



DARROW SCHOOL

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CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER: 4th Edition, April, 1971

Well, here we are again; another year, another newsletter. This, the 4th Edition, is a little on the skinny side compared to past efforts, because a lot of you never got around to writing in this year. It was a slight disappointment to see some of the "regulars" drop out, but that was balanced by the fact that we heard from a couple of people who have not been in contact up to now.

Enough of this introductory drivel. Here is the news collected this time around, in roughly the order it came to me.

Even before I sent out solicitations for news, I heard from ANSON PERINA, who was passing through the Bay Area at the end of last summer, and stopped by for an evening of swapping stories, lubricated by a couple of six-packs of beer. Anson was on his way back to Fort Collins, Colorado, where he was going to take up graduate study in Ranch Management, or a similar field. He sent a note a few weeks later, saying he had signed up for a heavy load of economics courses, and one on conservation of natural resources. Being in school will slow down his far-ranging travels a little. Over the last few years, Anson has been working here and there, earning enough to live on, and spending lots of time moving from place to place. Last summer, he took a swing through the Northwest, seeking out the remaining wilderness areas. If and when he settles down, you can bet it'll be out west near the mountains. His address, last I heard, was 509½ Edwards St., Fort Collins, Colo., 80521.

First to respond to my form letter was GENE COOK, who, like Anson, has gone back to school; but for Gene, there was a ten-year layoff since the time he left Darrow, and his entry into the freshman class at U. of Wisconsin last fall. Gene is enrolled in a pre-dental program, and carrying 20 units, and was a little apprehensive about finding his legs again after being away so long. But come the end of the first semester, he pulled in a 3.8 (out of a possible 4.0) average.

When he went back to school, Gene had to quit his job as an office equipment salesman, and is instead working part-time selling T.V.'s at a local store. Even with scholarships and a loan, he finds himself "in the lap of poverty," but he is sure he has made the right choice, and intends to stick it out. His family, still comprised of Colleen and their son John, is giving him moral support. Gene says of John, "He's fast approaching the 'terrible twos,' what a bundle of trouble! But I wouldn't trade him for anything." Gene and family are still living at 620½ Augusta St., Racine, Wisc., 53402.

BOB WILLOCK wrote to say he is still working for IBM in the Chicago area. He was promoted and transferred to Aurora, Ill., two years ago, and was expecting to be moved again--hopefully to another position in the same area--sometime this year. Bob and his wife Jane were also expecting another baby, on or about April 1; if all went according to plan, that event is history by now. Their son, Robby, who is two, is now a sibling. The Willocks, however many of them there are just now, are living in a 95-year-old house which they bought in 1969. Bob says he spends all his time "fixing up the damn house so it won't fall down! Really, it's a great house." And it sits at 513 Forest Ave., River Forest, Ill., 60305.

After several years in which he was lost from sight, we heard from P. J. GORDAY this year. Pete sent a long letter, recounting events of the last five years. After his graduation from Dartmouth in 1966, with a degree in Classics, Pete went to seminary; but after more than a year there, he decided that he was not really cut out to be a minister, and dropped out. He then had to face the draft, which he evaded by entering Navy OCS. He was commissioned in May of 1968, and spent his whole hitch stationed on an ammunition ship based in Charleston, S.C.; he was officer in charge of fire control, etc. True to the Navy's recruiting promise, P. J. got to see a bit of the world. He spent 9 months in the Far East, visiting the Philippines, Japan, Singapore, and Hong Kong, and supporting the 7th Fleet off Viet Nam. Later on, he spent what he describes as "six miserable months in the Mediterranean." Last December, the ship was mothballed, and P. J. and the Navy went their separate ways, although he is still on active reserve status.

On April 25 last year, in Charleston, Pete and the former Virginia Smith, of Charleston, were married. At present, they are living in Nashville, Tennessee, where Pete has just gone back to school, in the Ph.D. program in New Testament at Vanderbilt Divinity School. In his first semester, P.J. was anticipating the challenge of reestablishing himself as a student again. He is studying a field he enjoys in its own right, and hopes eventually to teach the subject at the college level. If you'd like to write him, he lives at 406 Avoca Ave, Apt. A-9, Nashville, Tenn., 37203.

