

CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER -- #2

News and Opinion by Ned Groth

March 1969

Compared to the response I got for the first edition of this newsletter last year, this year's participation was a disappointment. But I heard from enough students and faculty to make a good solid newsletter, which you'll find below. I hope all of you who didn't get around to it this time will make a determined effort to write next year. I can promise you that this newsletter will be coming out at least on an annual basis in the near future.

Here's this year's crop of news:

CLASS OF '62 SECTION

Dave Benson (1504 N. Weber, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907) Dave finished up his B.A. at Colorado College last year, and is now working as store manager for a small camera and photo supplies retailer in Colorado Springs. He's doing graduate work toward an MBA at night, and hopes to get into the investment brokerage business eventually. He says he plans to be around Colorado Springs for a while yet, unless he decides to head off to Northwestern or some such institution to finish up the MBA. As he didn't mention anything to the contrary, I assume he's still single. Anyone who's in the area should stop in and see the old Tuna Fleet Captain.

Joe Coffee (Box 47, Ivy, Virginia 22945) We have a lot in the way of news from Joe this year. First, he was graduated from U. of Virginia last spring, B.A. in International Relations. He is now employed as Administrative Officer at the Federal Executive Institute in Charlottesville; FEI is "A new learning community for top career officials, created 'to bring greater effectiveness to administration of Government programs.' " At the same time, Joe is in grad school at UVA, taking courses in Public Administration, but he intends to return to the International Relations field and specialize in South Asian studies.

The next big news is that Joe was married on Oct. 26, 1968, to Laurie Knaus, in Roanoke, Va. Joe reports that "Married life is great!" He and Laurie are perfect for each other. The Marines still have a hook into Joe, and he'll be spending his reserve duty time this summer at Camp Pendleton, Calif., where I hope to be able to pay him a visit, if he's lucky.

Gene Cook (620 1/2 Augusta Street, Racine, Wisc., 53402)

When we heard from Gene last year, he was standing in a draft; the worst happened, but fortunately for Gene he wasn't physically durable enough to be a fighting man, and won a 4-F ticket back to civilianhood in only six weeks. On June 1, 1968, Gene forfeited his bachelorhood, and he and his wife Colleen are expecting the birth of son #1, John Patrick, who will arrive on May 2, give or take a little. He says he can't see himself as a father yet, but he'll enjoy learning.

Gene is back in the same line of work, Office Equipment Sales, and pursues the same hobby, skydiving, that we reported last year. However, he's quit the exhibition team, and just instructs and jumps for fun now. He informed me, sounding relieved, that Colleen has decided not to take up the sport.

Should any of us be in or passing through the Chicago-Milwaukee area, Gene and Colleen would love to have old friends drop in.

Steve Foote (Round Hill Road, Greenwich, Conn. 06833)

I got a note from Steve last May, too late for the first edition, and now somewhat out of date, but worth including anyway. He had been teaching music in Iowa, but got tired of the sterile seclusion out there and moved to Bridgeport, Conn., where he was teaching at both the high school and elementary levels. He was living in a van, which he had converted into a mobile sound studio, and planned to sell some recordings in the near future. When he wrote, he said he would stay in Bridgeport for another year, at least, but had no idea what his address would be. The one above guarantees that his mail will reach him, eventually, wherever he is now.

Dave Griswold (12121 Bayport Street., South Bay Clubs, Garden Grove, California)

Dave is living next door to Disneyland, and he's really living it up. He's still in the Marines, but after 13 months in Vietnam, El Toro Air Station looks pretty good. The War itself was "pretty screwed up", but he came back with a deep respect for the men who served under him. Back in the States, he's living off-base in an unmarrieds-only apartment project, complete with pools, saunas, etc., a Playboy's dream world. The remainder of Dave's hitch ('til October) should be pretty easy to take.

When he gets out of the service, Dave wants to teach. He spent four years at Springfield College, emerging with a B.A. in Education, before he enlisted. While enrolled at Springfield, Dave spent a spell in Florida, practice teaching, and he hopes to return to that area,

Llew Haden (31 Honour Avenue, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia 30305)

Add Llew to the list of '68 degree-winners, with a B.A. in Management

from Georgia State, last June. Sone after graduation, Llew joined the First National Bank of Atlanta as a management trainee; he's now in the second phase of the program, and finds his work challenging, satisfying, and full of potential for a great future. Starting soon, he will be going to grad school two nights a week, at the Bank's expense, to pick up an MBA in Finance. That means three more years of school, but it will be well worth it, Llew feels.

