my labors of the last three months; of the total number of people that I attempted to contact, nearly half replied. My thanks to those who did respond; you have given this project a good measure of success. As a class, we have made a good start toward both of the objectives I outlined for you in my initial letter: we have provided a way for many who have lost touch with their classmates to get back in contact, and at the same time created a publication which can replace and improve upon the <a href="Peg Board">Peg Board</a> as a clearing-house for alumni news. But this is only the start; if this class newsletter is to continue to be of any value, it needs your unceasing support and participation.

But let me get on with it...what follows is a kaleidoscopic collection of trials, tribulations, triumphs, travels,...a partial history of the Class of '62 since we left Darrow.

WILLIAM ANTHONY: Co. C, 35th S & S Bn., APO NY 09107

Bill is one of several of our number who are currently doing time with Uncle Sam. After Darrow, he attended the College of William and Mary, in Williamsburg, Va., and was graduated in June 1966 with a B.A. in English (American Lit.) The following September, he entered the Army as a 2nd Lt., and has since advanced one grade up Uncle Sam's dubious ladder, to 1st Lt. For the last half-year, Bill has been Company Commander of a light-medium truck company, operating out of Stuttgart, Germany. He'll be there 'til this Sept., at which point he expects either to extend his hitch and go to Viet Nam, or get married. (That's a choice?) He says he has pretty much lost touch with goings-on in the States, and is still undecided as to what he will do when he gets back; he may go to grad school, teach, or get a job and make some money. If you'd like to contact Bill, his home address, more permanent than the one above, is RFD #1, Flanders Rd., Woodbury, Conn.

DAVID BENSON: 1504 N. Weber, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907

The "Tuna Fleet Captain" faked us all out; a month after graduation from Darrow, he enlisted in the Air Force. That worthy organization was quick to take note of his skill with a camera, so naturally they trained him to be a medical corpsman. In this capacity, he spent a fairly enjoyable hitch in England and Germany, delivering babies and driving an ambulance. He had enough spare time to sample the local way of life, the scenery, and the women, but somehow managed to come back still an American and a bachelor. When he left the Air Force in 1966, Dave enrolled at Colorado College in Colorado Springs. On his way from Germany to Colorado, he stopped to visit me, and the two of us had a fantastic weekend at a clambake at Frank Rosenberg's place out on

<sup>\*</sup> Reconstituted from the last available faded dittoed copy of the original.

(With a minimum of judicious editing.)

Long Island. A month later, when I visited him in Colorado Springs, he had already virtually taken over the yearbook, of which he is still the photography editor, and had made contact with most of the pretty girls on the campus (a camera makes a handy introduction.) The "Fleet" is living up to his name, and wasting little time getting through; he expects to be graduated, with a business major, in either December '68 or June '69. After that, he may go on for an M.B.A., or go directly into business; he claims to be "just a capitalist at heart." Dave is still in the reserves, and had a few tense moments about the time of the Pueblo incident, expecting the callup to come. He even had his uniform pressed. But the last I heard the call hadn't come, so he can continue to snap pictures and entertain coeds in his bachelor pad until he finishes his stay in Colorado Springs.

RICHARD J. BRANDES: 13 St. Marks Place, New York, N.Y. 10003

R.J. Spent the first two years after Darrow at Ohio Wesleyan, then decided to take some time off to get a better perspective on where he was going. He spent the next six months in Europe, mostly in Venice and elsewhere in Italy, and travelled and observed in Yugoslavia, France, Spain, and Portugal. On his return to this country, he declined an invitation to return to college, choosing instead to go to work for C.A. Andres & Co., in New York, a leather-importing firm. He is now vice-president of the same company, and president of Harvey-Malis Leather Co., a subsidiary that supplies leather to the garment industry. His work includes many things--buying, selling, and a lot of travelling among several offices; his job is both exciting and time-consum-Away from the office, R.J. maintains an interest in sailing and pottery, though he reports that he just sold his sailboat, and his potting wheel is gathering dust. He has been a member of the National Guard for three years, including four months of active He has taken several night courses at the New School, and is in his third semester at Columbia's School of General Studies, plugging away at an English major. On the personal side, he married Deborah Stafford, whom he met at Ohio Wesleyan, in January 1967. They have no children, just a scottie with a rather remarkable name, and a personality to match. Aside from a trip to the Bahamas, life has been pretty much day-to-day for R.J. and Deb. He's looking forward to a reunion of Darrow personalities; why don't those of you in the N.Y.C. area get together and see what you can come up with?

JOHN A. CAVALLO: State Road, Richmond, Mass. 01254

When John left Darrow, he enrolled at the University of Massachusetts, where he spent three years, but he "Got all screwed up, left school, and dodged the draft," in his own words. Fortunately, he got into the National Guard, and after a while got a clearer idea of where he was going. He took a job as a draftsman with Hill Engineering Corp. of Dalton, Mass.; he is now "on loan" to G.E. in Pittsfield, and he and his wife, Marilyn, recently moved to Richmond, ten miles from Pittsfield. At present, he reports that the work isn't thrilling, but they do have to eat, especially with Marilyn expecting their first child in early June. In the evenings, John is taking business courses at Berkshire Community College, where he's pulling a B average; in the fall, he will return to college full-time, to get his degree, at American International College in Springfield, Mass. As soon as he has fulfilled his obligation to the National Guard (three more years,) he says he plans to "move the hell out of New England!" Right now, he's close to Darrow, and will probably make it over there at least once this spring.

JOSEPH N. COFFEE, Jr.: Apt. 74, 1800 Jefferson Park, Charlottesville, Va. Following a pattern that is starting to look familiar, Joe entered the U. of Va.

in the fall of '62, completed two years, and then decided to take some time off. As a freshman, he joined Sigma Pi fraternity, and competed for them in inter-fraternity sports such as baseball and beer drinking, with emphasis on the latter. After he left school, he worked for Educational Testing Service in Princeton, N.J., for a while, but he soon decided not to wait to be drafted, and joined the Marines. He was lucky enough to get into a twelve-month program (this was before the War got hot) and spent most of his hitch in San Diego, being schooled in electronics. He got out of the service in early '66, and worked at E.T.S. again, then in the fall he returned to Virginia to complete his education. Joe is currently finishing his senior year, majoring in International Relations, and should get his B.A. next month. He has moved off campus, and is content to rest on his laurels of years past as far as any athletic endeavors are concerned. After graduation, he looks forward to a career in diplomacy, but since he's still in the reserves, he can't take an overseas position. Possible alternatives are graduate school, or a job within commuting distance of his reserve unit. When I last saw him, at Christmastime, he was accompanied by a very attractive redhead, but he is still a bachelor. His permanent address is still Princeton-Lawrenceville Rd., Lawrenceville, N.J.