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When we last heard from DAVE GRISWOLD, two years ago, he was living it up in a bachelor pad in Southern California, while he finished up his hitch in the U.S. Marine Corps. Before he left California, a girl named Patty induced him to give up his bachelorhood; when his hitch was up in April of '70, Dave and his bride headed off to Largo, Fla., near Clearwater. They now have a son named Jeffrey, who, his father says, "is quite large, and eats everything in the house."

Dave is teaching Phys Ed, and coaching football and baseball, at Largo High School. It's a big school--2000 students--and has strong athletic teams, and Dave finds his work a real challenge. In his spare time, he keeps busy as an active member of the Marine Reserve unit in Tampa. Dave says he loves the weather down there, and "the people are real friendly." If you have an urge to go soak up some sunshine among friendly people, you can contact Dave and Patty at 15556 Darien Way, Clearwater, Fla.

Next to arrive was a bit of news from JOHN PRENTISS, which immediately made me envy him. John and Kris bought a little old farm in upstate New York, last September. John describes the place as "...an old house, with a dug well and an outhouse, no electricity, a little stream, a little road (that's even open sometimes in the winter!),...80 acres of beautiful fields and woods, surrounded by state park land, about 15 miles southwest of Ithaca." They're fixing it up for a summer place, but John says he's "sort of working up to quitting my job and moving up there permanently sometime in the next few years." Meanwhile, back in Columbia, Md., where John works for a developer, he has been promoted to Project Director, and is working on a shopping center in the New York area. He says "It sounds as if great things are happening at Darrow," and he hopes to get up there for a visit soon. John and Kris are still living at 10408 May Wind Ct., Columbia, Md., 21043.

A letter addressed to "Ned (Tumor) Groth" (whozzat?) arrived from PIERRE (WOP) LOOMIS (Who else?). Inside was a short message, which follows: "Sorry about the silence. New address is: Route 2, Box 167, Elgin, Ill., 60120. I'm in electrical work with my father-in-law. More later. (Where is Phillips?) --Pierre."

The "More later" hasn't shown up yet, unfortunately, but at least we know that much. As for his question--I haven't been able to find Phillips either, so if anyone out there knows where he is, how about letting us both know?

TOWNER IAPP informs me that he, Marjorie, and daughter Chris (who'll be one year old on April 15) have had a relatively inactive year, compared to the amount of moving around they were doing in the past. Towner is still working for Fieldcrest Mills at their Chicago office, and Marjorie "has settled down as a domestic housewife." They spent most of last summer on the golf course and on the shores of Lake Michigan, and entertained all of their relatives, who came out to see the new baby. Towner says he missed out on Alumni Day at Darrow last year, and so far hasn't run into any of "the clan" in the Chicago region. If you want to get in touch with our class agent, his address is still 1694 Colonial Ln, Northfield, Illinois, 60093.

I heard from SCOTT LEAKE twice in the past year. After a year of separation while Scott was stationed in Korea, he and Nancy are reunited. Scott is still in the Army, but is stationed now at Fort Richardson, in Anchorage, Alaska, where his wife can be with him. Scott is in training for the U.S. Biathlon team, which enables him to spend much of his time "running around in a blue sweatsuit and sneakers." He finds that his three-year layoff, away from cross-country skiing, is a big obstacle, and he's working hard to get his strength back. With only a year and a half to train for the Olympics, Scott doesn't know if he'll be able to progress rapidly enough to make the team, in the face of much experienced competition. But he'd love to go to Sapporo, Japan, the site of the Winter Olympiad, because Kazu Sohma's cattle ranch is very close to there.

While Scott is getting back into shape, Nancy is raising a pair of collie pups, Digbe and Sitka, now about 5 months old. No other family, so far.

Scott says he likes Alaska (especially compared to Korea), although he didn't say how it measures up to Vermont. He did mention that it gets fairly cold; it was 71° below zero the week before he wrote, and they had had three solid weeks when the mercury was down around 30 - 40 below. But it's a dry cold, and not as bad as it might sound. Scott says that, up to March, they'd had very little snow.