"On the home front," Llew reports, "I still have one wife, and she keeps me well-fed and out of trouble. That's a fairly big chore by itself."

Denny Hopper (403 Alexandria Colony E., Columbus, Ohio 43215) Denny and Joan became parents on November 18 last year, confirming the "unconfirmed possibility" mentioned in the previous newsletter. The possibility turned out to be a daughter, Tamra, who keeps her parents entertained and busy.

All that remains between Hops and an M.A. in City and Regional Planning is his thesis, but he reports that school has "taken a back seat for the moment." Ignoring little defects like 20/400 vision, Uncle Sam marked Hops 1-A last May; with the baby coming, Denny was not about to leave Joan; rather than be drafted, he had to turn down an offered position as Assistant Director of Urban Renewal for an Ohio city, and find a deferred job. (That's known as channelling; the SSS system is designed to screw unwilling people into a variety of square holes that "need" to be filled.) Hops is now teaching 6th grade in a country school, and commuting 50 miles a day. Teaching has its rewards, but he's decided the elementary level is not what he is cut out for. This spring, when his deferment is up, he hopes to get a III-A (fatherhood), which would allow him to take another urban renewal job he's been offered. I hope he'll let us know how things work out.

Scott Leake (Woodford Road, Bennington, Vermont 05201) Scott is in OCS training at Ft. Belvoir, Va., right now, with an address full of long hairy numbers, etc., which is subject to change. Nancy's living nearby at 8235 Fresno Lane, #104, Alexandria, Va. 22307. The above address, however, is more permanent.

Scott never got the chance to finish grad school, thanks to his draft board, which put the screws on him last summer. Scott chose to enlist, which gave him the option of trying OCS. He made it through basic and AIT with only minor injuries, and says, "If I'm not too stubborn, I ought to finish, though I realize it will be a rough road to the gold bars."

After a year and a half of marriage, Scott and Nancy are "even happier than when we started." He had a Christmas leave, and another in February, and the skiing was so good Scott thought of going AWOL

in order to enjoy more of it; but, duty called. Scott's big regret is that he and Nancy will probably miss Alumni Day this year, but he hopes there will be a huge '62 turnout anyway. And he'd enjoy hearing from all of us now and then.

Pierre Loomis (c/o RFD#1, Canton, Conn. 06019)

Pierre is also in the Army, though not for long; he'll be back in the real world sometime in April. He says the Army has been good to him, but he won't cry when he gets out. He's especially eager to get home to Lynn and an infant son he's never met. Pierre has been in Vietnam for the last year, where he is an information officer at II Field Force HQ; he writes press releases to tell the folks back home what's up down there. He describes the War as "... a study in frustrations, mostly because we have to play by the commies' rules." He feels many of us back home have a mistaken impression of what's really taking place in Vietnam, but gives "Uncle Ho" a lot of credit for being a clever manipulator of world opinion.

When he returns to civilian life, Pierre wants to put his army experience to work by taking a job with a small-town newspaper, perhaps somewhere in the Idaho-Wyoming area. He may be passing through San Francisco on his way home, and I hope I'll be in touch with him soon.

John O'Brien (Co. B, Box 140, APO New York, 09843)

John is in the Army too, as a Sp/4 stationed in Asmara, Ethiopia. When he returned from Thailand last spring, he entered OCS at Fort Benning, Ga., but dropped out a month from the end and filed an application for reclassification as a conscientious objector. Before the necessary forms had been processed, however, he was shipped out to Asmara. I asked John what in the world the U.S. Army is doing in Ethiopia, but he replied that he can't tell -- he's in Intelligence. ("God, what a misnomer," was his comment on that.) Asmara is a forgotten, forsaken outpost, and John will probably be stuck there until his hitch is up in August, '70. Fortunately, he has his guitar along to keep him from going crazy, and he plays it about five hours a day, perfecting his classical techniques, so that he can play Beatles songs on the vihuela, which John informs me was a 16th century predecessor of the guitar.

Anson Perina (Box 3005, Aspen, Colorado 81611)

Anson picked up his B.A. ("At last!") in '68, Majoring in Modern World History, with emphasis on Sino-Soviet affairs, at George Washington U. in D.C. After graduation, he took a job with a construction company in Aspen, where he is in charge of the firm's cement work operations. How does this mesh with Modern World History? Well,

Anson's goal is to do something concrete to cement international relations, by working through AID or an overseas construction company to speed development in the "underdeveloped" part of the world. As soon as he has a thorough grounding in cement work, he expects to take off to make his own contribution to world peace and stability.

