TELEPHONE: (518) 795-1501

CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER: #7 APRIL, 1974

Dear Friends:

Here we are again, with what has to be addisappointingly slim set of news from the past year. Last edition had news of some 35 classmates and former faculty; this time, it dropped off to 24, almost a 1/3 attrition. At this rate, I'll be out of business in no time. Part of the reason may lie in the way I handled it this year; I didn't set a deadline for responses, and didn't send out any second notices to tardy individuals. It may also be that, as our class's median age crosses the 30 mark, our lives are settling into patterns, and this year wasn't much different from the last. Still, this operation thrives on the everyday things of your lives; and (as you'll see below) if you don't keep in touch, we may miss you altogether after a while. To keep this thing alive, you folks have to feed it; I can't write about myself all the time.

* * * * *

DAVE BENSON is still in Colorado Springs, where his business of buying, renovating, and renting out old houses has grown and is doing well. He and Linda now own 9 properties, amounting to 18 units. However, Dave says they have stopped buying for a while. He's quite pessimistic about the economic situation, the oil crisis, etc., and makes gloomy predictions of a recession, or worse. 'Stay liquid, and don't trust banks--we expect several to fold,' he and his financial buddies predict.

Last year we heard from R.J. BRANDES through his mother, but this time he wrote himself to say that he's still in the leather business in Argentina, mostly manufacturing and exporting. He notes that it hasn't been exactly easy, but the future does look good. R.J. and his wife have two little girls, Melissa (age 2), and Mercedes (5 months), plus three dogs and a horse.

A note from MARILYN CAVALLO informs us that JOHN is "alive and well, believe it or not," and selling real estate in Harwichport, on Cape Cod. He's also a registered representative for Waddell & Reed, Inc., national distributors for the United Funds group of mutual funds. In his spare time, Michael (age 5) and Jeffrey (3) keep him busy, so it's no wonder Marilyn got delegated the job of correspondant. I'll put in a good word for wives—in the past, we've been pleased to hear from Liz Manchester, Joan Hopper, Virginia Gorday, Nancy Leake, Marylou Anderson, Di Spencer, Marie Sutherland, and maybe one or two other wives, when their husbands—our classmates or teachers—have been unable or too lazy to write. This is a fine idea, and if some of you wives who haven't been in touch yet would like to do so next time, please go ahead, and let us know what you're doing, too. For many of us, it's a way of getting to know people we haven't met yet. And with two potential writers in some families, the chances

are improved that we'll hear from one of you.

Things are going well for JOE COFFEE. He is still working for the Civil Service Commission in Washington, training middle managers, and working with a few other boat-rockers at trying to improve the training program they administer. At home, Laurie is still working as a speech therapist/audiologist (half-time,) and Geoff is "an ideal child," according to one biased opinion. Joe says Geoff is bigger than 95% of kids his age (just turned 2), and is already attracting attention from college football and basketball recruiters. They enjoy Geoff so much they're planning to have another addition to the family, and will be building an addition onto the house to make a little more room. They are both going to have a try at transcendental meditation, too.

GENE COOK followed one of my printed suggestions and picked up the phone one a.m., and filled me in on his recent past. He had to drop out of school last fall, because he simply ran out of dough. After 3-plus years at U. of Wisconsin at Parkside, majoring in biochemistry, Gene was running himself ragged working at two jobs and going to school full-time, and was still coming up short of meeting the bills. So he's had to abandon his plans to go on to dental school, and hopes to be able to finish up his B.S., but on a part-time basis. He's working now as special accounts manager for the Wisco Division of ESB, Inc., which manufactures specialty batteries. He and Colleen and the kids (John, now going on 5, and Shannon, 2 on St. Patrick's Day) have a house of their own, and have been remodeling it. Colleen works with the Jaycettes, where she's on the Board of Directors. Gene sent me an article from the local paper, which did a feature story son his effort to go through school while supporting a family, an effort that isn't over yet, but has had to be put off for a while.