## GENE P. COOK, Jr.: 1338 N. Wisconsin St., Racine, Wisc. 53402

My letter took a long time to catch up with Gene; he's been on the move. After leaving Darrow in 1961, he took a job with the Office Equipment Corp., selling calculators and computers. He has not been to college, but has taken a few night courses, most of them job-oriented. In 1964, Gene moved to California, living in Newport Beach and working for Olivetti-Underwood in Anaheim. While there, he took up sky diving, which he says opened up a whole new world for him. He soon got to be pretty good at it, and is now an instructor and a member of an exhibition team, the Skyscrapers. Last August he tore some ligaments in his knee, and took a trip to Racine; the local Olivetti-Underwood man made him a job offer, so he stayed on. When he wrote, he was still at it, and doing very well; however, he was ordered to report for induction into the Army on March 19th, bum knee or no. I haven't heard anything since, but Gene didn't expect his leg to last through basic training, so he could well be a civilian again by now. Knowing army doctors, I wouldn't count on it. Gene admitted also that he has finally found a girl worth marrying, and a June wedding was planned; thanks to Uncle Sam, however, the ceremony may have to be postponed. Whatever the Army decides to do with him, he can be reached through the address above.

# ANDREW B. DUVALL, III: 28th FA, 1st Bn., "A" Btry, APO NY 09185

Andy is another of our number in the Army at the present time; he is stationed in Germany, where, as a 2nd Lt., he is the leader of a launcher platoon at an Honest John rocket installation. The trail that brought him to this point has had its ups and downs. After leaving Darrow, Andy finished high school through a correspondence course, and entered Thiel College in Greenville, Pa., in the fall. He spent two years there, then quit school and took a job with his uncle, making radiation detectors. The following winter, he enrolled in some night courses at John Carroll University in Cleveland, and made the Dean's List. However, he was laid off from his job, and at about the same time got a divorce from his wife. Of the latter, he says it was "good and bad." He next took a job as a salesman with the Norcross Greeting Card company, and held that position until he got his own "greeting" from LBJ by way of General Hershey. He enlisted instead, signing up for three years and being permitted to delay his induction for 120 days. He spent those four months in Switzerland, skiing and drinking, then returned in Feb. '67 for basic training at Ft. Campbell, Ky. After basic,

it was AIT in FDC (whatever that is) at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, followed by OCS at the same location. When he finished OCS in December, he was stationed at his present post, near Gonsenheim and Frankfurt. He is close enough to good ski country that he is managing to enjoy himself, for the present at least.

WILLIAM O. GETTE: 895th MP Co., APO SF 96331

A letter arrived from Bill while I was in the process of writing up this newsletter. Mail takes a while to get to and from where he is now, Okinawa. Needless to say, he is not there of his own choosing, but only at the behest of our ubiquitous Uncle. Bill went from Darrow to Hobart College, where he played Lacrosse, among other activities. After graduation in June of 1966, he enlisted in the Army and was sent to Ft. Benning, Ga., where he attended Infantry OCS. On May 15, 1967, he was commissioned as a 2nd Lt., in the Military Police Force. Three weeks later, Bill was married to Marsha Carlson of Lexington, Mass. He was stationed at Ft. Gordon, Ga., until last August, when he was transferred to the 895th MP Co. in Sukiran, Okinawa. Fortunately, Marsha is there with him, and they find living overseas a wholly new experience. In his work, Bill has jurisdiction over all military personnel in Okinawa, plus limited authority over the local nationals. When he gets out of the service in May of '69, Bill hopes to settle somewhere in New England.

LLEWELLYN P. HADEN, Jr.: 3518 Roswell Rd., N.W., Apt. B-11, Atlanta, Ga. 30303

When Llew left Darrow, he returned to the Old Dominion, and to the University of Virginia, where, he reports, he "Got off on the wrong foot, and stayed on that foot for four years. Three years, actually, as I took a couple of years off, hoping the rest would do some good. It didn't..." Finally, Llew abandoned his efforts at Virginia, and moved further south, to Georgia State, in Atlanta. Here, he has met with more success; he will be graduated in late May with an overall average of around 3.2. In June, he will start working for the First National Bank of Atlanta. On the personal side, in 1964, while he was still at Virginia, Llew was married to a girl from Virginia Beach; they have no children yet. Llew is grateful not to have a family right now, since he is afraid the Army might have its eye on him. He reports that he's lost touch with just about everyone, though he and R.J. Brandes sometimes call each other up and scream back and forth for a while. He's looking forward to hearing how everyone is doing.

JOHN HO: 1009 N. Main St., Bowling Green, Ohio 43402

John's first stop after Darrow was Lehigh University, from which he was graduated in 1966 with a degree in psychology. During those years, he spent two summers in Europe. One was devoted to "studying" at the University of Heidelberg, Germany; the other he spent working for a shipping firm in both Oslo and Stockholm. He found "business" in both Norway and Sweden to be most enjoyable. John is currently a graduate student in clinical psychology at Bowling Green University. He will pick up an M.A. this year, but his goal is a Ph.D. As a future "head-shrinker," he has become acquainted with the insides of numerous state mental hospitals in Pa. and Ohio (strictly as an observer, of course.) This summer he will be working as a psychologist with the Upward Bound program in the Toledo area. His job will be to detect any serious mental disturbances among the underprivileged youths in the program, and to make recommendations for treatment. He will also have the chance to conduct group therapy for the first time. Aside from his work, John remains unmarried, as he has found the bachelor life too enjoyable to give up just yet. Like many of the rest of us, he is looking forward to hearing news of old Darrow friends whose names "seem to have bocome mere labels attached to people I once knew and lived with."

DENTON S. HOPPER: 403 Alexandria, Col. E., Columbus, Ohio 43215

Denny went from New Lebanon to Hamilton, N.Y., where he spent the next four years at Colgate University, receiving his B.A. in Greek in June of 1966. During the summer between his junior and senior years, he toured Europe with his family, and met Joan Korcak there. Joan and Denny were married on April 7, 1967, and as of a month ago there was an unconfirmed possibility that an addition to the family might be on the way. At present, the Hoppers are living in Columbus, Ohio, where Denny is a graduate student at Ohio State University, and Joan is teaching fourth grade. Somewhere en route to a degree in Greek, Hops became interested in urban development, and is now working on a Master's in city and regional planning. He will finish his course work this term, and then work on his thesis; he reports he's in no big hurry to finish up. He is also working part time at the State Department of Development, where he worked last summer. He may take a similar job on a permanent basis when his studies are completed, though he reports he's "Still looking for the job that will change the world, so I may look around a bit until I find the right job, or else bring my sights back into line with reality." He is so far untouched by the military, and hoping to remain that way, although it's impossible to tell how it will work out. He'd like to hear from all his classmates, especially Braun, Gorday, and Hoon. So would I.

