

DARROW SCHOOL



NEW LEBANON NEW YORK 12125

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CLASS OF 1962 NEWSLETTER — 9th EDITION

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Dear Friends:

Here, at last, is the 9th edition of the NEWSLETTER. I apologize for the fact that it's a bit later this year than usual. I've been overwhelmed by (1) work and (2) life, and didn't have the chance to get to it until now. Even yet, it may be some time before this gets in the mail, since I have still to explore ways to turn those pictures some of you sent into a photo page, and will have to do that before this goes to press.

Without further ado, here is the news, in no particular order.

Richard Bethards passed through Washington a month ago, and we got together for a drink. Richard was en route back to San Antonio, having left Saudi Arabia, where he had been in charge of teaching English to the Saudi armed forces. He will be administering the English as a Second Language program for the US Military Mission, from their headquarters down in Texas. At the time I saw him, he had no address in San Antonio yet. Richard has had a full fourteen years since we last saw him at Darrow, and seemed much more content with his life and himself now. On the way to Texas (more or less) he was bound for California, to visit Lester Henderson, who is still at the Athenian School in Danville, and leading quite a happy life there, says Richard.

A few weeks ago, I got to San Francisco myself on business, and there got together with John Prentiss. John has taken a new job, as vice president for real estate and marketing with the Borel Corporation, headquartered in San Mateo. Among other things, Borel operates a chain of restaurants called the Rusty Scupper. John's job involves a good deal of traveling, but he's really getting to feel like the Bay Area is home already. He was in the process of buying a house up in a redwood grove in the mountains of the San Francisco Peninsula, and Kris and the girls were going to join him in about a month; he was planning to fly back east, and they were going to drive the two cars across, stopping for some relaxation in the Tahoe area on the way. John had once vowed he'd never get involved with a corporation again, but this job offered him near total autonomy, and he was getting tired of being a farmer, and tired of the winters in upstate New York, so when San Francisco beckoned, it was too good to pass up. John sent an article, back in March, describing another venture he and his brother had undertaken: manufacturing stained glass weathervanes. They had a couple of beautiful designs, and had been trying to find retail outlets. John told me last month they've struck a deal with Hammacher-Schlemmer, and were selling well. You can see John's work in the window of the New York H-S store. Kris was doing a lot of human relations training back East, and was hoping to keep up with it in California. Jennifer, now 9, was tops in her class at school, and Jessie, 7, was more inclined to get into trouble for lack of other entertainment in school—takes after her dad! If any of you are in the S.F. area, John's office phone is 415-349-7770. Didn't get a home address for him yet. (Update: That's 20 Big Pine Road, Woodside, Cal. 94062, and (415) 851-2125.)

Speaking of new jobs, Joe Coffee has also made a move in the last year. He left his position with the Civil Service Commission to take over the task of executive development for the Treasury Department, a few blocks away from his old office, here in Washington. At his new job since April, Joe says he's able to do more of the things he wants to do, in terms of team development, and helping individuals be more effective at working with people to get the job done better. Laurie was also looking for a change of scene. She was getting certified to work as a home instructor and therapist for children with speech and hearing problems. She was looking forward to the extra freedom she'd have, compared to working at the clinic, plus to being able to spend more time with Geoff and David. The Coffees still live at 3316 Holly Court, Falls Church, Va. 22042.

Back around the deadline for responses (April 1—this year that really was a joke!) Frank Rosenberg gave me a call. Said he was busy, busy, busy—working his (deleted) off! But it was paying off, at last. Business was finally flying; they had started a new division, and were negotiating for several multi-year, multi-million dollar contracts. In his spare time, Frank and Ellie had done some skiing; in January they got out to Alta and Snowbird in Utah. Ellie was student-teaching, doing junior high math instruction, and was getting a certificate, and hoping to find a full time teaching job. Meanwhile, she was also getting a masters in Earth Sciences at Adelphi. Frank was almost done with his course on celestial navigation (so that when he's made his pile, they can sail off to Tahiti?). Frank and Ellie inhabit 24 Link Lane, Hicksville, NY 11801.

John Joline reports that he and Jean are leading quite a new and different life, in a small apartment at 48th St and 3rd Ave, in Manhattan. John is Executive Director of the Edward John Noble Foundation, where he says he had lots to learn about the legal and financial aspects of grantmaking. Jean was doing some volunteer work with senior citizens at one of the settlement houses, and they were both enjoying their new life very much. He noted how odd it felt at first not to have to do anything on weekends! They still take off for Duxbury when they get the chance. In New York, the address is 160 East 48th St., Apt. 6-D, NY NY 10017, 212-688-7952.

