

**Twenty-fifth
Reunion Class Book**

**YALE UNIVERSITY
CLASS OF 1969**





Medical Center
Schools of Medicine
& Nursing
Yale-New Haven
Hospital

Park
Pierson
Davenport
University Theatre
Yale Daily News
York

Jonathan Edwards
Branford
Saybrook
High
Harvess Tower

Old Campus
Linsly-Chittenden
McClintock
Connecticut
Phelps
Wekh
Lawrance
Farnam
Battell Chapel

College
Chapel
Trinity Church
Center Church
Temple
United Church

Church
City Hall
Post Office

Tower
Ezra Siles
Morse
Hall of Graduate Studies
Dept. of Business Mgt.
Ashmun

Sterling Memorial Library
Sterling Law Buildings

Berkeley
Cross
Campus
Calhoun
W.L. Hartness
Sprenger
Beinecke Rare Book Library
Woodbridge
Hewitt Quad
Woolsey Hall
University Dining Hall

Street
Hendrie
Faculty Club
Alumni House
Silliman
Grove

Public Library
County Court House
Timothy Dwight
Foreign Language Lab
Hillhouse
St. Mary's Church

A
To Yale Bowl

B
To Yale Press & Medical Center

C
Cohary Baptist

D
Taft Hotel

E
Chapel

F
Post Office

2

3

4

3

Whalley

Dixwell Avenue

Howe St

Broadway

Street

Street

Street

Street

Street

Street

To Yale Golf Course

To Yale Bowl

To Yale Press & Medical Center

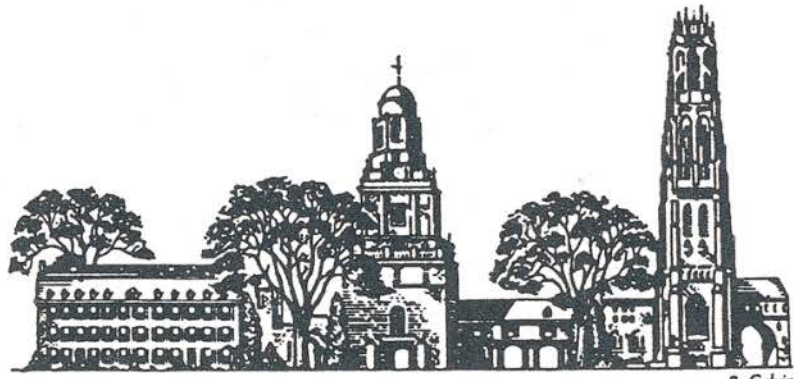
Grove St

Becton Eng Applied Sc

Hillhouse

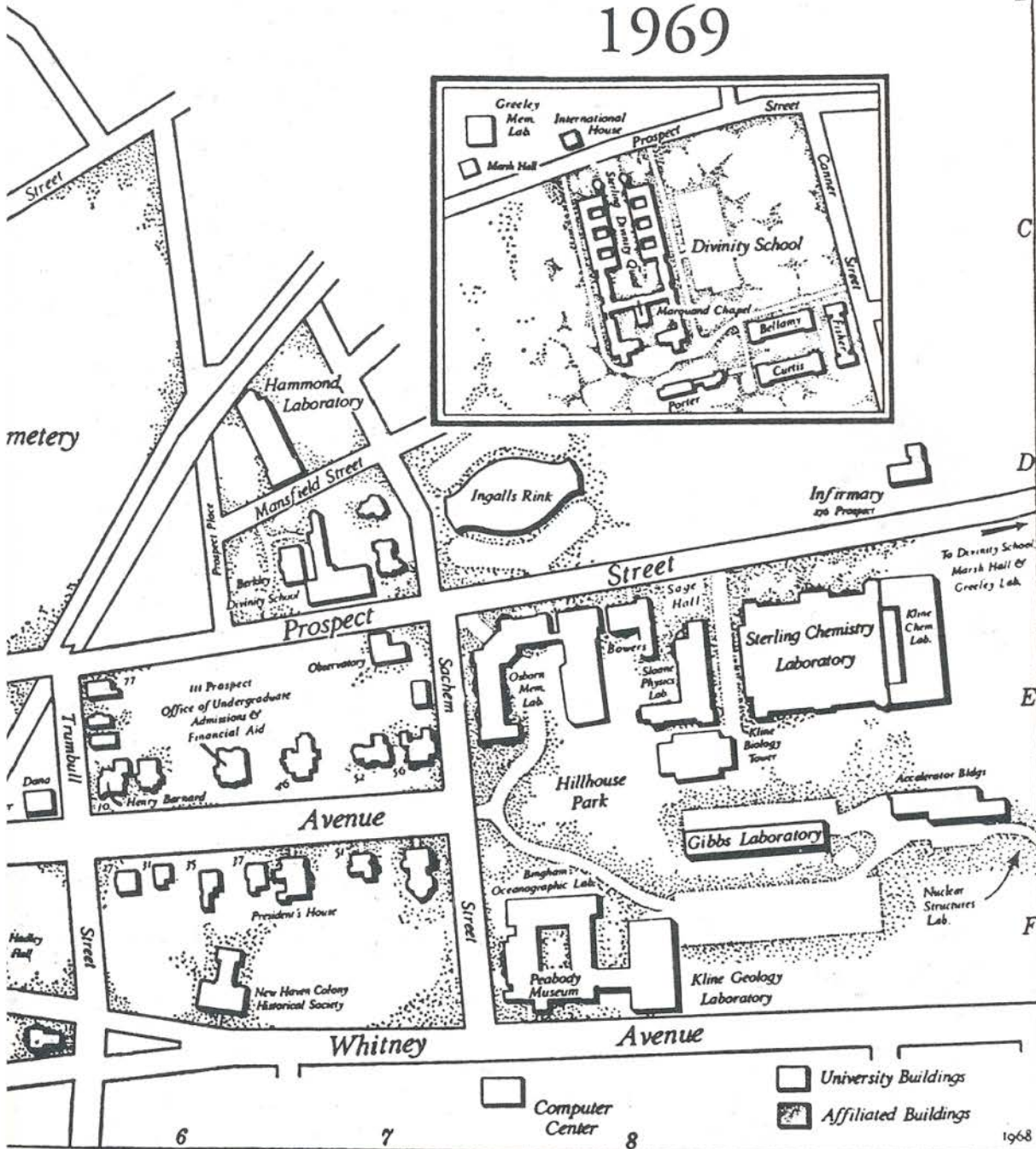
Foreign Language Lab

Timothy Dwight



YALE UNIVERSITY

1969



*Twenty-fifth
Reunion Class Book*



YALE COLLEGE
CLASS OF 1969

1994

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VILLAINS? VICTIMS? VICTORS? THE COHORT OF PROTEUS

If the Yale class of 1969 were asked to choose a patron spirit from the ancient Greek pantheon, I would vote for Proteus, the elusive god who could alter form while his substance remained the same. Clearly we differ radically in dress and manners from our unruly undergraduate days. But have we really changed, and are we really distinct from other classes before or since?

That is the trick: to determine to what degree the ontogeny of our generation recapitulates the phylogeny that marks the transit of all college seniors from graduation towards middle age. The generational rule of thumb—"anybody under 25 who is not liberal does not have a heart, and anybody over 40 who isn't a conservative doesn't have a head"—describes to some degree our college class as well as many others. But our cohort has always liked to view itself as special, as an indigestible lump moving through a python, maintaining its integrity and ideals. I submit that we are special, but perhaps not in ways we would like to acknowledge.

Some years back a clever anthropologist found the perfect way to combine business and pleasure: he chose to examine how Tahitians thought about time. Travelling these beguiling, fecund islands, he asked village elders whether they thought time moved at a constant rate. Consistently, he received the same answer. "When I was young time moved slowly," they would say ponderously, "but now time moves so much faster." Einstein would doubtless approve of such sophistication about relativity, but the Tahitians were simply projecting their own experience as a state of the world (a position that would have earned appreciative nods from the fathers of quantum mechanics who took up where Einstein left off). Of course, at some deep level everybody would like to believe that the world reflects our experience and moods. Our college class, however, has taken this proclivity one step further. We acted on these impulses and reshaped the world to conform to our ideals.

Or was it our urges and fears?

Only a jury in the next century will have the perspective to answer this question. The world in which our children live out their dotage will provide the only report card on the true character of our times. Those alive then will have answers to many of this century's ultimate questions, and they will also know the role played by America's well-educated in shaping those answers. Imagine the year 2050, for instance, when an overcrowded planet will have to cope with its bequest from the late twentieth century: a climate thrown into chaos, seasonal doses of ultraviolet radiation streaming through a weakened ozone layer, global deforestation, ecosystems in collapse, microbes running rampant, etc. Historians (if there are any) looking for someone to blame might settle on the generation that took control of the world's remaining superpower at the end of the twentieth century. Rather than viewing us as idealists, the historians might well tag us as the most narcissistic generation in American history.

We have provided plenty of ammunition for those who would indict us. Buoyed by money provided by our parents (whom we reviled for their material aspirations), we first pursued solipsistic pathways to so-called higher conscious-

ness. Then a few years later we easily adopted the cupidity we once had scorned. As a group we ripped at the integuments of marriage ostensibly because it oppressed women and institutionalized hypocrisy (but really because it interfered with our carnal appetites). Then, once the nuclear family was in ruins, we decided that children were necessary after all, for *our* self-fulfillment, and we promoted the dubious proposition of single parenthood. While young, we revelled in profanity as a blow against repression, and then later bemoaned the loss of civility in daily life. We campaigned for open curricula and relevant courses and then complained that our children could not identify Europe on a map. We took it all and spent it all, leaving slim pickings for our heirs. And so on: at every turn rewriting the rules to suit our needs as we defined them at the moment. It is uncomfortably easy to make this negative case.

Other historians, however, might argue that we were not villains but victims. From this perspective, we were given command of a vessel already swept into the outer currents of some giant whirlpool. Powerless to do anything, we could only cry out in warning as we headed into the vortex.

And then there is the possibility that today's doomsayers are wrong. What if technological advance and the final victory of the free market over communism help the world avert ecological collapse and usher in a new era of clean skies, happy creatures, good health, and material well-being? In these circumstances, the flashy, multimedia interactive histories to be written in 2050 might well glorify us as a generation who helped humanity shake free of nineteenth century political institutions and technologies and prepare itself for the information age.

We cannot know whether the world of the future will condemn or validate our generation, but we still can know our own lives. Perhaps that is the best way to understand what our times meant to our class and vice versa. Many of our cohort resisted the easy catharsis of revolutionary rhetoric and the temptation to adopt off-the-shelf attitudes. Many, genuinely confused by colliding tides of the late sixties, honestly thought through their responses to the issues of the day. Some scarcely noticed that the times were a changing. Finally amid this ruckus, others, like this writer, discovered the themes that would later guide their lives.

The late 1960s were special in the sense that our generation and our class in particular faced the prospect of killing or being killed in Vietnam. We had compelling reasons to ask questions about where America was headed. We did not stop with the war, however, and impelled by the need to understand and rationalize our opposition to that ugly conflict, we turned our skepticism on the so called "war machine," the system that produced it, and the curricula of the elite colleges that produced the manpower to run the system, and on and on. As a group, college students have never been singled out for their sense of proportion.

Much of the rhetoric was silly, but the times were proleptic in the sense that the national mood of self-examination dredged up every contradiction in American life for discussion. It was during the late 1960s, for instance, that environment surfaced as a global concern. I had always been interested in the issue, but what might have been an avocation for me had I grown up during another era, became my life. It was easier to consider impractical paths back then,

because the national mood of skepticism had the effect of demythologizing traditional vocations.

It is worth noting, however, that in the lefty atmosphere of those times, the politically correct on campus scorned environmentalism as an elitist plot to prevent the poor from material advancement. (In one of history's neat symmetries, this argument has resurfaced in recent years, only this time it is being pushed by antienvironmental conservatives.) Still, stripped of ideology, the questions debated on campus back then—whether technology amplified by human numbers posed a threat to human well-being and the planet; whether humanity was crowding out other creatures and ecosystems—form the basis of a world-wide debate today.

Yale 1969 had a special perspective on these tumultuous times. Subsequent classes elsewhere might envy the perverse blessing of the challenges which focused our lives as undergraduates. We were the last Yale class that had to contend with both the draft and a broad-based curriculum grounded in Western art and science (core curriculums have been reestablished elsewhere, but not the draft). Though inconvenient, the draft forced us to become intimately involved in government decisions to use of force in foreign policy—not a bad thing in a democracy. Drafting unwilling, highly articulate college students into the army provided a control on the inappropriate use of military power abroad simply because the conscripts were going to rise up if the war could not be justified. That control may be lacking now that the armed forces are made up entirely of volunteers.

Subsequent classes might also envy the demands of a curriculum that forced students to become acquainted with the critical skills that form the basis of Western thought. Our record applying these skills was spotty at best, but they provided a basis for the disciplined examination of the world for which there is still no obvious alternative. Indeed the alacrity with which so many of our class challenged the premises of Western traditions and embraced alternatives such as Eastern thought roundly refutes the argument that courses based on the thinking of Dead White European Males limit our appreciation of other cultures and modes of thought.

We wore jackets and ties as freshmen and God knows what as seniors. Grades disappeared sometime during sophomore year (I think), only to reappear before we graduated. Following graduation, many pursued wild experiments in living before settling into more traditional careers. But for all our Protean changes of costume, we were more conservative than we seemed back then and are probably more idealistic than we are painted today.

—Eugene Linden

REFLECTIONS ON COEDUCATION AT YALE AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

We helped do something important. It seemed so at the time and it seems so still. By wheedling and needling, by sometimes being co-opted and sometimes being confrontational, we pushed a rather staid, large institution to do the right thing. Even earlier, when President Brewster announced a possible marriage with Vassar, it had begun to seem that coeducation might arrive in some form at Old Eli (though Vassar rejected the initiative during our junior year). But Brewster appeared to have a gentlemanly—yet also an old-fashioned, separate, and insular—concept of what women’s education ought to be. As radical as many Old Blues thought his plans to be, Brewster’s strong preference for “coordinate education” was unacceptable to many veterans of the antiwar, civil rights, and generational upheavals. And the general culture of the times, compounded by assassinations, worldwide student unrest, and the police riot in Chicago left many of us angry and frustrated but not quiescent as we entered our senior year.

Thus began plans for Coeducation Week. Not coincidentally, it was to be held Election Week in November 1968. Both the plan and the threat behind it were quite simple. We would invite women from some twenty-five schools to stay at Yale for a week, to help guide the discussion of whether to coeducate and what form coeducation ought to take. If the administration tried to stop us, the newspapers would love the story—and we were not shy about invoking visions of women protesting their exclusion by waving lingerie from the college windows.

How to persuade the women? (A query traditional at Yale for centuries, altered only somewhat during our own bright college years.) In part, we built on a network established by *Friday*, a regional college magazine I had coedited with Eric Stiffler the previous spring. *Friday* proved to be woefully ahead of its time; never sold an ad, so far as I can recall; and cost the *Yale Daily News* several thousand dollars before it folded after three admirable issues that were, in fact, widely distributed through college newspapers throughout the region. But we also had lots of other contacts, of course, and the women eagerly shared our view that 1968 was the year for students to do things worldwide.

Organizing for Coed Week grew out of a group of friends in Trumbull College, particularly Jim Ward and my late roommate, Dov Ospovat, and others truly too numerous to name. To recall how it happened, however, is to be reminded vividly how much we had learned about the importance of getting by with a little help from our friends. People volunteered from all over and pitched in mightily from each college—I recall Ray Nunn and “Sundance” Dellinger because they may have been the most flamboyant, but there were scores of others from Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and the Student Advisory Board (SAB); from Dwight Hall, which gave us office space and sustenance; and from a multitude of weird and wonderful additional linkages. More than half the students at Yale volunteered to clean and give up their rooms and pledged to respect the privacy of the women guests.

We had proclaimed that we would bring 750 women to Yale, but we

were wildly oversubscribed. Over a thousand women actually attended—we ultimately split the week into two sessions—and the entire event went amazingly well. We managed to combine some seriousness with considerable fun and frolic that was sometimes planned, often spontaneous. But the women also received course critiques and attended classes and panel discussions about coeducation and other topics. Dining hall workers, college guards, and many deans, masters, and faculty members helped a good deal. Brewster and the rest of the administration adapted admirably, even when Brewster was serenaded at his house by the Yale Band and hundreds of coeds and gleeful Yale students. We got extensive, favorable press coverage. (It says something about the era that my explanation was that “The idea is to take the male-female relationship out of the absurdly pressured situation of a weekend date. A lot of the guys think of women simply as objects, or dumb broads, but they’re human beings too,” and that wound up as a Quote of the Week in the *New York Times*.) Perhaps the only noteworthy glitch was that we lost money on a folk music fund raiser at the end of the week, which unfortunately had to compete with Janis Joplin at Woolsey Hall—a memorable performance that even the main organizers of Coed Week chose over the fund raiser.

What happened after Coed Week, however, made it seem that the administration had heaved a great sigh of relief but had missed the point. Within a week, President Brewster obtained formal faculty approval for coeducation and then appeared at a packed meeting to ask the men of Trumbull to make “the gallant gesture” of vacating the college for at least a year so that freshmen women could occupy it. Rather than celebration or gallantry, Brewster was met by passionate speeches against his plan. Some suspected a kind of vindictive move against the college that had just led Coed Week. But most in the angry crowd in the Trumbull Dining room objected to a form of coeducation that still seemed to pivot on isolating women from the rest of Yale.

To Brewster’s great credit, the sometimes flaming rhetoric of that tense evening did not drive him to adopt a hard line. (And even the angriest among us still made our way to Cambridge the following weekend to cheer on our comrades from our choice seats at the infamous Tie.) Rather, Brewster quickly began to pursue “constructive alternatives” to his plan and to include or co-opt students—depending on one’s politics—in the Coeducation Planning Committee and other processes that produced the “real” coeducation that followed us.

And the rest really is history. In retrospect, Coed Week and the tumult that surrounded it was a real accomplishment for us and for Yale. Undoubtedly, we were very much part of something much larger—a tiny blip within a revolution in gender relationships. But we did think globally and act locally. And planners and participants in Coed Week and its aftermath built spontaneously from the ground up, demonstrating strength in diversity and perhaps even some power in the people. Moreover, our message was neither fleeting nor entirely selfish. We left Yale better than when we arrived.

—Aviam Soifer

A PASS/FAIL TEST FOR OUR GENERATION

When I was in second grade, growing up in suburban New Jersey, I was “skipped” in school the same year a neighbor of mine was “left back.” Our relationship shifted dramatically: we went from his being a year ahead of me in school to my being a year ahead of him. Intermittently, from that point on, he would beat me up just to even the score. I learned at an early age that success and failure, being on top and being on bottom, are all part of the same system.

When our class arrived at Yale in 1965, we received a little booklet entitled, “Yale’s Role in the Education of America’s Leaders,” and it listed, by category, the number of U.S. Presidents, Senators, Supreme Court justices, and Fortune 500 CEOs who had graduated from Yale—and, presumably for comparison, from Harvard. Yale’s record looked good. It was clear that Yale College had some ideas about our future at the top of the social order; we weren’t being sent to Yale to become elementary school teachers. Maybe that’s why I became one.

My years at Yale were not easy ones. Like most of us, I had trouble dealing with the competitive atmosphere generated by four thousand male high school valedictorians and class presidents, living in a setting where heterosexuals couldn’t find partners and homosexuals had to conceal theirs. We’d all been at the top of our classes, and now a new sorting began. The booklet on CEOs and Senators was intended, no doubt, to inspire us. It didn’t grab me. The part of Yale that kept me sane was Dwight Hall.

I spent the summer of 1967 teaching in a reform school back home in New Jersey, and I loved it. It was the most interesting work I’d ever done, so one day that fall I wandered into Dwight Hall to see if I could find something equally interesting to do in New Haven. I met that old leprechaun, Herb Cahoon, who, as I walked in, was dancing a little two-step to the thump-thump of a turning mimeograph machine. Herb listened to me, offered a few possibilities, and within a few months I was the head of Dwight Hall’s tutoring program in the New Haven public schools. I’d found work that I liked, and, by the time I graduated, I’d found more mentors: Seymour Sarason and Ira Goldenberg at the Yale Psycho-educational Clinic, Larry Paros at the Yale Summer High School. We Dwight Hall types were going to be teachers and activists. We had read John Holt’s, Jonathan Kozol’s, and Herb Kohl’s books about the crisis in the schools. We were going to change the schools. We were going to change the world.

In June of 1969, when we graduated, I was the speaker at the Class of ’54’s reunion dinner. I was the after-dinner radical, squeezed in between the steak and the football films. I attempted, in my speech, to describe the turmoil on campus and all that was changing in our society, at an event designed to emphasize continuity and all that had *not* changed.

Several members of the class of ’54 approached me after the speech to say that they agreed about the need to create opportunity for those at the bottom of our social and economic structure, but what could *they* do? With the arrogance of youth, I immediately rattled off a few dozen easy suggestions. The ideas were rejected as unrealistic, impractical, more than could be expected of them. At the

time, I was amazed at this group's apparent inability to perceive themselves as capable of creating change. Fifteen years seemed such a long time. They had established careers and families; they were moving up the corporate and professional ladders. Who, more than a Yale class fifteen years after graduation, wields power in our society?

In the last twenty-five years, I've been wrestling with the same questions of who wins and who loses, who comes out on top and who's on bottom, how power can be wielded to create change. I have been a third and fourth grade teacher in the New Haven public schools, a high school teacher in Providence, an organizer of the short-lived '76 Presidential campaign for former Senator Fred Harris (D-Oklahoma), an elementary school principal in Massachusetts, a house-father caring for our infant daughter while my wife's career blossomed, a teacher trainer, a curriculum writer—and now I'm a school principal again, in Vermont.

I have a wonderful family—a fascinating, exciting spouse; a delightful, insightful daughter, age twelve; and we hope to adopt a new baby soon. Two years ago, we went from living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with a vacation house in the country, to living in Chester, Vermont, with a pied-*\$ACa*-terre in the city. My work as a school principal is draining but important as I try to combine tasks like planning the school's connection to the town sewage treatment plant with developing a grand vision of what public education can be, in a small Vermont town.

Every five years or so, I'm invited back to Yale for a career day focused on "social service" careers. I've always been impressed that the workshops on journalism, law, and finance draw hundreds of undergraduates. I usually meet with a charming group of five to ten students, all of them wrestling with the combination of an interest in teaching and the clear understanding that they, too, were not sent to Yale to become elementary school teachers. In recent years, of course, they also wrestle with \$50,000 of accumulated debt to be awarded to them upon graduation.

In 1969, America's schools were in crisis, and the crisis has continued without interruption for twenty-five years. Our system of public education is filled with many wonderful teachers and administrators and some very good schools—but, as a system, it really is in terrible shape. At any gathering of political liberals, anywhere in the country, successful adults who were educated in public schools, who want to believe in public schools, explain apologetically that they "just had to" send their children to private schools. They're telling the truth. Few of us believe our public schools are meeting the challenge of the future, but—even so—few of us send *our* children off to Yale with the hope that they'll become public school teachers.

As I wrestle with my own attempts to create change in one tiny corner of a rural state, I think often of an event that may seem only peripherally related: the process that led to the admission of women to Yale.

Trying to change Yale's males-only policy was no small deal. We were going up against hundreds of years of solid tradition within one of America's most traditional institutions. Our opposition included a good number of those Senators, CEOs and the like—the powerful Yalies listed in that little booklet. What Avi Soifer and his buddies did, when they invited thousands of women to be Yalies for a week (going to classes, participating in class discussions, living in

the residential colleges), was to create an alternative reality—a reality so immediately appealing, healthy, sane, and rich in potential that, within a few weeks, the opposition had been converted or routed and the decision to admit women was made. This was no small feat, and ever since Coed Week I've been fascinated by the model of social change it embodied.

Now we need to make changes on a much grander scale. Like it or not, in the next decade we have the opportunity to pass on to our children a planet where the air is not quite breathable, the water not quite drinkable, the ozone layer not quite intact, with random violence everywhere, poverty and wealth simultaneously setting new records, public education in disarray or being dismantled, national treasuries depleted, and the planet's temperature rising beyond levels we've ever know. This will be, for us, a Pass/Fail test. If that is the world we hand over to our children, we will have failed.

Or, in the last decade of the twentieth century, we may rise to the challenge. Can we mobilize the will and the commitment to take charge of our extraordinary list of national problems, to build a future of which we can be proud? Can we create an alternative vision which—like Coed Week—enables others to see and to experience a grander possibility than the current reality? Can we educate our nation's children without further separating the top from the bottom, the rich from the poor, our kids from everyone else's? Will we be able to say to our children: Here is the vision; here are the pieces we've put in place; here is the important work which you must carry on?

Because now we're twenty-five years out of Yale. The President and Vice President are our contemporaries. We are the CEOs, the Pulitzer Prize winners, the financiers, the movers and shakers. For those of us who became parents early, our children are in college. For those who became parents late, our children are still in diapers. Now it's our turn to be in charge, in our most powerful and productive years. I believe the top and the bottom are all one system, and—like it or not—it's all one great big Pass/Fail test for our generation in this, the last decade of the twentieth century.

—Barney J. Brawer

RUMINATIONS ON A QUARTER CENTURY

Kingman Brewster, undefeated nationally ranked swim teams, "Bull Tales" and "BD" in the *Daily News*, neckties on the door knob, mixers, William Sloane Coffin, Bob Giegengack, the Kiphuths, etc.,...all of these Yale uniques are gone. How can New Haven ever be the same? Do current day male Yalies appreciate the uniqueness of our undergraduate experience? We were the last all male undergraduate class, and I feel this in itself is worthy of some distinction. Do the current undergraduate men ever experience the euphoria I felt seeing the parade of females from the school buses to the college dining room? Are we "uniquely qualified" in terms of "male bonding"... or are we just the characters of a 25th *Jurassic Park* reunion?