Last month, Anson took a vacation out this way, and spent a day visiting with me here at Stanford. We found we had a lot to talk about; and before he left, Anson took steps to keep both his muscles and his mind in top condition by carrying off a huge stack of books from the Stanford bookstore. Later on, he ran into Bob Lang up in San Francisco; he hopes to see Bob again, when Bob passes through Denver this month.

Frank Rosenberg (44 Marwood Road, Port Washington, L.I.,
New York 11050)

Frank is the most recent member of the class to join the roster of married men; on March 1, he was wed to Eloise Mae Turner, in Plainview, New York. Joe and Laurie Coffee were present; Joe was best man. Frank and Ellie met through a mutual interest: skiing; most of their weekends have been spent on the slopes. At present, however, they're honeymooning in Europe.

Rosy still works for his father's company, Fluid and Electro Devices Corp., in New York, but he's given up his Manhattan apartment to live with his bride in a half-a-house out on Long Island. Come summertime, if you're in the area, be on the alert for another famous annual 4th of July clambake, the kind Frank throws so well.

Carl Sharpe (Schuyler Preparatory School, Schuylerville, N.Y.
12871)

Carl continues to teach English, etc., at Schuyler, and reports that the European tour he was planning last year was a huge success. He and another teacher took eleven boys through nine countries in six weeks, and ended up exhausted, but more than satisfied. Then the two "masters" took off and romped around eastern Europe in a VW camper for another six weeks. They enjoyed Czechoslovakia most, and were horrified when the Russian invasion came, soon after they left Prague. Carl was in East Germany at the time of the invasion, and things got a bit tense, but they got out O.K. Carl got home Sept. 10, just in time for the opening of school, and has been busy planning for a bigger and better tour for this summer.

Carl is still unmarried, and says, "I imagine I'll be scoffed up by some ravenous beauty in the future, but I can wait. I'm not ready to settle down -- things are going too well at the moment."

Bob Sherwood (400 Brkline Ave, Boston, Mass 02115)

I heard from Bob through his "better half," Amy, who brings us up to date on her husband.

Bob majored in English Lit at B.U., did a year of graduate work at Andover Newton Theological School, and is now working in the Special Collections Department of the Boston University Library. Bob and Amy (maiden name: Hurwitch) were married in August, '67; Amy is a graduate of the B.U. School of nursing, and is doing research on cystic fibrosis at the Childrens Hospital Medical Center in Boston. They're both looking forward to hearing from all of us via the Newsletter, and it's great to hear from them this year.

Huibert Soutendijk (409 E. 64th St., New York, N. Y. 10021)

The big news from our former pres is that, on August 24, 1968, he was married to Margaret M. Glogowski, in NYC. After half a year, Huib writes that "married life is really a gas," and urges us to try it. The wedding was quite a show, even though Llew-too couldn't make it, but Bob and Amy Sherwood were on hand to represent the class.

With a big push, Huib finished school (at C.W. Post) in 3 1/2 years, and is now working for the Bank of America International in NYC. He enjoys his work, and suggests that by the next newsletter, he could be almost anywhere in the world. ("Who would have guessed that Haden and I would both end up bankers?" he asks.) Who, indeed. Maybe the rest of us are in the wrong racket.

Mike Terry (Lincoln Downs, Pawtucket, R.I. 02814)

Mike reports that, after leaving Tulane, he spent some time in Europe, then got a job training race horses on his return. He rode jumpers 'til he'd had his fill of broken bones, then got a job as an assistant trainer, and developed a horse, Cocky Miss, voted one of the top 10 two-year-old fillies in the country in 1967. But he sold her, and took up training horses on his own. Currently, he's in charge of a small public stable outside of Providence, R.I., where he trains half a dozen horses, and has four more turned out down in Pa.

Last I heard, Mike's still a bachelor. He says his address is only temporary; if you want to contact him, he can still be reached c/o Townshipline Rd., Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Ned Groth (750 Fremont St., Menlo Park, Calif., 94025)

Your scribe also has a lot to report from the last year's happenings, not the least of which was my marriage on February 15 to Alice Trenholme, a Stanford grad from Eugene, Ore., here in the Stanford Chapel. We had an unusual reception -- beer and pizza for all our friends and any relatives who could make it, at a local bistro.