Still another new-job holder is Gib Manchester. Last October, Gib left the family law firm for the corporate environs of Commercial Shearing, Inc., where he is the company's legal counsel. He moved just nine months after attaining the coveted partnership in his old firm, because (a) a friend hired him, and (b) his new job offers him a much broader sphere of influence. His new company makes pumps, motors, and other heavy duty hydraulic equipment, as well as tunnels. They've got plants in 11 countries on five continents, so he'll be travelling. Gib says Liz, Curt, Byron, and Laura are all fine, though aging rapidly. He still runs 4-5 miles three times a week, and has succeeded at growing a moustache. So far, having a good life, as he sums up. Gib's address: 997 Colonial Drive, Youngstown, Ohio 44505.

Don Beaver writes that History of Science is still alive and well at Williams. He is working away at the social relations of science, concentrating on collaboration as a mode of organization of research inquiry. He's also working with the Center for Environmental Studies, developing a curriculum and hoping to add a couple of courses on agriculture. At a liberal arts college, no less! Don said he hasn't been down to Darrow in a dog's age, but ran into Ron Emery at a harpsichord concert there at the College.

Arch Reuther wrote from Darrow, to tell us we would be welcome to plan for a 15th reunion there next spring (an idea I'd floated with him some time back). He notes that the faces we'd remember if we came back have dwindled to McCracken and Emery on the faculty (with Nunley and Durfee living nearby), and Mike Dimaina, Joe McBride, and Emma Austin still holding the place together. The row of spruces south of Wick-ersham, said to live 100 years, are at that age now, and are having to be cut down, one by one. Arch hopes we'll come back and see him next year.

Don Sutherland reports that he, Marie, and the kids have been seeing more parts of our beautiful country, taking advantage of their location in the Midwest to visit many of the state parks and other spots, mostly in Illinois. They were looking forward to a trip to the uplands of southern Indiana, said to be much like New England, with lots of old-time craftsmen living off in the hills. Don was looking to pick up some hand-hewn axe handles, for his own hands-to-work on Saturday afternoons in his own back lot, where he gets his exercise (and some fuel) chopping wood. When Don wrote, back in March, he was eager for winter to end and spring to arrive. Said all his freinds had gone off to Utah or Colorado to ski, or to the Caribbean to sail boats, neither of which they could do in the immediate vicinity of Glen Ellyn, Illinois!

Marjorie Lapp wrote to say that Towner was off traveling, so she answered the call this time. They have been transferred from the Chicago area to New York (as of last September), where Towner is now Assistant Manager of the International Sales Division of Fieldcrest Mills. He is responsible for Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, and all of the Far East, and was enjoying it a lot. Marjorie said he had to give up his racquet ball for intensified French lessons at Berlitz, though, and that Japanese may be next! They have settled in Chatham, New Jersey, and Towner commutes into New York by train. Christina, who's six now, and Marjorie were getting used to their new home and the traditions of rural New Jersey when she wrote. Not too much later, I heard from Towner himself, who called in connection with the annual Darrow fund drive. He mentioned that he saw Frank Rosenberg at a meeting in New York with Dave Miller, who was showing slides of Darrow for prospective new students. The Lapps' new address is 99 Glenmere Drive, Chatham, New Jersey 07928.

We recovered Dave Griswold from the "lost" list of last year. He says '75 wasn't a very good year. Got his masters degree from South Alabama in '74, but got his divorce decree in '75. He was able to find a part-time job coaching baseball at Yale, but did not find full-time employment available there, so moved on to be assistant baseball coach at Trinity College in Hartford. He was there through May of this year, then he hoped to get a full time head coaching job somewhere—anywhere! If by now he's found his spot and moved on again, he can still be reached through this address: Box 386, Old Lyme, Conn. 06371.