Am I the only one who still cannot understand how or why Harvard "won" the 29-29 game? Surely I'm not the only one who is haunted by that game? Does that one game qualify the '60 team of Mike Pyle as the Yale "Team of the '60s," and not ours? Why do Harvard types still celebrate that tie as a victory? After all, everyone knows that "a tie is like kissing your sister." Does not the fact that they still celebrate and laud that "kiss" suggest something about the Harvard character, or lack thereof? Will we ever see a show on Sally Jessie or Geraldo about this topic? What will be the audience reaction when a "guest from Cambridge" justifies everything with the response, "Harvard is Harvard"? Does anyone in the Western World, or the third or fourth, know what "Harvard is Harvard" means? Should the religious right be concerned?

Am I the only one in the class of '69 who, when thinking about the 25th, is concerned about appearance? My wife is already exercising. She wants to look good for the second (are there any third?) wives. Do I want to look good enough that someone says to me, "you haven't changed one bit"? Would that mean I haven't matured or grown up? Would it mean I have spent the last twenty-five years in a time capsule? Does anyone wonder who has aged well and who hasn't? Who among us has made the most money?...The most difference?...Do any of us have a wife who will be mistaken for a daughter?...by one of us?...or, God forbid, by one of our sons?

Finally, do any of you remember the "Old Blues" who used to come around? Didn't they seem like relics from the days of Albie Booth or Walter Camp? Didn't we always say that they belonged in the Payne Whitney Trophy Room alongside Handsome Dan I. Well congratulations, mates, those "relics" are us.

See you at the 25th.

—Calvin Hill

PUBLIC MORALITY: PRIVATE VIRTUES

So what has happened, to us and to Yale, over twenty-five years? Some to Yale, a lot to our society, and maybe less to us.

Then, and now, Yale, by self-definition and social role, is an elitist institution, but the nature of the elite has changed big time. We rode the wave; in our time Dink Stover gave way to Dinka Stoverski, and Ms. Stoverski was on the horizon. The Yale commitment to humane values—to the humanities and how they do or should inform behavior—has not changed.

While our society, from the beginning, has always defined its social relations in terms of legal *rights*, this definition had traditionally taken place within a shared if not well-defined consensus of what our society was supposed to *look* like. It probably helped to glue things together that, since World War II, the mainstream could content itself with a strong sense of national purpose: to save the world from Communism and to rescue it for our version of freedom and democracy.

The 1960s saw the erosion of this largely inarticulate consensus of what society was and of the increasingly irrelevant definition of national purpose. This left exposed and unanchored the naked language of law and rights as the only medium for social definition. Quixotic movements to give society new definition (Woodstock; Haight-Ashbury) can be seen in this light. They largely failed and look quaint in retrospect. The Age of Aquarius lost out to the Code of Federal Regulations. What did this yield? It produced fairly wholesale changes in our social relations. The changes were won painfully and grudgingly: racial integration in schools, job equality, one-man-one-vote, women's rights. But the social consensus was not prepared. This has left us a legacy of a society held together *only* by law. The complexities of our law (and boom years for lawyers) have left the ordinary citizen feeling compelled to engage H&R Block to file tax returns. This is witness of the muscular, often weird, efforts of the legislature to impose by law a finely-scaled notion of fairness, down to the semicolon and subsection, a task for which it is ill-suited.

Don't get me wrong: these social changes were necessary, morally right and compelled by the ineluctable logic of our Constitution and laws. They have also taken place in a context in which public morality is *by default* increasingly defined by law, and not by the humane values which would have been nurtured by social consensus. So, while society is better for the changes, we at the same time are burdened with the linguistic by-products of these changes: the language of rights. That society was pulled apart was no bad thing; the failure is in not putting it back together.

For the most part, we Yale white males (largely, but much less than in the past, Anglo-Saxon and Protestant) were mostly favorably disposed to these social upheavals, at least when we bothered to think about them at all. We were probably made more comfortable by the prospect—so it seemed then—of greatly expanding wealth throughout society, so that the proverbial expanding pie could be more equitably shared. It is not improbable that our experiences in dealing with the Vietnam war—which through the draft suddenly made even *our* lot an oppressed class—encouraged us to talk the language of law alongside other

classes oppressed on more traditional grounds of race or sex.

But have *we* changed? My sense, not scientifically arrived at and developed by reading your cards and letters for the Alumni magazine, suggests that *we* have changed little. We have taken on jobs—lawyers, doctors, investment bankers, even a couple of people who *create* wealth—remarkably similar to our “fathers,” either our real fathers or our metaphorical forebears at Yale. Our personal, social lives, and to a great extent our personal values, are characterized more by continuity with those of our forebears than by radical change—allowing for much higher rates of divorce and remarriage, what must be at least a smattering of same-sex households among us, and perhaps some dope being smoked in the garden by the swimming pool.

What about our outlook? Have we developed, collectively, a new social or national purpose to replace the Communist-fighting, freedom-loving complex exploded by Vietnam and by the language of law? Sadly, no, and that is our failure. In national politics, the pro-life/pro-choice (I always forget, given those codes, which side is which: they both sound so wonderful!) battle is fought with moral intensity, but in language that only a Jesuit, a Talmudic scholar or an antitrust lawyer could love. The beneficiaries of the social changes worked by law should worry about this: without an abiding social consensus, what has been done can be undone. Internationally, our world view tends to dim at the Continental Shelf. Our woeful ignorance of the rest of the world transforms itself into moral and legal categories. We need to persuade ourselves of war crimes to make sense of Iraq, Somalia, Bosnia. This is not encouraging: how will we deal with the inevitable re-militarization of Europe and, more particularly, East Asia, which will surely come on our watch? With law?

It seems, then, that Yale has changed rather gracefully over the last twenty-five years. It has rather nicely intellectualized the changes of our generation, and, remaining (properly) elitist, it has continued to husband the humane values which must hold a society together. In this, Yale has outperformed its progeny. The question is: what will it do for *our* progeny (either actual or metaphorical)?

Is there hope for the future, either for ourselves or for our successors at Yale or otherwise? Yes, probably, though for curiously perverse reasons. I think our children *are* different from us—like little boys growing up in Belfast, they may be so accustomed to the wreckage as to be untraumatized by it; not knowing what they lost may encourage them to fashion something new. Second, unlike our generation, who have had the great advantage of living off the wealth of our predecessors, our children are likely to face *less* economic wealth and fewer individual choices. This may compel them to confront what their *society*—as opposed to their *rights*—should be. A generation which goes on group dates has a more collective orientation than the one that “went steady.” And, finally, the rights *have* been won, the battles *have* been fought; the effluxion of time will do the rest.

In the meantime, enjoy your golden years, and be content that we have participated in unprecedentedly wealthy, exciting times. We’ll leave it to others to produce the moral crucible.

—William J. Bogaty

REFLECTIONS ON 25

"I don't believe I learned anything from the teachers while I was at Yale," he said.

I hadn't seen my classmate since the twentieth reunion, but this week I was working in his hometown for the first time since the mid-seventies. We sat in his office drinking beer and catching up.

There was talk about marriage, divorce, fatherhood, sex, fitness, business, politics and religion. Somewhere in there we got around to the reunion and our ambivalence about the weekend. "The last one was kind of depressing for me," I said.

"Me too."

"It was good seeing some of the guys after all those years."

"Yeah, but..."

"Maybe it's just what happens when you try to revisit your youth."

Yale twenty years on had seemed a shabby reality check, not the warm, glowing nostalgic reverie I had vaguely imagined it would be. The place had seemed a drab reduction of its former self. But maybe it was more about me than about the event. The reunion had made me dip back into my past, and I had found it less than sweet.

About this time I told him I was writing a piece for the reunion book. More accurately, I was waiting for inspiration to strike. The deadline was upon me, and desperation was creeping into my torso. Some things hadn't changed since those bright college years. I wondered if I'd have to pull an all-nighter to get the thing done.

"I've been trying to think about what I really learned while I was at Yale," I told him.

That's when he blew off the entire Yale faculty. "There were a lot of quality guys there," he said. "I learned from the students. But the professors and deans were all caught up in a bullshit game. It was this competitive thing, all about who's better than whom, who's more specialized in this area or expert in that area. Everything was about being increasingly complex, instead of getting to the simple truths that are really important."

This from a guy who had made a fortune in the market. It was hard for me to imagine too many professions more competitive or complicated.

"I don't know," I said. "I think I learned some important truths about myself while I was there. I wasn't as special or as bright as I thought I was. I didn't have the self-discipline that other guys seemed to have. I lied to myself and everybody else. I couldn't get up in the morning, and I couldn't get anything done on time. But there were a few areas where I discovered I had some talent."

"I guess that's what you get from a liberal arts education," he smiled.

Spoken like a true business major.

"I wish I'd been smart enough or mature enough to take better advantage of what Yale had to offer," I said. "But I don't have any real regrets."

Nor did I regret spending seven postcollegiate years in the Marines, struggling to be responsible, prepared, mentally and physically tough, brutally

honest. Eventually, it was too much to deal with. So I resigned.

“I’m not sorry I quit the football team,” he said.

I had forgotten that he had left the team when it became apparent he could not come back from a debilitating bout with mono. It struck me how difficult it must have been for him to make that decision. When you’re a young man flush with hormones, you don’t want to think that you’re not a stud.

I had stuck with it for four years, even though I never played as much as I thought I deserved. “Hell, if I’d had any balls, I’d have quit the team myself,” I said.

He agreed too easily, and for a moment I felt the twinge of the old delusion that my athletic skills had been underappreciated by the coaches. Twenty-five years later the picture was clear. I was only marginally gifted, not dedicated enough to overcome my weaknesses, and mired in my own denial. I realized that this description could apply to my entire collegiate experience.

“I found it very hard to have a good time and stay in school,” I said.

“That was the real challenge.”

We chuckled together, remembering.

“What do you think our classmates are thinking about these days?” I asked. “I think the important issues now are the more spiritual ones. You know, ‘I’ve got the family, the house, the cars. I’m successful in my business...’”

“...but there’s still this emptiness inside.”

“Yeah. ‘What about my soul?’” With the millennium approaching, I had been thinking quite a bit about spirituality as a growth industry, about a cable channel dedicated to subjects metaphysical, about writing a book on the psychological benefits of singing and dancing, about packaging and marketing enlightenment via modern media. Hopefully, you don’t have to be a Buddha yourself to sell it.

“I wonder how many guys in the class know who they really are?” he came back.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Well, when the market crashed in ’87, I lost everything. It forced me to think about those things that couldn’t be taken away from me. They couldn’t take away my family, or my real friends, or my golf swing. It made me focus on what was really valuable and what wasn’t. I’m just a guy who wants to enjoy playing golf and be with my kids. That’s it for me. I wonder how many other guys feel that way.”

Hard to say. I loved being with my wife and daughter, but I wasn’t sure if that meant I knew who I was. The file was still open. One thing I was pretty sure of was that I’d never be a golfer.

“I still feel I want to do something to make the world a better place,” I said, sounding a bit like an old Peace Corps candidate. “But at the same time I feel the need to protect myself and my family from all the negative stimuli out there. It seems like you need a wall of money.”

“It’s no guarantee, but it’s better having it than not having it,” he said. It sounded like one of those simple truths he had been speaking of earlier.

I have yet to learn how to win at the money game. Maybe I never will. Eighteen years in Hollywood, more than a thousand music videos, surrounded by megabuck deals and conspicuous consumption. No cash.

On the other side of the ledger, a loving family, decent health and a hopeful future. I'll take it.

"I've given up on thinking that I could do something that would really make a difference," he said. "My contribution to the world is trying to be a good person, trying not to be too judgmental about others. That's about it. I don't think there's much more I could do that would mean anything."

We paused to give our thoughts some space.

"Maybe we can think of something," I said.

"Yeah. Are you hungry?"

"Sort of."

"Why don't we go to a topless bar and get a burger."

The quest for a meaningful life could wait.

—Merritt B. Kleber

A LIFE IN THE LAW

After spending several days at the request of Vice President Gore with the new President of Bolivia and his transition team on the role of law in promoting sustainable development and environmental protection, I took the long flight back to Washington from La Paz for a Cabinet debriefing last Sunday. It seemed as good an occasion as any to organize my thoughts about Brian Dowling's request for a brief essay on how I got to be a lawyer in Maine, and what I have been trying to do in my legal career.

My first, and still overarching, impressions of the law were formed when I returned to New Haven after completing a Mellon Fellowship (in literature) at Cambridge in 1971. Yale Law School, in those days, seemed at once limiting and liberating. Never before had I sensed my intellectual focus being so sharpened as the study of law (even at Yale) demanded, but never before had I appreciated the breadth of possibilities for defining a life in the law.

Few, if any, of my classmates saw our law school experience as mere training for private practice. None of our mentors (whether J.W. Moore on civil procedure, Alexander Bickel on constitutional law, Eugene Rostow on antitrust law, Boris Bittker on tax law, or Fleming James on torts) would ever let us forget the political and social context in which the law lives. Returning to Maine in 1974 to practice law and to pursue political interests was precisely the sort of alternative to Wall Street or Washington (tempting as they both were back then) that three years at Yale Law School not only permitted but promoted.

In Portland, it was my good fortune to join an extraordinary law firm (Pierce, Atwood) that encouraged both excellence in the practice and commitment to those larger communities the law must serve. Shortly after I joined the firm, for example, one of our senior partners accepted appointment as Chief Justice of the Maine Supreme Judicial Court in the prime of his legal career—to follow, no doubt, the calls he had heard during clerkships with Learned Hand and Felix Frankfurter. Another senior partner had, almost single-handedly, enabled the fledgling Maine Civil Liberties Union to survive a difficult birth in the days of Vietnam. In that spirit of public service, the members of the firm supported this new recruit's decision to seek a city council seat in my second year of practice and to serve as a council member and mayor throughout my years as an associate and when I became a new partner in 1980.

My seven years of service in Portland government was a gratifying time, and presented an invaluable opportunity to a young lawyer to give something back to a community that had given so much to his family.

In 1982, I took a leave from the firm to run for Congress in a four-way Democratic primary. It was a great experience, and I will always remember with particular joy and gratitude the key parts which friends from Yale played in putting our campaign together. At 4:00 a.m. on the morning after the election and after the UPI had called the race our way, I fell several hundred votes short of the nomination. In addition to valuable lessons about the immeasurable worth of loyal friendships and about the precarious nature of all political endeavors, I also learned from the campaign the personal bounds of my own ambitions.

When George Mitchell asked if I would be interested to take the Congressional nomination in 1984, I had come to realize that my life with our young children, my development as a lawyer, and my opportunities to render public service outside elective office all counted for more.

In the ten years or so since then, I have wondered now and then about that road not taken. But then, I rejoice in all the time Alejandra (now twelve) and Gabriela (soon nine) have shared with Patricia and me that we otherwise might not have had together. I recall the challenge, the rewards and the freedom that have come from maintaining a private practice of law, and I reflect on the rich opportunities I have had, and may yet have, to seek a life in the law beyond my own immediate practice. (At this point in my career, the most satisfying of those opportunities involves drawing upon my own experiences with environmental litigation, in the furtherance of professional and public policy dialogue on environmental issues, by chairing the Inter-American Bar Association's Committee on Natural Resources and Environmental Protection and by cochairing the American Bar Association's Committee on Environmental Litigation.)

And such realizations, for me, bring the journey to La Paz back home again to Maine.

—John J. O'Leary, Jr.

UNCERTAINTY, REGRET, KINDS OF HAPPINESS, AND US

The last all-male class. The last of the Thousand Leaders. The last, in so many ways, of Old Yale.

Do we not all remember some guy in an alligator shirt with a gravy-stained sock knotted at the neck? Inevitably, in such a setting, the coat and tie rule died. The last of the fraternities were soon to follow.

We came in the 70-to-100 grading regime, passed quickly through A-B-C-D, and came to rest at Pass/Fail.

We came to Parietal Hours and left amidst used rubbers underneath a lucky roommate's bed.

We slept through eight-o'clock classes, pulled all-nighters, smoked our first joint, hung at the edges of mixers. We learned to call a girl a quiff, a pizza za. Geology and Astronomy became Rocks & Stars. We learned that not so long ago Yale had limited Jews to ten percent of a class, and that even now nowhere near that percentage of us were black. We hated the War, we loved the People, we sang silly old songs, we fell in and out of love with unknowable strangers, we joined some group or pointedly didn't, we stayed up late arguing. We loved one another and called that Yale.

We were meant for greatness. We had history to live up to. We belonged. We were told, and we believed, not to believe what we were told. Secular power was being held in trust for those endowed with certain inalienable advantages, *viz.*, us. We were an Us.

We knew what was unspoken. We were aswim in Secrets—of societies, of élites gnostic, cryptic, scholarly. There were secrets to success, to being People Like Us, of State. Yale was going to give us the secret code word. We'd speak it, and then be admitted—to...

...The next level up. Harvard Med., Yale Law, Morgan, New York, a cabin in the woods, fulfillment, 4-F. Maybe even that most dashing (if sometimes heinous) of traditional Yale careers, Intelligence.

We would have to dodge the draft, and most of us did. Vietnam was Hell itself, and we weren't meant for that. We were put in the bad world to build a better one, in which sex would be free and love would be all and war an antique memory.

And money and position and power would be, well, axiomatic, while also more fairly distributed as long as we had our fair share.

* * *

Few of us knew anything of computers, or ecology, or DNA, or Realpolitik. Few of us knew anything about relations between pairs of people. Many of us married, confident of lifelong partnership. Gay guys came out, Yalily, in confidence that some combination of their honesty and privilege would undo the centuries of censure. We lived in categories; we were exemplars of some historic type or other. We weren't ready for what was coming.

Even Yale couldn't have prepared us for all this shattering of type and pattern. Our teachers were immured in their academic disciplines, our peers for

all their glib audacity knew not much really at all, our masters and deans knew beautiful things and immensely much, but nobody, none of us, could possibly have foreseen the demographics and technology that were soon to sweep us out of our college quadrangles into the fractal wilderness of the world beyond the walls.

* * *

Writing this I find myself in a unique position: I am the only member of our class who has read all the autobiographies submitted for this book. They have made for fascinating reading.

Several common themes have been particularly striking. Foremost is that domestic fulfillment, which has grown ever more precarious, seems to come as a shock to many of those who have been able to achieve it and hold on. Old-fashioned family values, however we may once have mocked them, are rarer now, and prized all the more.

Some of the bios are dull, some are pompous, many display their authors, as Yale taught them, in the best light (and leave out the shadows); a certain number, including my own, reveal regrets and fears as well as satisfactions and hopes. But in their totality these autobiographical notes show us as a class of extraordinary variousness. That, then, may be what we most have in common: our differentness.

Twenty-fifth reunions, with their confident expectation of record-breaking class gifts to the University, have immemorially assumed that at this point in a Yale man's life he was going to have pretty much arrived wherever he was headed: the kids grown up or nearly, his fortune secure, his home, his place in the community, his achievements all *secure*.

Well, ha. Read these bios. Some of us do fit the pattern, but a hell of a lot of us don't. We're wandering, divorcing, questioning, throwing over the law for the cabin in the woods...(still growing up?). Even among the overtly stable and established, the sudden bomb drops—the death of a child, betrayal, illness, job loss—and suddenly nothing is certain any more. One way or another, some sooner, some later, it seems as if nearly all of us are enacting the role prepared for us by nuclear terror, population explosion, technological revolution, geographic and social deracination, the decline of civility, the vandalizing of the natural world, the head-snapping acceleration of history, the pervasive doubt of old certainties, and, yes, by our bright college years: we are corks on a hurricane-furious sea of change.

And this—this relentless change that is our only constancy—seems to have become the nearest thing some of us have to a native place.

* * *

I remember that one of the skills useful to a befogged Yale undergraduate is the ability to write down underinformed overgeneralizations with an air of easy grandeur. Yet I know too, from legit double-blind psych experiments, that optimism and confidence, even when forced or false, enhance performance. Hence I conclude (or anyway hope) that our early bravado may not have been, as it often seems, some sort of hubris that catapulted us into our present nests of regret (or its smarmy twin, self-congratulation). I prefer to believe that if we'd

been more tentative, more cautious, less certain, we'd have wound up even worse off.

The uncertainty and sometimes pain that are our midlife lot can, after all, be seen as a cost not so much of our youthful vainglory as of our actual and present freedom. We are more free (at least as we choose to define the term) than almost any other human generation ever known on this planet, and freedom is always costly. It is also, it seems, less certainly and purely a good thing.

Are we too free? Could it be that the rituals and prejudices and conscious blindnesses of the Old Yale might have served us better? I submit that they could not have served more than a very few of us at all. What the Old Yale saw as externalities are woven into the fabric of contemporary life. We can't be men apart any more. Those who try will be those who are externalized.

The members of our class who have remained my friends seem to possess a fine-tuned acuity of self-awareness now, and I wonder how representative they may be of the class as a whole. If this faculty is as widespread among us as one might hope, then it seems possible that our years to come, though perhaps offering no more certainty or less pain, may yet be better to live in. As your own reading of the bios will show, many of us are thinking hard about how we live and how we would wish to. Where once much of our attention may have focused on how we might affect the world, now, for many of us, attention turns inward—a turbulent world as well, but one more manageable nonetheless than the one outside.

The ecologist Garrett Hardin has written that “we may be getting close to the time when we must look for a new kind of happiness—in a wealth that is not material. A wealth of honest realism.” In that light, our doubts and regrets may be seen as doors—as passages out of places where old certainties no longer apply, and into a new kind of happiness.

Maybe this, then, unbeknown even to herself, is what Mother Yale raised us for.

—Tom McNamee

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY ADDRESS

Gentlemen of the entering class:

By now each of you has seen at least one classmate who fairly exudes the serenity of blasé sophistication. Or perhaps you have eyed another who almost bristles with iconoclastic self assurance. Yours may have been the eye of envy as you felt somewhat confused, perhaps a little forlorn, feeling altogether lost.

I assure you that beneath the veneer, be it polished by smugness or etched with arrogance, is likely to be a soul just as much at sea as yours. The terror of Los Angeles, the reluctant agony of South Vietnam, the cruel waste of a territorial conflict between religions in Kashmir should by now have demonstrated that the world's deep complications defy both complacency and cockiness. Our world and our country as well as all of us individually are in quest of ourselves.

For survival the world must find a pattern of order which permits revolutionary change and yet forbids resort to the weapons of total frightfulness.

For survival the nation must find a pattern for society which promises dignity and decency in urban work and life.

For survival each of us individually must find a pattern for life which gives purpose to effort and satisfaction deeper than animal existence.

So I welcome you to the uninhibited quest in which the world, the country, and all your fellow men so badly need more energetic participation.

Not all knowledge, nor all thought, nor all experience will seem related to such large purposes. Perhaps relatively few of you will be fortunate enough to discover new ways of understanding man or nature or the arts, or to find new paths to a better society. But the capacity to learn, to think, and to perceive life around you with feeling is essential if you are going to be an enthusiastic participant, not a reluctant victim of the flood of new knowledge and of the world's effort to find new direction.

If you are incapable of doubt; or worse, if you are afraid of doubt, then you will be misplaced here. A spirit smothered by indifference or a mind sealed by dogma will, I hope, be uncomfortable here.

The rest of you, which means all of you if the Admissions Office is to be believed, have a capacity for enthusiasm which is strengthened, not broken, by the privilege of doubt.

Indeed if there were clear and firm and final answers which guaranteed meaningful survival, perhaps there would be no need for universities devoted to the testing of old knowledge and the search for new. So, beware of that self assurance which has all the answers, just as you would beware of that timidity which will not question assumptions.

Even if you can keep on an even keel which avoids the excesses of both self confidence and humility, there are some false beacons which make navigation difficult.

The debunker will parade in the disguise of an honest skeptic.

The crude aim to shock and to offend will masquerade as free and innovative thought.

Genuine moral outrage will be exploited by the strident exhibitionist for

petty, egotistical ends.

In any age good causes run the risk of exploitation for evil purposes. In an age which cries out for fundamental reappraisal, the greater danger is that good causes will be suppressed out of blind fear of ulterior manipulation.

Any enthusiasm runs the risk of becoming headstrong. But in an age when individuality is too often deadened by organized routine, the greater danger is that the fresh idea or courageous conviction will be discouraged by conformity.

I welcome you to a place where freedom's risks are more easily sustained because motivation is so rarely either selfish or destructive.

To a remarkable extent this place has detected and rejected the very few who have worn the colors of high purpose falsely. This has not been done by administrative edict or official regulation. It has been done by a pervasive ethic of student and faculty loyalty and responsibility and mutual regard which lies deep in our origins and traditions.

People here are concerned about you. You are the concern of the Deans, the Masters, of the faculty, even—or perhaps especially—of the campus cops, certainly of the Chaplain and of the University Officers. Sometimes their hopes for you will seem too high. Often your hopes for us will be too high. Other times your patience, and ours will seem too short. There will be disagreements, even misunderstandings. But, Yale is a place of mutual trust.

This is a great privilege in a society so riven with distrust. It has been the privilege of Yale for generations long before our time, and is the privilege of those of us who now work here. Now it is yours. Make the most of it.

President Kingman Brewster, Jr.
Woolsey Hall, September 13, 1965

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COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Last month an overwhelming majority of the Senior Class requested by petition that their commencement be dedicated to an expression of opposition to the war in Vietnam. Furthermore, they asked that some provisions be made for the public expression of that sentiment here today.

As part of that expression a petition was circulated among members of the class opening with the following paragraph: "We, members of the Yale Class of 1969, strongly oppose the current United States policy in Vietnam. We feel that the war is a tragic waste of life and resources, both American and Vietnamese, which completely outweighs any possible gains. We also see it as detrimental to the solutions of the urgent domestic problems our nation faces. The war must be ended now. We plead with the leaders of this country to bring about an immediate end to the war."