ANTHONY SCOTT LEAKE: 69 Grant St., Burlington, Vt. 05401

Scott was married on August 26, 1967. He is now a grad student at the University of Vermont, and his wife, the former Nancy McIntosh, is a senior at the same institution, majoring in history. All the kidding Scott took about being a "Farm boy" must have had its effect, for he's majoring in dairy manufacturing, and doing a thesis on "Keeping Quality of Cottage Cheese." When he finishes school, he may go into the dairy industry, or some related food industry, as a specialist in quality control. This summer, while his parents are in Europe, he and Nancy will be taking care of the farm. Scott intends to learn how to milk a cow, and may get enough of farming to last him a while. With another year of school left, Scott is worried about the draft; if they yank him out of school, and they might, he would find it tough to finish his education later. Aside from his studies, Scott's main activity has been skiing, especially cross-country racing. Last winter, as a senior, he was captain of the UVm ski team, and was ranked seventh on the eastern team. This year, he did less skiing and more studying, but he will train intensively in hopes of making the eastern team again next year. This past winter, Scott taught Nancy to run cross-country, so that they could make a family sport out of it. Scott reports thathe has seen a lot of Frank Rosenberg, who made frequent trips to Burlington for business and skiing. Scott plans to get down to Darrow for Alumni day, and hopes to see a big turnout from '62 there this year.

PIERRE LOOMIS: c/o RFD #1, Canton, Conn. 06019

When Pete wrote me, he was in the Canal Zone, at "Jungle School," a two-week stopover between Ft. Bragg and Viet Nam. Panama is "Whew--Hot!", and Southeast Asia will be more of the same. He enlisted, a few steps ahead of the draft, and went to OCS and Defense Information School. He is now a 2nd Lt., an Information Officer, which is basically Public Relations (or propaganda peddling, depending on which side you're on.) He should be in Viet Nam until April '69. Befor embarking on his Army career, Pierre attended Westminster College, in Fulton, Missouri, and with a little time spent at summer school, was awarded a B.A. in sociology in 1966. At Westminster, he joined Sigma Chi fraternity, and found fraternity life most rewarding. Somewhere along the line he met Lynn Schannon, the chapter sweetheart, whom he married last

year. ("Ain't that sweet," he says.) Good news: there's a "Little Wop" on the way, scheduled to arrive around the first of July. Unfortunately, Wop, Sr., won't be home to greet the baby, but "C'est la guerre," he philosophizes. If you'd like to contact Pierre, use his home address, given above.

JACK LOVELAND: 5 x Mill St., Apt. 5, Orono, Maine 04473

When he left Darrow in 1960, Jack transferred to Berwick Academy in South Berwick, Maine, and was graduated in June of 1962. He then entered Dean Junior College, and completed a two-year plan of study leading to an A.A. degree in education. In the fall of 1964, he entered the University of Maine, in Orono, as a junior. He reports that he didn't do too well in his first semester, and had to take a year off. He returned to U of Me. in the fall of 1966, and is now a senior in the School of Business Administration. He will get a B.A. in marketing in February of 1969. During the period that he spent out of school, Jack worked as a night auditor for the Portland Charterhouse Moter Hotel, in Portland, Maine. In his spare time, Jack did a lot of skiing this past winter, most of it in New Hampshire because of poor snow conditions in Maine. Finally, he says that, for the present, he is content to remain a bachelor.

GILBERT M. MANCHESTER: 27450 Euclid Ave., Euclid, Ohio 44132

I didn't actually hear from Gib, but I got a very nice note from his corresponding secretary, a young lady whose name, by coincidence, is Liz Manchester. Gib and Liz were married several years ago, while he was at Lafayette College and she at Centenary College for Women. They have a son, Curtis, who is now three, and another child on the way. Gib was graduated from Lafayette with a B.A. in English in June of 1966, and is now a second-year law student at Case-Western Reserve Law School, in Cleveland. Law school having turned out to be the grind it was noted for, Gib spends a lot of time with his nose buried in the books. As a result of this diligence, he made Law Review his first year, surprising even himself, and just lately he had his "Recent Decision" published. In his spare time, Gib and his family enjoy many of the interesting and exciting facets of Cleveland life, such as the Browns. Both Gib and Liz, natives of Youngstown, like living in the Cleveland area, but they have no solid plans yet as to where they will settle down when Gib finishes school in 1969. He intends to pass the bar and practice in his home state, but has not chosen his particular branch of law yet; his future remains flexible.

JOHN O'BRIEN: c/o Donald O'Brien, 885 Vauxhall Rd., Quaker Hill, Conn. 06375 Although John spent only his freshman year at Darrow, he still carries indelible memories of the place, and of the people he knew there. His most lasting impression is of Mr. Heyniger, of whom he still has a picture, "... At a football game, marking time outlandishly with the band, his enormous arms outstretched even in the manner he embraced ideas and people." As for John himself, he finished secondary school at Waterford H.S. in Waterford, Conn., where he played football, was a gymnast, and "... Might have done some studying;...it's hard to remember." After graduation in 1962, he attended The Citadel for two years, and acquired a lasting dislike for all things military. He spent the summer of '64 at the University of Vienna, Austria, and in the fall enrolled at the University of Colorado, from which he was graduated in June of 1966 with a B.A. in English, and a minor in German and about five other things. He was immediately re-classified 1-A, and in August of 1966, he entered the Army for a four-year hitch. By coincidence, he ran into Pierre Loomis at the New Haven Induction Center, so the two of them have consecutive serial numbers. After basic at Ft. Dix, N.J., John spent six months at the language school in Monterey, Calif; he was then

sent to Bangkok, Thailand, where he puts his training to work as a clerk-typist. He finds S.E. Asia "A most enervating portion of the world." On other fronts, John has been a dedicated classical guitarist for several years, and hopes to study with Segovia, should he (the latter) still be alive when John gets out of the Army. He has also been active in the theater, both at Colorado and in Bangkok, where he is currently playing the role of Dave in "Under the Yum-Yum Tree," an Actors' Community Theater production.