Scott commented on a major controversy that's currently raging in Alaska, over whether a huge oil pipeline should be built from the North Slope, 800 miles across the state to the port of Valdez, near Anchorage. Conservationists have opposed the pipeline as a threat to the environment; others say we need the oil more than we need to preserve the tundra. Scott's judgement is that it's o.k. to build the pipeline--as long as it runs through Canada!

Scott will be in the Army til April, '72. Anyone who gets to the Anchorage area between now and then will find Scott, Nancy, two dogs, and a great big welcome at 458-G Dyea Ave., Fort Richardson, Alaska. To write them, add APO Seattle 98749 to the above address.

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DENNY HOPPER has a new job, a new address, and along about June 1, he and Joan expect to have a new baby as well. At the end of last summer, Hops moved from Columbus, Ohio, to West Hartford, Conn., where he is now senior planner for the city. They bought a house within walking distance of his office, and come spring, Hops says he'll be "hoofing it to work," for exercise and ecology's sake. In his spare time, Denny is still pushing to finish up his thesis, and complete his Master's degree in City Planning.

If its parents have their wish, the new member of the family will be a boy, to complement Tammy, who, at two, "is quite the little charmer," according to her father, who is of course an unbiased observer. Hops adds that Tammy's vocabulary is "phenomenal," and Joan is already teaching her to swim. Joan herself was not able to find a teaching job when they arrived in September, but she has been keeping busy with adult-school courses in woodworking and interior decorating. In the area where they live, there are lots of recreational activities available, and Hops says the neighbors are congenial. All in all, they're glad to have returned to the hills of New England. The new address is 4 Crestwood Rd., West Hartford, Conn. 06107.

Another long-lost classmate who finally surfaced this year is ROLAND WRIGHT. Roland briefly updated me on the last 9 (would you believe nine) years, since we left Darrow. He went to Hobart College, in Geneva, New York, and was graduated in 1966, in the same class as Frank Rosenberg and Bill Gette. He then enlisted in the Army, and went to OCS, but dropped out after two months, figuring it wasn't worth an extra year in the service. Soon thereafter, he was sent to Korea, where he was stationed for 13 months. While in the service, Roland was married; and, when he got out, he rejoined his wife, who was a student at William Smith College, Hobart's sister-school, in Geneva. He spent two years working for the Boy Scouts, as a District Scout Officer, in Geneva, but reports he is now looking for work. "And that's about it," he says. If you should want to write Roland, his address is 447 South Main St., Geneva, N.Y., 14456.

JOE COFFEE wrote to report that the most significant event of the past year for him was his separation, final and permanent, from the Marine Corps. No more summer camp!! Joe's job is still the same, Administrative Officer for the Federal Executive Institute, in Charlottesville, Va. He is also working on his thesis for a Master's degree in Public Administration, and hopes to get that finished by August. Joe is planning to change jobs at the end of the summer; he is not sure where he will move on to at this point, but would like to work for the U. S. Information Agency.

Joe and Laurie went to Chicago for Christmas vacation, and in June they will be going up to Princeton, where, by coincidence, I will be, helping my class celebrate its fifth reunion. If anyone else is in the area, look us up--reunions are always a blast. Meanwhile, Joe and Laurie are still living on a hill in the countryside outside of Charlottesville. The mailing address is Box 47, Ivy, Va., 22945.

Once again an air mail special delivery letter arrived from FRANK ROSENBERG, just before the deadline. But Rosy must be slipping; he got in with about 30 hours to spare this year. It's understandable that he hasn't had much time to write; Frank's been what you might call busy. He still works full-time for his father's company, Fedco; and he's also going to school full-time, pursuing an M.B.A. at Adelphi. At the end of this semester, he'll need only 9 more credits. When he wrote, he was surrounded with term-paper assignments for his courses in marketing. What with school and work taking up so much of his time, Frank hasn't had time to do many other things, but he and Ellie have still managed to keep up their skiing on weekends. They participate in racing events for the New York Amateur Ski Team League, and in the league championships at Cannon Mountain, N.H., last month, Ellie won the championship for women, and Frank took second in the combined event for men. Not a bad showing for the family. Frank reports that, at Cannon Mountain, they ran into (figuratively speaking) Chip Detwiler, Class of '61, who "is married and has a kid and is working as an industrial real-estate broker in Boston," according to Rosy.