It closed with this paragraph: "We now, at the time of our commencement from Yale College, state our determination that we will act in our public and private lives to assure that the tragic mistakes of Vietnam will not be repeated in our country's future." 731 or 77 percent of the class signed that petition. In addition, 143 members of the class signed a petition indicating that if confronted with the draft they would refuse induction, thereby risking jail sentences and jeopardizing careers to oppose the war. And finally a majority of the class has pledged to contribute to a legal defense fund established to help with the legal fees of those members of the class refusing induction.

Certainly the importance of these statements, especially the first, is not merely their expression of strong opposition to the war in Vietnam. Expressions of opposition have been made before. The real significance of these statements involves the percentage of the class which signed them. No longer can it be said that opposition to the war is limited to a radical minority or even to a liberal majority. Opposition to the war in Vietnam covers a much broader spectrum, including concerned students of all political persuasions.

Graduation is traditionally a joyous occasion; a time of great celebration; a time for hope. But today despair outweighs hope; mourning outweighs celebration. This is not a traditional commencement; it cannot be. In a time of crisis tradition must be broken.

For the past four years we at Yale have witnessed a war justified by false assumptions and sustained by an unwillingness to accept new ones. It is a distant war, a war that is despised. And yet it cannot be forgotten or ignored. Because of the draft the war is brought close to all of us. Most of us are plagued by the pain of an uncertain future and the prospect of fighting in a war which cannot be supported. As a solution to this anxiety, the present administration has proposed that the draft be modified. Changes in the draft, however, will not change our opposition to the war. Our opposition is based on more than self-interest; it is based on a deep and overriding concern with the welfare of this country.

The vast majority of Yale seniors want to serve and protect their country. Patriotism is not dead on the college campus today. There is criticism of many national policies. But patriotism is not diminished by responsible criticism. Patriotism at its best has never been blind obedience to the policies of a nation. It is

the constant search for good and better policies. And when old policies are shown to be wrong, patriotism generates efforts to implement new ones. Today the war in Vietnam is almost unanimously regarded as a national tragedy. The leaders of our nation have admitted that the old policies of military escalation have been wrong and that new ones of de-escalation must be employed. And yet today the new seem no different from the old. Americans are still charging up isolated hills in senseless military actions, the lives of thousands are lost to win supposed diplomatic advantage at the negotiating table. We are told that the pride of the nation is at stake. Pride is expendable, lives are not. Within the next year some of us will die, others will be maimed, in a war which has been declared a mistake. And yet it continues.

Equally devastating have been our miscalculations at home. The war is destroying not one nation but two—the Vietnamese and our own. Our cities are in decay; our universities are in chaos; our poor are hungry. And yet our money and our energies are expended upon war and the perpetuation of war.

Today as we leave Yale a sense of frustration and despair overwhelms us. On some campuses this frustration has erupted into a violence which has shocked the American public. And yet that same public silently condones violence abroad in senseless military action killing thousands of Americans and Vietnamese. The connection between the violence here and abroad must be made: the violence at home will not end while the violence abroad continues. The one feeds the other. To understand the frustrations causing violence, however, is not to condone it. The great majority of students would not advocate violent confrontation. But we do demand a confrontation with reason. The death and destruction in Vietnam have not been explained adequately because they cannot be explained. Then why does the war continue?

For the past four years our leaders have attempted to soothe us with predictions of peace. We are tired of their rhetoric—of promises to act without action; of a willingness to take risks without risks. False rhetoric is no longer acceptable. Nor will token action such as the withdrawal of small numbers of troops without a decrease in the current level of fighting be greeted with more than dismay. We will not be appeased by cynical attempts to silence public opposition to the war. As long as the present level of fighting continues, our opposition to the war will also continue. Immediate and dramatic action must be taken to extricate us from the disaster that is Vietnam. The war must end now; and the fight for our cities, for our nation, for our people must begin.

William McIlwaine Thompson, Jr.
Secretary of the Class of 1969
Old Campus, June 9, 1969

AFTERTHOUGHTS, 1993

Until I dug it out of the archives of the Sterling Library recently, I had probably not read this speech since I gave it almost twenty-five years ago, although my fleeting notoriety put me in a position of having to state my posi-

tion on frequent occasions in forums from New York to Virginia. The most memorable was probably a debate on the subject against an aging Harvard graduate before the student body of Hollins College in Roanoke.

As I reread the speech now, I am glad that in spite of its assertive tone it was basically moderate in spirit. There was no suggestion that the war was “immoral” per se, as was in vogue at the time. At the end of the speech I suggested that the war could not be explained. Of course, it could be explained as an effort to fight and stop the tyranny of communism, but I recall meaning at the time that the continuation of the war at such great cost to our own country could no longer be explained.

I was also glad that there was no criticism of the men and women serving in Vietnam. When I returned home to Richmond, a number of friends welcomed me home at the airport. On the same plane was a frail, ill-looking young man who was welcomed home by his mother. He had just returned from Vietnam. I have always remembered the scene of our coming home, thinking how incongruous and unfortunate it was that I should be given a greater reception than one who had put his life on the line for his country.

By and large, as I read it now, I think the speech caught some of the spirit of the time. I regret that the war continued for so long after the decisions had been made to wind it down and that the pain of that war persists so deeply to this day.

Finally, when I look at this speech I think again of how dominant the rhetoric and views of the Cold War era were in the minds of all of us in the fifties and sixties, and how hard it was to view any foreign activity outside of that perspective. Despite some painful failures, the underlying policy of “containment” ultimately proved out; and we are fortunate indeed to have witnessed the rapid collapse of the tyranny of the Soviet state. Although foreign affairs will remain complex and at times perilous in this new era, there is at least the possibility for new hope in many countries (with the sorrowful exception of former Yugoslavia, the former Soviet Union and many African countries), where only five years ago there was none. The Cold War has resolved itself as we knew it, but as we gather at future reunions we will see the world with new frames of reference. What will be the issues? Will they be global in scope or more regional? Will economic issues dominate or will power politics come to the fore? Can the United Nations fulfill its potential as peacekeeper and world forum?

God willing, the world will move further toward peace, freedom, and prosperity and our country will take the lead in this. But the task will not be easy and it always helps to look backward as we move forward. I was glad to be able to track down a copy of this speech; it brought back many memories.

—W. McIlwaine Thompson, Jr.

THE MORALITY OF REASON

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

I suppose I owe you a special debt of gratitude. Generally you have consulted me before deciding upon University policies. I would have preferred to have a vote, but even to be consulted was a privilege for a college president this year. So I trespass upon your generosity (which is greater by far than your patience) to assert, with all timid deference, that I am, in fact, still a "due process liberal." And, if I am really bold, I would also say that I think I'm in favor of reasonableness.

(The Chaplain and I never wholly agree. In this instance I do have reason to believe that he is very much in favor of due process [although his process is somewhat overdue]; but I would never accuse the Chaplain of being "reasonable.")

Actually, it is not surprising that the liberal is sneered at in a world which seems to have no process to stop a senseless war; it is not surprising that reason is not very convincing sometimes in a world whose powers of reason seem incapable of bringing a life worth living, let alone the blessings of liberty or the chance to pursue happiness, to the majority of its people.

What I have to say about "due process liberalism" and "reasonableness" is really addressed to the so-called "moderates." (Someone defined this year's moderate as a radical with wet matches.) I guess I am talking to what might be called the constructive radical.

The radical distrusts the pretensions to neutrality of the legal process, and of the University process too. Even if the claim of neutrality is sincere, he says, it is bound to favor the vested interests and established powers. I know the problem in another field.

One of the arguments against a world peace force under the United Nations is that it would tend to freeze the status quo, to frustrate legitimate change. And so, too, in the domestic society. "Law and order" is felt by the radical to be a slogan of repression, not only because of "police brutality" but because so often law is used primarily to protect the status quo. And in the University the neutrality of the institution tends to favor those views which have found acceptance through the conventional processes of scholarly criticism, and it caters to the career requirements of the inherited social and economic order.

All this is true. So we must strive to build into the processes of order convincing procedures for rapid and peaceful change. The chance for change will remain unconvincing as long as economic and social progress is stymied in the third world; as long as urban and racial poverty are allowed to exist; and as long as access to political power is balked by inadequate voter registration and stymied by the high cost of political campaigns over the only medium that counts today—network television. Universities especially must be genuinely hospitable to the questioning of assumptions and must supplement their scholarly faculty with visitors and discourse which include the whole spectrum from Buckley to Marcuse in order to be sure that the inherited wisdom is not too conventional for the new world.

If impatience for change were to shove due process aside, however, you

can be sure that the juggernaut which would take over the highway would not be the small band of idealists, radical or liberal or progressive or conservative. It would be the philistines, those latter-day fascists who believe in order much more than they believe in justice.

Conscience may require civil disobedience. Tactic as well as conviction may urge nonviolent demonstration. But callous resort to coercive harassment of others can only beget brutal counterharassment; willful resort to violence in the cause of change can only unleash the hordes of reaction who have a blood-lust eagerness to solve all problems by suppression. The so-called “right” of violent revolution unlocks the equal and opposite reaction of the “right” to violent counterrevolution.

Franklin Roosevelt once expounded the truth that “history teaches us, again and again, that we must reform if we would preserve.” The obverse of this true coin is that history also teaches us that we must be willing to preserve if we would reform. Continuity without change is reaction. But change without continuity threatens the breakdown of anarchy.

Happily our country, like the land of our English forebears, has an almost unique history of the willingness, albeit reluctant, of the ruling classes from generation to generation to defer to a process which has often sheared them of their power. The graduated income tax; the first Roosevelt’s trust busting; Wilson’s New Freedom; the second Roosevelt’s New Deal; the Kennedy-Johnson Civil Rights Act—all involved the use of the processes of law and of democracy to divest interests which had theretofore been thought to be beyond assault.

The faith of the liberal in “due process” is based on the belief that the chance for constructive change is far better if the custodians of established power feel beholden to reason rather than might. To be sure, power is on their side, but it is more likely to be tempered or shared if it feels the need to justify itself, to defend itself by popular argument at the ballot box, to defend its exercise by reasoned argument in the courtroom.

Now the radical skeptic still says the ballot box is rigged; the courtroom is the protector of established power. But it is nowhere near as rigged as would be the contest of naked force where established power has an arsenal of scientific detection and destruction.

The democratic process must be restored to vitality by making it possible for impecunious candidates to have equal access to network television and other mass media. The cost of campaigning must be reduced by requiring stations to give free time for electioneering. More channels of community participation, expression, and opinion must be supported by the creation of at least one non-profit public television facility in every community or county. All this seems to me essential if the assumptions of the Bill of Rights and of constitutional democracy itself are to be made operative and if their credibility is to be restored.

The judicial process and access to it for redress of personal, commercial, political grievances must be made more responsive and less expensive.

These are achievable targets if the energies so easily mobilized for disruption and destruction could be mobilized for reform.

These causes deserve your energy, your dedication, and your sacrifice. For if we do not make real and credible the promise of representative democracy and the promise of due process of law, in the face of the pressures of an

over-organized society, then it seems we shall relegate our children to the clash of violent passion without restraint of law or to the acceptance of a tyrannical authority which feels no decent respect for the opinion of mankind.

The essence of the rule of law is that authority can be asked to give reasons for its behavior. These reasons, in turn, can be held up to the light of the general understanding of the community whose constitution authorized the power. Competing claims between government and citizen, between state and nation, between citizen and citizen, can expect to be determined by someone who stands outside the immediate conflict, secure by the tenure of his appointment. But more important than the impartiality and security of the judge is the mystique of his position. He is forced by tradition and by the requirement of written opinion, subject to appeal, to make sense in terms of objective reasoning. That government itself should be subjected to such review is a fantastically unique political invention which we take for granted.

It may be discounted by its flaws and delays and favors to those privileged enough to pay huge lawyers' fees. But it does offer some still small hope that power shall be held accountable by a standard which is bigger than either the adversaries or the judge.

To some, especially a formerly powerful clique at the Yale Law School, those cynics called "legal realists," it may seem that the pretense of accountability to reason is often just a charade of rationalization. As the saying goes: "It all depends upon what the judge had for breakfast." Yet despite all fallibility and prejudice, who would not prefer to be tried by a judge who feels beholden to reason rather than by a legislative body which has no objective standard other than what result would be popular with the constituents?

Somewhat the same line of reasoning applies to the concept and community of a free university. Of course its so-called neutrality can never be perfect. Both fallibility and the pressures of circumstance will warp its straight-line pursuit of truth and will bias its judgments. But more nearly than any other organized institution in our society, it has by and large applied its privilege of outside support and its immunity from outside interference in order to leave people free to follow the dictates of their own intellectual conscience, responding only to the judgment of a peerage of intellect, not a peerage of political or economic power.

Within the limits of their fallibility, trusteeship and administration have at their best been ideologically neutral, at least trying to lean over backward not to impose personal preferences at odds with faculty recommendations. And faculties have, by and large, made judgments about appointments, degrees, and admissions on the basis of concern for quality and merit uncorrupted by wholly subjective enthusiasm or antipathy.

A self-conscious effort to achieve this standard may be the most that we can expect. But to expect or to demand less would be to forfeit the chance to remain tolerated, let alone well supported, by society. If we are any good, we are bound to be troublesome from time to time and we are tolerated and supported only on the grounds that aspiration, achievement, and reward by standards of truly academic quality deserve the sanctuary of academic freedom.

What holds this faith in the academic process is the confidence that the case must be made—for admission, for the award of a degree, for professorial

appointment—by a standard which, however fallible, speaks in terms of the objective qualities of promise and performance, testified to and documented as well as may be by witnesses and evidence which lie beyond individual preferences, fears, favors, personal relationships.

If this were to be lost or cavalierly trifled with, we would run the risk of lapsing into a group of parochial bands, a sort of group of intellectual vigilantes, furthering a single creed at best. At worst universities would be forced to conform to the political or social self-interest of whatever clique happened to capture their governing power.

So I urge you to treasure and serve and protect this academic process, for you are now a part of this unique tradition and it is threatened as never before from the mob without, echoed by some mobs within.

Maybe it is inevitable that someone who looks upon the society, the law, the University from the perspective of a “due process liberal” should also be a champion of “reasonableness.” Mind you, I do not speak of reasonableness in terms of patience. Patience without purpose can be boredom. And patience on purpose can just be laziness or apathy.

By reasonable, I mean given to reason in the great tradition of Jefferson, Lincoln, Wilson, Brandeis, Stevenson. I have in mind the insistent, restless, rigorous demand that reasons be given to back up assertions, positions, actions.

Even if official power is not at stake, even if there is no issue of the accountability of authority, I think that reason, or at least the effort to give reasons, is what makes tolerable and livable the life together of men whose interests and opinions and values and attitudes are bound to differ.

If we didn't think that both of us were somehow accountable to some higher, objective standard—which neither of us could perfectly perceive—how could we tolerate our differences? Without some sense that there was some scoreboard by which arguments were more nearly right than wrong, why bother with all the talk and the argument? Might would make right. And yet it doesn't!

Take counsel of your own experience. Your generation has never taken kindly to those expressions of the dogmatism of parental authority: “...because I said so.” Or “...because I told you to.” (Anyway, Dr. Spock told us never to speak to you that way.) Nor have you taken graciously to the dogmatism of the doctrinaire: “...take it on faith.” And I can testify that you have not been noticeably hospitable to the “trust me” style of public or of university administration.

What you have insisted on is full disclosure, argument, reasons. You have imposed a rational conscience—in terms of values and ideas, an intellectual accountability; in terms of authority, a political accountability. As long as there is this intellectual conscience, as long as there is a compulsion to be plausible, then I believe disagreement is less likely to fester into disapproval; and disapproval is less likely to sour into distrust.

If anyone thinks his ideas can escape the test of reason, if any authority thinks it can avoid the test of justification, then of course the contest of ideas is no more or no less than passionate assertion and counterassertion, and the contest for power is no more or no less than naked force and counterforce. Coercion, not reason, becomes the arbiter.

It is quite terrifying when rational exchange is totally blocked by steely-eyed, unlistening dogmatic assertion. I first experienced this in Berlin in 1937. I

had been brought up in an atmosphere of uninhibited but rational discourse at a time when all bets seemed open in the aftermath of the great depression. I had the privilege of a year in Europe between school and college, and stretched my trip by taking off alone through National Socialist Germany. In Berlin I was taken in hand by a storm trooper deputized to be hospitable to unwary young foreign tourists. We sat at a cafe on the Unter den Linden. I, of course, began to argue about National Socialist policy, particularly the preference for guns over butter, a current slogan. Suddenly I realized there could be no argument, not because of the censorship of fear but because of the dogmatic dictate which said "...it is so because the Führer wills it so."

This unwillingness to meet the challenge of plausibility and of argument—this, more than the outbreaks of violence, is to me the scary thing about this country's present mood, on campus as well as off. Dogmatic affirmation at best, crude epithet at worst, too often replaces argument. Force is becoming stronger than plausibility.

Dogmatism is the enemy of a moral society, for without the morality of reason it is hard to see how there can be any higher standard than passion and force. And if passion and authority respond to no checkrein of reason, then neither authority nor its victims can avoid a crude confrontation of naked power.

On the occasion of Lewis Perry Curtis' retirement, it may be fitting to end with a quotation from Edmund Burke: "Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained by the constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

You, and I have shared the privilege of a community which has, by and large, respected persuasion as the weapon, reason as the arbiter of contesting views.

You leave this place better than you found it, because you have insisted that both faculty and administrative authority should justify its existence as well as its practice. This need for rejustification has reopened questions once thought closed; and, the questions being asked anew, the answer has often been to change and to improve the practice.

Also, I believe that you leave this place better than it found you. If so, it is in part because you have learned to take pride and satisfaction in the development of Yale and of yourself by the morality of reason rather than by the immorality of coercion.

Keep asking the questions; don't let either the laziness of apathy or the therapy of dogmatism permit you to accept anything less than reasonable answers.

President Kingman Brewster, Jr.
Woolsey Hall, Sunday, June 8, 1969

CHRONOLOGY

1965

- September* U.S. and Panama agree in principal on new Panama Canal Treaty that gives Panama sovereignty over Canal Zone.
- October* New York World's Fair closes after drawing attendance of 51,607,037 in two-year run.
Dodgers take World Series from Twins.
- November* President Johnson signs \$2.3 billion Higher Education Act, providing first federal scholarships.
- December* Mini skirts appear in "swinging" London.
Also in the news: Americans buy \$60 million worth of drugs to help lose weight; in 1964, they spend \$30 million; Pepsi Cola introduces Diet Pepsi.

1966

- January* A U.S. B-52 bomber carrying four hydrogen bombs collides with jet tanker over Palomares, Spain.
President Johnson announces resumption of U.S. bombing of North Vietnam, suspended since December 24.
- February* U.S.S.R. achieves first soft moon landing with unmanned Lunar spacecraft, which begins relaying photographs.
- March* President Sukarno of Indonesia yields power to army leaders under Lt. Gen. Suharto, who bans Indonesian Communist Party.
- April* Army recovers U.S. hydrogen bomb, lost over Spain, intact in Mediterranean Sea.
- June* Supreme Court, in 5-4 decision, imposes sweeping curbs on power of police to interrogate suspects (*Miranda v. Arizona*).
- July* Medicare Program takes effect.
Five thousand blacks riot in Chicago. Two people killed, fifty-seven injured. Gov. Kerner orders 4,000 National Guardsmen to restore order.
- August* Charles J. Whitman shoots forty-five people from a twenty-seven story tower in Austin, Texas, killing twelve of them, after murdering his mother and wife; police shoot him to death.
- September* South African Prime Minister Hendrik F. Verwoerd stabbed to death by white assassin in parliament building in Capetown.
Star Trek begins on ABC-TV.
- October* Britain grants independence to former African colony of Basutoland, which becomes kingdom of Lesotho.
Orioles beat Dodgers to win World Series.
- November* Barbados becomes independent nation after 341 years of British rule.
- December* U.N. General Assembly unanimously elects Secretary General U. Thant to second five-year term of office.
Also in the news: New York's Pennsylvania Station is demolished.

1967

- January* Three U.S. astronauts, Grissom, White and Chaffe, are killed in flash fire in Apollo spacecraft during test on the launch pad at Cape Kennedy, Florida.
- March* Tanker Torrey Canyon goes aground in English Channel, releasing oil that pollutes coasts of southwest Britain and Normandy.
Secret exchange of letters between U.S. President Johnson and North Vietnamese President Ho Chi Minh revealed; Ho rejects Johnson's proposals for peace talks.
President Johnson signs first U.S.-U.S.S.R. consular treaty since the Russian Revolution.
- April* Military junta seizes control in Greece.
Muhammad Ali, boxing heavyweight champion, refuses induction into Army after being denied conscientious objector status and is arrested.
- May* United Arab Republic closes Gulf of Aqaba to Israeli shipping.
- June* In six-day war Israel defeats the Arab States, occupying most of Egypt's Sinai Peninsula and Gaza Strip, Jordanian occupied territory west of Jordan River and heights of Southwestern Syria.
President Johnson appoints Thurgood Marshall first black Justice to U.S. Supreme Court.
Communist China announces that it successfully exploded its first hydrogen bomb.
- July* Eight days of rioting in Detroit result in forty-three deaths and estimated \$150 million in damage. President Johnson authorizes federal troops to aid National Guard and state police.
- August* Communist China Red Guards invade and burn British diplomatic compound in Peking.
- October* Shah of Iran crowns himself and Empress Farah.
St. Louis beats Red Sox to win World Series.
- November* British pound is devalued 14.3 percent to U.S. \$2.40.
Rolling Stone Magazine begins publication.
- December* South African surgeon Christiaan Barnard performs the first human heart transplant.
Also in the news: first compact oven introduced in U.S. households; big movies: *Bonnie and Clyde* and *The Graduate*; the Congressional Commission on Obscenity and Pornography concludes that pornography does not contribute to crime and sexual deviation and suggests repeal of all laws interfering with right of consenting adults to read and view explicit sexual materials.

1968

- January* In major Tet offensive, Vietcong raiders attack seven South Vietnamese cities, including Hue and Saigon, and occupy U.S. embassy.

- February* Richard M. Nixon announces his candidacy for Republican presidential nomination.
Most U.S. graduate student draft deferments abolished.
- March* Senator Eugene McCarthy wins 42 percent of vote in New Hampshire democratic primary.
Buying surge closes gold market in London. Bank chiefs from six nations arrive in Washington to confer as price of gold climbs to record \$43.36 an ounce.
President Johnson orders partial halt to bombing of North Vietnam and says he will not seek reelection.
- April* Martin Luther King, Jr. assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee.
Almost 1000 students end week-long occupation of buildings at Columbia University, where 148 persons were injured.
- May* French students, fighting for greater control of university policies, clash with police in violent riots.
The Scorpion, a U.S. nuclear submarine, reported missing with ninety-nine men aboard enroute to Norfolk.
French President de Gaulle dissolves National Assembly and calls for new elections; he postpones promised referendum in face of continued strikes.
- June* Senator Robert F. Kennedy dies at forty-two of gunshot wounds after winning California democratic primary.
James Earl Ray, assassin of Martin Luther King, Jr., arrested in London.
Federal court in Boston finds Dr. Benjamin Spock and Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr. guilty of conspiracy to counsel draft evasion.
- July* U.S., Soviet Union, Britain and fifty-eight non-nuclear nations sign Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty.
Pope Paul VI promulgates ecumenical letter upholding prohibition of artificial methods of birth control.
- August* President Johnson signs the most comprehensive housing bill in history of U.S.
GOP nominates Richard Nixon in Florida.
Soviet troops invade Czechoslovakia to halt Czech liberalization program.
- September* Fifteen thousand killed as earthquake demolishes several villages in northeast Iran.
Mexican Army seizes National University in New Mexico to end seven weeks of student agitation.
- October* Jacqueline Kennedy marries Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis on Skorprios.
Detroit Tigers beat St. Louis in World Series.
Games of the 19th Olympiad close before one hundred thousand in Mexico City's Olympic Stadium.
- November* Richard Nixon elected 37th president of U.S. by a narrow margin over Hubert Humphrey.

- December* U.S. astronauts Borman, Lowell, and Anderson return safely after a five-day space flight, orbiting moon ten times.
Also in the news: world TV ownership near 200 million with 78 million sets in the U.S., 25 million in the U.S.S.R., 20.5 million in Japan, 19 million in Britain, 13.5 million in West Germany and 10 million in France; New York City institutes 911 Emergency telephone number; Congress enacts Uniform Monday Holiday Law to give Americans three-day holidays; first-class postal rates rise to six cents per ounce, from five cents per ounce since 1963; film: Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*; Goldie Hawn ("sock it to me") gets splashed each week on TV's "Laugh-In"; feminist bra-burnings ignite nation.
- 1969**
- January* Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew are inaugurated.
- February* Four Arab terrorists attack Israeli airliner at Zurich, Switzerland, wounding six passengers.
- March* Mickey Mantle announces retirement after eighteen seasons with Yankees.
James Earl Ray pleads guilty to murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., and receives a sentence of ninety-nine years in prison.
Former President Dwight D. Eisenhower dies at 78.
- April* North Korea shoots down U.S. reconnaissance plane over the Sea of Japan; twenty-one men are lost.
President Charles de Gaulle of France resigns as his government suffers defeat in a referendum on constitutional reform.
- May* Black militant leader James Forman interrupts services at Riverside Church, New York City, to demand reparations to blacks from religious organizations.
- June* President Nixon announces withdrawal of twenty-five thousand U.S. troops from Vietnam by September 1969.
In French presidential elections, Georges Pompidou, a Gaullist, wins by 57 percent.
Earl Warren retires as Chief Justice of the United States after sixteen years; Warren Burger takes office as his successor.

Partial chronology reprinted by permission of the editor (Later Life, The 25th Reunion Classbook, The Class of 1964).