A Christmas letter from the <u>DUVALL</u> family of Oklahoma City says that <u>TERRY</u> and <u>ANITA</u> are waiting for all of us to come visit them. Their family now includes Brad, who is 11, and came to live with them last fall. Terry teaches third grade science and math, and Anita teaches fifth and sixth grade English and reading, at the same school. Brad is a student there, so they all ride their bikes in together each morning, "rain or shine." Terry is also coaching archery, and teaches an adult pottery class, and Anita directed a school play last winter. In the fall, Terry and Brad went duck hunting on weekends, and were successful enough to stock the freezer for a Christmas feast.

In a note on a Christmas card, <u>VIRGINIA GORDAY</u> tells us that <u>PETER</u> has passed his qualifying exams for his doctorate in New Testament at Vanderbilt Divinity School, and was hoping to finish his dissertation by the end of '74. Or '75. Or '76....

DAWE GRISWOLD has gone back to school for a year, working on a Master's in Health and Physical Education at the University of South Alabama in Mobile. He's helping with the varsity baseball team, under head coach Eddie Stanky, the former major leaguer; the team was ranked in the top 5 nationally early in the season, and Dave says there are a number of good pro prospects on the squad. He reports that "Patty is fine, considering that she hates working, Alabama, the fact that I'm not making any money, and the fact we left Florida. Thank God it's only for one year!" Jeff is 4 now and going to school, and doing very well, "Which he certainly didn't get from his father," Dave reports. He doesn't know where he'll be a year from now; would like to find a college coaching position in the East, but they aren't easy to come by. If anyone knows of a likely opening, pass the word on to Dave. Since Patty's parents live out here, we may get to see each other one of these summers.

A Christmas missive from the pen of JOAN HOPPER filled us in on the adventures of Joan and DENNY in the past year. After their trip to Venezuela last February, they thought they'd stay around home for a while, but in the fall Joan's family went to Europe to visit an elderly aunt who was ill, and our intrepid duo decided to go too. They planned it to coincide with the Oktoberfest in Munich, and also stopped in Vienna to see another of Joan's relatives, then drove through Czechoslovakia, where still more of her family resides. For all this, they were too late to see the aunt, but made the most of being there. Back home, where they will stay put for a while, they were repainting parts of the house, and Denny was brewing wine down in the basement. Joan was learning the art of tailoring (making D. a sportscoat), and Tami, who is in school now, was floating around the house showing off what she learned in a creative movement class. Kim, Tami, and parents were doing fine, and praying for a warm winter!

SCOTT and NANCY LEAKE became parents about the time last year's newsletter was arriving in your mailboxes. Bryan Russell was born (2 months ahead of schedule) last May 15, and is now doing all the things one-year-olds do: crawling, sprouting teeth, entertaining his parents, and growing prodigiously. Now that he's a family man, Scott has decided to work on the farm with his father as a permanent job. He tried it for a year, and decided that, long working hours and hard labor or not, it was what he enjoyed. He'll be going into partnership with his dad, and one day will probably take over the farm. As for the rest of his time, Scott says it was a bad year for snow, so they only got a little bit of x-c skiing in. Their collies have been in a few shows, and Sitka, who won a ribbon or two, had a litter of pups some time back. At last word, there were still two left, so if anyone wants a collie....

Via a Christmas card, I see that <u>PIERRE LOOMIS</u> and family have a new address in Elgin, Ill. (See the list of new addresses at the end.) Not having heard otherwise, I'll assume that Pete is still in the electrical contracting business, and he and Lynn, Mike, and Joey are doing fine.