Frank and Ellie have moved into a home of their own, which they say is great, although Frank hasn't had any time to fix up the house. Their new address is 24 Link Lane, Hicksville, New York, 11801.

The last-one-in-under-the-wire award for this year goes to LLEW HADEN, who has also taken up writing air mail special delivery letters. Llew is still in Atlanta, although living at a new address, and continues to work at the First National Bank of Atlanta, as commercial officer in the Midwestern Division. Llew sent along a bank brochure that contained his picture; far as I can tell, he hasn't changed, not so's you'd notice, anyhow. Everyone will be glad to hear that Llew still has as much hair as he had at Darrow. He says he loves his work, in spite of the frustrations involved in being in a very conservative industry. His travels take him near several classmates, but he confesses he's been "extremely negligent about contacting people." He promises to do better this year. Llew says he's talked with classmate Alan Wright, who is with U.S. Gypsum in Atlanta, but they haven't had a chance to get together yet. He's tried to call people in the Chicago area, and made contact with Bob Willock, but been unable to reach others. Did run into Andy O'Neill, class of '64, at O'Hare Airport once.

On the home front, Llew became a father last July 16, when his wife presented him with a daughter, Courtney Randolph. Courtney's arrival helped convince them that it was time to move out of the duplex they had been living in for several years, and into a house of their own, in Northwest Atlanta. It's got plenty of room, on a wooded lot. Llew says they're very happy with their new digs, and would welcome company. The new address is 5135 Powers Ferry Rd, N.W., Atlanta, Georgia, 30327.

Some guys are lucky I type so slow. I was going to put in some words about DAVE BENSON at this point, not on the basis of any letter he sent me, but from what I remembered from having seen him briefly last summer. However, I decided to take a break for dinner first, and when I got home, know what I found had come in the mail today? A letter from Dave himself, which helps refresh my memory. The major event in his life recently was his marriage last year to the former Linda McEwen, whom he had met when he was in the Air Force (her daddy is a Colonel.) Linda is an alumna of Colorado College, where Dave got his degree, in Colorado Springs.

Dave is now working as a Registered Representative (salesman) for I.S.I Sales Corp., a Mutual Fund and life insurance company, in its Colorado Springs office. When we visited him and his lovely bride last June, Dave was driving a Porsche and becoming familiar with the swankiest cocktail lounges in Colorado Springs. (We were impressed by his suave, man-about-town air.) I have a vague recollection that he was taking nite courses in business, too, although that might be my own imagination.

Dave reports that he and Linda just bought a house, at 1422 Alamo, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907. He invites anyone who gets out that way to look them up.

Faculty Section

The response from former masters, like that from the class itself, was a bit lean this year, but the letters that did come in were full of interesting news.

DON BEAVER is presently teaching at Franklin and Marshall College, in Lancaster, Pa. This is his first year there, but this summer, he plans to move on again. He has been offered a position in the History Department at Williams College, in Williamstown, Mass., only a few miles from Darrow. He will be teaching History of Science, "and wrestling with the social relations of science," as he puts it. Don is looking forward to returning to the Berkshires, and he hopes they are as unpolluted today as they were ten years ago, when he left. He says the East seems crowded and dirty after his stay in Kansas City.

Don and his wife, Ollie, have two boys, now aged seven and six. Ollie got her M.S. in Math last summer, and taught a course at F&M last fall. Since then, she has been substitute teaching in the Lancaster school system. One of these days, she may go back to school and get her doctorate.

Until July, Don can be reached c/o the Department of History, Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. 17604.

Still in the same place, and doing roughly the same things, are the Reverend "RABBI" H.K. WRIGHT and his family. The Rabbi is teaching at Old Trail School, in Bath, Ohio, and has taken on a number of administrative duties as well, though it has meant he has had to cut back his teaching, somewhat. This year, his office door bears the titles of Curriculum Director, Assistant Headmaster, and Director of Admissions. He describes his work as being "think man" for the school's educational policies, plus supervising enrollment and recruiting. When he wrote, he was in the midst of seeking foundation money to support a program for inner-city kids. Looking to the future, Jim says "I'd like to be a headmaster one of these days, but I am in no tearing rush."