IN MEMORIAM

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Peter Lance Anderson | <i>July 1, 1968</i> |
| Francis Allard Boyer | <i>December 3, 1972</i> |
| Dwight Cameron Brown | <i>date unknown</i> |
| Martin Dwyer, 3d | <i>July 10, 1967</i> |
| John Robert Eddy | <i>February 3, 1977</i> |
| Karl Etherington | <i>September 3, 1973</i> |
| Humphrey Marshall Evans III | <i>September, 1982</i> |
| Donald Porter Ferguson | <i>January 13, 1968</i> |
| John Gilman Fuchs | <i>February 13, 1986</i> |
| Jan Albert Gardiner | <i>March 1, 1980</i> |
| Charles Carroll Glover IV | <i>June 10, 1982</i> |
| Richard Walter Goldman | <i>October 18, 1989</i> |
| Terry Fieber Green | <i>May 14, 1989</i> |
| Eric Henrikson | <i>date unknown</i> |
| Henry Stephen Iglauer | <i>February 11, 1970</i> |
| William James Kiernan, Jr. | <i>June 30, 1969</i> |
| Timothy Pierrepont Kuhn | <i>November 9, 1968</i> |
| James Perrin Lansing | <i>date unknown</i> |
| Harold Koontz Logan, Jr. | <i>April 2, 1977</i> |
| John Frederick Neil | <i>January 7, 1988</i> |
| Robert Michael O'Connell | <i>June 30, 1983</i> |
| Dov Ospovat | <i>September 28, 1980</i> |
| Robert Joseph Polackwich | <i>date unknown</i> |
| William McNaught Rhodes | <i>February 26, 1966</i> |
| Ramsay Hogue Saurel | <i>December 26, 1966</i> |
| John Christopher Thomas | <i>October 1, 1990</i> |
| Richard Stanton Umans | <i>February 11, 1985</i> |

CLASS ROLL

PAUL G. ABRAMS, M.D.

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The Class of '69 was destined to sit astride a transition from the old, comfortable, predictable world of the postwar era, and the tumultuous changes wrought by the end of innocence: the Vietnam War, civil rights, expanding consciousness, and accelerated momentum of change. Our freshman year was the year of "Rubber Soul," war boards, Americans for the Reappraisal of Far Eastern Policy (ARFEP), Staughton Lynd, the Voting Rights Bill, all filtered through the lenses of our own early explorations into sciences, philosophy and literature. Even the Yale Swimming Team lost to Army, as if to prove that no institution was sacred. During the ensuing years, the struggle against the war and racism and arbitrary regulations intensified both in society and at Yale College. Having earlier quashed parietal rules and coat-and-tie requirements as a warm-up, in our senior year we instigated "Co-Ed Week," which left us, paradoxically, with the ignominy of being the last all-male class at Yale. Over the four years we were irrevocably transformed, and we did much of the transforming. The assassinations of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King during our junior year affirmed the cynicism with which we viewed the old order.

My own life has been immeasurably enriched by my Yale classmates, both the enduring friendships, and the memories of those whom, unfortunately, I have not been able to follow. I remember the challenges, stimulation, and joint endeavors and musings as the core of my experience at Yale. I was always impressed with the depth and diversity of talents among my classmates; over time, there has hardly been an area of thought or endeavor for which I could not quickly recall a former classmate who would have seemed perfectly suited, in mind or talent or temperament.

The difficulties and uncertainties of those times not only were great preparation for facing the future, but illuminated our thoughts or personal characteristics that made those experiences particularly meaningful and telling. I still feel fortunate to have been at that place called Yale, with those people, at that particular time in history. We collectively made history and will continue to do so. This is not because we were better than our predecessors or successors, but because the confluence of time and events conspired with us.

For many years I dreaded our "twenty-fifth," partially because those celebrating their "twenty-fifth" at the end of the year we started (the class of 1941!) seemed so ancient at the time, but more because I was always energized by thinking of everyone's vast potential rather than the stark reality that we all had to make choices that would perforce limit that potential.

I now find the choices more interesting than the potential. My own choices of career, family, political orientation, lifestyle, occurred with the usual mix of serendipity and conscious decision. I stayed in New Haven to get my degrees in law and medicine, still looking to widen options rather than make choices. The intellectual stimulation of the law, the major questions it raised, was an exciting extension of the discourse of undergraduate life, while medicine

afforded the opportunity of making a difference to individuals. I kept my political antenna up, but immersed myself in a year each of internship and residency, before finding myself in a newly-developing field of molecular biology and oncology.

After a stint at the National Cancer Institute, I found that this field lent itself to the formation of new biotechnology companies, the first time that new firms could hope to compete with the established pharmaceutical organizations. I founded a company and had the opportunity of using the establishment to help transform itself.

I began as the medical director of the company and became President and Chief Executive Officer when it ran into difficulties. Fortunately, we were able to turn it around. The company is making substantial headway in developing new, more efficacious and less toxic, cancer treatments.

I moved from the East Coast, where I had spent my entire life, to Seattle when the company was established. Although rightly criticized for its rain and clouds, the openness and relative youth of the city permits one to believe that you can have an impact on its future. That is the same feeling we had about society as undergraduates and something that is not as easy to credit in the cities with more of a history.

Lest the above personal history sound too untroubled, I should add that none of these events/decisions were easy. They all contained varying elements of struggle, doubt and futility. Many roads were taken that led nowhere, many dreams were dreamt that never materialized.

Although this may sound like generational chauvinism, I have always believed we were part of a very special era. We stopped a war, changed the socially acceptable views of race, gender, and ethnicity, and maintained a strong sense of personal integrity and responsibility. At Yale we set the stage for those who followed, and that play is forever different from the refrains of more than two-and-a-half centuries.

We may have been spoiled by our opportunities. Over time, we may have compromised some of our intransigence to achieve more limited ends. But I think we also recognized that life must be lived to be real.

As we gray, we are starting to pay attention to the issues that will affect society's treatment of the elderly. Although I cannot predict how we will respond, our history as the transforming and transformed group will inevitably repeat itself.

NATHANIEL E. ADAM

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By now, O Faithful Editors, you may have discovered that authoritarian, preparietal, forbidding questionnaires share the virtues of the Multiple Choice Test. But by purest chance I have gotten away to an airport waiting area before the mid-July deadline, and from this mountaintop vantage I shall take a crack at your essay questions, trusting the sixties spirit that some response, any response, will earn me a “pass.”

Wife: working on my second Susan. I met the first Susan when we were both physics graduate students at Berkeley. When that period ended, she saw to it that I had a job and was set up in a little house in Menlo Park, and left for Europe, where, to my last knowledge, she remains.

I met the second one by volunteering to transport her from Palo Alto, where she was a doctoral student in American literature, to the home of mutual friends in San Francisco. More precisely, I volunteered my car, for the one leg was not fully functional at the time. As I hobbled after her down her front steps, she waited in the drizzle for me to hand her into the car. Applying my seventies-Berkeley-trained Stealth Courtesy, I imagined that she might prefer getting under cover to waiting for me, and called out that the car was unlocked. Waiting, however, until I eventually arrived to do the honors, she informed me that she was from South Carolina and that in South Carolina ladies expect to be treated with courtesy.

Hey, from there it's all up.

Job: working on keeping my first one...

And therein lies a Yale tale. Suffering from Senior Slump in the spring of '69, I was startled to be admitted to *two* graduate schools, perhaps on the strength of my freshman average (low nineties, I think it was, the result of a monomaniac intensity of effort that illuminated what I later read of Zen training). Bewildered by this unexpected richness of choice, I approached Ray Socolow at the end of a quantum mechanics lecture and asked him, since I knew he had experience of both, whether to go to Cornell or to Berkeley. He stared into space a moment, then said, “Go to Berkeley, Adams. It'll shake you up.”

Though I didn't then fully understand his meaning, I took his advice and migrated to the Golden State. And I found that, like numerous acquaintances here, I had come West for graduate school and got stuck. For the job I later found was also on the West Coast, in the Palo Alto Research Laboratories of Lockheed (gasp) Missiles and Space Company, where my business eventually came to be infrared technology. Though the spy-in-the-sky business was quite busy in the Reagan years, I foresaw it would contract after '88, but never found my way out of it. I did not foresee that this expected contraction would coincide with global recession and the collapse of Communism, which now leaves me little alternative but to hang on for a few more years—if I can—until the demand for physical scientists and engineers picks up a bit.

So I've just bought a house.

Kids: working on it...(see above).

Trophies:

Political Opinions: throw the bastards out!

Words of wisdom, general observations, etc.: There's more in Heaven and Earth, Horatio...How strange that, when I could quote it accurately, I had no idea what it meant.

DR. JOHN R. ADAMS

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I played alto sax for the first time in public recently. We outnumbered the audience, but we played with vigah. (Not viNEgah.) I'm a regular member of the Starlight Orchestra, specializing in foxtrots and a little Dixie with arrangements from 1927 to 1938.

Starlight is actually the EPA Starlight Orchestra, the renowned successor to our Hazardous Wind Ensemble. It got me back to the old clarinet axe after too long a layoff, let me work up sax, and keeps me heading in to the Environmental Protection Agency, where we practice at lunch.

What's the path from our "Creeping Communism" and "Yale-Vassar-Merger-with-Bass Drum-as-Spermatozoon" formations to the Starlight Orchestra?

Start as Best Third Trumpet, subtle scriptwriter, and announcer for the Penn band in 1970 and 1971. ("THE PENN BAND: THE BAND THAT MARCHES BEST ON GRASS.")

Meet Peggy in the Penn band. ("We don't indulge in prepubescent humor like other bands," she told the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.) Peggy, like me, has attended four YC reunions. Pick up the Ph.D. and discover the Baby Boom has already filled most slots teaching linguistics at "name" schools.

Next try the Pennsylvania National Guard Band (much preferable to the Saigon National Guard Band) in the seventies. The National Guard is especially notable for unfashionably short haircuts and a supreme waste of government money.

Lay out of music for a few years. Do environmental consulting. Do management consulting. Join the Agency. Play bridge on the weekends. Hone that twenty-two golf handicap. Get an insider's view (from the budget biz) as the Gorsuch crew downsizes EPA.

Pick up the clarinet again after too many years. It's like riding a bicycle—fingers go where they ought to and all the bad habits disappear. But the chops go far south. Nothing like fighting the embouchure while your fingers are wiggling right. Embouchure? "Just pucker up and blow," as Bacall said to Bogey.

Have a girl (E'beth, YC '04?). E'beth, now ten, has already been to two reunions. Twitch as your daughter plays more sophisticated music on her violin, better too, than you can play NOW.

Back to the Starlight. Most of us were minus-teenagers when those tunes were written and don't know them firsthand. Some of them end up on endless playback in your brain. I walk around humming "Three Little Words" and "All the World Says I Love You," the last courtesies of the Marx Brothers.

Here's a way to spoil the day of anyone from our generation. Hum "The Candy Man." ("Makes the world go 'round/yes the Candy Man can...") Now try to STOP humming it.

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It's been an eventful two-and-a-half decades. Got married in 1977; currently in the process of dissolving that union (yes, it's painful). Received my M.S. in biology at the University of Bridgeport in 1975 (no jokes, please—it was a good school at the time), followed by a Ph.D. in biochemistry and clinical chemistry at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, in 1982. Did the academic thing in the mid-1980s at Mount Sinai Medical School in New York City (postdoctoral, followed by assistant professor). Got tired of the heavy politics and went to the bottom-line oriented world of industry in 1988. Currently an Associate Director of New Drug Development at Pfizer in New York City, and mostly enjoy it. Have watched my parents get old and sick in New Haven (they are natives), and, nearly as sad, seen the decline of my beautiful hometown. Remember fondly late night studying followed by beer and pizza expeditions in the neighborhood around Davenport—I would not walk that area in the day now without trepidation. I recall my time at Yale as a confused, growing-up period—a jumble of happy associations and tough personal decisions about direction in life! With the perspective (and haze) of twenty-five years, it looks wonderful now. To all my friends and acquaintances, warmest greetings.

ROBERT C. ALEXANDER

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Got married shortly after graduation (the day after Eric Henrikson took the same step). Went to Harvard Law School and lived there the semidetached life of a married student. Clerked for the U.S. Court of Appeals in San Francisco after Harvard Law School graduation (as did Eric a year later). Moved to Washington, D.C., after clerking, per plan. Moved back to San Francisco a year later, dragging a piano each way. I like this end better. Still un-Californian in some ways. Have not changed houses since our return to San Francisco in 1974. Have not changed wives. Did take, in 1986-88, a leave of absence from the law firm I worked for since 1974 to work for an international asset finance advisory client. Too much travel. Mostly good times. Some hard times: Eric's murder. The dog

(see picture submitted) is a Samoyed, less hairy than normal because of pills he takes for brain cancer.

DALE M. ALLEN

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In the spring of 1969 I said, "I'm going to an island to write poetry." Seattle was surrounded by water and snowcapped mountains; I taught school, learned Zen, lived communally and wrote notes to myself from an altered state. Wendy and I married under an apple tree and vowed to go together wherever the light should lead.

In summer of 1979 Wendy and I celebrated the end of our marriage with a trip to Hawaii. We swam in the Seven Sacred Pools and tried to restore our vanished innocence. I made bentwood bowls, sold natural foods, became a massage therapist. I got Rolfed, Bioenergized and Actualized. Meditation gave way to Sufi Dancing; I wrote quotes from the masters kneeling at my homemade desk.

In March of 1985 Suzanne Millies and I travelled to Central Mexico where the Monarch butterflies winter over, and to Isla Mujeres where (we found out) generations of women have prayed for fertility. On December 7, 1986, Marisa Joy Allen was born. Suzanne and I married under a cherry tree and vowed to raise our child as consciously as possible. We shared the short nights and deep joys of parenthood, bought an old house, fixed it up, and bought another on a tree-lined street where we live today.

June 1993: I'm an architectural woodworker, fire-walker, and master whistler. Suzanne delivers babies and teaches at Providence Medical Center. Risa has just finished kindergarten with flying colors. I no longer want an island. Give me friends, work that I love, and the wisdom to see that all of this is poetry.

FREDERICK W. ALLEN

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I left New Haven in 1969 with a diploma, curiosity, a vague sense of mission that had been encouraged by Kingman Brewster and others, maybe a skill or two (but none yet ready to earn me much of living), and no clear idea of where all this was going to take me.

Twenty-five years later, the story of what I have been doing since then seems simple to recount. But the act of writing it down makes me realize that if someone had asked me at graduation what I would be writing in this space I would have had no idea of what to say. Twenty-five years into the future might just as well have been into another epoch, and, at any rate, our twenty-fifth reunion did not seem quite relevant to the concerns of the sixties.

Knowing that I didn't know where I was headed, I purposely took a few

zigzags to begin. I started off as a VISTA Volunteer, and for two years I worked with young men coming out of jail in the Bronx, a very educational experience.

I then proceeded to horrify most of my VISTA colleagues by going to the Harvard Business School, figuring that it would be good preparation for many lines of work that I could choose to pursue. Still bitten with the public service bug, I next turned around and convinced most of my business school classmates that I was throwing away a perfectly good education by going to Washington, D.C., with the noble intention of spending “a few years” in government. I’m glad I did. Twenty years later I’m still at it and quite enjoying it.

My first year in Washington I worked at the Cost of Living Council, which at that time had the exciting and impossible task of regulating prices and wages. Later I was also able to say that this is where I had the good fortune to meet Meg Weekes, whom I married in 1978.

I did two more short stints, first at the Federal Energy Administration and the next at the U.S. Department of Labor, before moving to the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, where I have enjoyed working ever since.

Today, my activities and interests include:

Family. This is where each day begins and ends and the focus of weekends and holidays. Meg and I have two children of our own, Abigail (born in 1981) and Nathaniel (born in 1984), and a niece, Eloise Russo (born in 1981) who lives with us. The children are all engaged in a variety of activities. Meg is currently a professor at The American University and quite active in issues affecting the D.C. public schools. Yes, we are busy. We enjoy living in Washington, D.C. Our welcome mat is out for classmates coming through this fine city.

Community Activities. I am active in this category. I recently completed two years as president of our local citizens association, working on a wide variety of issues affecting the neighborhood and the city. Now I am serving as Moderator (chief lay officer) of our church. I have also worked with several other groups. Although time-consuming, this work is fun and rewarding.

Job. I am currently directing the Office of Strategic Planning and Environmental Data at the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). I have been at EPA since 1978, serving in a variety of positions. I have found this work very stimulating and challenging. There are many different interesting and important environmental issues, touching many aspects of our lives and demanding many different skills.

Rest. I get barely enough rest to report. I could use more. I think I might also have said this twenty-five years go.

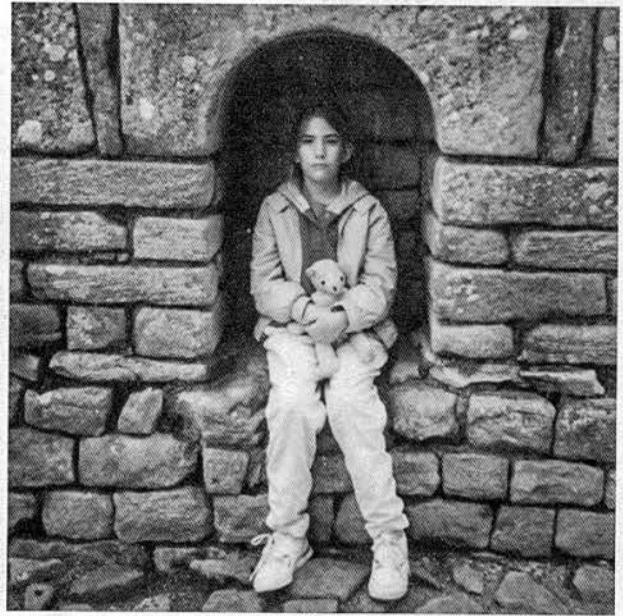
The Future. I look forward to the next twenty-five years and whatever it is that I will write in this space for our fiftieth reunion.

DR. ROBERT W. ALLEN

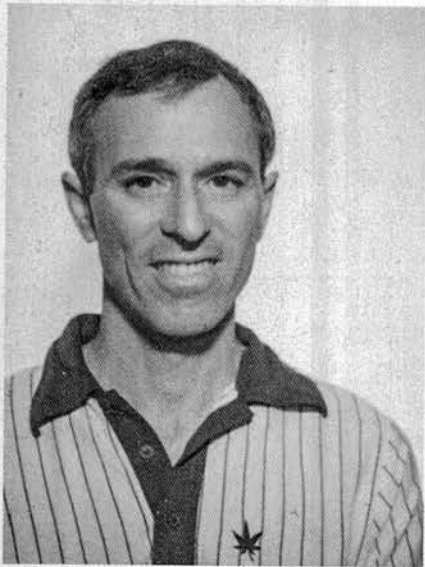
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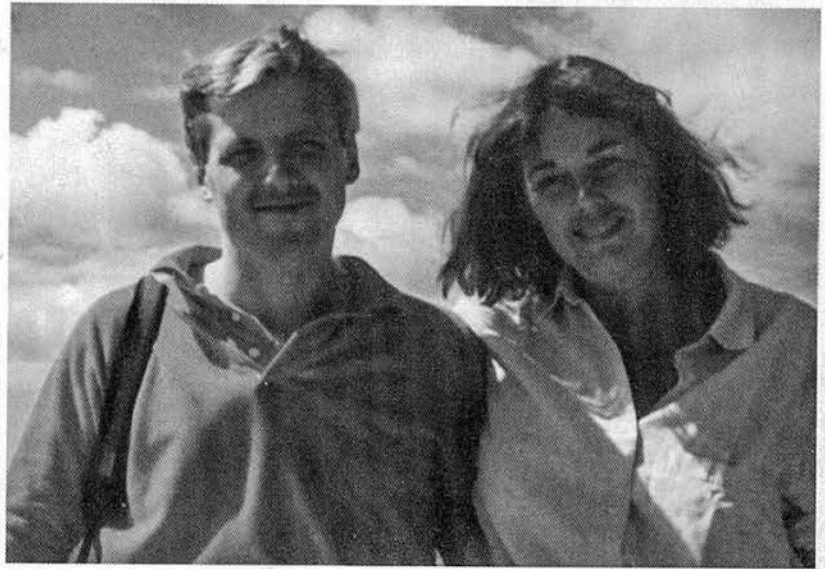
John and Peggy Adams



E'beth Adams (John's daughter)



Jeffrey A. Alderman



Jim Amoss and Nancy Monroe



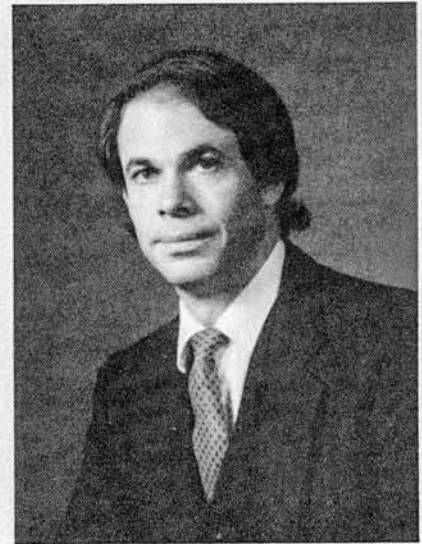
Dale and Marisa Allen at kindergarten graduation



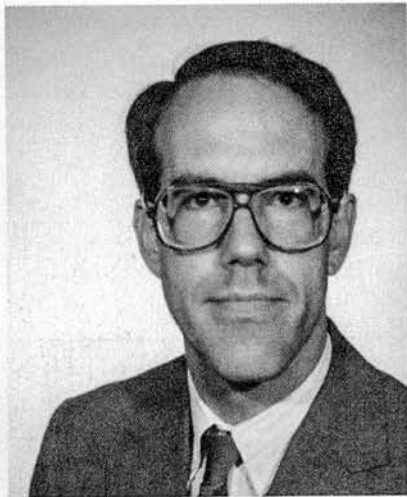
Adam and Sophie Amoss (Jim's children)



Robert C. Alexander



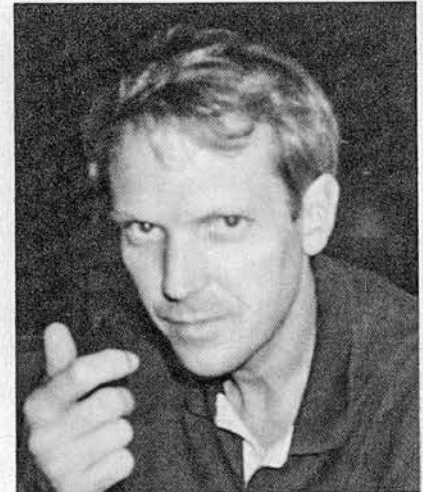
Clifton L. Anderson



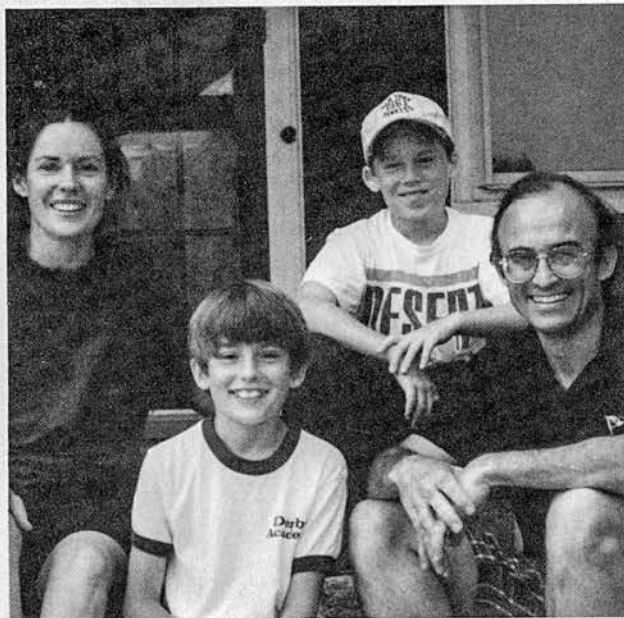
Geoffrey A. Anderson



Milton H. Anderson III



John Atherton



Mike and Sheri Anderson and sons



Robert and Karen Arras and children

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I continue to remember those proverbial bright college years with great warmth and a comforting sense of nostalgia. Yale was certainly a wonderful place and time to be young. Since graduation my contact with New Haven has, in large part, been through the forty or fifty students whom I have prepared in French and Spanish who have gone on to Yale. It has been great fun to have so many of my own memories rekindled as I have listened to stories of their adventures. During my years of teaching at the Nichols School in Buffalo, New York, I also enjoyed being President of the Yale Association of Western New York for a time—Bart Giamatti's visit being one of my fondest remembrances of that period.

It was during those Buffalo years that I met my partner, Ross Kleiman, a psychologist of renown here in the Boston area, where we have spent these most recent ten years of our fifteen years together—not an insignificant milestone in the world as it is.

After chairing the Language Department at Nichols, I went on to the French Department at Buckingham Browne and Nichols in Cambridge and now the Park School in Brookline. I've had the chance to develop some interesting interdisciplinary study programs in France and the United States and count myself quite fortunate in having had a most pleasant and rewarding quarter century since Yale. It should also be said, however, that I am not particularly "à la recherche du temps perdu" though I have certainly enjoyed mon temps Vécu.

JIM AMOSS

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My family and my job take up almost all my time. I met my wife, Nancy Monroe, a month after graduating from Yale, on a blind date the night before the first moon walk. For two years we shuttled between New Haven, where she was attending Yale Architecture School, and Boston, where I worked as a porter in a hospital, my alternative service as a conscientious objector. Then we moved to New Orleans, my hometown. Nancy worked as an architect. I drifted—first into house painting, then substitute teaching, then waitering, and finally newspapering. It's an addictive craft, and I was instantly hooked. Since 1990 I've been editor of New Orleans' daily newspaper, *The Times-Picayune*. Our children are Adam (twelve), who plays soccer, tennis, piano, and loud music; and Sophie (eight), indomitable will, with a minor in piano, ballet, and baseball. We devote much energy to keeping the household and our four lives humming along, a feat for which I never gave my parents any credit. Except for a year in France, we've lived here continuously since 1973. We like to travel, especially to Italy, ski, and cook. But we seem to spend much of our lives on such challenging pastimes as buying groceries, chauffeuring our kids, and changing cat litter. New Orleans is a great place to be a journalist. The paper is in the midst of a months-long series on race relations, a subject that has captivated me. My Yale friends continue to be among the most important people in my life.