JOHN PRENTISS wrote last May, just in time to be the first one in for this year's edition. John's done some moving around since he last communicated. He quit his job with the Rouse Co. (real estate developers) in Columbia, Maryland, about 3 years ago, but stayed in Columbia, for another year and a half, organizing an arts and crafts program, playing his banjo to pick up some money now and then, and generally getting frustrated. Finally, he and Kris decided to move to New York State, to be nearer the farm they own outside of Ithaca. He tried a few lines of business around Homer, N.Y., but they didn't work out, so John and a former associate from the Rouse Co. formed Prentiss-Little, Inc., a commercial real estate leasing and development consulting firm. project was the Exchange, a commercial center for a planned community called Talcott Village in Farmington, Conn. A few months ago, they opened up a new office in Haddam. When he wrote, John and Kris were living on their farm and he was commuting to Conn. on a weekly basis. Don't know if that arrangement has held up, but John said he really wanted to settle down, for a few years at Then he suggested that the next time we hear from him, he may be raising apples in New Zealand! Who knows?

FRANK ROSENBERG is another who found it easier to use the phone than to write this year. Frank and Ellie spent a two week vacation at Sun Valley Idaho, where the skiing was fantastic, according to reports. En route, they were in Colorado Springs for a visit with Ellie's sister and got together with Dave and Linda Benson for a few drinks one evening. Back home, Rosy says his business

is a "rat race," and he's working too hard, but doesn't see any way he'll get out from under the load for some time yet. He still manages to get out and play hockey about one night a week, and he and Ellie have fixed up a darkroom in their house. He didn't say if he'd be on the phone for Darrow this year, but some of you may have heard from him yourselves by now. (If that prospect isn't the kind to thrill you, you can avoid it by sending in a contribution to the alumni fund drive.)

HADEN. He's still working at the bank, where he's a vice president, and while the pay is good, he's begun to feel the need for a change, and is looking around for something else. He hasn't any real firm ideas which way he wants to go yet, so no change is imminent. His work on national accounts takes him to New York every couple of months, and Llew says he's seen HUIB SOUTENDIJK frequently. Huib is not, as was reported last year, in Cincinnati; his ex moved there, and the address change somehow got into the school file, and thence to me. No wonder I never got any response to my notes to him there! Llew says Huib has recently moved to a new apartment, and I don't have the address, but will try to track him down. Huib has a new job too, with Northern Trust out of Chicago. Back on the home front, Llew's two kids are 3 (Courtney) and 2 (Beth) now. He may get sent out here to L.A. on business one of these days, in which case we vowed to get together.

ياد ياد ياد ياد

On the faculty side, <u>CHARLES BRODHEAD</u> is still in Beirut, teaching at International College and working with the I.C. Council on the Environment, working with young hearts, hands, and minds. In a letter last summer, written during one of the many military alerts in that war-torn land, Charles described his reactions to the tanks and soldiers stationed only yards from their windows, and to the atmosphere of tension, despair, and injustice that has given birth to almost perpetual violence. No one side can be blamed; nor is there any one place to start in seeking a solution. But Charles holds out hope, recalling that leaders like Mahatma Gandhi arose from comparable terrible situations and were able to restore a measure of sanity to the world. When he wrote, he and Sue had hopes of spending the summer at home in Vermont; then they were to return for at least one more year at I.C., the year now almost completed. We will know about their future plans in due time, I'm sure.

PATRICK EVANS wrote at Christmas that they were expecting a cold winter on the shores of the Baltic, and the sea had already frozen over. A good sauna would keep him warm in Helsinki--if they could get any oil, they might even make it through. Working for BP, I'd guess that wasn't a major worry.

BILL ("Just report me alive") GOFF says nothing especially good happened in '73, and if we expect anything better to come along in '74, we're loco! He'll finish his thesis this summer, and his appointment at William and Mary has one more year to run. But beyond that, things are uncertain, especially since the state legislature has refused to give increments in faculty salaries for two years. Bill concludes the economic picture is bleak all over. On the home front, he notes "same address, same two kids, same two dogs."

JOHN JOLINE passes on some news about his offspring, perhaps just to remind us how long it's been! Bitsy is now a resident dormitory counselor and advisor at Bennet Junior College in Millbrook, having graduated from Cedar Crest College, and son John is at the U. of Pennsylvania, in graduate school in fine arts.