I'm still in grad school, working on a Ph.D. in Biology, but I switched fields, from animal behavior to human behavior. Specifically, I'm digging into the biological factors (such as overpopulation) that predispose nations to warlike behavior, in the hope that controlling the former will help avert the latter. (Lots of luck, huh?)

Extracurricularly, I have been writing articles for a local 'underground' paper, the Peninsula Observer, on topics such as air pollution and overpopulation, and am looking hard at the possibility of a career in scientific writing, with or without a teaching job. My anti-smog work has gotten me into political activities too, and I'm a teacher-participant in a Midpeninsula Free University course called "Striking Back at the Goddam Sons of Bitches." Our credo: Smog must go -- immediately if not sooner!

Alice is finishing up an M.A. in Secondary Education, and in the fall will be teaching high-school Biology, hopefully somewhere near here. We have one dependent already, a Siamese named "Cat" who thinks she's the real boss of the household.

One of these years, we'll have the time and money to take a real vacation, but'til then we're stuck here on the west coast, (a great place to be stuck). If any of you find yourself in the Bay Area, don't miss the chance to look us up.

AND AS FOR THE REST OF YOU GUYS...

All right, P.J., we give up. Where are you? (Several people have inquired.) And all of you, who I hope are feeling massive pangs of guilt over missing your chance to get into this newsletter, are invited to write me right now. The next edition of this masterpiece can come out any time I have enough news, not necessarily just once a year. It all depends on you and your letter-writing inclinations, so get with it if you want to get in it.

SPECIAL CLASS OF '63 ADDENDUM:

This news item from the Princeton Alumni Weekly was too noteworthy not to pass on: Bucky Wood, Darrow's own mail-distributor par excellence, became the father of twins last May; his wife, Pat, presented him with a son, Gerdon (Buck's real name) and a daughter, Stephanie. Buck is presently in the Coast Guard, stationed in Philadelphia, while Pat tends the kids across the Delaware in Moorestown, New Jersey.

FACULTY SECTION

Bill Aiken (42 George Road., Winchester, Mass. 01890) Bill wrote to catch us up on the last seven years, no small task. As soon as we had gone, he got married (summer of '62) and now has two daughters, age 4 and 5, with another child due in May. When Bill

left Darrow, he went to B. U., where he taught for two years while working on his Ph. D. All that remains between him and the degree is the dissertation.

For the past 3 1/2 years, Bill has been teaching Modern Poetry to nuclear engineers and the like at Lowell Technological Institute, where he is an assistant professor of English. While his wife works on her Ph. D. at Harvard, Bill has been doing a lot of writing -- some fiction, some scholarly articles, but mostly poetry, "...which has found its way into a variety of fugitive magazines across the country."

Larz Anderson (1007 Acequia Trail, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107)
Larz, Marylou, and the kids recently moved into a new home, an adobe out in the Rio Grande Valley, which gives them more room to run around outside; but the house was smaller than their old one, so they have also been busy building an addition to it. Larz is still teaching 5th grade English, and has put a darkroom in the house to keep up with his photographic hobby. Marylou must have things a little easier during the days now, with three of the children off at school, and even Carey, the youngest, going to nursery school part-time.

Last summer, the Andersons took a six-week vacation "back East", visiting friends and relatives in the Philadelphia and Maryland areas. And last month, they had a former '62er, Duane Lehmann, and his wife, Lois, as guests for an evening. Duane is in the Navy, stationed at Kirkland AFB in Albuquerque; he and Lois are expecting a baby, their first, in April.

Charles D. Brodhead (at Darrow)
The Brodheads spent a week last summer on Prince Edward Island, Canada, and were enchanted by the unspoiled natural beauty of the area. Later in the summer, Mr. Brodhead spent a weekend at the World Sing-Out Festival, and reports, "It was a great inspiration to be with the hundreds of college and high school students engaged in a battle to unite the world."

Just before Christmas, the Brodhead family was enlarged when Charles, Jr. married Silvia Baingo. The younger Charles is in grad school in architecture at Syracuse. John, the Brodhead's younger son, is teaching at Kent Hills in Maine, and hopes to get to graduate school in Biology next year.

Mr. Brodhead will retire July 1, 1970, after a quarter-century of service at Darrow. During the next year, he would be delighted to see a great many of us come back for a visit.