CLIFTON L. ANDERSON

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They all seem to be coming together, the math and physics from Yale, the psychology from Michigan, the law from Missouri, the Asian philosophy from California. I plan to publish MAYA writings to encourage a dialogue, hoping for criticism that will sharpen my thinking. This is a prelude to an integrative book on future politics, evolutionary morality, cognitive development, epistemology. Maybe this is a middle-age thing. I bought a bright blue Chevrolet Cavalier convertible: a sure sign of aging!

I operate my own patent law firm, Anderson and Hirsch, and serve as a consultant to Hewlett-Packard's Legal Department part time. I feel vulnerable operating such a small enterprise, especially in difficult economic times. Nevertheless, except for one day in 1986, I have never had a day without too much business to handle.

My wife Chantha and I have three children. Safyre (five), Zenon (three) and Fiara (one). Our fourth is due June 1993. Safyre will start kindergarten next year, and attend Chinese school in the afternoons. I do much of my work at home, so I can spend time with my children. All the children are engrossed in educational computer programs, so they feel they do the same kind of work that Daddy does. Safyre is fascinated with Aladdin and Jasmine; she also likes dinosaurs and sharks. Zenon is interested in nothing other than Batman. We had to buy several Batman outfits so that he would have something to wear while other Batman outfits were being washed.

Our five-bedroom house is littered with four Macintosh computers, computer peripherals, a phone/fax/answer machine, office equipment, several music synthesizers, one TV/VCR, three other TVs, three other VCRs, two

laserdisk players, a camcorder, various cameras, more than 500 compact disks, more than two hundred video disks, hundreds of video tapes, 500 “antique” vinyl albums. I matured a little after getting married, buying a house and having children, but not much.

Yale is a good school to be from. Yale looks good on a resumé. I received a good education at Yale. If I had been less arrogant, I would have made wiser choices and benefited more. I do read our class notes in the alumni magazine regularly. I enjoy reading the humorous exploits and successes of my classmates. I pause when some of them have children entering and graduating from Yale, while my oldest has yet to enter kindergarten. My only friend from Yale is a hunter of patent lawyer heads: Kate Patterson was the nine-year-old daughter of Morse College’s late Master Patterson. Otherwise, Yale is receding into my past. Perhaps my MAYA project or my children will renew my relationship with “light and truth.”

GEOFFREY A. ANDERSON

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By and large, I guess I would say that I have had an interesting and enjoyable life since graduating from Yale. I have been able to do a lot of things that many people never have the opportunity to do. So far I seem to have avoided major disappointments and disasters, as well as marriage, children, divorce, alimony, etc., for better or worse.

Continuing contact with Fenno Heath and members of the Alley Cats, Glee Club and Whiffenpoofs of various classes has been a source of satisfaction and pleasure. Our six-week Glee Club tour to Central and South America in 1968 was a harbinger of vocal and travel experiences to come. I now sing in a professional church choir. We have sung in Edinburgh Cathedral, York Minster and Bath Abbey and have sung with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Robert Shaw and others. Singing the National Anthem at major league baseball, NBA and NFL venues has been an experience, to say the least, as was being a soloist and music director for several years of the Chicago Bar Association’s professionally staged and orchestrated annual gridiron satire show.

Travel has taken me to all seven continents, often on animal exploration and photography jaunts organized by the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago. In Zaire we actually had mountain gorillas (small ones, thankfully) crawling all over us. I’ve had the pleasure of seeing whales, penguins, bears, elephants, hippos, giraffes, lions, tigers, etc., all in their natural (more or less) habitats.

Careerwise I have been general counsel of a major league baseball team, performed legal work for an NFL team, and been centrally involved in the bailout and reconstitution of the Chicago Public School System, the financing of Chicago’s Regional Transportation Authority, and the initial public offering of a 137-year-old major media company which I ultimately joined for a seven-year stint as in-house counsel.

Can’t say I have much to complain about, and my memories of my four years at Yale are happy ones. What will the next twenty-five years bring? I

haven't the faintest idea, but I'm ready. Let the Games begin.

MICHAEL J. ANDERSON, M.D.

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The most important events of the past twenty-five years are represented in the photograph. Sheri and I married in 1975. Tom was born in 1982 and Charlie in 1983.

During our senior year a trip to the Dr. Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Haiti piqued an interest in medicine. Four years as a submarine officer was followed by Yale Medical School and postgraduate medical training in San Diego and Boston. At the completion of twenty years of naval service, I retired as Chief of Medical Oncology at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda and moved to Cohasset, where I am now in private practice in hematology and oncology.

As I look back on twenty-five years, I am impressed by the influence of Vietnam and the Cold War on my life. As I look forward, I hope that I will be more devoted to humanitarian and environmental issues. My interest in medicine is returning full circle to its discovery in the native poverty and deprivation of Haiti.

I dream of a year in France, a six-month sail in the Caribbean, and a fly-fishing trip to the Ungava Peninsula. I continue to be thankful for my education at Yale.

MILTON H. ANDERSON III, M.D.

2007 Port Royal, Austin, TX 78746

Y...is for the yuks Kenfield and Jobs gave us when they busted the exam in "The Age of Donne." Thanks to Morty Meekle and Juan Valdez also. I don't believe I have laughed as hard since, unless I am telling the story.

A...is for the alcohol we drank with reckless abandon, like the time Jobs fell onto his coconut in Welch Hall, setting a record for descent from one floor to the one below. Hobgood, did you drop him or just lose your grip?

L...is for the love life I couldn't really have, since the women came after we left. Sigh.

E...is for the elephant ball sandwich I was never served in the dining hall. I pretty much ate everything else, since variety was certainly available thanks to the "feed 'em til they pop" theory of Yale dining.

B...is for Billie Boy, Paul, and Scott, the best kind of roommates a hick from the hinterlands could ask for. It also stands for burp, which is what Stern could do better than anyone I have encountered since first hearing him from a quarter mile away.

U...is for Uniball (also called Otis), a result of one of nature's cruel jokes. Thanks for reminding me of it a hundred times a day for four years. Really. My

four kids look just like me.

L...is for Linonia and Brothers, the reading room with the best overstuffed chairs at Yale, good for dozing in lieu of study. It also stands for the Library where I worked in the Map Collection, honing skills that went nowhere.

L...is also for Linsley-Chittenden Hall, the theater for the Yale Film Society, a bargain for lonely, bored, and curious Yalies. You could take a few beers in there if you wanted, and the chatter was infectious. I miss it.

D...is for Davenport College, the site of my first bursary job, and Oscar Dill, my friend the dishwasher. It also stands for the Dining Hall at Berkeley, where it is rumored, zis beautiful French Woman (Fang) served our dining needs. Sheesh, what a face!

O...is for the occasional rides to Sleeping Giant Park, East Rock and West Rock, from which solitude could be extracted, at least if you could ride up that SOB of a hill to the Rock on your bike. It put me in the infirmary once, but it was worth it.

G...is for girls and gonorrhoea, neither of which I ever encountered in four years, if you don't count that witch from Albertus Magnus.

S...is for The Spot, the best damn pizza joint I ever ate in. I think all pizza pales in comparison. It was the crust, I think, and perhaps the olive oil.

1+9+6+9...equals 25, the number of years spent away from the school that changed my life, and probably yours, in the late 1960s. I hope I was able to give something back to the school that gave me so much in four years. You just can't explain the Yale Experience, but it is a large piece of all of us.

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We are invited to tell all about wife, children, and job (if applicable) and to tell also about who we are and what we *think*. The franker the better. This in lieu of the forbidding traditional questionnaire. No doubt this invitation will cause more of us to “blank out” than did the '69 Banner. But in my case the challenge arrives at an opportune moment, which I will try to describe by walking the fine line between the truth and self-promotion.

I'll start with the easy part: I am married to Karen Koehler Arras, whom I met in 1966, smuggled into Yale three or four times in 1968 and 1969, cohabitated with in California in 1970, and then wed in 1971. Still married, and happily so.

Together we have three children: Anne (eighteen), a Yale freshperson, Class of '97; Ruth (sixteen), a junior at Milton Academy; and Sam (two). To those who notice the fourteen-year hiatus and ask, “Was he planned?,” I answer, “Yes, probably, but not by us.” I don't mean to imply by this that God (or someone else) is responsible. But, in fact, the family to me has a spiritual quality which I value above all else; and I feel blessed by this new dimension to this shared adventure.

As evidence, I offer my circumstances circa mid-1993. After a highly charged decade in the Far East, I disconnected. For me, this meant quitting my job and joining the American Upper Middle Class. The goal here was to gather my family together as a functioning unit. This involved buying a proper house in Milton (where my daughters could be day students instead of boarders whose parents were twelve times zones away), acquiring the paraphernalia needed to survive in the U.S. these days, and finding a job to support this life style. The first two were easy enough. As to the latter, I devised a strategy premised on precipitating a midlife crisis, which would be followed by self-examination, heightened awareness, transformation leading to a new career, etc. However, the crisis did not materialize. Instead, I entered a phase I call pretirement.

Like retirement, this is a stage of life where one cashes in a few chips (in the casino of life) in order to pursue the things one enjoys. In my case, these include family, tree pruning, and projects which are interesting rather than monetarily rewarding. Unlike retirement, pretirement ends with reentry into the “real” (as opposed to the “other”) world. Reading, as I do these days, cautionary tales such as *The Ants and the Grasshopper*, I am well aware of the rules. So much for the job; c.v. available on request.

As to the being and thinking part—*Je pense, donc je suis*.

A little chronology may help my classmates decipher the above. Left Yale June 9, 1969; flunked U.S. Army physical (to my enduring surprise) on June 10, 1969. Worked as roughneck in Western Santa Barbara Channel, then as writer/editor in Ventura, California. Took first pretirement after Nixon’s second victory and built and sailed forty-foot boat from Ventura to Auckland. Continued building boats (steel fishing kind) in Panama, then in Seattle and San Diego, with time spent selling them in Mexico. In 1982 left for Manila, Philippines, where, ultimately, I ran a group of companies, there and in Hong Kong and Japan, until 1992.

In all that time I had very little contact with Yale or the East Coast for that matter. (I did appear once in the *YAM*, but in the Class of 1960, as “Esteban.”) This was only partly intentional; and, in any case, twenty-five years is time enough for the cycle to have turned.

I look forward to reawakening my experiences of Yale, vicariously, now that my daughter is there. I hope that they are as much fun the second time around.

FRANK S. ASHBURN, JR., M.D.

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JOHN ATHERTON

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The Execution of Life

When it’s over as it’s ending,
It comes and goes like death,
A passing out of sight by turns
Much heard in single breath.

I feel the juvenation
Of a lie within the breast,
The choice of time to trouble life
But not as I had guessed.

I know of no return now,
 And no way out returning;
 Under skies of newer gods, my friend,
 The campfires are not burning.

I've learned my steps judiciously
 Self-measured in self-doubt,
 With angels pounding back the tides
 And seasons getting out.

There is a leaf of kindness
 That turning, wishes trees,
 A passion for its falling
 And broken at the knees.

I've wondered, is there time yet
 And where am I to see
 Beyond my own required life
 Without which there is me.

JOSHUA S. AUERBACH

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JAMES H. AVERILL, JR.

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1, 2, 3, 4...

- One wife. Janet. We were married a week after Yale, and somehow remain so. Not easy, but central.

- Two kids. Elizabeth (at Deerfield) and Ned (in junior high). Nothing like offspring to help you appreciate the wisdom of age.

- Three jobs. 1) High school English teacher, three years at Webb School, Knoxville, Tennessee, good work, much preferable to what the govern-

ment was offering at the time. 2) Assistant Professor of English at Princeton, seven years. Published a couple of books and did research in arcane corners of English literature. Great fun, though didn't much like grading student essays. 3) Security analyst at Windsor Fund, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, these past eight years. No publications, but a lot like professoring—reading, asking questions, talking, and thinking, research into arcane corners of American corporations, with the added buzz provided by the market.

- Four cities. We've lived in Knoxville; Ithaca, New York; Lawrenceville, New Jersey; and now Lancaster, Pennsylvania. No roots.

I could go on—five newspapers currently read. Six presidents since graduation, with commentary thereon; seven abodes; eight cars; but I'd never get to the 8700 of days since we left Yale. Yet it is those days individually, and the days to come, which count in our lives, a fact that I've come to appreciate only too well since an encounter with melanoma four years ago. Guess "Day by Day" could be my theme song. Yours, too.

JOHN B. BABCOCK, JR.

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LEE W. BACHMAN

1438 West Minnehaha Parkway, Minneapolis, MN 55409

Work: Vice President, Finance, Bachman's, Inc., Minneapolis, 1975-present. Married; 1969; divorced: 1985. Three sons: Mark, age twenty-one, sophomore at Kalamazoo College; Andrew, age eighteen, enrolling at Amherst College; Jonathan, age fourteen, enrolling at Washburn Senior High. Just returned from nine days in Europe, visiting my oldest son who is studying in France.

JOACHIM BAGRIANSKY

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LANG A. BAKER

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This address will probably be out-of-date by next summer. My wife and I plan to move after our youngest child graduates from high school next June.

But first, I'll back up a bit:

During spring break of senior year I decided to go to law school instead

of graduate school in philosophy. Acting on this late decision, I arranged to enroll at Louisiana State University Law School while visiting my parents in Baton Rouge during spring break. The following summer (1970) I transferred to the University of Texas Law School, and, by attending straight through, I received my law degree in December 1972, with an official graduation date the same as my wedding day with my first wife. That marriage lasted about three years; we had no children.

I lived a bachelor's life for the next thirteen years, until marrying Annie four years ago today (June 13, 1993). Overnight I had an instant family with three teenage daughters—Amber and Willow (twins) will begin their second year in college this fall, sharing quarters at Montana State in Bozeman; while Autumn has another year of high school to endure.

My first job after law school, for slightly over one year, was as an Assistant Attorney General for the state of Texas. Next I spent over eleven years as research assistant to Judge Wendell Odom of the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. During those years I began writing legal research handbooks on Texas criminal law. By the time Judge Odom retired at the end of 1984, my book-writing enterprise was well enough developed that I decided to retire from the eight-to-five world as well. Since then I have been my own boss at Freelance Enterprises, Inc. (of Texas), which now publishes five titles, each updated annually. It is a relaxed way to make a living, with a flexible schedule, and as a mail order business it enabled me to move by business from Texas to Minnesota when Annie and I married.

Annie and I met at meetings of the Lone Star Greens, a Texas branch of the national Green political movement. She had moved to Texas to be closer to her parents and brothers, but after one year in the Texas schools, it became apparent that the girls needed to return to Minnesota to be in a youth culture more akin to their own spirits. So by this totally unexpected turn of events, I found, over a period of a few short months, my lifestyle totally transformed from bachelor to family man, from Texan to Minnesotan, from hot summers to frigid winters in the land of no summer. And that's it, from then to now, in one page or less.

JOHN BANDEROB

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DAVID N. BANNARD

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Having just spent the past weekend on a golf outing in Pinehurst, North Carolina, with Charles Peck (Davenport) and my old roommate Ed Bartlett (Timothy Dwight), it seemed appropriate to finally get around to working on this after much procrastination.

I must say when I look back over the past twenty-five years, I have been very fortunate to have been blessed with a wonderful family. My wife Gussie has managed to be a wonderful wife and mother despite the demands of a job as head of a large independent school in Richmond. Our three sons, Preston (ten), Thomas (eight), and William (two), are all healthy, bright, and energetic. I have been lucky to be able to spend many afternoons and weekends on soccer fields, basketball courts, and baseball diamonds as their coach or father, watching, encouraging, and cheering their development. As commissioner and coach of their Little League Baseball, it is hard to think of any more satisfying activity.

Since Yale I have dedicated my working life to teaching mathematics, for seventeen years at Groton School in Massachusetts, and more recently here in Richmond, Virginia. My recent focus has been to try to determine effective ways to incorporate technology in the math curriculum. Towards this end I have been involved with giving talks and demonstrations at a variety of conferences and seminars for other math teachers, a very satisfying activity. This summer I have been awarded a Woodrow Wilson fellowship at Princeton, to meet with fifty other math teachers from around the country.

JAMES G. BARLOW

No Address Available

RICHARD P. BARRIER

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After Yale I attended Stanford Business School (MBA '71). After Stanford, married Thea Hillery and moved to Alaska to work in the State of Alaska Budget Office. Moved from Juneau to Anchorage in 1973 to become Deputy State Court Administrator. Did this until 1985. Since then, have done consulting for private sector and government (even did an efficiency study for the state government—found out that government is not designed to be efficient!).

Meanwhile, my wife and I were active in the real estate market. Our first house was on the water in Juneau—we could catch king crab one hundred yards offshore, and salmon off our back deck at high tide. Continued buying and selling, remodeling, etc., including construction of two condo projects in Anchorage in 1982-83. Real estate always goes up? It did until 1985, when oil prices dropped to \$9.00 per barrel and Alaska (which is more closely aligned to the OPEC cartel than to the rest of the U.S.) took a steep nose dive. After smoke cleared, almost all the banks had gone under, real estate had dropped forty percent in value, and bankruptcies went skyhigh. We survived financially (barely), but learned a hard lesson in investing.

We have three of the best kids in the world! Daughter Hillery is eighteen, heading to Boston College next year. Son Andy is sixteen, and son Thad is fourteen. All kids are super athletes and fair students (plenty smart, but a little lazy academically). Not sure that any will make it to Yale, but I know they will do well with their lives.

Best memory from Yale was playing golf barefooted after final exams junior year. Beautiful golf course, great day, great friends. Played with Bob Polackwich, my roommate for four years and captain of the golf team. I kept in touch with Bob over the years, as he went to medical school, moved to Boston area, and then settled in Tampa, Florida, specializing in cancer treatment. My family visited with his family several years ago there in Tampa—he was really happy with life and looking forward to many years of fun and growth. The following year, he and his son were killed in a freak boating accident on a Florida lake. I really miss Bob.

Yale was good to me. I will never forget my experiences and friends from there.

EDMUND BARTLETT III

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 (703) 827-5090 (ofc.)

The Bartletts are happily ensconced in Washington, D.C. I have been here since 1978 and remarried in 1980. We have a little league fanatic son, a nintendo wiz daughter, and a horse crazy daughter.

Seven years ago I left the corporate ladder to work in a friend's basement on a start-up new venture. I have been running the company for the last five years and just a few months ago was kicked upstairs to Chairman, which I think is a sign of some success. We ranked number ninety on last year's annual listing of Inc. 500 Fastest Growing U.S. Companies. The experience of starting a new company from scratch has been incredible—not to have been missed, but not necessarily to be done again.

I'm still playing squash and tennis, but (slowly) golf seems to be looking more attractive all the time.

Two Yale roommates—Mike Yahng and David Bannard—are godparents to my son. Special thanks are due to Dave Martin of our class, as he introduced me to my wife Mary. One bit of trivia: my grandfather and David Bannard's were also roommates at Yale, Class of '07!

ROBERT C. BARTON, JR.

No Address Available

DOUGLAS E. BARZELAY

750 Park Avenue, Apartment 7A, New York, NY 10021

Nearly twenty-five years ago, passing time between the end of exams and commencement, I worked at the thirtieth reunion of the Class of '39. "Work," as I remember it, consisted largely of engaging in passionate, alcohol-fueled arguments about the Vietnam war. I found these Old Blues

well-mannered, self-assured, hopelessly out of touch with an America gone dangerously awry, and, most damningly, old. The thought of ever reaching such an advanced state seemed reassuringly far away. Now, this summons to write—and, by extension, to reflect—has intruded upon my last attempt at evasion: that the twenty-fifth reunion was still a whole year ahead.

Reflection, at least in this context, begins with Yale. What I most like to remember of those four years is the invitation to enter a world where ideas, and not just tangible things, had meaning, as well as the endless challenges and provocations to analyze more deeply, to uncover layers of meaning, to try—even if often to fail—to arrive at understanding. It is this latter theme, more than any other, that seems to stand out as I look back over the last twenty-five years.

After Yale, largely out of a mistaken belief that it would keep my options open, I found myself at law school and then, seemingly inexorably, practicing law in New York—currently as General Counsel of The Dime Savings Bank. Yet perhaps because of the cautionary admonition of an anonymous graffitist in the Harvard Square MTA station that “the law sharpens the mind by narrowing it” (the words of the prophets apparently indeed being written on subway walls), I have continued to attempt to explore horizons beyond those of the legal profession. In that respect the high point was making lemonade of an early midlife crisis by quitting work and running off to explore Paris for several months, until the money ran out. This it did, regrettably, all too quickly, due in part to my propensity for hanging out in three-star restaurants more often than in Left Bank cafes. Nonetheless, the experience was great while it lasted, even if it failed to reflect the sense of commitment to the law and seriousness of purpose that many of my colleagues and friends seemed to possess more amply than I.

These intellectual and other wanderings may in the end reflect no more than an attempt to recapture an amiable dilettantism left over from “bright college years.” Yet despite this and all the other elements of my character—good and bad—that will no doubt still be recognizable to old friends, I know, too, that I could not be pleased at looking back if I did not believe I had also changed and grown, losing some sixties idealism but also, I hope, gaining both in compassion and in some measure of understanding, particularly of what it means to try to create a sense of self in a world in which the pressure toward conformity is substantial and the necessity for compromise inevitable.

A few weeks ago I sailed by the beach at Guilford where, on warm days, Bill, Don, Ben and I would run away from whatever slender responsibilities undergraduate life had placed upon our shoulders. It not only seems idyllic in memory, we knew at the time we had a good thing going—the luxury of time and independence. And as I stared back at the shade of my younger self, I became conscious across that gulf of time of how little I knew then, and how little I know yet, of where it is I want to get to. I only know that I still hope to arrive, at some unspecified future date, at some unspecified place from which I can then look back and say that the journey made sense.

It's a start.

GEORGE M. BASS, JR.

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MICHAEL H. BAUM

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I wonder how many of '69's English, history, or psych majors (as I recall, those were the Big Three) ever made careers in English, history, or psych? Not this English major—unless you count as “English” a lot of ad copy, sales proposals, business plans, feasibility studies, etc. I've been a stockboy, a buyer, a creative director, a strategic planner (whatever that is), and lately, God help us all, a consultant.

As Executive Vice President of the nation's largest franchise consulting firm—big frog, small pool—I've traveled to clients in most states and several foreign lands, but never got closer to New Haven than the Big Apple. Somewhere in the process I managed to marry a very understanding woman (North Park College '76) and help her produce three incomprehensible children. We seldom worry too much where they will go to college because by the time they are ready, tuitions will be so high that only one student in the whole nation will be able to go, since it will take the country's entire Gross Domestic Product to pay the bill.

In June 1993 seven years of evening effort were rewarded with a Master of Management degree from Northwestern—their version of the MBA. No one outside of NU knows what an “MM” is, but I don't think anyone knows what a Yale “MAT” is anymore either, and I got one of them, too, in 1970. Brother, can you spare a master's?

So now, at age forty-six, I'm just about where I was at twenty-one—holding a shiny new degree, and wondering what I want to do when I grow up. My reminders of Yale include the only Latin diplomas in our office, a missing large intestine (my ultimate souvenir of the 1968 Glee Club Latin American tour), an unrepentant mistrust of coeducation, and a new videotaped French course purchased for my eleven-year-old daughter and based on the characters used in the Yale “Méthode Orale de Français” that drummed the language into my head in the old language lab in 1965-66. Robert and Mireille have hit the small screen, and Mireille is, as we would have said in the twilight years just before the dawn of women's lib and sensitivity, a “piece.” *Plus ça change, plus ça reste le même.*

JOHN G. BAY

676 4th Street, NE, Apartment 402, Washington, DC 20002

Shortly after graduation I submitted an item to the class notes in the

Alumni Magazine. In it I mentioned a classmate who was doing graduate work at either “Oxford or Cambridge.” I didn’t say “Oxford or Cambridge,” I named one or the other. I don’t remember which. What I do remember is that it turned out that the institution the individual in question was attending wasn’t the one I had mentioned. I was so embarrassed by this gaffe that I haven’t written to the class notes since. Also, I haven’t had anything much to report. Perhaps I’ll try again some day if I ever learn to tell my Bennos from my Fennos, so to speak.

ROBERT E. BEACH, JR.