HARRY MAHNKEN is doing some substitute teaching at New Lebanon H.S., to make a few bucks to buy gas--when he can get it! He has two kids living nearby, (Wendy, who married Lee Smith, a former Darrow master, is in Virginia, but Bill & Hank are in the vicinity of Pittsfield), so he gets to see his brood of grandchildren pretty often. Coach plans to get down to Princeton this June for the 35th reunion of the class of '39, of which he's an honorary member. I asked him what's going on with Princeton football (the tigers went 1-8 last fall), and he says they never should have given up the single wing. He's right; they made the change about 5 years ago, and haven't had a good season since.

ARCH RUETHER writes that they've had their share of excitement around the business office this year. One of the kitchen help absconded with a school car (later recovered,) and another school vehicle overturned in a snowdrift. Someone burgled the office safe and cleaned out the cash, and a windstorm ripped off part of the Dairy Barn roof. But there had been no streakers yet, when he wrote, so "On the whole, things are rather dull," he concluded.

GUTHRIE SPEERS and his Mrs. continue to spend their summers in New Hampshire and winters in Baltimore. This winter, Dr. Speers has been filling in by preaching at his former church while they search for a new pastor. Last summer, a big flood wiped out the road to their house in New Hampshire, and the whole region was declared a disaster area. It took a month or so for things to get back to normal. They are both in good health, and looking forward to another hopefully less eventful New England summer.

Another Christmas card--this one from <u>STEVE SWENSON</u> and family--indicates that he, Sally, Peter, and Carl are still at the same address in Corvallis, Oregon. Sorry, that's all I know.

year, and were anticipating a busier one. Sarah has been going to school again, taking accounting courses at Akron University, in preparation for becoming a full-fledged accountant. Jim has decided, after trying it for a while, that he'd rather teach than be a school administrator, and has concluded that he doesn't really want a headmastership just yet. He does think it's time to move on, though, and was looking for a position to teach religion and do counselling. By now, he may well have found something, but if anyone knows of a spot that seems suited for a nice protestant Rabbi, you know where to find one. Last summer, they took a month off and vacationed in Virginia and the Carolinas, camping on the Outer Banks and in the Smokies, and catching the 4th of July festivities in Williamsburg, visiting with family, and just generally relaxing and having a good time. By next year, they may be in a new situation in a new city, but they expect they'll adjust, wherever they are,

As is my habit, I've saved my own news for last. Since I've been unable to write each of you a long letter personally, I'll take this space and use my power as editor to fill you all in. It's been a busy year for NED and ALICE GROTH. I finally completed my Ph.D. last spring, after 7 years, and in celebration we took off almost immediately for Europe. Since it was our first time, we wanted to see everything. We bicycled through the windmill country of Holland, did the tourist thing in Paris, visited with old friends in Paris and Toulouse, hiked in the Swiss Alps, spent brief periods in Munich and Copenhagen and a week in the fjord region of Norway, then crossed the North Sea to England, rented a car, and spent two weeks driving (on the wrong side of the road!) through Scotland, then down to Yorkshire to look up ancestral digs, then out to Devonshire, and at last to London. We enjoyed the whole six weeks immensely, but naturally wished we'd had about twice as much time in every place we were.

Prior to leaving, I'd learned of a job opening at California Institute of Technology, and made contact with them. We managed to arrange a job interview in Cambridge, England, where the group I now work with was having a conference about the time we passed through; and a month or so after we got home, I was hired. I'm a post-doctoral research fellow in the Caltech Population Program, which is an interdisciplinary group sequestered in Humanities and Social Sciences here. I am very satisfied with the job; the work is interesting and important, the people I work with are of top caliber, and there are fringe benefits: I got sent to Rome for a week in January, and to San Francisco for a scientific meeting in February. At present I'm trying to design a research project to look at the environmental impact of food production in the U.S., and project the possible ecological consequences of trying to feed a growing population through the end of the century. This is of more than academic interest; we need to find a grant for the study, or I may well be out of a job. The Nixon Administration's research priorities are such that our main grant is getting cut back severely for next year. So we will hope someone thinks this study is important enough to support it. I have confidence that Harrison Brown, the head of the program, will locate something. Alice, who had to give up a tenured teaching position in Menlo Park, has found a long-term substitute spot, and is looking for a full time job for the fall. She's also back in school, going over to Cal State L. A. four nights a week for graduate classes in math. Our family is back down to two cats; a speeding hit-and-run driver on our quiet residential street in Menlo Park took our favorite calico from us just two days after we got back from Europe. That's the hardest thing about having pets; she died in my lap, and there was nothing I could do. On a cheerier note, we're adapting to life in Los Angeles, and had a gorgeous winter; smog season, however, is yet to come. There are 7-11,000 foot mountains within an hour's drive from our door, so escape is not difficult when it becomes necessary. I was surprised to learn that there is real wilderness that close to this epitome of urban sprawl, but there is -- lots of it. If any of you should by chance be in the area, get in touch for sure; we've got a lumpy sofa bed that you're welcome to use, and we'd love to see you.