Bill Goff (2008 Abelia Lane, Lexington, Ky. 40504)
Bill is now in his last semester of grad school, and faces his

qualifying exams in August; the next few months will be a prolonged cram-session. In the fall, he will be taking a position as an assistant professor of Spanish and Italian at William and Mary, and sometime in the next year, he'll have to do his dissertation. It promises to be a busy, but exciting time.

Bill and his wife, Beverly, took a month-long vacation trip from Montreal to Vancouver, B.C. via Canadian Pacific last August, and highly recommend both the scenery and the accommodations. But by far the most important news from the Goffs is that they adopted a two-year-old boy, Peter, at the end of January.

Harry Mahnken (Church St. Ghent, N.Y. 12075)

Coach was the first affected by the trustees' new mandatory retirement-age rule. Since being "put out to pasture," as he calls it, he has been substitute teaching at New Lebanon and Chatham High Schools, and even in the machine shops at the vocational school. He's also worked part-time behind the counter at the local package store; "Anything to make a buck," he says.

Coach is looking forward to Princeton reunions this spring; as an honorary member of '39, he'll be on hand to help whoop it up at the class's 30th. He also hopes to get out California way for a vacation one of these days.

T. Guthrie Speers (Center Sandwich, N.H. 03227)

Last spring, Dr. Speers retired from the little Chapel-By-The-Sea in Captiva, Florida, where he had served as pastor for five years. He and Mrs. Speers spend most of the year in Center Sandwich, and have a place in Baltimore (6 Olmstead Green, 21210) where they stay during the winter.

Dr. Speers last visited Darrow in October '67, and reports that the fall foliage was at the height of its splendor. He also had a micro-reunion with Coach Mahnken at the Princeton-Yale game last fall.

If any of the class happens to be near either Center Sandwich or Baltimore at the appropriate season, the Speers would be delighted to see us.

Steve Swenson (1230 13th St. N.W., Corvallis, Oregon 97330)

Steve, his wife Sally, and their son Peter (age 1 1/2) emigrated to the West Coast last summer, where Steve has a job as staff psychologist for the entire Corvallis school system. He enjoys his work, and is able to define his own directions to a large degree, which makes it even more rewarding.

The Swensons brought all their sporting gear along when they moved, including their skis, although friends told them it "never"

snows in Corvallis. Naturally, this winter had several feet of snow, breaking all weather records, and giving Steve plenty of chance to use his cross-country skis. This summer, they'll get to use their canoe and camping gear, hopefully under more normal conditions.

Last month, Steve was grinding out his dissertation; by now, it's probably submitted, and the last loose end of his Ph.D. tied up.

I saw the Swensons briefly last summer in Corvallis, but I arrived about the same time as the moving van with all their worldly goods, and things were kind of hectic. Since my in-laws live in that neck of the woods, Alice and I should get a chance to see the Swensons again from time to time.

J.A. Van Vorst (at Darrow)

V.V. is due to retire this summer; he will live in Pittsfield and has a job as an organist at a church there. Dorothy will continue with her piano students, many of whom, like the Durfee children, live near the school.

Hugh K. Wright, Jr. (775 Greenwood, Akron, Ohio 44320)

The Rabbi has relocated to Akron, where he's teaching at Old Trail School, a day school for grades 0-12. He's teaching English to 10th graders, but manages to sneak liberal amounts of Old & New Testament, Philosophy and current socially pertinent literature into the curriculum via seminars, chapel talks, etc. He is also curriculum director and an all-around administrative assistant to the headmaster, and is thinking in terms of becoming a headmaster himself someday, somewhere.

The Wrights live in an integrated neighborhood which is in danger of going all-black, and have become involved to some degree in community affairs. Debbie (8) and Becky (6) go to school at Old Trail, while Anne (3) stays home to keep Sarah company. They are all busy and enjoying it, and the Rabbi points out that they're still on the main East-West route, for those of us who might be inclined to drop in and say hello.

That's all for this edition, folks. If you didn't hear from everybody you had hoped to, there's always next year. And don't forget, all you non-writers out there, that you can drop me a line right away, or any time the whim strikes you, and I'll see to it that it gets included in Newsletter #3, which will be out next year, if not sooner.

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The idea of a class reunion still has a great deal of appeal; anyone interested in planning one can write me for addresses and/or assistance in organizing.

DON'T FORGET ALUMNI DAY AT DARROW -- MAY 10, 1969 --
BE THERE !!!

Direct Comments, News, Letters,
and other communications to:

Ned Groth
750 Fremont Street
Menlo Park, California 94025
415-325-3305