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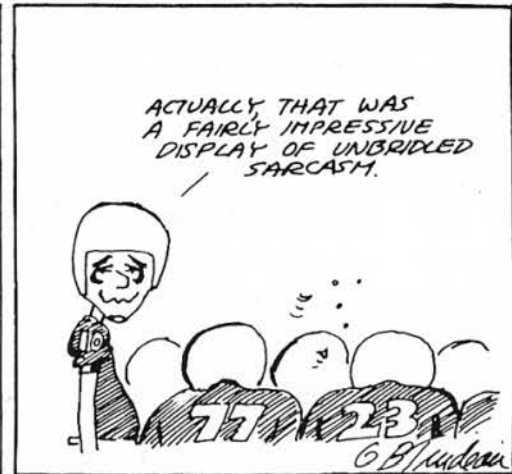
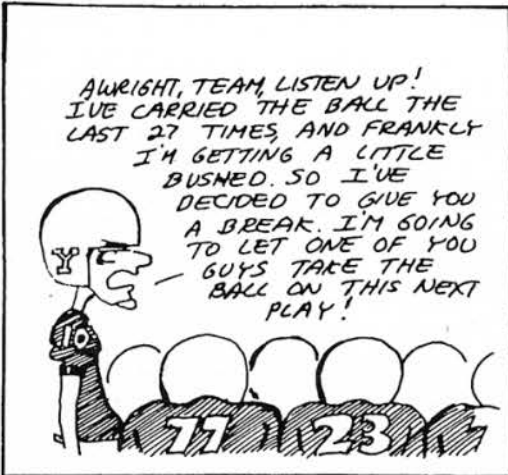
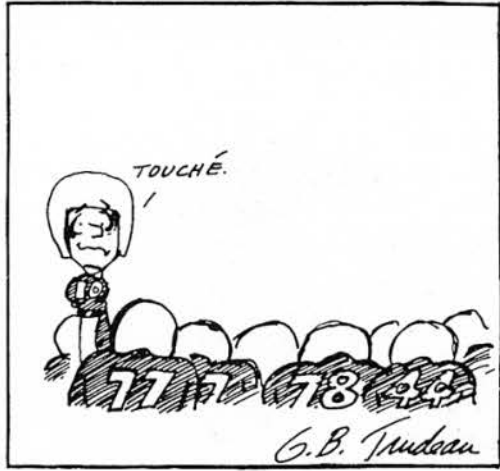
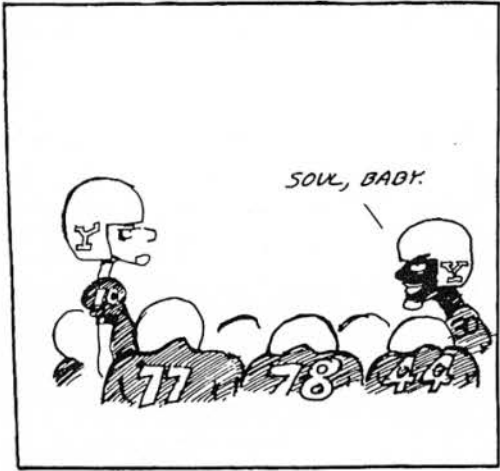
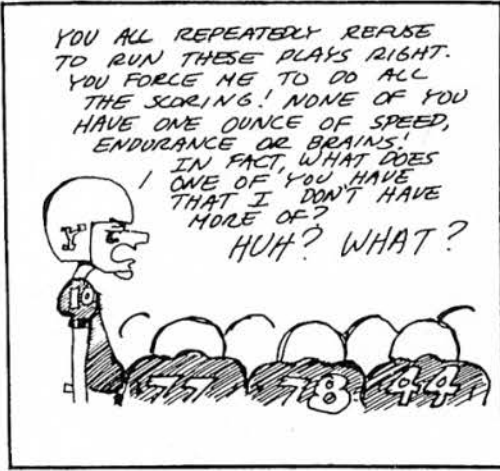
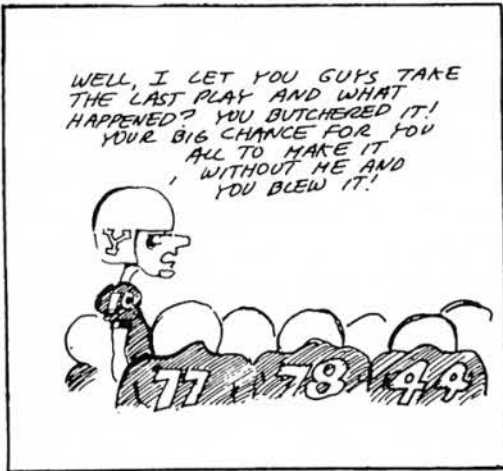
Have you ever been quite sure that you could fit all your activities into your life if only you didn’t work? I found that, having finally grown up minimally, my focus on family and community resulted in meetings and practices, games and rehearsals without end. At least I have the summer off, as I am leaving a corporate employer with a golden (or at least paper) parachute to set up a small private law practice.

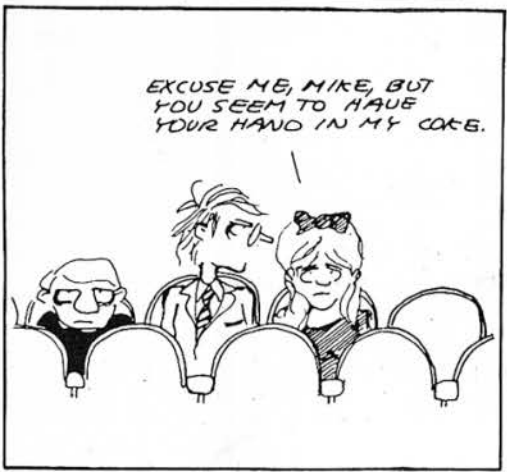
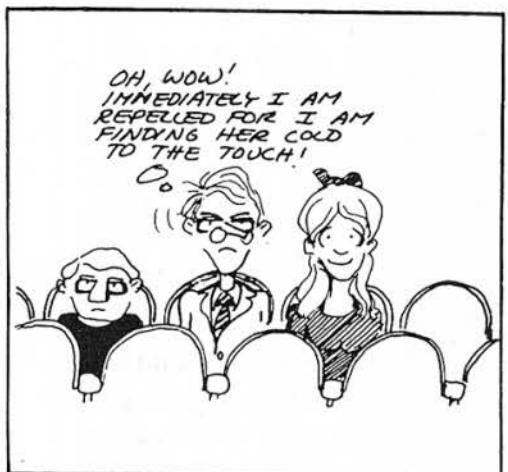
Looking backward, I think that the Yale experience has been one of the most meaningful in my life. The sense of being part of a larger tradition and of having the duty to serve the tradition and the community has been a joy.

THADDEUS R. BEAL, JR.

179 Southern Avenue, Essex, MA 01929

In the early spring of our senior year, I left Yale on a stretcher. By the time we graduated, I was at home in bed. I went to my Army physical in a wheelchair. They didn’t want me, but law schools did, so I decided to take some time off. I got a cane and a job at the White House. By Christmas I had left for North Africa; then West, South and East Africa; then the Near, Middle and not very Far East, where I lost my bearings and decided to go to law school. California was wonderful but law school was work. I would have stayed on the West Coast, but I fell in love with a poet. She had to live in Boston, so back we went. I got a job as a criminal prosecutor. I got an eagle on my shoulder. I got pregnant. Then I got another job, this time in an old Boston firm on the make. When my son was born, the eagle flew away. Then my father decided to retire, but died suddenly before he could. My daughter was born a year later. When I was made a senior partner, I realized I wanted to do what every lawyer dreams of doing. Something else. Two years later and without a clue, I asked for a break. Eventually, and accidentally I took a course at art school. I withdrew from the law firm and spent four years in art school as a monastery. I was forced to leave in 1989. Since then I have enjoyed some modest, local success as a painter. I should move on to other art markets, but I seem to have misplaced my ambition.





ROBERT N. BEARDEN

No Address Available

JOHN B. BEINECKE

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Employed for ten years by Schieffelin and Company, an importer of wines and spirits based in New York City. Schieffelin handled various premium brands including Moet, Dom Perignon, Hennessy Cognac, Ruffino, Domaine Chandon and Simi California wines.

After working in a variety of sales and marketing positions and reaching the position of National Sales Manager, I retired in 1982 to join my brother in running a private investment company.

I am still in the private investment business. We do a number of different things; but I find the venture investing we do the most interesting and the most personally satisfying.

After a couple of false starts, I am very happily married. My wife Gaily and I have a five-year-old son. He keeps us very busy and very happy. His name is Barrett but some of our classmates call him Booklet.

We live in New York City and Darien, Connecticut.

I have been involved with a number of not-for-profit organizations over the last twenty-five years. Currently I am principally involved as a Board Member of the National Audubon Society and as a Board Member and President of the Board of Lincoln Center Theater. I've done a number of things for Yale; for one five-year period I served on the Yale Development Board, and I now help steer the future of the Yale Golf Course by serving on the Yale Golf Committee.

Since joining the board of Audubon, I have taken up birding as a hobby. As a result, I have found myself up before dawn in places I never expected to be: south Texas, southeastern Arizona and New Mexico, the Ramble in Central Park in New York City.

I ski, play golf and squash, and for the last ten years ride the Cresta. A Cresta rider negotiates an ice run in St. Moritz, Switzerland, while riding head-first on a sixty pound steel skeleton or toboggan.

Somewhere along the way I secured a private pilot's license, but I haven't flown for five years.

I am now working on our twenty-fifth reunion. I hope all of you will come.

DAVID C. BELL

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While not without its pressures and its share of ups and downs, life has

been remarkably kind to me. Married for twelve years, Jackie and I have two terrific girls, Chelsea (six) and Morgan (two). Chelsea is very sociable and has a keen imagination in addition to a well-developed sense of humor, which belies her young age. A lover of flora and fauna of various kinds, she appears to be a budding naturalist. Not to be outdone, Morgan, though a bit diffident still, possesses a well-defined personality, is very deliberate, with a strong affinity for the moon these days. Although it would be premature to conclude that Morgan is a budding astronomer, I do believe she will shoot for the stars. It appears that without either question or regret, at forty-five and with two young daughters, I have unabashedly succumbed to doting fatherhood.

As with many couples of our generation, Jackie and I are attempting to negotiate our way through the myriad pitfalls of raising a family while we both pursue full-time careers. A banker for the past decade, Jackie actually is making loans, despite the troubled economy. Whatever happened to bankers' hours? Boston real estate development has been generally very rewarding to me, although, needless to say, the last few years have posed a considerable challenge. I am afraid the word "developer" is somewhat of a misnomer for the present. Given our hectic schedules, we have been truly fortunate to have had two outstanding nannies over the past six years to minimize the guilt that accompanies the push/pull of balancing work and family.

Having lived in Boston's Back Bay for most of the eighties, last year, with Chelsea ready for kindergarten, we moved the whole "road show" to Gloucester, where we renovated an old Victorian house overlooking Gloucester Harbor. While the daily commute is at times trying, the consolidation of our lives to a place where we have roots has been gratifying. Onward and upward!

JONATHAN R. BELL

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NICHOLAS F. BELLOTTO

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Children's Home Society of Washington, P.O. Box 15190, Seattle, WA 98115
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I was an actor and comedian in New York for eleven years. My wife Kathleen Gill and I met in New York in 1976, and we moved to Seattle in 1985.

Our son Giancarlo was born the next year. In the 1970s the Italian movie star Giancarlo Giannini was at the height of his popularity. One evening, after seeing one of his films, Kathy said that if we ever had a son she would like to name him Giancarlo. Ten years later we did.

Since moving to Seattle, I have gone from being an actor to a singer: I sing in the bass section of the Seattle Peace Chorus, a ten-year-old choral group. Our mission is to promote peace and multicultural understanding, which is

reflected in our repertory and in where we choose to sing.

Our class has lost two members of Davenport College who were both friends of mine:

Karl Etherington and I were roommates sophomore year. He died in a bicycle accident in 1973. He was from Mount Vernon, Washington, which is a little north of Seattle. When I met him freshman year, I had never been West; his stories of life on Puget Sound in the distant Northwest sounded exotic to my Eastern ears. So here I am.

Hop Logan and I lived next door to each other in coveted single rooms five floors up in Davenport College. I lost track of him after Yale. I read in the alumni notes that he died in 1977, if I remember correctly. No details of his death were given, so I wrote to his parents in Alabama. I never received an answer to my letter, and to this day I do not know what happened to him. If any of you have any information about Hop, I would appreciate hearing from you.

Kathy and I saw a lot of shows when we lived in New York. In 1983 a play entitled *Moose Murders* opened and closed on Broadway in one night. In his review in *The New York Times* Frank Rich wrote: "From now on, there will always be two groups of theatergoers in this world: those who have seen *Moose Murders* and those who have not. A visit to *Moose Murders* is what will separate the connoisseurs of Broadway disaster from mere dilettantes for many moons to come." Kathy and I saw *Moose Murders*.

STEPHEN T. BEMIS

6500 Jennings Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48105

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After graduating I spent the rest of 1969 as a sea-moss raker on Cape Cod and then as a sanitary engineer in suburban Chicago. The lottery saved me from confronting the draft, and I worked in the personnel field (1970-75) for GTE and now-defunct Hammond Organ Company while attending night law school. Since 1975 I've worked as a benefits manager and as a corporate lawyer with pension, products liability, and environmental emphases. I'm published (1978) in the general aviation popular press as advocating spin training after nearly buying the farm in early solo flight training.

In 1972 Judy Heveran and I married. We have two boys, Todd and Nate, who in 1994 will be sixteen and fourteen. We moved in 1980 from Chicago to Ann Arbor when I left the Marmon Group and joined Masco Corporation. Most recently we renovated a 160-year-old Greek Revival farmhouse outside Ann Arbor.

For the first ten years out, I kept in touch with Yale by interviewing high school applicants for the Alumni Schools Committee. Over the past fifteen years I've solicited Trumbull classmates for the Yale Alumni Fund. I've also taken leadership and helped in fundraising for our church in recent years.

My memories of Yale evoke mixed feelings. Like most of us, I wish there had been women on campus. And I wish I hadn't started drinking in junior year—it took twenty-three years to put that bad habit to rest. My room-

mates and most of the classes were great, and I hope to see some of you at the reunion.

RICK BENES

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(619) 696-0206

Work: Attorney, sole practitioner, civil appeals.

Loves: Cherri Benes, 1991 Harley-Davidson FXSTS.

Achievements: No disappointments.

Disappointments: No achievements.

Education: University of Southern California, J.D. 1976.

Peeves: Helmet laws.

DAVID J. BENJAMIN III

Community Pacific Broadcasting, P.O. Box 871, Monterey, CA 93942

At my age (and yours too), I am hopefully moving beyond pretense, so I must confess I am responding more from fear of being represented by a blank than from a burning desire to reveal myself or wax philosophically about Yale.

I do think back fairly frequently about those four years, because it was during that New Haven time that I first began to grapple with and enjoy the intellectual process. An unfortunate corollary, reinforced by two immediately subsequent years at the Harvard Business School, was that at twenty-four I thought I was far smarter and wiser than I really was. It probably took me at least fifteen years to recover from that and to realize that a Yale degree represents more an opportunity to build on than a lasting accomplishment.

On the other hand, a most fortunate corollary was that my joy in the intellectual process was primarily the result of interplay with a great many gifted classmates, a couple of whom I still count among my closest friends. My bountiful four-year exposure to these intelligent, resourceful, and creative people will be Yale's lasting gift to me.

I have received even greater gifts in life, principally a wonderful wife, Laurie, and two children, Elizabeth and David, whose few bad habits were inherited from the paternal side. I have been thoroughly engaged and stimulated professionally by investing in and running a group of west coast radio stations. I trust I will have the opportunity to write more about this before our fiftieth and after retirement.

PAUL S. BENNETT

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When last seen, I was leaving Yale headed for a career in the theater. Life

surprises you. As it turns out, I've spent the last twenty of the intervening twenty-five years as a free-lance promotional writer, with a secure and rewarding niche in the direct mail fund-raising field. If you've ever contributed to a non-profit organization working on civil rights, women's rights, or the environment, chances are you've found my letters in your mailbox from time to time in the past two decades.

To those members of our class who worked so hard to get women into Yale, I can report that I'm carrying on the tradition by helping women get into Congress. In 1992 my direct mail packages raised something over \$7 million for women candidates for the House and the Senate.

For me, as for many classmates, this twenty-fifth reunion comes at a time when the educational wheel is completing a revolution. My stepdaughter Rebecca will be finishing her second year of college by the time we meet. Listening and watching as she works through what she wants out of college and how she can get it, I remember the carefully misconceived and accidentally foresighted choices I made—before, during, and after Yale. It turns out I had no idea where I was really headed, but I managed to let Yale prepare me pretty well for the route I followed. Now, seeing where I've gotten to, I find myself a bit envious of Rebecca, laying out a course from scratch, and my wife Bonnie, who made a midcourse correction into a whole new career a few years ago. As the clock chimes twenty-five, how many other '69ers are contemplating a new tack? Let's talk.

TERENCE G. BENSON

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How much has changed? Not much. It is 1 a.m. and this thing (whatever it is) is due tomorrow (now today). Luckily, some things have changed. This will arrive at the last minute but on time—by FAX.

Time has changed, I think. It's more precious. The tendency to squeeze in one more thing before doing what has to get done isn't weaker now, but perhaps the rationalization has improved. Time is so much better known. Forty years is a real distance, felt, measurable—not just an abstraction of grown-ups. Experience lets one grasp so much more and then realize how small things are and how only a few—ideals, ideas, family, *Life*—come close to the importance we thought they had.

Three a.m. is the same. It's still a wonderful time of the day to argue politics, philosophy, history, and why you felt the way you felt when she said something to you and you said something back and then it all broke apart for a while under the bright honesty of night until crying quietly you fall together and the world is okay again for the child to let the man dream of solving the world's problems.

The world's problems actually seem more solvable. Is that the hubris of the revolution generation now coming to power? We sure talked a good game, now let's do it. A new world order—not yet but imaginable. Human rights. Aren't economic rights *and* political rights *both* human rights? What happens

when the whole world has faxes, computers, copiers, radios, and televisions? But at least we are no longer living in a world which Professor Deutsch described as two guys fighting in a telephone booth with hand grenades. No more fantasies about surviving the mushroom cloud in a preindustrial America—a mutated Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.

Most remembered Yale teaching: Professor Brumbaugh quoting the three phrases over the temple of Delphi: All things in moderation, Know yourself, and—he would say with a smile—Never take second mortgages. (It sort of meant don't risk the future, but the notion that the Greeks—and by extension anyone so eloquent and renowned—could say unprofound things was clear. We were great at lofty-sounding, silly pronouncements even before Mary Jane, roach clips, and Bambu paper came to New Haven.)

The phrase “the one that got away” now evokes memories of a real estate deal that would have settled any financial worries. Having met some of those *other* “ones that got away” makes me glad they did and salves the old wounds a good bit.

AIDS put the lie to the illusion that we (the modern world) were beating death. I directed the first documentary about AIDS (in 1983-84), and all of the subjects and one of the producers and many other colleagues and friends are now gone. (So much for sexual revolutions and *carpe diem*.) We thought we were done with plagues. We were wrong. Mortality is a real pain in the spirit.

Perspectives change. How many of us came to Yale as big fish from small ponds and suddenly found ourselves small fish in a very big, very tough pond? That shock—it took me years to get over it—was a great lesson. The balance is a mixture of being a big fish in some little ponds and a small fish in some big ponds. Choose the right mixture and enjoy. “Tis a gift to be simple” goes the Shaker song, nobody hits a home run every time, and being smart turned out to be less important than luck—but it sure helps with the details when luck comes along.

Why change a good job? Stage Manager and Associate Director of WNET Channel 13 (the PBS station) in New York since 1971. A varied gig: “The Adams Chronicles,” “Live from the Met,” “MacNeil/Lehrer,” “Moyers,” “Pavarotti in Central Park,” “AIDS: Anatomy of an Epidemic,” tons of local programming, but, most important, nothing I am embarrassed about. This in an industry notorious for mindless, antisocial dreck. Public TV may not enthrall but it never demeans, and—if it ever gets funded properly—it could be the university of the nation.

No change at home. No divorce (a nine-year relationship with a Vassar girl met at a mixer and terminated fifteen years ago is a place holder for the category). One wonderful marriage of twelve years to Kathy Kline—an attractive woman of strength, energy, charm, morality, intelligence, and (in a turn of fate we laugh about) a woman who grew up in Bethany, just outside New Haven, i.e., I married a townie!

The continual change: two kids, the traditional set: a boy, Ross, and a girl, Kara, eleven and eight. Both smart, attractive, healthy, athletic, and happy. Hundreds of the best moments of the last eleven years are with them. Tossing them up into the air (I can't do this anymore and not because I'm weaker). Teaching algebra (dredging up tricks and jargon unused for three decades). Cor-

recting their English (boy, is it a tough language). Passing on the Scottish songs my mother taught me. Learning “positive coaching” for my kids and realizing that it works for adults too. Throttling my need for vicarious fulfillment. Reconnecting with my “child” through my children—what fun to be eight again! Sharing the wonder of the world and the excitement of learning with them. Feeling a strange ambivalent sadness as they leave behind their childhood voices.

Play is now more with them. But go (the oriental strategy game) is still the best head stretcher I know, and soccer is a new game for me, learned when my son started playing, and continued because it’s a natural for a small, quick descendant of European players, a last-ditch attempt to stay young, and the most fun team sport I know.

The honors that matter have changed. None is more important than the success of my family, and (second) the recognition, however infrequent, of what I give my community and friends. Mother Yale taught well.

Memories: singing at Yale, throwing water bombs, Mory’s cups, the Yale Outing Club cabin, lectures that knit the dry words of the textbooks into the fabric of living ideas, late-night excursions through the steam tunnels and up the Gothic towers, the hell of mixers, the sweet smell of the Duke’s punch, the mail at Yale Station, the rain on the flagstones, the tie in the pocket, Co-ed Week, Doonesbury (still very much with us and about us), the long walk up the hill for science, the weirdness of tap night, football (a tie?!!!), miles of road trips late at night packed into cars of someone from the ride board, uneasy at the mental, emotional, and chemical state of the driver and...

Reunions are a time warp. Ready or not, here we come.

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Like most of us—I hope(!)—I’ve had a wonderful post-Yale experience.

It has certainly not been without disappointments, however, as we certainly do live in a “real world”!

At various times in my career I’ve been an attorney—as at present—and a financial executive. Also, at present, I am excitedly finishing up a book, the tentative title of which is *Attaining American Dreams: Job Search and Entrepreneurial Strategies*. But, including Harvard law and business degrees and subsequent career “achievements,” the *really* important things have indeed been family (wife Oni, daughter Alexandra, parents, sister, etc.) and friends.

On the subject of friends, why was it so “cool,” on the part of some, to be reserved, nonextensive, and, sometimes, out-and-out unfriendly, while at

Yale? Was this “mind set,” in reality, a lack of self-confidence—exacerbated by the disease of youth?

The resultant fact that so many people felt isolated while at Yale remains my only sad memory of the place.

The good memories are much more abundant—thank goodness! They include Kingman Brewster’s remark, at the freshman convocation, that “the greatest sin is cynicism”—with which I have come to agree more and more in various respects.

Ironically, I believe that those same feelings of isolation that Yale so often produced in so many were themselves a forging and strengthening influence (another of life’s little ironies, no doubt)!

The *very* best to all of us for the next twenty-five years (equals 13.14 million seconds) and beyond!

To those we have left behind...and to *your* dreams!

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Since graduation my greatest achievement has been my family. By the time of the reunion, Margaret and I will have been married ten years and have been blessed with three wonderful kids: Sara (eight) and the twins, Shannan and Benjamin (three). I have found more enjoyment from them all than I could ever have imagined.

My work is a joy. I often say I know of few people who enjoy doing what they do for a living more than I do. I am now chief of gynecology at New York Hospital and practice reproductive medicine (infertility) full-time. I founded and am still active in our in vitro fertilization program, now the largest and most successful in the country. As I look back on my time at Yale, I have mostly fond memories, but I do regret not taking advantage of all the truly interesting courses and activities that were easily available. Too much of a good time and too many truly irrelevant premed science courses.

Yale also gave me my best friend, Mike Dunn, with whom I am still close. Some friendships do last. As I think of Yale, and the twenty-five years since, I realize I have been lucky, and that I still feel young. I hope I can say the same at our fiftieth.

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In my case the twenty-five years since graduation can be conveniently divided into the first ten years, which I spent in various training positions, and the last fifteen years, which encompass my career as an immunologist. The first

ten years, I married Jackie Levinson, we lived in New York, and I got M.D. and Ph.D. degrees at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, followed by internship and residency at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. The last fifteen years, we moved to Washington, D.C., where I specialized in immunology at the National Institutes of Health, followed by ten years in my own laboratory at the Center for Biologies, FDA. We have three wonderful daughters, Risa (thirteen), Arrel (nine), and Simone (six).

My career in science has meandered across several disciplines. As a chemistry major at Yale I was fascinated by biological chemistry and enzyme-catalyzed reactions. Fortunately, I started working with Dr. Jerard Hurwitz at Einstein on enzymes that copy or degrade DNA and RNA, and my Ph.D. thesis explained DNA replication in eight of known enzymes, including one discovered by us. This work coincided with the exciting discovery of reverse transcriptase, the missing link of retroviruses, by David Baltimore, and the dawn of the recombinant DNA revolution that is still with us today.

I was out of the laboratory for four arduous years, completing medical school and internship and residency in a large urban medical center. For those of you interested in the problems of the urban poor, including broken families, social deprivation, limited education and job opportunities, and no way out, this would be a valuable experience. In spite of many difficulties, our hospital did a remarkable job of bringing the best in diagnosis and treatment to our patients. More recently, although I supported Bill Clinton for president, I was surprised to find out that he and Hillary had become such experts on the U.S. health care system by going to Yale Law School that they could skip the rest of the training program.

After all this time away from the laboratory, I sought out an area of research that would be more closely related to medicine. Little did I realize that recombinant DNA would soon be important in every field of medicine. First, I joined the Kunkel laboratory at Rockefeller University, famous for their studies of autoimmune diseases such as lupus and rheumatoid arthritis. Later, I moved to Jay Berzofsky's laboratory at the National Institutes of Health, where I studied the hot problem in immunology—the genetic control of the immune response. I used new techniques to grow T-cells, which are regulatory cells of the immune system that control antibody production by other cells. The T-cells respond to a single site out of an entire foreign protein. The explanation for genetic control of immunity became clear, since the genes control a transport system that transports fragments of the foreign protein to the cell surface for recognition by T-cells.

After these studies I finally got my own laboratory at the Center for Biologies of FDA. Along with the freedom to choose my own research projects came the governmental role of regulating products and companies in the biologics area. The study of T-cells has led to new types of candidate vaccines.

One area of my research is to identify the factors contributing to the potency of hepatitis B vaccine and to apply these lessons to improve the potency of other vaccines, possibly including HIV-1. My results so far suggest some optimism that a safe and effective vaccine for HIV-1 will be found eventually.