Llew Haden feels depressed by the fact that an annual newsletter reminds him of how rapidly the years go by. He's still vice presidenting for the bank in Atlanta, and one day last summer when in New York on business he tripped over Chuck Curry, holding up a lamp post. Says he runs into Soutendijk about four times a year, and they do whatever....Hap Schroeder is working the Southeast for Citibank, so he sees him now and again too. His own job is the same, with the challenges a bit greater. Says "The kids are growing like weeds, while their father still has the youth, virility, and stamina of an 18-year-old (I wonder who their father is?)." He declined to send us the photo of the family taken at the Peachtree Nudist Club last summer, because the dog's pose was rather obscene. He gets to town (D.C. that is) once in a while, and I went through Atlanta airport this spring. We got to chat on the phone for a few minutes, then I had to go catch a plane....one of these days we'll get together. You can still send love notes (or whatever) to Llew at 5135 Powers Ferry Rd., NW, Atlanta 30327.

A note from Coach Mahnken says he's still substituting at the High School in New Lebanon, when needed. He worked for the Darrow Telethon in New York this year, and had fun talking to some of his old boys. Even managed to get some money for Darrow. I had hope of seeing Coach at Princeton at reunions this year (my 10th), but turned out I couldn't make it. Don't know if he did.

Guthrie Speers has something more in common with me than 1958-59 at Darrow: He does an annual newsletter for his class at the Hill School. That's the class of 1908. He reported with pride that last year and the year before he had 100% contributions to annual giving — all nine of them! He informed us that Mrs. Heyniger is living in a

retirement home in Pennsylvania, Foulkeways, where she is very well and active. He and Mrs. Speers hoped to go up and visit her from their winter home in Baltimore. Now that it's summer, they're up in New Hampshire again.

Diana Spencer wrote to report on the varied lives she and John are leading. In addition to his teaching at Dana Hall in Wellesley, John has become engrossed in prison work. He visits life-sentenced prisoners at Norfolk prison each week, and has developed a program where his Dana Hall students help some prisoners who are on work-release at Medfield State Hospital. He's been written up in the Boston Globe and the program made the CBS radio news. In the summers, John is a farmer, with some four acres of vegetables, some of which he sells. At last count, he'd also won two grand champion prizes on the Morgan Horse Show circuit. Di herself was busy being a wife, mother, and active volunteer, with all going smoothly most of the time! Both girls, Abby (12 or almost that now,) and Kimie (8), have some reading disability, and Di has been very active in working with special schools and programs for dyslexic children. She has also been doing some lobbying at the State House, with energy conservation measures, especially a returnable bottle bill, among her legislative goals for this session. She is also a Brownie leader, a dorm councillor at Dana Hall, and active in volunteer work at both girls' schools, and on the Wheaton College magazine's editorial board, as well as v.p. of the local alumnae chapter for Wheaton. (Well, she said she was busy!) In their spare time, the Spencers still have fun traveling and skiing. Their home is still at 20 Oxbow Road, Wellesley Hills, Mass. 02181.

Scott Leake has some "old" news, which came in right after last year's edition went out. Nonetheless, the birth of Jeffrey Kyle Leake, last April 16, is still worth mention! By this spring, Scott notes, Jeff has adapted well to farm life: He is allergic to milk products, so he gets by on Isomilk, made from soy protein. Bryan is 3 now, and big enough to start helping out with the chores. The farm is running pretty well, and Scott and his father actually made a little money last year. They have 130 cows now, and bought a new tractor, which saves a lot of time coping with the 200 acres of hay & alfalfa and the 80 acres of corn they harvest. Scott is happy with the farming life, he says, and that's what's important. Nancy keeps busy with raising the two boys, and is active in organizations around Bennington. They're both involved in the Red Cross, where Nancy got her 2 gallon pin in December.

Have heard from Jim Wright several times in the last year. Jim was doing a lot of writing and some photography, making a little money, and still pondering what to do with the rest of his life, or at least the next few years. He has been looking at a number of alternative schools and private schools in the northeast, in search of possible teaching spots, but as of last notice, hadn't located anything yet. Sarah remains the breadwinner, as budget consultant to the Area Office on Aging, and finds the work alternately involving and frustrating. She continues to take accounting courses in the evenings, looking forward eventually to entering that field full-fledged. Anne, 9, was in a new and larger elementary school, and was learning the cello, as of last Christmas. Becky was then in junior high, and undergoing treatment for curvature of the spine (scoliosis), which was caught early enough to avoid the need for surgery. Debby, in high school, was active in drama and the yearbook. They all went vacationing (camping, hiking, and canoeing) in Canada last summer, and Jim has been to Darrow this spring, if his hopes materialized. Jim has also traveled to a number of human relations labs, and was thinking of becoming a trainer. At one of the ones he attended last fall, the co-trainer was none other than Kris Prentiss (see page 1!). That's our "small world" item for this edition....