ANSON PERINA: 833 22nd St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Anson reports that life and fate have carried him in many directions, some good and some not so, but all helpful to development, since graduation from Darrow. After a year at the University of Wisconsin, he left and worked his way around the U.S. and Mexico. He held several jobs, including ski instructor, at Aspen, Colorado; at Acapulco and Mazatlan, Mexico, he took up surfing and was in that bag for a while. After a year on the road, he returned to college, attending Mitchell, in Connecticut, where he was involved in school government and was a member and representative of the National Student Association. Since then, he has moved on to George Washington University in D.C., from which he should be graduated this June, unless he blows his Spanish course. Like French III at Darrow, Spanish is proving to be his nemesis. Anson is majoring in modern world history, with emphasis on Sino-Soviet affairs and their effects on the Third World, or the Emerging Nations of the West. After graduation, he would like to go on to grad school at the Sino-Soviet Institute in Washington, but not immediately; he would first like to work for the Agency for International Development (A.I.D.) for a spell, to further the process of attempting to win men's minds, rather than conquering them by sheer physical superiority. Since Anson was perhaps best known at Darrow as Grendel of the Gridiron, he assumes that most of his classmates would like to hear of his athletic history. He reports that, in his first semester at Wisconsin, he sustained a severe knee injury while playing football, and his gridiron career came to an abrupt halt. As partial compensation, this injury has made him permanently unfit for military service. However, memories of past glory were not tangible enough to satisfy him, and Grendel has made a minor comeback. He has been playing semi-pro ball for the past four years, and in addition has continued to play lacrosse. He is currently playing that sport for the George Washington Lacrosse Club, which competes in a tough league in the D.C.-Baltimore area. He also claims that "the heinous thought of marriage has not crossed my mind; " there are still too many places to go and things to do for him to consider settling down. He has collected a great many valuable experiences since leaving Darrow, as we all have, and hopes that we may soon have a class reunion, a real in-the-flesh get-together, to exchange these bits and pieces of our lives.

FRANCIS B. PHILLIPS: c/o Peace Corps Director, American Embassy, P.O. Box 554, Maseru, Lesotho, Southern Africa

As his address indicates, Frank is somewhat out of touch at the moment, and it proved impossible for him to get a reply to me in time for the deadline. However, his mother very kindly wrote me a letter to fill us in on what our favorite "rodent" has been up to for the years since Darrow. In the fall of 1962, Frank entered the University of Pennsylvania, which he attended for two years; he then transferred to Washington College in Chesterton, Maryland, from which he was graduated in June of 1967. In December of 1966, he married Jane M. King, of Alliance, Ohio, whom he had met when they both went overseas with the American Friends Service Committee in the summer of 1964. Since December of 1967, they have both been in the Peace Corps

in Lesotho, which was formerly Basutoland. Frank is doing community development, specifically, laying out water systems for small villages. And Jenny, who is a nurse, is working in the public health end of Peace Corps operations. I hope to hear from Frank himself soon, for I'm sure he must have numerous intriguing stories to tell, both of his own experiences as a Peace Corpsman, and of the Dark Continent in which he is serving.

JOHN G. PRENTISS: 4129 Roland Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21211

After graduation from Darrow, John entered the Cornell University School of Hotel Management. In December of 1963, he married Kristin Dennison of Chappagua, N.Y., and in June of 1966, both Kris and John were graduated from the Hotel School. They moved to the big city, New York, where John worked as an assistant to the vice president of Helmsky-Spear, Inc., a real estate firm that owns the Empire State Building and about half the rest of Manhattan. John also worked part-time as a banjoist at Your Father's Moustache, the Red Garter, and the Red Onion. He saw Frank Rosenberg and TOWNER LAPP frequently. Towner's office, with Fieldcrest Mills, was just a few blocks away, and they often had lunch together, until Towner was transferred out of town. In April of 1967, fed up with the N.Y. smog and the rat race in general, John and Kris moved down to Baltimore. He is now working for The Rouse Co., a real estate development firm, specializing in mortgage banking and enclosed-mall shopping center development. This company is currently building "The renowned New City of Columbia, Maryland," between Baltimore and Washington, D.C. John is in the shopping center end of the business, and does a lot of on-the-job travelling. He reports that he is very happy with his work. In addition, he has joined a terrific Dixieland band, the Pier Five Jazz Band, in Baltimore, and plays with them regularly. John and Kris have a 12 year old daughter, Jennifer, who is "Full of Hell already." While he says he's not rich yet, John claims to be having a great time trying.

FRANK S. ROSENBERG: 510 East 86th St., New York, N.Y.

Frank followed four years at Darrow with four years at Hobart College, in Geneva, N.Y., and in June of 1966 was awarded a B.S. in math and psychology. Hobart, he played on the hockey team and was a mainstay of the sailing team; he even made the Dean's List during his senior year. In 1965, he spent the summer most enjoyably on the west coast, chiefly San Francisco, working as a Fuller Brush Salesman. When he finished college, Frank began working full-time for Fluid and Electro Devices Corp., in New York. FEDCO, as it is known, manufactures hydromechanical and electro mechanical components which are used in submarines, airplanes, tanks, and a few other things. Frank's official capacity is East Coast Sales Engineer, a job which involves extensive travel, and a lot of liaison work with various military installations. His travels, in part business and part pleasure-oriented, have taken him to all corners of the USA, including California twice in the last two years. In his spare time, he has kept up with his sailing, and has done a great deal of skiing. He and his sister both ski for the Grumman ski team, and he was on the slopes every weekend between Thanksgiving and Easter. Much of his skiing was done in Vermont, and Scott Leake, who saw him fairly frequently, reports that Frank has done very well in racing competition. Frank travelled to Squaw Valley to ski in February, and made it to Aspen in April, having great times on the slopes and off in both places. Frank continues to lead a full social life, and has no plans for marriage at present. One of the most notable aspects of Frank's social activities, one which has become a veritable tradition, is his annual Fourth of July Clambake, held out at East Marion, Long Island. If you are anywhere within a hundred miles of New York around the 4th this year, contact

Rosy and try to make it to his party. This is an event not to be missed. As a matter of fact, it might provide an opportunity for a class reunion. If you like the idea, or would be willing to help organize such a get-together, talk to Frank about it. (That's 212-628-7425, if you're too lazy to write.)