Our regulatory work has, I hope, benefited some of you directly or indirectly. We are responsible for the efficacy of blood bank tests designed to remove

transfusion-transmitted viruses from over eight million units of blood each year. In addition, new vaccines have been approved recently, including hemophilus influenza B, which has greatly benefited our children, and hepatitis B vaccine, which has had unfortunately little effect on the epidemiology of the disease, despite the high clinical efficacy. Besides these efficacious products, we also act as umpire for others that just don't seem to work. The basic premise of the FDA is that companies cannot regulate themselves. At best, we strengthen the hand of those skeptics within companies who insist on quality control and proof of efficacy before products can be offered for clinical use. Contrary to the *Wall Street Journal*, FDA has an important filtering role in ensuring that the best new drugs come to market, and the worst do not.

Five years ago I left a scientific meeting at Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island to spend a wonderful day at our twentieth reunion. It seemed that the buildings never change, only the people do. I was a little disappointed to see how many promising young scientists had gone into the professions, and how few actually became researchers or something equally creative. I have come to realize that discovery-based research is a privilege shared by few people. Yale helped set me on this course, and my wife's support and encouragement have been crucial in sticking to it. I nearly got lost in the instant gratification of clinical medicine, only to be rescued by immunology. Now, I work with people I like and respect in a place with enough job security to serve as an incubator of creativity.

I look forward to seeing you again at our twenty-fifth reunion, to compare notes, share insight, and multiply our collective wisdom.

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KENNETH A. BERNSTEIN, M.D.

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After leaving New Haven in June 1969, I moved to Boston to attend medical school at Tufts. I met my wife Connie in 1972, and we were married in 1975 during my residency training in internal medicine. In 1976 I went to work as a primary care internist for the Harvard Community Health Plan. At that time a small, relatively new health maintenance organization, it is now the largest in

New England. I've had a fulfilling career, but the practice of medicine remains a great challenge, especially in the 1990s.

For me, the most important part of my life has been my family and friends. Writing for the twenty-fifth reunion classbook is a bittersweet experience for me because of the deaths of one of my daughters, Becky, and that of my close friend and classmate, Rick Goldman, both of whom I miss very much.

My memories of my Yale experience are inevitably linked with memories of friendships made at Yale. I still see and remain close with Tom Finarelli, and correspond periodically with Jamie Woolery and Karl Ameriks, my roommates at Yale. I see them all too infrequently, I wish it were otherwise.

I've been blessed with three beautiful children and a wonderful wife. When my second child, Becky, died in 1988 at the age of eight of a brain tumor, it was my older daughter Debbie, then age nine, who helped sustain us through some tough times. And now we have a two-year-old son, Zach, who fills our days with laughter.

There are many things in life that college does not prepare one for. Someone once told me that the secret to happiness in life is in what one makes of Plan B.

Anyway, my years at Yale remain an important part of my life, even if they didn't prepare me for Plan B.

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A wonderful woman who shares my life, three extraordinary children, Mary, Jack and Emily.

BARTON D. BILLARD

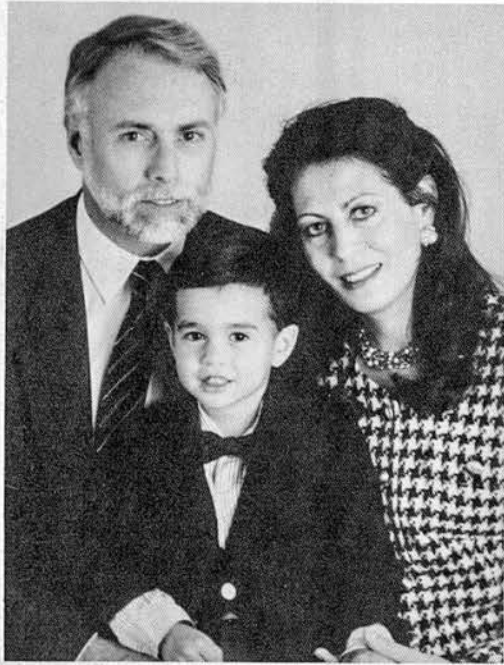
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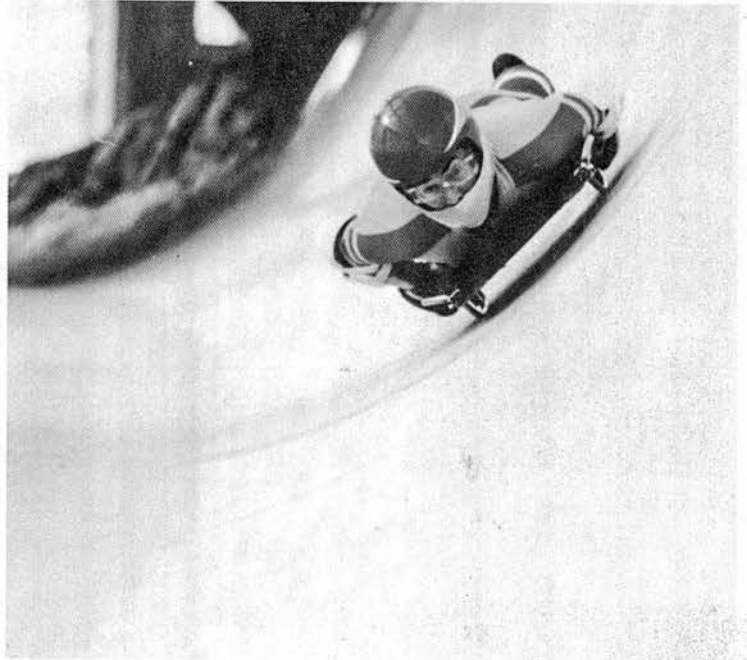
Lee W. Bachman



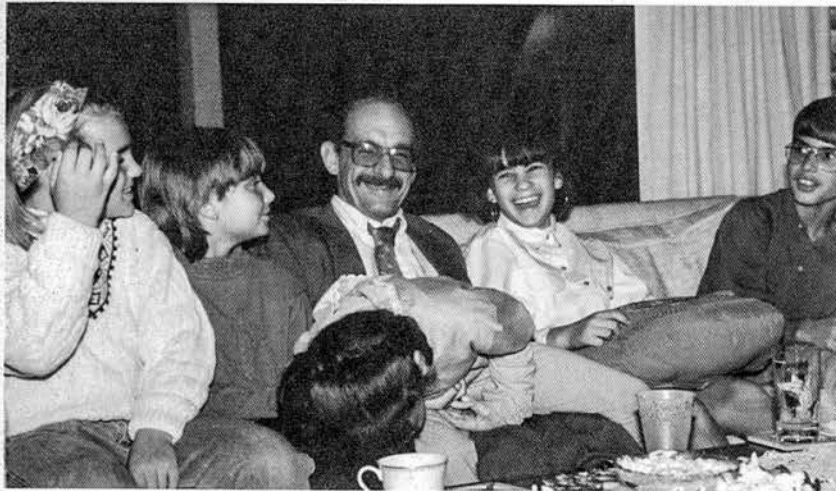
Richard and Thea Barrier and children



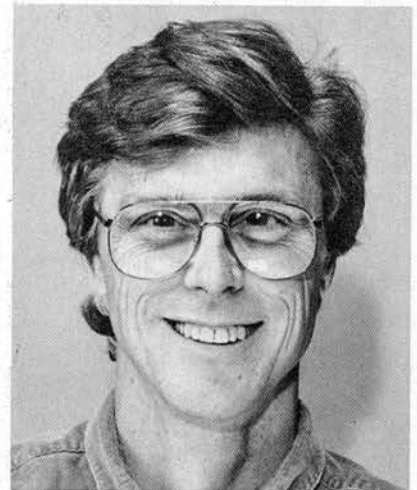
John, Gaily, and Barrett Beinecke



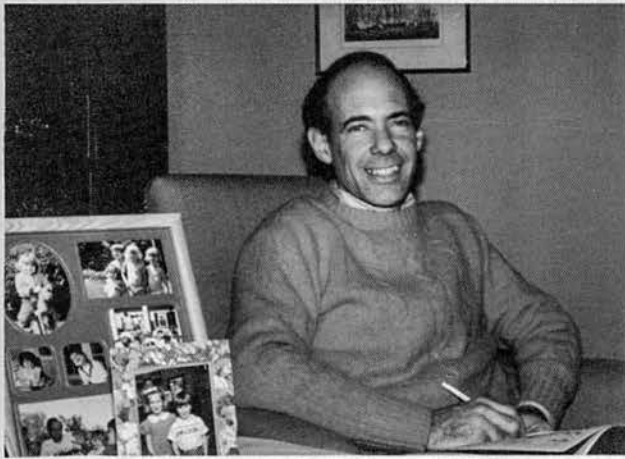
John Beinecke riding the Cresta



Robert E. Beach, Jr.



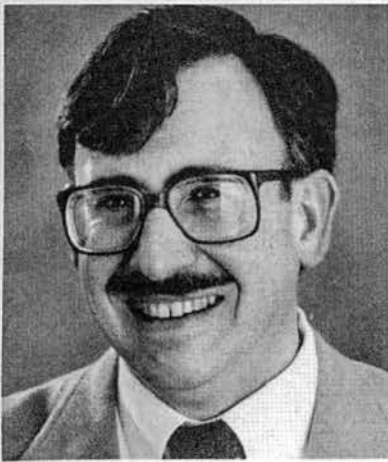
Thaddeus R. Beal, Jr.



Edmund Bartlett III



David and Jackie Bell and daughters



Stephen T. Bemis



David J. Benjamin III



Ira J. Berkower



Connie, Debbie, Zach, and Ken Bernstein



Stephen B. Billick

DR. STEPHEN BATES BILLICK

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Associate Professor of Psychiatry, New York Medical College, Chief Psychiatric Inpatient Services, St. Vincent's Hospital, Director of Medical Student Education. I absolutely love teaching. Past President of New York Council of Child Psychiatry.

Commander, Most Venerable Order of St. John of Jerusalem (by Queen Elizabeth II). Cavalliere, Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus (Duca Savoia).

Love playing softball, squash, and doubles (in preparation for old age!). Love traveling to Paris, Geneva, Tokyo, London, Great Smoky Mountains, etc.; devotee of Frequent Flyer Miles!

Enjoy black tie and white tie events—and I look particularly “dashing” in my kilt (old MacDuff)—but all in all, I still prefer being in blue jeans, t-shirt, and barefoot. Daily, I still wear conservative bow ties.

I am fully addicted to New York City—theater, exotic restaurants and groceries—although I am true to my Wisconsin upbringing (i.e., I drink my milk out of glass returnable bottles and prefer a meal of charcoal grilled bratwurst and microbrewery beers).

I dream of a world free of bigotry, racism and hate.

I sometimes dream of being Master of a residential college at Yale (looking homeward angel?).

JAMES R. BILTEKOFF

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Joanne and I recently announced the sale of our company, Elan Foods. What a wild and wonderful seven years! We are extraordinarily proud of Elan Premium Frozen Yogurt. We were privileged to play a lead role in the launch of a whole new food category; frozen yogurt has grown from nothing to capture fifteen percent of the ice cream market. We are happy, battle-scarred, and perhaps a little famous within food circles.

Like so many of our class, we are learning to adjust to an empty nest. Our daughter Leslie has entered Tufts. Katy, a senior at University of Vermont, has begun to contemplate the reality of leaving academia for “The World.”

And so we are all preparing for new adventures.

It seems strange to look back a quarter of a century when we are so focused on the future. Time has not diminished my appreciation or affection for Yale. We were a privileged few, honored to share in a distinguished tradition. Hopefully, we are using our gift of education for the betterment of ourselves, our children, and our communities.

STEPHEN J. BITTNER, M.D.

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Greetings and a hearty Bow Wow Wow, dear Gentleman Songsters, fellow final offspring of the All Male Yale! Back in those days they didn't call it a Y chromosome for nothing. What can I tell ya? Twenty-five years in nothing flat, eh wot? *Les faubourgs des viellesses* here we are. I greet you from deepest suburbia where, in my L-and-B-oid armchair, I occupy my ringside seat at *la comédie humaine*. What *have* I been doing? An unparaphrasably fascinating life, but only to about one or two people, at most. A sketch (if you really want to know): I seem to recall something about medical school, but mostly what I "do" is marriagehood and parenthood, adrift on a sea of domestic desiderata, with plumbing crises, dental appointments, children's milestones, and occasional going to work. (I once saw a woman on TV who, when asked what she "did," slippingly replied, "I'm a daughter." Most apt! I, therefore, am a spousefather, or some such.) For thrills I mostly (still?!) read (someone in publishing once asked me at a party, "Oh, do you read?"); get excited about ideas and other word-things (as opposed to politics, gardens, antiques, whatever); work on projects with kids and friends; race bicycles (a recent preposterous obsession taught to me by my son, occasioned by my arthritic football knee that cut short a brilliant jogging career). Increasingly I seem to be dealing with the onslaught of entropy of the house, body (bifocals at last!), and family (two big losses last year still have us a bit adrift). Workwise, I did pediatrics for awhile, but in a fit of midlife karmic something or other, and in an effort to further exploit my weaknesses, ten years ago I jumped to psychiatry (good grief! a second residency. What was I thinking?). Here, I have found "my true niche" ("true Nietzsche"?), sort of a return of the repressed English major, explicating, deconstructing, coauthoring, occasionally healing, other people's epics, sagas, tragedies and melodramas. I am in charge (sort of) of an adolescent program, which enables me to immerse myself in my own level of developmental stuckness and keeps me away from oldies stations.

My wife Marcia, the light of my life, remains, after twenty-seven years (!?) the steady corrective to my excesses and tangents. She is, besides, a mild-mannered marketing director for a great metropolitan (Norwalk) maritime center (her fifteen minutes of fame thrust upon her last year when lawyers were given free admission, as a professional courtesy, to a shark exhibit). Darcey, my twenty-year-old daughter, is intelligent, beautiful, and dauntless. She is thinking of medical school (which could mean another four years of babysitting her obstreperous parrot) and is spending the summer as a White House intern, which is by far the best place to be if you're thinking of being a doctor. My son, Jake, is eighteen, just graduated from high school: James Deanesque, gifted aesthete, connoisseur and cyclist. He is off to architecture school in the fall on his way to emulating his idol, Frank Lloyd Wright. I have been privileged these last fourteen years to have been adopted by a glorious mutt, Dancer, perhaps the most highly evolved creature I've ever personally known, the Dalai Lama of dogdom. I have also been lucky to have had the chance to work and play with a wonderful group of friends, also therapists, in New Haven, and thus get to hang out a bit in the Great Blue Aura as it changes and stays the same over the years.

My good friends from Yale track, Mark Young '68, Larry "Red Fox" Kreider, and Chuck "Mad Dog" Hobbs reunite as much as possible. *Still* waiting for someone to break our Yale mile relay record. Boola Boola.

My feelings about the Yale years are mixed: the times were too tumultuous (as the anniversaries of the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy attest) and my own adolescent *meshugaas* too awful to make the memories unambivalent, but as the years pass, I feel more and more that I got what I imagined I came for: a stiff dose of classical (i.e., old canonical) liberal arts education that nurtured my congenital fascination with words, history, and ideas into a lifelong passion. So I'd like to use this poor forum, for what it's worth, to thank old Eli and in particular some of my favorite teachers: Alice Miskimin, Bart Giamatti, Alvin Kernan, M.J.K. O'Loughlin, Kenley Dove, Cyrus Hamlin, Charles Garside, Richard Ellmann, Robert Brumbaugh, Willard Oxtoby, and (probably) others. Thanks.

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Left Yale in 1969 as a callow Japanese historian and went to Yale Law, mostly to wait out Vietnam. As the law school was full of people who already knew all the answers (now running *your* government), I spent as much time as possible studying probability theory at Aqueduct. Subsequently found job at Mobil Oil in Japan, combining law and Far Eastern interest, leading to my lifetime, though sporadic, connection with Japan. Never a serious lawyer (how could *anybody?*), and since the mid-eighties have departed from that priesthood. Have stayed with Mobil since I have been offered a series of wildly different careers/geographies under one employment umbrella. After several years in Japan, in the seventies, moved to London to look after Middle East stuff, then to New York. Came to D.C. with my employer in 1987, thus completing a circle

by returning to my birth site. Now Assistant Treasurer of Mobil, looking after worldwide capital markets and foreign exchange. Yale's liberal arts education undoubtedly prepared me for this latest challenge, though in ways still somewhat mysterious to me.

In the course of this life, I was married in 1967, as a callow lad, and subsequently had two sons, one born in New Haven and one in Tokyo, who are now young men. That their education was acquired at Connecticut College and Goucher is a testament to changing times. How different *their* world is (aside from the persistence of Jimi Hendrix)! Separated/divorced in the 1980s. Renovation via marriage to Helen, a New Zealander, in 1989, who has turned, at the least, my geographical perspective around. We are enjoying ourselves, our lives, and the prospects of advancing age and wisdom together.

I distill all of this to three principles:

- 1) The lived but unexamined life is superior to the examined but un-lived life.
- 2) Experiment beats policy; Edmund Burke got it mostly right.
- 3) Bowling for dollars isn't a bad religion, and there's no Lent.

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I am a comfortably middle-aged Chief of Outpatient Psychiatry at the San Francisco VA Medical Center, and I am an Associate Clinical Professor of psychiatry at the University of California, San Francisco. I now live in Marin County in a lovely home overlooking the bay, after I escaped a very close call in the Oakland-Berkeley firestorm of 1991. I lost everything I owned and was lucky to escape with my life as neighbors on all sides of me were killed. I have a busy schedule of teaching, research (just got a large grant to do neuropharmacologic clinical research trials), patient care, and other "faculty business" at the

university. I have a few publications, a few achievements, and lots of loves, despite the fact that I live with a partner of twenty years. I don't get back East much. The last trip to Yale was in 1990. I went up there for solace and memories on a side trip from my brother's funeral in Westport, Connecticut. He was killed in a small plane crash in southern Connecticut.

I have my good days and my bad days as we all do. It is hard to believe that it has been twenty-five years since I was racing up the hill to the biology tower for those eight o'clock classes that I always made by 8:20. I miss Jonathan Edwards and our craziness. I often think that the memories have faded, but at the strangest times—sitting on the Golden Gate Bridge in traffic or during the adagio of some very familiar symphony—New Haven bolts into my mind with its warm flush of recollection. I miss you guys: Myron, Clay, Roy, Bob, Steve, Gary, Al, Jim, Tom I. and Tom K. I miss the twenty-year-old you, too...Geoff.

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Personal stuff: Married Billie Pell in the summer of 1969, shortly after graduation from Yale. Great happiness in December 1978 with the birth of Erin Chandler Bordley. Great sadness in 1981 when Billie and I were separated and later divorced.

Great happiness again in 1987 when I married Priscilla Martin and again in November 1990 with the birth and adoption of Christopher Ross Bordley. Priscilla is also a teaching internist, now working two-thirds time at that and of course full-time at parenting Chris. Fortunately, Erin and her mother live close by, so I have the joy of both children—although at times I think I'm a bit too old to have an adolescent and a two-year-old at the same time.

A great legacy from Yale has been my close friendship with Mike Kenfield and his wife Linda, with whom I have cycled many miles, skied many slopes, talked many hours, and shared triumphs and tragedies.

After family and friends, greatest joys are cycling, skiing (downhill and cross-country), and reading.

Professional stuff: Taught seventh, eighth and ninth grade English at Gilman School in Baltimore for two years before giving way under five generations of genetic pressure to pursue a career in medicine. Returned to Yale in 1971-72 as a special student to do premed, then off to medical school at Johns Hopkins. Graduated in 1976 and "matched" for my internal medicine residency at Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York. Have been in Rochester ever since, as residency was followed by chief residency, fellowship in general internal medicine, and then a faculty position in the Department of Medicine. Currently Associate Professor of Medicine and Acting Chief of Medicine at Rochester General Hospital, a 540-bed teaching affiliate of the University of Rochester. My first love is teaching, and my greatest professional triumph is receiving the award for Best Clinical Teacher from the University of Rochester Medical School Class of 1993.

MICHAEL F. BOUSCAREN

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The past twenty-five have been evenly split in years of marriage and family and developmental single life ending in 1980. Deedie Clark became my bride thirteen years ago; we have three girls, Chloe (ten), Lila (eight), and Maggie (three). We live near the Hudson River, north of New York City, and I manage bond portfolios at Salomon Brothers Asset Management.

Today my future vision fills mostly with the continuing growth of our children. Fortunately, Deedie and I will share youthful perspectives with our girls for at least another twenty years, until they are grown up.

We find fulfillment in the challenges of raising a family, and the hard work finds reward in the love we share with our three wonderful little people.

In family life I have found focus and meaning in a world otherwise distracting in the fleeting and sometimes hollow rewards of professional notoriety and financial gain. Too many people take all of that too seriously.

After two years in the Navy, Harvard Business School, and time in the grain trade, I settled into the money trade, becoming a specialist in municipal bonds, and launched my present career as investment advisor, first at Putnam in Boston, and then in 1986 with Salomon Brothers. It's been a great run, and the business is recession proof?

The question "Where do you want to be in the next five or ten years?" is answered by us: Just about where we are now in terms of the commitments we have to one another, save we hope to find continued enrichment through what we do, in the people we touch and who touch us.

Other goals: continue to invest in marriage and family, run a few more Boston Marathons, achieve a single digit golf handicap, try to stay humble.

Finally, I hope Yale can strengthen its tradition of providing responsible leaders across all aspects of American culture through a curriculum that instills the wisdom of the ages.

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After all these years, Yale still intimidates me just a little. Someone made a mistake and accidentally admitted me into a club where I don't really belong. Not witty enough, not quick enough, not successful enough, not confident enough.

Even writing this brief note is a minor ordeal. It's as though I were in a

competitive event to see who can be the most insightful and clever.

Getting past these cringing and projective asides, I am a radiologist by profession and will soon be settling in Lompoc, California, a small town north of Santa Barbara. Hopefully this will become my home.

Each move since high school in Hicksville, New York, has had a very good purpose, yet the net effect has been to make me disconnected and homeless. I have wandered from Yale to medical school at State University of New York in Brooklyn; to family practice residency in Santa Monica, California; to Monticello, New York, to be near my beloved grandmother; to Albert Schweitzer Hospital in rural Haiti to serve the poor, live out my romanticized dream of being a doctor/“missionary”/adventurer, and allow my children and me to learn my wife’s culture and language; to Palm Bay, Florida, to be the perfect family practitioner; to radiology residency at Ohio State University, as the oldest resident in their history, in order to escape the self-imposed burdens of idealism before burning out; to Claremont, California, for a good job in a nice area; and now to an even better job in an even nicer area.

Marie, who remains beautiful despite the rigors of twenty-one years of marriage to me, has grudgingly moved with me most steps of the way, along with our two children. Our son Kevin is a happy and successful sophomore at Stanford. Tanya is our popular, accomplished, intellectual, high school cheerleader daughter who wants to go to Yale.

Boola! Boola!

P.S. I am inventing a piece of furniture which will be more popular than the hoola hoop and promise to have published before our fiftieth reunion a treatise on cerebral dominance which I began at Yale and which will revolutionize the world’s understanding of the human mind. Fortunately, by then, those of you who are still alive won’t have a mind with which to remember my promises.

BARNEY J. BRAWER

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Like everyone else, I don’t feel old enough to have graduated from Yale twenty-five years ago. In another part of this book, I’ve shared some thoughts about my experience at Yale, my life since then, and my attempt to understand the connections between the two. I’m happy and restless in what seems like the appropriate balance. My life includes a wonderful spouse and daughter whom I love, aging relatives, interesting and difficult work, enough money to pay the bills. I’d love to talk with others about where we’ve been and where we’d like to be going. See you at the Reunion!

RICHARD BREITMAN

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Personal: married to Carol Rose; children David (nine) and Marc (five). Ph.D. in history, Harvard University (1985).

Professional: Professor of History, The American University, Washington, D.C. Author of four books and twenty-odd articles in German and American history. Most recent book: *The Architect of Genocide: Himmler and the Final Solution*, which won a prize given by the Institute of Contemporary History in London. Consultant to the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum and other organizations.

Hobbies: tennis, reading mystery novels, rooting for the Boston Celtics.

Memories of Yale: lively times in Morse College dorms and courtyard; hating to get up for early classes; the tie game Yale lost (and the bet I lost); good professors and bad food.

Hope for the future: more common sense and less partisanship in government, the academic world and society.

MICHAEL A. BRESSACK

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CHRISTOPHER C. BREWSTER

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My career began with phases in teaching, advertising, and city planning (the last one helping plan a new capital city in Nigeria). Then I got into the computer business in Minnesota, making use of a technical aptitude that I neglected during college. Since 1982 I've worked for Cray Research, the main maker of supercomputers.

By age twenty-four I was already entering my second marriage, but this one turned out to be the keeper. My wife, the former Nancy Ridolfi, is a physicist (and, after hours, a good pianist).

We have two kids. Rebecca (twelve) plays pedal harp and shows talent in drawing, doesn't do much with science in spite of long-running encouragement from us. Ben (seven) is completely dedicated to baseball; winter is only the time between baseball seasons. I'm helping him along, but he'll be too good for me in a few years. Baseball is useful for teaching him other skills, such as reading and math.

The Reunion question form asked for loves, dreams, and so forth. For many years my interests have been dominated by music, with some performing (playing trombone in a brass group) and lots of listening to more and more obscure composers as time has passed.

My political attitude isn't too far from the recent movement called "communitarian." My only radical opinions are in favor of preserving the environment.

Any Yalies who have an Internet connection are encouraged to write me on that medium. Address: cb@cray.com. Tolmach, this means you.

DAVID W. BREZINA

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I have put off this project to the last possible moment, not wanting to stop long enough to dwell on the fact that it has been twenty-five years since graduation. It is very hard to believe...the roller coaster ride we have all, I am sure, been on has only increased its velocity each year. The goals set in youth have not changed significantly, but the time frame for achieving them has stretched out incredibly. For me, the expenditure of time and energy during the last two-and-a-half decades can be funneled into three interwoven buckets: family, fun, and career.