Charles and Sue Brodhead left Beirut last July, just in time to escape the tragedy that has befallen that once-lovely city. Their new address is Dummerston, RFD #1 B-93, Brattleboro, Vermont, 05301. Charles reported on the last days they spent in Lebanon, in which he had continued with the ecology club in his school, until the school was closed down by the civil war, in May '75. Prior to that, however, they had had more than 100 boys involved in reforestation, construction of anti-erosion terraces, and

the production of a musical playlet entitled "The Bungle in the Jungle, or the Polar Bear's Solution." The play advised that the enemies of Lebanon were (1) corruption, (2) pollution, (3) hate, (4) selfishness, and urged, in short, that the solutions to all begin at home. This play was the most recent in a long line of successes of the Protect Our Planet Club, which the Brodheads helped to get started and guided for the years they were in Lebanon. It must have been hard to leave that behind, but it is good to have them back "home" again. Anyone who is traveling up the Connecticut River Valley should think of stopping in to see them.

There is a lot of news from Peter and Virginia Gorday in the last year plus. (All of it comes from Virginia, let the credit fall where it's due!) On May 1 of '75, Peter was ordained to the priesthood, after a full and exciting year as a deacon. They had hopes of being assigned to a church in the back woods of Tennessee, but in August, a note arrived saying they had moved to Nashville, where he's at St. James Episcopal Church. On August 5, their first child, John Harmon, was born, slightly ahead of schedule! By Christmastime, Virginia said she was plugging away at being the original hysterical mother, and finding that cats are a lot easier to raise. Peter was working himself silly at the church, and plugging away on his dissertation; now that they're settled, he may have time to record the thesis that has been germinating in his brain the last few years. As of last year, the Gordays' plans included coming up to Darrow for a 15th reunion. Pete's youngest sister will be graduating from high school in Catskill, NY, next spring, and they will be coming up for that. One more reason for us to plan a get-together for '77. If you want to write, Pete, Virginia and John are living at 1316-B Cheyenne Blvd., Madison, Tennessee 37115.

Also checking in with a new son are John and Josie Ho, whose Jonathan arrived on June 27 of last year. When Alice and I stopped overnight at the Ho's in Rhinebeck, NY, en route to Darrow last spring, Josie was about to pop; sorry it's been so long until it was reported! John was much enjoying his work as a clinical psychologist in Rhinebeck, and Josie was gardening and getting the house ready for Jonathan. Since the baby card, I haven't heard from them, so I guess he keeps them busy!

A Christmas card from Patrick Evans said that he and Maggy are living in London now, although they also have a house in the South of France where they spend all their holidays. If his work should bring him to America (or mine, me to London) Patrick was hoping we might meet again. For now, he may be contacted at 15 Brookland Rise, London NW11.

Terry and Anita Duvall sent two "newsletters" of their own this year. The first described a Halloween party which effectively tricked, treated, and scared several dozen friends and neighbors. Hunting season had opened, and Brad and Terry were filling up the freezer with ducks and snipe. Terry wrote that they'd had a ball, skiing at Vail over Easter, and rockhounding and visiting family in California over Christmas. They spent most of last summer working on the house, which was all finished but for the floors. Terry got to go off to Canada for some trout fishing, and spent some time in summer school, learning that all the new ideas are mostly the same old stuff. In all, it was an active, fun year.

Marylou and Larz Anderson have been spending some of their vacation time in an adobe house they built in Taos, NM, where the atmosphere is relaxed and the views spectacular. Marylou wrote that Fergie spent last summer in France through the Experiment in International Living. Most of the school year was spent on the run in Dallas, what with meetings, soccer games, piano and violin lessons, Campfire Girls, rehearsals, etc. In the spring last year, Larz and Marylou went to New Orleans for a school meeting and ate as many oysters as possible. Summers and Christmases are spent in Taos, with a different but equally full list of activities. In Dallas, you can contact the Andersons at 4006 Mendenhall Dr., 75234.

Bill Goff wrote at Christmas to say they're quitting teaching, and moving to Maine, where they'll live in a nice old home they've purchased, open a small shop, give piano

lessons, and starve! Bill refers to this facetiously as his "semi-retirement." The new address is Back Road, Limerick, Maine, 04048.