On the home front, Sarah is very much involved in, and busy with, the neighborhood block club and church-school activities. The girls--Debbie, now 10; Becky, 8; and Anne, 5--are all in school. Two hamsters, kept sexually segregated in two separate-but-equal cages, have joined the family. Except for a midwinter attack of the flu, life is proceeding quite normally.

The home address for the Wrights is still 775 Greenwood Ave., Akron, Ohio, 44320. The school address is Old Trail School, P.O. Box 155, Bath, Ohio, 44210.

I heard from BILL GOFF that "absolutely nothing is new since you saw us last summer." At that point, when we visited them in their gorgeous new home in Williamsburg, Va., Beverly was just recovering from a bout with (would you believe) Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever. No doubt one of the lovable, but galumphing, large poodles that frequent the Goff household had brought home a tick. At any rate, Bev made medical ("I-thought-nobody-got-that-anymore") history. The kids were fine, though Peter (he's 4 now) was feeling jealous, because Mindy (2), who was at the climb-all-over-everything stage, and cute as could be, was getting most of the attention.

Bill is still teaching Romance languages (mostly Italian) at William and Mary, and working on his Ph.D. thesis in his spare time. He reports that they are "on the docket" to adopt a third child, so the family may grow shortly. "I wish I had something exciting to report," Bill says, "but no luck. You can list me as a member of the era." The address is still 93 The Maine, First Colony, Williamsburg, Va. 23185, and visitors are welcomed.

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A few days after we saw the Goffs last summer, Alice and I visited Darrow, and had a chance to see CHARLES and SUE BRODHEAD as they were preparing to leave their home at the school. After retiring on July 1 last year, the Brodheads spent the summer in Brattleboro, Vt., then departed in the fall for Beirut, Lebanon, where Charles is now teaching at International College, a secondary school (in spite of its name) where he plans to be for three years.

I got a letter from Charles recently, in which he described his present situation. The school has 2000 students, of which only about 140 board. He teaches both history and geography at the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th grade levels. Classes are conducted in English, for which Charles is grateful. "I am hard pressed to say three words in Arabic," he admits. The boys are from Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, Turkey, and many of the other "emerging" nations of the Middle East. The work he is doing comes at a historically significant time for that region, Charles feels. He finds his new life quite different from life at Darrow, as expected. "There is no Hands-to-Work!," he remarks, which must feel odd after twenty-five years of good clean labor on Wednesday afternoons. The climate, too, is dramatically different. "In Beirut, we walk under the palms," he says, and notes that he has not yet had to wear an overcoat, as occasional showers are the worst winter has had to offer. He has been skiing in the mountains twice, for variety.

During the Christmas holiday, the Brodheads went to Egypt, which Charles described as "a marvelous and pathetic nation." To contact Charles and Sue, write c/o International College, P.O. Box 236, Beirut, Lebanon.

STEPHEN B. JONES writes that he is now living in Brooklyn Heights, near the Brooklyn Bridge. He works for Burlington Management Services Company, a division of Burlington Industries which provides computer services in the business, medical, and governmental fields. He has been dividing his time between New York City and the company's executive headquarters in Greensboro, N.C. Steve says he occasionally misses teaching, but he finds his work, which is to seek innovative applications of computer technology, very exciting. His Brooklyn Heights address is 130 Hicks St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201.

One other note in the faculty category: last summer I got a change-of-address card from IARZ and MARYLOU ANDERSON. Their new address is 4006 Mendenhall Drive, Dallas, Texas, 75234.

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As always, I've saved news of myself for last. And, since this takes the place of a long, personal answer to each of your individual letters, I'll take more than my allotted amount of space.