CARL M. SHARPE, III: Schuyler Preparatory School, Schuylerville, N.Y., 12871 Carl believes it to be "One of the ironies of life" that he is now teaching at a boy's prep school in upstate New York. Schuyler, located an hour's drive north of Albany, is a young school, in its fifth year. Carl has been there two years, and plans to saty another. Enrollment is 61 boys, with a faculty of 10; Carl's largest class is six students. Needless to say, a teacher can accomplish an enormous amount in such a situation, and Carl is finding teaching exciting and rewarding. senior English, a course much like Mr. Nunley's at Darrow; instructs three sections of juniors in American literature; and also teaches first-year Latin. This teaching load is to a large extent self-imposed; Carl likes his work! He is, in addition, the head of a 24-boy dormitory, and (get this) director of discipline for the school. Carl is presently organizing a summer program for the school, through which he and another teacher will take twenty-five students on a 5,000 mile tour of Europe, hitting thirty-five major cities in nine countries. They will be teaching along the way, emphasizing local history and culture. Carl hopes to expand the program in the future. To go back a few years.... Carl spent four years at the University of Massachusetts, receiving a B.A. in English Literature in June of 1966. While at college, he wrote a good deal of creative prose and poetry, and has had several of his pieces published. He spent his summers as a bartender in the resort town of Boothbay Harbor, Maine. To date, he remains unmarried, and has thus far managed to evade the clutches of military conscription. He reports that he is "healthy and happy," and was looking forward to seeing a lot of us at Darrow on Alumni day this spring.

HUIBERT SOUTENDIJK: 68 Valley Road, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

Huib went directly into the Army after leaving Darrow. He was trained as a supply clerk, and sent to Wurzburg, Germany. However, with typical elan, the Army assigned him upon arrival to the post of assistant 160 MM gunner. Huib didn't go for that at all; after a few weeks of grumbling, the message got through, and he was transferred to a supply room job, which he held for eighteen months. At that point he tried out for the Division's tennis team, and was just good enough to make it, though he remained low on the ladder. This bit of success threw him into the middle of the Division's special services program, and gave him the opportunity to join the Third Infantry Division Glee Club when tennis season was over. From that point on, life was almost pleasant, right up to the day of his discharge. Since Huib left, however, he reports that the entire special services program has been disbanded because of growing manpower needs for Viet Nam. Huib managed to get out of the Army a little early, in order to start school at C.W. Post College, on Long Island. He is now finishing his junior year, majoring in political science, and hopes to go on to business school after graduation. He hasn't decided where yet, but reports that that will be the end of his education. This coming August 24, Huib will be marrying a "Gorgeous young lady, a graphic arts designer with ABC in New York." They expect to live on the East Side of Manhattan. Huib, too, is looking forward to a class reunion, so let's get organizing! There are enough of us in the New York area to have a good turnout, if someone will name a time and place.

DAVID UNDERWOOD: 831 N. Hoff Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85705 When Dave left Darrow, he took a summer job in the business district of New York, and lived in the City with his brother. He says it was rather different from Darrow. At the end of the summer, he enlisted in the USMC, ("Uncle Sam's Misguided Children," according to Dave), which he found "At times interesting, at times almost ridiculously tough, at times amusing, but mostly just a drag." After his release from the service, Dave entered Bard College, where he spent two years; but, prefering a larger college, he transferred to the University of Arizona, where he is at present. His letter said little more, save that he felt obligated to omit from this newsletter those of his experiences not fit to print, and some of his more "spiritual" excursions. He did come back down to earth long enough to state that he is neither married nor engaged, though the time may be near, and to mention that he saw Frank Phillips last summer.

EDWARD GROTH III: 750 Fremont St., Menlo Park, Calif. 94025

Before I forget, there is one more member of the class that I've been keeping track of; in a sense, this gives me a chance to reply to all of you who wrote me such long and thoughtful letters, which deserved but seldom got lengthy personal answers.

In the fall of '62, I trotted off to Princeton, rather snowed by the prospect of Tigerhood, but still very undecided as to what I wanted out of the university, life, or myself. The first couple of years were pretty dull; no cars were allowed, no women within 50 miles, nothing much left to do but study. Accordingly, I was on the Dean's List my freshman year. Later on I discovered a few other outlets for my energy, and my grades drifted down to just above average for my class; by graduation time I had attained relative academic obscurity. My freshman year, I tried out for the swimming team, but came out a bit short on talent (and muscle). However, I stayed on as team manager, and had some of the more rewarding moments of my years at Princeton through this vicarious participation in athletic glory. At the start of my junior year, I joined an eating club, Dial Lodge, noted primarily for its raucous parties, and social life became much improved. I played football (!), baseball, and billiards for Dial in interclub competition. Senior year was the best of the four, despite the Thesis (which I put off til the last possible moment, ruining houseparties weekend,) and emerged, in June of '66, with an A.B. in Biology. Not having any firm post-graduation plans, but anxious to avoid the draft, I had begun applying to graduate schools in the fall of my senior year, and was delighted to be accepted at Stanford, since I really wanted to sample life on the West Coast for a while. In august of '66, I loaded all my worldly goods (about a ton of crap, is what it was) into an old ford and set out to follow Dr. Greeley's instructions. En route I saw a lot of scenery, relatives, and friends, including Rabbi Wright and Dave Benson. I've concluded I really like California. mate is magnificent; San Francisco is a fantastic city; the mountain regions of the state offer endless camping and hiking opportunities. Besdides, Stanford is coed, and after eight years in monastaries, I needed that!! I am progressing slowly toward a Ph.D. in biological sciences, specializing in invertebrate neurophysiology (behavior of insects.) But I don't know yet what I want to do or ought to do with my life, and expect it will take more than a Ph.D. to make me feel fulfilled. Like Denny Hopper, I'd like to leave the world in better shape than I found it. I am doing some exploring of my other sides, letting the scientist mark time; toying with the idea of trying to be a writer, but not sure I have anything that profound to say. On the side, I've been playing a lot of volleyball, in intramurals, and lately, on the Stanford team, which is a club sport, making grad students eligible. We've competed in local and statewide AAU tourneys, and finished high in a couple, winning a "B" division championship for Northern California last month, and taking 7th in the far westerns. I've been working on getting to know a few of the female people around here, and am still single, though not certain how long I'll remain that way. Like Anson, there are a lot of things I'd like to see and do before I settle down, but I'm close to accepting that I'll never get to do most of 'em. Well, enough talk of myself, and on with the news of others.

Because Darrow is such a small, close-knit community, we students often got to know our teachers almost as well as we did our classmates. Working on the assumption that alumni would be interested in whathhas become of former masters, and vice-versa, I tried to contact as many former faculty as I could. Response from the teachers was outstanding: 19 of 27 replied, compared to 24 of 61 listed alumni.

Several of our former masters are still at Darrow:

JOHN JOLINE: Now in his seventh year as headmaster, John has seen the school go through an enormous amount of growth and change since his first (and our last) year there. Yet, when I visited the school at Christmastime, both John and Jean seemed just the same as they had when we left: youthful, enthusiastic, and just as excited as ever by the constant challenge of providing leadership to the vital young community that is Darrow. There are some signs of the time that has passed; the younger Jolines have grown up considerably. John is now a sophomore at Dartmouth, and Helen (Bitsy) is a junior at Miss Hall's School. John finds himself as busy as ever with the hectic routine of school work, and in addition he and his wife have travelled extensively to meet with alumni and parents in connection with the major development program now getting under way. He reports that they have found a little cottage near Duxbury, Mass, a few yards from the water, "Where I can go barefoot and be anonymous for a few weeks in the summers." He also urged me to extend to all of you an invitation to come back and stay with the Jolines as often as you can.