From the Hoppers' Christmas message: Denny couldn't make it up to Darrow last spring when a bunch of us got together there to bid the Jolines farewell, because he was recuperating from a hernia operation (ouch!). By now, he's fit as a fiddle again, and busy with their latest acquisition: a new house. The new one is about a mile from the old one, but bigger, with two more bedrooms, a family room and a playroom, and room for both cars in the garage. Joan is teaching sewing in the West Hartford adult school, and had a part-time job demonstrating microwave ovens. Tammy, at seven, was going through an "I hate boys" stage and had just learned to ride a two-wheeler. Kim, at four, is described by her mother as "a character," and was thoroughly enjoying her nursery school, and showing signs of a wonderful (at times!) imagination. With a new house to redecorate, they spent weekends around home, but were hoping to do some wider traveling soon. Their new address is 40 Sunset Terrace, West Hartford 06107.

Steve Swenson's Christmas card had a note that said he, Sally, and the kids were all well. They had been cross-country skiing in the Cascades already last winter, and he had applied for an International Teacher Exchange position in England or New Zealand. By next year, they may be halfway around the world!

As you no doubt recall from the Peg Board, Dick Nunley gave a poetry reading at Darrow last fall, and the student audience was enthusiastically responsive. I have been for years trying to get Dick to write to the NEWSLETTER, and at last got a letter last summer. As a next-door observer of Darrow, Dick notes that it speaks well for the school that Darrow goes on, while Lenox and Cranwell have gone under. The euphoric situation of the early 60s for independent schools changed drastically since about '68, with distrust of authority, drugs, and recession hitting hard. But Darrow has come through, and with a new headmaster, almost a completely new faculty, and an uncertain future, Dick still felt a certain optimism that the place would survive, though it's evolved, not painlessly, from the place we knew. Perhaps we can lure him from his abode to join us at a reunion next spring.

A bunch of bits and pieces: Last May, several of us got together at Darrow to take John and Jean Joline out for a farewell dinner from the first class he headed, way back when. Present were two Jolines, two Rosenbergs, two Groths, Scott Leake, Des McCracken, and Bill & Joan Anthony and their son, Matt. Bill is still working for Uniroyal, in imports (mostly footwear), and they had just moved into a house in March. Bill designed it himself, and they were finishing up the interior. The address is RR #1, Box 0-96, Bethlehem, CT 06751. Back in December, I attended a gathering of Darrow people here in Washington, to see a talk and slide show put on by Dave Miller and Steve Howard, and encountered John and Jerilyn Castellani there. John's still working at Mount Vernon, where there is a big Son et Lumiere show, the bicentennial gift of the French to the U.S., playing all summer. If you stop in to see that, say hi to John! Last June, Alice and I went canoeing on the upper Delaware River with Frank and Ellie Rosenberg, his sister Peggy, his mother (the trip was a birthday present to her!) and a bunch of friends. We had a good two days of fun. Frank had some news from the telethon: Steve Foote is living in Catskill, NY, teaching music and playing in a band. His address is RD #2, Box 191C, Catskill 12414. Jay Tanner, from whom we've never heard since the inception of this medium, has been living in Brooklyn for 10 years or so, is married, and was driving a cab when Frank talked to him. Jay reported having seen Chuck Curry (not sure with or without lamp post this time) and Kazu Sohma, early in '75. Jay's address is 498 Clinton St., Brooklyn, 11231. Frank had also learned from Joe MacLaren's mother that Joe was doing construction work in Maine, and had an address as of 15 months ago of Box 43, Mt. Vernon, Maine; but his mom said he might be going to Europe. Frank also reported that Peter Deri's phone had been disconnected, so Pete's lost to us again.

That brings it down to Ned Groth, since I always save myself for last. As hinted in the opening lines, this has been a frantic year. At work, two projects I'm involved