* * * * *

I'mnassuming you've all got last year's newsletter, which had all the addresses in it. Several of us have moved since then, and I've listed the new addresses here. Some of them come from the school, some direct from the people involved. Remember, if you move, notify me and/or Darrow!

JOHN CAVALLO 29 Moody Road, Harwich Port, Mass. STEVE FOOTE R.D. 2, Box 191C, Catskill, N.Y. DAVE GRISWOLD 806 Nassau Drive, Mobile, Ala. 2650 Feller Ct., Lakewood, Colo. DAVE HOON PIERRE LOOMIS 291 Stevens Rd., Elgin, Ill. 60120 JACK LOVELAND Apt. 3, Boyce Apts., Rte 235, Kittery, Me. 03904 KIP SMITH 1516 Michigan St., Houston, Texas 77006 Plain St., Rehoboth, Mass. 02769 MIKE TERRY 6294 Hunting Creek Drive, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia 30328 ALAN WRIGHT

Now comes that part I hate Each year, the mailman brings back a few notices or newletters marked "address unknown," and often the school has no valid address for such people either. This year, CARL BRAUN, JAY TANNER, and ROLAND WRIGHT have been added to the "lost" list, which now includes more than a quarter of the 80-odd class members and former faculty on the potential mailing roster. If any of you have any knowledge of any of these guys, pass it on, please, or urge them to contact me themselves.

There is also a group—a fairly large group—of people who have simply not responded to the many mailings and newsletters I've sent out. Mail sent to them doesn't come back, but neither does anything else. With postage and xerox costs going up, (the document you hold in your hand costs about 60 cents a copy, not counting labor), and the general frustration of never hearing a word from some of the folks, I've established a rule that anyone who fails to send in some word over a period of five years is cut (albeit reluctantly) from the mailing list. So far, I've cut the following in this fashion: CLAY, LEHMANN, MacLAREN, McELROY, MEISENHELTER, UNDERWOOD, and A. WRIGHT. This year was the 'last chance' for FOOTE, GETTE, LOVELAND, PHILLIPS, ROMACK, SHERWOOD, and VAN VLIET. We've also lost NUNLEY and AIKEN from among the faculty by this route, Several of you are getting near the danger zone, and I don't want to pare the list back any farther, but will do it, in preference to pouring effort down ratholes.

So--If you have had any word from any of the above listed characters, let them know they can be resurrected if they will make contact with me. And if you've waited too long to respond to one of my requests, don't put it off, or you might be in the same boat. If the attrition continues, this will turn into a pretty exclusive club, and we don't want that to happen. Since there aren't too many of us to start with, you can see why it's important that most of you contribute some word--even if it doesn't seem like much in the way of news--each year.

If you're one of the ones who let it slip this time, and are feeling appropriately guilty about it now, drop a line today, and I'll get a start on next year's edition. The address is:

Ned Groth 2018 Milan Ave. South Pasadena, Calif. 91030

Tel. 213-799-8432(Home) or 213-795-6811-ext 1596 (Work)

I hope this finds all of you in good health and with bright prospects for the next year. When I say don't forget to write, you know I mean it.

Best regards ---