Last summer, Alice and I took a long vacation, driving 10,000 miles in a month. Along the way we saw most of our relatives, a few (not nearly enough) of my Darrow acquaintances, and some of the more attractive scenery in the U.S. and Canada. We camped out all the way, except when we were within mooching range of family or friends. Our route took us through Colorado Springs, where we spent an evening with Dave Benson and got to meet Linda. A week or so later, we rolled into Charlottesville and stopped to visit Joe and Laurie Coffee. Frank and Ellie Rosenberg had come down for the weekend, and we all drove up to Washington D.C. where Frank & Ellie caught the Metroliner back to New York. A week later, after a whirlwind tour of our relatives in the D.C.-N.J. area, we went out to Long Island and spent a quiet weekend with Frank and Ellie, then took the ferry over to New London, and drove up to Darrow. We stayed with Ron Emery in Ann Lee Cottage, and had brief visits with Des McCracken, the Brodheads, and John Joline. All were in fine shape, and represent the core that is left from our days at the school. (Horton Durfee completes the group.) We also dropped in on Dick Nunley, his wife, and their two daughters, who live in a lovely new house that they built on the old Shaker Road, just down the hill from the North Family section of the school property. Dick no longer teaches at Darrow, but is teaching at Berkshire Community College, in Pittsfield.

From Darrow, we went north through Vermont and New Hampshire, and on into Canada. Turning west, we camped among the forests and lakes of Ontario, on the plains of Saskatchewan, and in the unbelievably gorgeous national parks in the Canadian Rockies. Bill Goff described the Banff-Lake Louise area as "the most beautiful spot on the face of the North American Continent," and we'd be hard put to disagree. Our stay there was far too short; we're already planning to go back.

Once we returned home, in mid-July, life settled back into familiar, if busy, patterns. Alice is now teaching Jr. Hi math and history at a school less than a mile from home, and I am continuing to make progress toward a Ph.D. in Biological Sciences at Stanford. I am working in the area of Science and Public Policy, with Professor Paul Ehrlich, author of The Population Bomb, and other books along the same lines. I am studying the ways that the public decision-making process reaches policy decisions on scientific problems; two principal areas I'm looking into are air pollution control, a major modern issue, and fluoridation, which has been a smaller, but extremely controversial area, for many years. If all goes on schedule, I should finish up in mid-to-late 1972.

Meanwhile, as a result of a study of air pollution that I did, along with a group of students (which included a 400 page report on air pollution problems and solutions here in the Bay Area, available from me if anyone wants to read it) I was

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appointed to the Advisory Council of the Bay Area Air Pollution Control District last August. This is a control agency that means business, and is doing a pretty good job regulating industrial polluters, although progress often seems agonizingly slow. The Advisory Council provides advice on complex technical matters to the Board of Directors, and plays a key role in writing control regulations. As a member of the Advisory Council, I am in a position to initiate action, as well as give advice; one thing I'm trying to do is make things move a little faster and farther than they have in the past. With environmental problems so much in the public's consciousness at the moment, it seems like a good time to be working in this field.


At home, life is still much the same. No kids, just the two cats. We've got an extra bed or two for guests, and any of you who get into this area any time are sincerely invited to stop in for a visit. The address is still 750 Fremont St., Menlo Park, Calif. 94025.

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I have two general comments before I close. First, next year is our tenth reunion year, and will give us the best excuse yet to get together again. I would like to see a serious effort to have a real reunion. I guess we should have an official reunions committee, to set a time and place, make arrangements, etc. Since I thought of it, I'll arbitrarily appoint a committee. I nominate Llew Haden as Reunions Chairman, and Towner Lapp and Frank Rosenberg as committee members. Get together guys, and see what you can come up with, will you? Thanks;; you know I'd do the same for you any time. Anyone with bright ideas, or a place to offer as our reunion site, contact one of these guys, o.k.?

My second comment is directed primarily at those of you who do not see your names above, because you didn't write this time. If reading this newsletter should awaken the urge in you to re-establish contact with your old classmates or friends, sit down and write me a letter while the spirit still moves you. All I would need is half a dozen letters and I could easily put out a supplement to this edition a bit later this spring. So if you're feeling nostalgic and left-out at the moment, don't waste the feeling. When you put this down, pick up a pen and whip off a few lines to me, to let us all know what's been going on in your life. That goes for any comments from those who are included above, too.

Best regards to each of you, 'til next time--

 (Ned)