with are culminating, and the task of getting two report drafts in shape at once has had me in my office up to 80 hours a week. There's a lull in that for the moment, but the pace will pick up again soon. My work isn't dull, but it's not wholly fulfilling, either, and I expect to be moving into something new in a year or so. At this point, I have no idea what that will be, or where. The rest of my attention has been tied up in a marital crisis over the last eight months or so, which is resolving itself, if you can call it that, with a separation, in the next few days. What can you do when your wife wakes up one winter and decides the marriage isn't meeting her needs, and that she has to get out, get away, find out who she really is and what she really wants? If you're me, you cry, argue, plead, rage, and finally give up and accept that if she must she must. So Alice is moving out, and will be living near the U. of Maryland, where she has been doing graduate work in Math for the last year. If she's successful on the comprehensives this winter, she'll be on the way to a Ph.D. in that field. I'm trying to get back into a "single" frame of mind, meeting a few datable women, and getting a lot of work done. In my spare time, during the winter and spring, I've been playing volleyball with a team in the Northern Virginia Volleyball Association; we played in a dozen or so tournaments up and down the East Coast this year, had some fun, got some exercise, and brought home a trophy or two for the mantelpiece. Except for work, I've done little traveling this past year; we got to spend a week on Cape Hatteras over last Christmas, but I have yet to take a day of vacation. That will change this summer; in fact, before you get this, I'll probably be off to Minnesota and the lakes and woods of Ontario for a couple of weeks. At the moment, I have no idea where I'll be in a year, what I'll be doing, whether I'll be married, or who I'll want to be with; there is nothing firm to plan around, so I can live life a week at a time, going through a process of finding out what I want it to become. Once I can handle the uncertainty and insecurity — and I'm getting there — the freedom is almost exhilarating. I'll let you know how it turns out....

Thus ends another newsletter. Hope you all have had a nice bicentennial summer; the time we had in Washington was most impressive. Most of us seem to be at points where our lives have just taken new turns, or are about to, so there will be a lot of news in the next year. Let's all think about a gathering at Darrow, too, on the occasion of our 15th anniversary of graduation. How does sometime in June sound for a reunion, toward the middle of the month? Anyone want to volunteer to help set things up? Dave Miller, Steve Howard, Arch Ruether, all have offered us enthusiastic support for the idea from the school's side. Can someone from the class who lives in the area take on the job of making the arrangements? Give it some thought, and everyone who can, plan on being there.

In the meantime, if you have any news, photos (Llewd or otherwise), or announcements, they should be sent to the same place, 3333 M Street, SE, Washington, DC, 20019. Let me hear from you.

Ned

P.S. Late word from R. J. Brandes, who reports from Argentina that, after a year and a half of difficult times, business seems to be improving. His family, which includes his wife, two girls (Melissa and Mercedes), and an addition expected in August, is fine. When not working, he spends time riding his horses, but to tell the truth, he says, he spends more time working than riding. When his business brings him to New York (which happens about every two months) he hopes to get in touch, and one year to time it so he can catch one of our gatherings, say our 15th reunion?? Says he'd like to see how we all look after 15 years.

(With a little luck, you'll see the answer to that for some of us on the next page...)

HERE THEY ARE, FOLKS!!!

What you see on the facing page is one of the reasons this publication is so late in coming this year. I had to shop around for a printer who could do a decent job reproducing this without charging an extra arm and a leg.

If your picture is missing, it's because you forgot to send one. I used everything I got this year. Any quality problems are in the originals...This may give you an idea of what size image to send when you send one of yourself next year.

See who you can recognize from the photos, then turn this upside down.

Last in under-the-wire award for this year: Des McCracken wrote to describe a non-event of some interest. Around Alumni Day last spring, he got a call from Bob Lang, who said he, Carl Braun, and Augie Daesner were coming up for the day, and asked Des to contact Harry Mahnken and make plans for the five of them to have dinner. Bob, Carl, & Augie, however, never showed up! And Des hasn't heard from any of them since with an explanation. Well, at least we know that Bob & Carl, two of our large "lost" list, are still alive and living somewhere in New Jersey....or were last May. Des also saw Steve Swenson and his family, who visited Darrow by bicycling over from Williamstown in July, in the midst of a cross-country vacation trip. He also saw the Sutherlands, who visited the Durfees this summer. Horton and Jean Durfee will both be teaching at Emma Willard School, in Troy, this year. Linda Durfee was graduated (with all kinds of honors) from Bowdoin in June....Des says he's had a quiet & productive summer, and this fall, with Emery leaving (and that's news we didn't hear from Ron) he'll be the only faculty member left from '62....



Top Row (Left to Right): Jim Wright, 7/75; John Prentiss and creation, 12/75; Towner Lapp, 11/75.

Center: At Darrow, May '75: John & Jean Joline, Scott Leake, Bill, Matt, & Joan Anthony, Alice Groth, Frank & Ellie Rosenberg, Des McCracken, Ned Groth.

Bottom, l to r: The Andersons (Cate, Nicky, Larz, Carey, Marylou, & Fergie); John & Josie Ho; The Sutherlands (Mark, Janet, Don, Marie, Corky); Dr. Guthrie Speers with Mrs Speers and two of their grandchildren.