CHARLES D. BRODHEAD: Let me take this opportunity to express my gratitude to Mr. Brodhead for his tremendous help in the early stages of organizing this newsletter. Without his tireless efforts, it would not have been possible to contact many of the former masters, and we all thank him very much for his contribution. Charles continues to play an active part in life at Darrow, concentrating on admissions, Handsto-Work, and teaching Asian history. He has just one section with 12 boys, but he considers his teaching to be his most important contribution. A ruptured disk in his spine in 1965 forced his retirement from coaching athletics, but surgery to correct the problem was successful, and has allowed him to maintain a fairly vigorous schedule of activities. He and Mrs. Brodhead, though grandparents now, still play tennis, ski, and do some camping in the summers. In 1965, they camped throughout Canada: in 1966, climbed Mt. Katahdin in Maine; and last summer, scaled Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks. This summer, they expect to spend more time in the great outdoors, and Charles hopes to attend the World's Sing-Out Festival. He sees the greatest hope for this country and for the world in the thousands of youth committing themselves to participation in the "Up With People" sing-out groups. When I visited with him at Darrow this winter, I was delighted to find that, though his hair has become silvered, Charles remains in vigorous good health and still plays an active role in Darrow affairs. As we parted company, he went sauntering off up the road, lost in the dusk and the falling snow, to feed the sheep.

JOHN A. VAN VORST: In his official status as alumni secretary, V.V. has probably heard from more of you over the years than I have; but we hardly ever have had the chance to find out what he himself has been doing. He reports that things are much the same for him, and that he will be retiring in a year. The Board of Trustees has made retirement mandatory at age 65, so V.V., Coach Mahnken, Charles Brodhead,

and Basil Walker, the librarian, will all be obligated to leave in the next two years. The rest of the family is fine. Dottie is the organist at the Episcopal church in the Valley; Jonathan ('60) is in his second year in the philosophy department at Roanoake College in Salem, Va., and hopes to begin work on a Ph.D. soon. Neil ('64) is a senior at Dartmouth, majoring in classics, an was elected to Phi Beta Kappa after his junior year. He has been awarded a fellowship to study at Kings College, Cambridge, next year. Adrien is in sixth grade (somehow that seems hardest to believe). For all of them, life goes on as usual.

HARRY A. MAHNKEN: For Coach, too, life goes on. His football team last fall went 4-2, and "They were a fine team, one you could all be proud of." Beat Monson, Lenox, Millbrook, and Cranwell, and lost to Salisbury by a touchdown, and to South Kent by a single point. Coach's family is now pretty spread out: oldest son Bill is living in Delmar, N.Y., with wife Barbara and a son and daughter; Lee and her husband Jim Cusack, andold Darrow boy, live in Lebanon Springs with their two little girls; Hank, a contemporary of ours, is in the Air Force, stationed in Spokane, Washington; he has a wife and a daughter. Wendy has grown up (literally, to about 5'10") and is a senior in high school, about to head off to college; she's been doing some modeling on the side. As you may know, Coach's successful football squad last fall was his last at Darrow; he's being put out to pasture at the end of the school year. When he wrote two months ago, he didn't have anything lined up, but expressed the hope that "Somebody will give the old man a job." Finally, Coach announced with great pride that he's been made an honorary member of the Princeton Class of '39, where he spent a good part of his pre-Darrow coaching career.

HORTON K. DURFEE: After many long years of teaching in the dusty depths of Wickersham, this fall Horton will inaugurate a brand-new science building, and he's looking forward eagerly to the improved facilities. Back in 1963, the Durfees moved out of their apartment in Ann Lee, which was seemingly getting smaller as their family grew. They built a home of their own, in a development on the mountainside above the school. They are five minutes from campus, have a lovely view, and can look down on Ann Lee and the lacrosse fields all year 'round. There are now four Durfee children; in addition to Linda and David, who were there in our day, Stephen, born in January of '63, and Paul, born last May, complete the household. Horton is delighted with them all, but feels he's getting a little old to enjoy changing diapers. Though he didn't mention it, I'm sure he is still coaching lacrosse with the same enthusiasm and love for the sport that he brought to it when some of us played on his teams.

RONALD D. EMERY: Ron never got a letter off to me, but I saw him at Christmastime. He was, as usual at that time of year, buried beneath a monstrous pile of final exams, which he hoped to have graded by the end of February. Ron is teaching several English sections, and coordinates the entire English program. He also advises, directs, produces, and sometimes helps write productions of the Darrow Players, and is contriving, with a group of students, to put out still another sterling yearbook. He continues to enjoy the many subtle pleasures of life in his swinging bachelor pad in Hinckley House. In nine years at Darrow, his hairline has receded (a little), and his beltline expanded (a little more.) He's just your typical prosperous, happy, hardworking prep school English teacher who never has time to write letters.

JAMES DESMOND McCRACKEN: Des sends this most important news item: Finally, in the summer of 1964, he got to France, the heart's desire of every French teacher. He

spent more than a month in Paris, and visited London and Scotland as well. It was his first trip back to the latter, the land of his birth, and he met many of his relatives who had been just names to him til then. On the personal side, Des is still single, and lives in Medicine Shop, in an apartment for which he had acquired a fair amount of good furniture. He is still coaching hockey, and providing the more important services for the team of supplying pucks, sticks, tape, dimes for candy machines, and keeping the skates sharpened. Last January he replaced his old 'Ghia with a '68 VW squareback, with more power ("fuel injection, no less"), warmth, and less noise. The teaching of French goes on more or less as ever, though I'd like to think (for his sake) he's never had another French III class quite like ours.

RICHARD W. NUNLEY: Ron Emery is not the only one to fall prey to a mountain of paperwork; when Dick wrote, he reported he was bleary-eyed from wading through a stack of essays. He, his wife Sue, and their year-old daughter have been living in their new (and still unfinished) home, just off the Old Shaker Road to the Valley, since last August. He says that very little of note has happened to him lately. If you visit the school, you may try to find him, but my experience has been that, unless pinned down by a stack of papers, he's very elusive. So good luck!

The rest of our former teachers have, like us, left Darrow and gone each his own separate and fascinating way.

LARZ K. ANDERSON: 8009 Pickard Ave., N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87110

"Stubby" went from his teaching position at Darrow back to school at the U. of
Pennsylvania, where he got a Master's, then taught for five years at Germantown Academy in Ft. Washington, Pa., living in Ambler for a while, then in North Wales. While there, he and Marylou had three more children. Fergie, the oldest, was born at Darrow in '59; Cate (5), Nicky (3), and Carey (2), have come along since. Two years ago,
Larz decided to come west, something he'd wanted to do for a long time. He is teaching English in the junior school of Albuquerque Academy, and reports that they like the climate a helluva lot better than northern New York. If you get out that way, drop in and say hello.

RICHARD L. BETHARDS: Current address unknown.

I received a brief note from "Pigeon" in response to my letter, which stated that he was in a frenzy of activity, having been promoted and transferred from Monrovia, Liberia, to Djakarta, Indonesia. First, however, he was bound for Texas for three weeks of "indoctrination," and thought he'd be in San Francisco in May for a few days of further training. I hope very much to see him, if and when he passes through this area. As many of you know, Richard (which he greatly prefers to "Pigeon") left Darrow when we did, and took a teaching position in New York City. After a year, however, he left that job, and eventually turned up in Africa, though what he was doing there has never been precisely clear to me. From tidbits picked up from Ron Emery, I believe he was teaching English to the Liberian Army, and doing some additional educating on topics like how to run a washing machine. He was working out of the U.S. Military Mission in Monrovia. I must say I'm a bit perplexed to see a man of Richard's talents and temperament working for the Pentagon, and would like to know more about what he's doing; but perhaps the lack of details is part of some policy. Secrecy adds an atmosphere of adventure to whatever he's up to out there. One other note, on the personal side: Richard is engaged, to a lady he met while in Africa. His fiancee is currently at the University of Michigan, and they may be married when Richard is on leave in this country this month.

DONALD DeB. BEAVER: 5634 Highland Avenue, Kansas City, Mo. 64110

When he left Darrow in 1960, Don went back to school. He did a year's work in Physics at the U. of Mass., then decided that physics in itself was not sufficient, and went off to Yale to study history of science. In 1966, he got a Ph.D. "and an honest job." In 1962, he married a junior at Smith, and a son, Donald, was born the following year, to be followed by James, in 1965. Don's wife, Ollie, has managed to continue her education, between changing diapers, and will receive a B.A. in math this summer. Don's "honest job" is an assistant professorship at the U. of Mo., Kansas City, where he teaches history of science, plus an introductory physics course through which scientific illiterates can satisfy a science requirement. Don is currently considering taking a research job at the American Institute of Physics in New York, doing history and philosophy of twentieth century physics. He would hate to leave Kansas City, but looks forward to a more stimulating atmosphere in New York.

PATRICK J.O. EVANS: 100 Hampstead Way, London N.W. 11, England

After just a year teaching Latin at Darrow, Patrick left the school and the U.S. behind in 1961, and has been working for British Petroleum, one of the "Big Seven" international oil companies ever since, in London at first, and from 1964 to the present, in Paris. He finds living in a rapidly changing Europe particularly interesting, and has traveled all over the continent both on summer holidays and on winter ski trips. Skiing in the Alps, he says, reminds him of winter sports at Darrow. During his stay in France, Patrick has had the good fortune to be married, and he and his wife have bought a small house in the south of France to which they may retire when their working days are done. This June, they will leave for Bujumbura, Burundi, on Lake Tanganyika in Central Africa. They will be there fore two years or so before returning to London. Should anyone be passing through Bujumbura in the next two years, Patrick would be delighted to get together and renew old acquaintances. Well, who knows?

WILLIAM C. GOFF: 2008 Abelia Lane, Lexington, Ky. 40504

Bill is yet another of our former teachers who has reverted to studenthood. Last fall, he began work on a Ph.D. in Spanish at the U. of Kentucky. He's minoring in Italian, and teaching Spanish on an assistantship. In June of '62, he was married, to Beverly Boynton of Bronxville, N.Y. That summer he finished his master's degree at Middlebury College, and in the fall, began teaching Spanish and German at Episcopal Academy in Philadelphia, where he remained until 1967. He spent two summers in Europe, travelling through Italy and Switzerland in 1965, and studying in Madrid as part of the Bryn Mawr College Group Abroad in 1967. He has visited Darrow many times, and stopped in to see the Sutherlands in Bethesda, Naryland, in March. Bill and Beverly have no children, just a pair of large poodles, Punch and Judy. They have a spacious house, and would welcome anyone from Darrow who may be passing through Lexington, any time except for the weekend of the Kentucky Derby.

LESTER M. HENDERSON: The Athenian School, Danville, Calif. 94526

Danville is less than an hour from Menlo Park, and I paid a visit to Lester one evening last month. The Athenian School is similar to Darrow in many ways: It sits on the side of a mountain, has about 135 students, but is coeducational, and new--in its third year of operation. Lester is in his second year there, having left Darrow in 1966, after 10 years, nine of them in Wickersham. From all signs, he is extremely happy in his present situation, delighting, as always, in exposing young minds to the subtle mysteries of mathematics. He is housemaster of a boys' dorm, and has a variety of duties around the campus. The climate, the informal atmosphere

of the school, and his involvement in the vigorous early phase of growth of a young community all seem to be having an agreeable effect on Lester. The big news on campus when I visited was that he had given up smoking the week before, but he was still a dedicated coffee drinker, and his piano occupies him in much of his spare time. The scene in his apartment, but for the female faces, could have been Darrow, as he coached a covey of students on the next day's homework, then shooed them back to their dorms when curfew hour arrived.

STEPHEN B. JONES: 1435 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028

After leaving Darrow, Steve taught for four years at Wilbraham Academy in Wilbraham, Mass., and for a year at the Morristown School in Morristown, N.J. In the summer of '65, he traveled through Europe, and found Italy and Leningrad the most interesting and exciting places on his itinerary. Last year, attracted by the thought of trying a new career while still young and single, he gave up teaching math (after six years,) and spent the summer learning computer programming. He is now working at the Down State Medical Center in Brooklyn, programming an IBM 360, which is used in hospital administration, medical research, and in the future, medical education. He finds his new career fascinating, and life in New York very enjoyable, and he looks back on his year at Darrow as the best of his teaching jobs.

## T. GUTHRIE SPEERS: Chapel-By-The-Sea, Captiva, Florida 33924

Since leaving the Darrow chaplainship in 1959, Dr. Speers has served for five years as Chaplain and adjunct Professor of Religion at Goucher College, in Towson, Maryland, and since 1964 has been at the address above, a small island off of Fort Myers on the Gulf Coast. He reports that it is a grand experience, though the average age of his congregations is somewhat above those at Darrow and Goucher. Both he and Mrs. Speers are in good health, and in May will return to their permanent home in Center Sandwich, N.H. Dr. Speers would enjoy it very much if any of their old Darrow acquaintances who may be in the area would stop in for a visit.

#### JOHN M. SPENCER: The Loomis School, Windsor, Conn. 06095

John left Darrow four years ago, but still thinks back often to the happiness he and Di knew there. He too is amazed by the amount of progress Darrow has made since he left, and suggests (jokingly) that perhaps his departure had something to do with it. In a more serious vein, he reports that in the years since he taught us, his teaching has become much improved; he is a better lecturer, and stresses discussion and discovery. He is an active book-review columnist for the Hartford Courant, and last summer wrote an article on the revolution and the Vietnamese war, which he hopes to have published shortly. He is assistant soccer coach, and may make head coach in a few years. If the present coach retires. John reports that "KLONDIKE!!" got to Loomis even before he himself arrived on campus, but it isn't heard echoing down the hallways that often anymore, as there are newer and younger masters for the students to test. John and Di have two daughters: Abby, who was born during his last year at Darrow, and Kimberly, born just three months ago. While John has found the challenges of a larger school to his liking, he still thinks highly of Darrow, and may return some day.

#### DONALD R. SUTHERLAND: 9111 Lindale Drive, Bethesda, Md. 20034

Don writes that he and Marie have been living a rather hectic life in the Washington area since they left Darrow in 1964. He taught for two years at the Landon School in Bethesda, and worked in Federal Poverty Programs in the summers. In 1966, he entered government service, joining the Naval Intelligence Branch. The new job is

quite different from teaching, and in many ways less rewarding; some aspects of campus life are not easily replace. Don plans to work for the Navy Dept. for one or two more years, and then return to teaching. He is continuing to work on a Masters degree in education at George Washington University night school. In June of 1966, Don and Marie adopted a baby girl, Janet, who is now two years old. He reports that Marie is very happy being a mother, and fatherhood has changed his usual frown at Darrow into and occasional smile. This spring, they hope to adopt a baby boy. Early in the summer, they will be moving into a larger home, at 810 Blossom Drive, Rockville, Md. Since everyone gets to Washington D.C. sooner or later, Don and Marie are looking forward to seeing a few of their old friends from Darrow in the future.

FREDERIC M. WHEELOCK: Douglas Manor, Apt. 3, 4836 Douglas Rd., Toledo, O. 43613 Dr. Wheelock went in 1960 from Darrow to the University of Toledo, where he was given the task of singlehandedly reestablishing the study of Greek and Latin, after 10 years of total neglect of these subjects. It was rough going at first, but enrollment has now increased to the point that two full-time instructors are needed. In 1963, a third edition of his primer, Latin, was published, and last fall a sequel, entitled Latin Literature: A Book of Readings, was put out by Barnes and Noble. In the summer of 1966, the Wheelocks toured Europe. Martha had already spent a summer and part of her junior year studying in Germany and Austria, and Debbie spent the summer of '64 at the University of Caen, in France. She liked it so much that she has since returned and is living in Paris, working and writing. Martha worked for a year as a social worker in Toledo, then moved to New York, earned her master's degree, and became an English teacher in Roslyn and Great Neck, New York. In July of 1967, she married Dallas Alinder, a fellow English teacher. Dr. Wheelock notes, in closing, that the years have caught up with him, and this June he will be retiring to a little 100year-old schoolhouse on the outskirts of Amherst, N.H., where he and his wife will be absorbed in remodeling, gardening, nature study, and a variety of other gentle labors. The new address will be Mack Hill Rd., Amherst, N.H., 03031.

HUGH K. WRIGHT, Jr.: Chatham College, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15232

After leaving Darrow in 1961, Jim was the chaplain and chairman of the religion department at Cushing Academy in Ashburnham Mass., just outside of Boston. When the trustees fired the headmaster, Jim resigned in protest, and moved west to Pittsburgh to assume the chaplaincy at Chatham College, a four-year liberal arts college for women. He teaches old and new testament, theology, ethics, and religion in contemporary literature. Also counsels, advises, preaches, and so on. In the summers, he has been working towards an advanced degree at San Francisco Theological Seminary, which is not in San Francisco, but nearby, in San Anselmo, Calif. However, he's decided to "Punt the whole thing and return to the secondary level in some capacity," and was looking for a prep school position when I heard from him. H He says he prefers to work with younger people, and likes to be more involved in the total life of a community than is possible on a college campus. Jim and Sarah have three daughters: Debbie, born at Darrow seven plus years ago; Becky, born at Cushing, who's now five; and Anne, two, born at Chatham. Jim was quick to point out, however, that a new job does not imply another baby on the way! (They finally figured out what was causing it.)

That wraps up the news I was able to gather; that's "all" for now. But there are many more in our class than those whose names and news appeared above. It's sad but true that many of you are disinclined to make the simple effort of writing a letter, even for so worthy a cause. If you found this newsletter worthwhile, and would like to see more like it in the future, you'll have to contribute. This was so rewarding that, in a year or so, I'll be contacting you again for edition # 2. However, if you have important news (marriage, babies, new jobs, college degrees, etc.,), no need to wait until asked. If enough news comes in unsolicited, I can put out a newsletter before a year is up. I also welcome any comments, complaints, or suggestions about the format or content of this edition. Let me hear from you!

Sincerely,

Nee

Ned

P.S.: If you change your address, don't forget to let me know.

### APPENDIX

The following people were contacted, or at least a letter was sent out and not returned as undeliverable, but did not reply. If your name is on the list, or if you have heard from anyone whose name appears below, I would be very pleased to hear from you in the near future.

William Aiken\*Aiken
Charles Arundale
Carl Braun
John Castellani
George Clay
Phillip Clough\*
Ruth A. Collison\*
Howard Davis
Peter Deri
Steve Foote
Peter J. Gorday

David Griswold
John Hamwi
Bill Hanna
David Hoon
Titus H. Lang
R. Towner Lapp
Duane Lehmann
Walter Lehmann\*
Michael Laskin
Harry Lee Lum
Jon McCann

Wyatt McGaffey
Joseph MacLaren
Richard McElroy
James Mithoefer
Pep Peterson
Thomas Reichmann
Charles Romack
Robert Sherwood
Ormonde Smith III
John P. Spencer
Steven S. Swenson\*

Jay Tanner
Michael H. Terry
Terry Tyler
Damon Van Vliet
Donald Walsh
Raymond Westin
Robert Willock
Alan Wright
Roland Wright

\*Faculty