My two sons are grown (almost) and out of the house (not quite); my wife is back in school and coping with work, home, and studying; I'm dealing with having become a grandfather just a few months ago. Through all of this, I have discovered that the number of restaurants visited is inversely proportional to the number of kids at home and hours of study required by your spouse to pursue her goals.

I still enjoy sports of all kinds, although the body has shown new limits each and every year. Hiking and biking are now my major outdoor compulsions. Having lived in Colorado since college, there is no end to the breathtaking venues for such activities. Additionally, I enjoy playing pool with friends at The University Club of Denver. It is amazing how many Ivy Leaguers have led the same wayward life as I and developed a proclivity for such a game of skill.

After taking a stab at law school, I found that I enjoyed administration and management more. I combined both (law and management) by first working in the Colorado judicial system and ultimately serving a stint as Clerk of the Supreme Court. For the past ten years I have worked in the private sector as Director of Administration for a dynamic law firm in Denver.

Through all of this, my Yale experience has shown through and colored many of the things I have done and the friends I have found along the way. Those were four of the best years of my life. I would not trade them for anything.

TIMOTHY PAUL BRINEY

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Ten years as a teacher of English (immediately following Yale), then ten years in the thoroughbred industry. Along the way, a master's degree in education and, recently, the Certified Financial Planner designation as part of a five-year-old career as financial planner/investment advisor. Pursuing Master of Science in Financial Planning, must complete in seven years (we'll see).

Married, happily, in June 1984 to Dallas Collingwood, whose daughter Alexandra will graduate from Colby in 1995. Dallas directs the development

efforts of Miss Hall's School in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

In May 1993 the twenty-seventh annual Derby party cum the much appreciated Hudson Strode Memorial games.

Bridge, golf, and tennis, all deteriorating.

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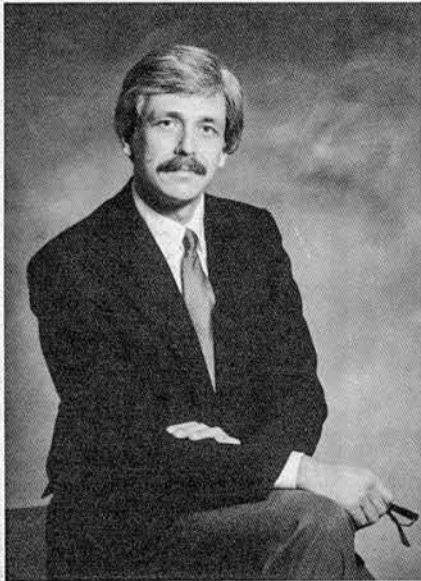
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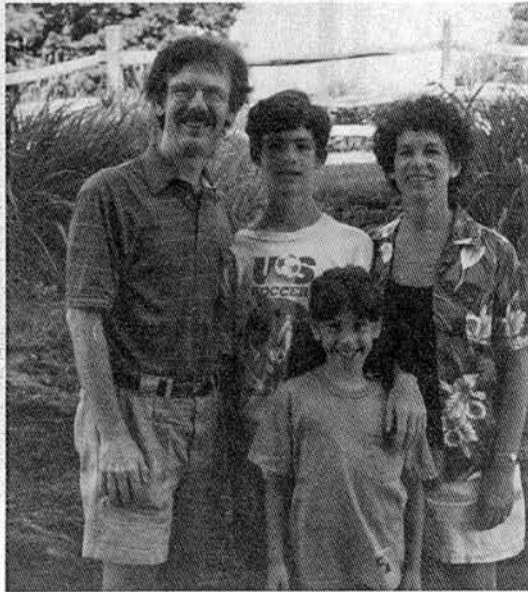
I am currently Counsel to the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. I received my J.D. from the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. I have represented labor unions and employees since 1974. I was a partner in the labor law firm of Cooper, Mitch and Crawford in Birmingham, Alabama, and subsequently Associate General Counsel of the United Mine Workers of America. In 1992 I left the United Mine Workers to join the new reform administration in the Teamsters. That administration is the first directly elected one in Teamster history, and won in a court-supervised election conducted in late 1992.



Rick Benes



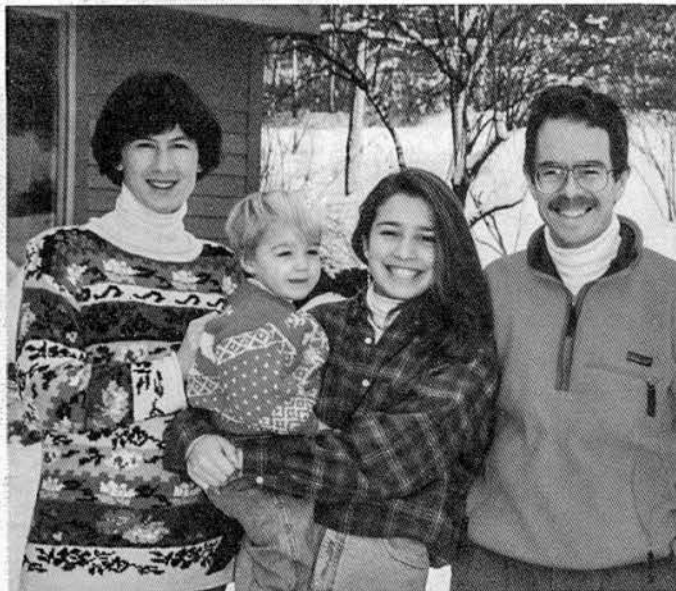
Steve, Marcia, Jake, and Darcey Bittner



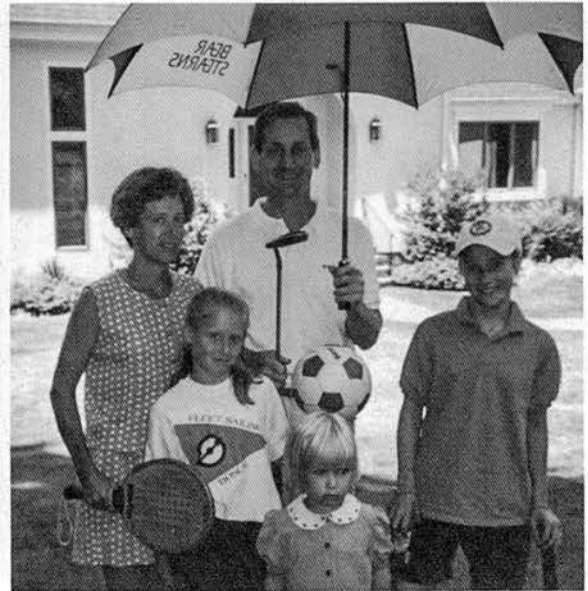
The Terence G. Benson family



Rick Larkin, Jim Schweitzer, Will and Helen Bogaty, Don Galligan, and Robb High, Bogaty wedding



The Donald R. Bordley family



Michael and Deedie Bouscaren and daughters



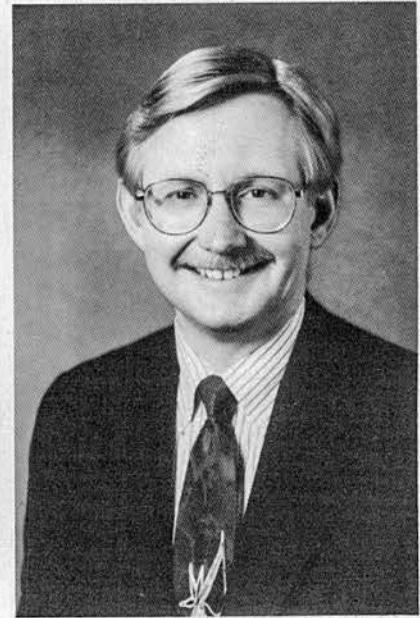
Barney Brawer and family - wife "getting her doctorate from an obscure college in Cambridge, MA," daughter, mom, and in-laws (backs to camera)



Richard and Carol Breitman



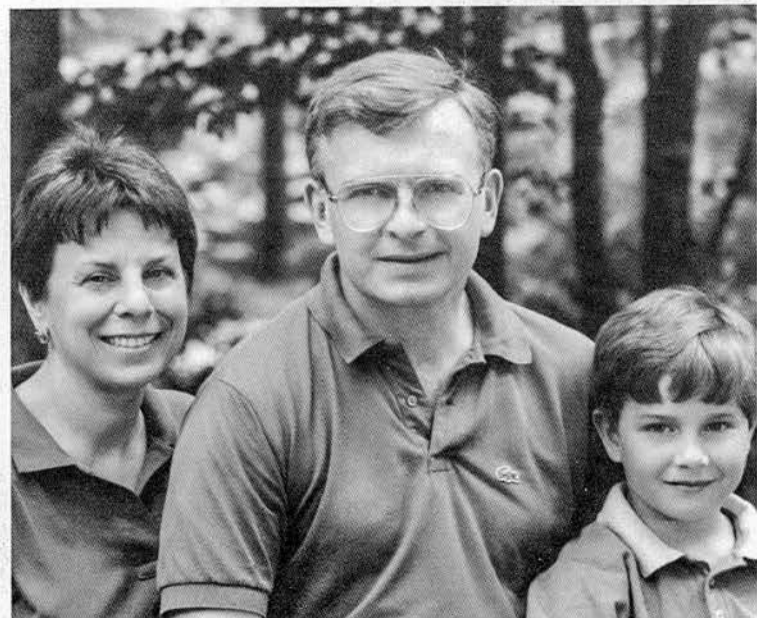
Ed and Marie Boyle, children Kevin and Tanya, and Ed's father, Ray



David W. Brezina



"MOTHER," 1904 Silliman (1971): Richard Platt, Marshall Taylor, Malcolm Brown, Robert Danly, Thomas McNamee



The Kenneth S. Brown, Jr. family

KENNETH S. BROWN, JR.

99 Sanborn Lane, Reading, MA 01867

Spent four years in the Navy Nuclear Submarine program. M.B.A. from Harvard Business School. Have spent the last fifteen years selling and marketing computer tapes and other magnetic media, working for BASF and Anacomp. Have been an active rugby player since 1976. Married Fran in 1980 and have one son, Kenneth III, born in 1984.

DR. MALCOLM McD. BROWN

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After leaving Yale in 1969, I had a goal of becoming a doctor and caring for people. I went to medical school at Columbia University where the medical training was fine, but it took me little time to learn I had no taste for living in the Big Apple. Therefore, I moved to the opposite extreme and took my residency in Cooperstown, New York. It was a wonderful three years, but it was a little isolated for a permanent residence. I moved on to a fellowship in rheumatology in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The specialty of arthritis appealed to me particularly because I like dealing with people. This field still takes a very personal approach with patients, with less emphasis on tests and procedures.

After finishing my training, I joined a large group practice in Katonah, New York. There I was able to practice some rheumatology, but a large part of my time was involved in primary care in internal medicine. The area was beautiful, and the practice was very successful. However, as time passed, I felt that something was missing. At age forty, in a predictable manner, my questioning became so great that I decided to resign from the practice. I spent one year reassessing my goals. A decision was made to move to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, where a much more easygoing life style was available. I also was able to set up a practice limited completely to rheumatology. This has worked out very well. I now have time to pursue other interests in addition to medicine, including positions on the board of the local symphony, on the board of a local agency that helps people in times of crisis, and in the local Episcopal Church. In view of the complex nature of medicine (which has changed so dramatically in just the few years since my graduation), I find it difficult to understand how our current President is going to find a solution the health care problem. Primary care medicine is exhausting and mentally draining.

At this point I am working on a foundation sponsoring research on rheumatoid arthritis. Recognizing that there is more to treating patients than prescribing medications, I have established groups in which alternative therapies such as meditation will be used in combination with more traditional therapies. Hopefully this project will be fruitful and will expand as time passes.

Above all, I have made time for my family. I am married and have three children. Certainly the opportunity of watching them grow has been the most rewarding experience of my life. My twin boys are approaching college age, and

I will be interested to see what New Haven is like after so many years when they visit it. My youngest child is a girl, and daughters are fun. Perhaps she will go to Yale in the future.

THOMAS H. BROWN

153 Lakeside Place, Highland Park, IL 60035

After leaving Stiles College and Yale at the end of sophomore year, I finished a degree in math at Oklahoma State University and a lieutenant's commission in the Air Force. Mary Beth Evans (Mount Holyoke '69) and I were married (with Lamar Smith, John Darrow, and Bill Moon attending) in 1970, following a romance kindled at a Mount Holyoke College mixer in 1966. As the story goes, there were stacks of brownies on a table to one side and Mary Beth to the other. We enjoyed (I more than she) a year of pilot training in Laredo, Texas, followed by three years in Plattsburgh, New York, and two summers in Thailand flying KC-135s and finishing a master's degree from Southern Cal in systems management. After leaving the Air Force in 1975, I did a master's degree in civil engineering at MIT in 1976. We've been in the Chicago area ever since, working in various aspects of transportation planning for the area. I am currently in charge of airport planning for United Airlines, which takes me to a goodly number of places around the world. Daughter Alice (pride and joy) was born in 1983 and is zipping through grade school. Publications: a few journal articles and coparticipation in *Measuring Airport Landside Capacity*—don't rush to your local bookstores. Current interests: woodworking, books, tennis, and city planning. Favorite Yale memories: fall walks to the Bowl, Scully's architecture course, and very late nights listening to Miles Davis with John Oleyer, Lamar and all the Vanderbilt/Stiles bunch.

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Twenty-five years carries with it such a weight, I feel I should invent a little more of a life for myself, lest I not be up to snuff. However, snufflers, my story...

I've been an actor all these years (save for the first couple when I was in the Drama School training for it all). New York, Broadway and Off; theaters around the country; Hollywood, television, a series, and films. And always commercials. Dozens, thank God, of commercials. Some years have been good, some miserable. The work itself is generally enjoyable, the business grows less and less so. But, to its credit, showbiz has introduced me to wonderful people—great friends, artists, and loves. For the past twelve years I've shared my life with my friend Tim, a fellow actor, and even when professionally things may have been rotten, life has nonetheless managed to be pretty swell. We've a home in Connecticut, a place in Provence, not much in the bank, but what the hell. I look forward to being able to write pretty much the same thing at our fiftieth.

Hello to Gene, JJ, and Pat.

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EDWIN J. BUCKINGHAM III

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Cheryl and I have been married for twenty-two years, and we have a daughter, Emma, who is five years old.

For the last sixteen years we have lived in Houston, where I have worked for the U.S. subsidiaries of Solvay S.A., a Belgian chemical and pharmaceutical company. (I trust that my classmates, unlike a few people I've met in this country, are familiar with Belgium.) I'm now Vice President and General Counsel of Solvay America, Inc., the U.S. holding company for the Solvay operations here.

In thinking about the last twenty-five years, my first reactions are that I'm very glad I got married; I'm very glad we had a child; and I wish we had never decided to build a house. The last may be overly influenced by current events, though; see how I feel in five years.

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Unbelievably happily remarried, with lots of kids, all ages, not all at home, growing fast and well!

Primarily caring for people, but remain active in local politics—medical and otherwise. Most recently finished three-year stint as Chief of Staff at local hospital, now President of local (New Hampshire/Vermont) thoracic society. Still running, not as far, maybe another (and last) marathon in *several* years for my fiftieth birthday.

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DAVID H. BUNDY

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Jean and I moved to Alaska in 1972 after Harvard Law School. We weren't sure if we wanted to stay for long, but we're still here, and it looks like we're staying. After five children (ages two to twenty-three) our roots are well planted.

Alaska is an interesting place. Except for the Native population, nearly everyone migrated here, frequently to escape prior failed businesses or relationships. So everyone is determined not to repeat the mistakes of the "lower 48"

and ends up making new and different mistakes instead. The state has lived on oil for the past fifteen years, and we pay no income or sales taxes. The state has more money than is good for it, in many ways, and the solution to every problem is to spend money on it. In fact, they pay us \$1,000 each per year just for living here and promising not to leave! That doesn't keep Alaskans from being just as opposed to taxes or government regulation as the rest of the U.S. So we are a laissez-faire minded people living in the most socialistic state in the nation.

Fortunately for me (for the past twelve years a bankruptcy lawyer), the oil-based economy makes for a boom-bust cycle. I'm glad Clinton won (though he didn't even come close in Alaska), as it's time for "our generation" to be in charge for a while, but I hope he doesn't get his wish to turn Alaska into a vast ecological preserve. It's really a tragedy that we spend billions to buy oil from the Arabs and leave our own in the ground. Conservation is fine as far as it goes, but doesn't every Friend of the Earth member drive a car to protest rallies?

Moving to Alaska hasn't been all roses. It got both Jean and me disinherited by our families. My side are all Yale, so I guess this shows that tolerance and liberal thought wasn't the invariable result of a Yale education a few decades ago. Maybe they'll leave it all to the alumni fund instead, so I won't have to! Actually, tolerance and liberal thought isn't all that widespread in our generation either. Twenty and thirty years ago I enjoyed reading the letters in the *Yale Alumni Magazine*, all of which were signed by graduates with old Yankee names from classes like '14 and '22, to the effect that Yale had become impossibly left-wing, and the letter-writer had sent his last contribution. Now I read the same letters, except they're from graduates of '58 and '66. Are you and I going to be sending these letters in next?

One thing I have figured out: I don't have a lot to gripe about. Our marriage has survived twenty-five years and is going strong. We've adjusted to the nineties by me spending more time with the family while Jean pursues her art career. All the kids have turned out okay so far, with no significant legal or medical problems.

Here is a Yale lesson I've decided is worth remembering: a political science professor declared that the national government operated by "the science of muddling through." This may seem a truism, but it explains life at every level better than any other theory I've heard. So let's keep muddling through and doing the best we can.

FRANK BURKETT, M.D.

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I operate (surgeon). I love it (my work). I lost my love (divorce). I have four heirs (kids). I've been disappointed (bankrupt). I learn (from my mistakes) a lot. I have few honors, but have three offices. No awards, but I have been sued. I'm often peeved, but not by my lack of publications. My dreams are memories. Hopefully I will be able to do even better in the next twenty-five years.

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PETER H. BURR

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DR. DANIEL A. BUSCH

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I never finished Yale. So I'm ambivalent about sending anything in for the Reunion Book, but if Yale wants to claim me, who am I to complain. I left Yale in January 1968 for the University of Houston, a very different type of place, finished there in 1969, worked a year, then went to medical school at the University of Texas at San Antonio, graduated in 1974, interned at the University of Washington, did a psychiatry residency at Northwestern in Chicago, and have been in Chicago since. I'm in private practice in adult general psychiatry, but my professional true love is psychoanalysis, and I should soon finish training at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, which has been a wonderful place.

I got married in 1973, divorced in 1979, and had one daughter, Jennie, by that marriage. Hopefully, she'll be in the Yale Class of '98.

I remarried in 1981 to Judy Skerchock (William and Mary, 1975; Ph.D. from Northwestern University in clinical psychology, 1981), and we have two children, Becky (Yale Class of '06), and Joshua (Yale Class of '11).

Regards to all my friends.

PAUL D. BUTCHER

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(410) 465-9117

RICHARD J. BUTCHER, M.D.

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Married Chris Dotterer, M.D., February 12, 1993. Moved to farm, April

8, 1993. New stepson, Seth Dotterer, age twenty; new stepdaughter, Kate Dotterer, age eleven.

WAYNE G. BUTTERFIELD

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Mostly overseas the last few years, trying to promote development through World Bank, USAID, and U.N. projects. Corruption and mismanagement have taken a toll on my sixties idealism, but I still enjoy comparing perspectives with folks in foreign lands. Married Pailin Haruancheep along the way and have explored much of southeast Asia and raised two crazy Thai kids together.

GENE BUZZARD

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It seems appropriate that I am writing my first Yale paper in twenty-four years one day before the deadline. Procrastination dies hard. My life since Yale is probably not too different from the norm—marriage (for twenty-four years), the draft, Vietnam (as a clerk), law school, back to the hometown to practice law, three children and an income too high to qualify my children for financial aid and too low to make payment of college expenses comfortable.

My connections to Yale have grown ever more tenuous (I've even managed to lose track of roommates), but my time at Yale has been important to me. I remember gratefully the opportunity to study Chaucer, Joyce, and Böll. I remember the agony of struggling, and ultimately failing, to make sense of people like Heidegger and Husserl, and I feel relief rather than shame in admitting that their stuff was, and undoubtedly still is, beyond my ken.

I remember reading before I started Yale that it was a very competitive place; that there was a good deal of pressure to rise to the top of whatever activity you chose to undertake. I also remember consciously deciding not to compete with anyone on any level, but rather to try to learn as much as I could. In retrospect, it seems to me that I might have learned more if I had competed more.

I also remember the Yale community being more self-critical than any other group I have been around. It seemed to me that we constantly battered ourselves. If you are going to be self-absorbed, as college students are, then self-criticism seems a healthy activity.

Yale left me with slightly battered ego and with a sense of missed opportunities, but also with what I think are the marks of a good liberal education: a faith in the value of intellectual rigor and honesty, an exciting exposure to our intellectual and spiritual heritage, and a sense of duty to our society. All in all, I think we were fortunate to have been there.

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Yale enabled me to learn to think, to listen and apply critical judgment. My subsequent scholarly career was spotty at best, ending in the infamous and all too frequently encountered “ABD” from Johns Hopkins, but all was not in vain. I rarely encounter the opportunity to scan seventeenth-century English verse or calculate the orbit of an errant asteroid (a Gold Star to the reader who discovers my method of meeting the science distribution requirement), but even those of us who are not in the national loop can exercise a degree of intellectual rigor and apply the lessons well learned to a critical problem in business or the nonprofit sector. One of these additional lessons of time has been that this application of critical thought is virtually automatic. There is no gear shift for the frontal lobe; somehow the reflexes take over.

I suspect that history has concluded that four years is a magic term, insofar that most specimens of *Homo sapiens* can absorb the information and techniques with which they have been confronted in a particular academic setting in that period of time and thus can be safely loosed upon the world. There is an elegant symmetry to this measurement of time, much akin to measurement of distance which has produced the ninety-foot basepath and concomitant time required to make a throw across an infield. A few feet longer or shorter on the basepath and the drama of close play at a base is removed. Either the runner has no chance or the fielder has no chance. Indeed, if a callow youth is turned out of college too early, he might be unable to thrive. If he is turned out too late, he might be too jaded to care. The evolution of the four-year college pattern might have more to do with celestial mechanics than the endurance of the student

(what the Germans call *Sitzfleisch*), the depth of the parents wallet, or even the monumental patience of the faculty. Maybe the “music of the spheres” relates to the harmonious passage of human time and experience as well as to the inexorable mutual connections of heavenly bodies as they pass through limitless time and space.

I have also learned that only the passage of time can allow one to truly appreciate that which has vital, enduring importance. Intellectual agility and a vast body of factual knowledge are not enough. Calvin Trillin writes of his classmate in *Remembering Denny*, relating the story of a bright and talented man whose life ended in self-destruction. He concludes that his downfall was his physical and emotional isolation. I know that I was and am still prone to an icy aloofness borne of intellectual arrogance. This has led me to a beguiling and sometimes unshakable sense of self-sufficiency which has proven to be a near-fatal delusion. There is a wonderful line in Bernard Malamud’s *The Natural* where a character says, “I believe we are given two lives; the one we learn with and the one we live after that.” The gradual yet unmistakable realization that we are interdependent is one of the hallmarks of adulthood. The act of giving is profound; indeed, one might say that we cannot truly appreciate a gift or a blessing until we have shared freely of it. The mistakes of youth, indeed even the more tragic mistakes of adulthood, can only lead to a more profound appreciation of both the resiliency of the spirit and the bottomless capacity of our fellow human beings for acts of elemental kindness.

Nine years ago I was in the final stages of a twenty-year process of drinking myself to death. I had learned too well the Yale lesson that one must drink like a gentleman, but I was not then and had never been a gentleman where alcohol was concerned. My Yale career was crippled by the onset of my alcoholism. It cost me roommates, the respect of classmates and friends, and the chance to make the most of the extraordinary opportunity to be at Yale. Certainly the Dean who threatened me with rustication for a repeat of the trashing of the game room knew as little about it as I did. The blackouts, the scurrilous language, the obsession with supply, the gradual isolation, and the inability to make any reasoned judgment whenever I had consumed alcohol were to me a price of doing business if I wanted to drink. My graduate school career was effectively ended by it, and my life in the business world was limited to the meager efforts which I could muster in between the pursuit of those activities which revolved around my need, even my right, to drink. My personal life was a shambles, for my own self-absorption was potent enough to preclude a meaningful relationship with others. The hallmark of this disease is denial. At the same time I was progressing into the chronic stages of alcoholism, I was at once unable to see the deterioration and unwilling to admit that anything was less than ideal in a life which had flown fully off the tracks.

It was only when, in a moment of grace, I could admit defeat, admit that I had no control over alcohol, that my life turned around. I knew then that I had to rely upon others, to depend on their strength, and ultimately and most importantly on a greater strength and higher power apart from myself which I could not adequately describe. This continues today. The blessings of life continue to multiply, for I have regained both those aspects of a fully realized life which I had abandoned and more importantly those people whom I consciously discard-

ed and ignored. I have been given the opportunity to face the wonders of living free from the shackles of alcohol and to truly know that life has a purpose.

This freedom has led me down many paths. My material needs are met by owning a real estate brokerage and consulting company here in Baltimore, but my heart lies in the nonprofit world. I had been a part of this world prior to sobriety and had enjoyed a small measure of satisfaction in educational efforts, including re-creating an academic high school which is now a consistent feeder for Yale, community organizations and public policy and political forays on behalf of mostly victorious candidates. Today my nonprofit portfolio is bulging, with current positions on the boards of the largest publicly funded treatment center in the state, a large community mental health center, and several other local and statewide organizations. I am fortunate enough to serve on two standing commissions for the governor of Maryland relating to alcohol and drug abuse. These deliberations have ranged from health care delivery to education, employment development, corrections, and public safety. In addition, I am cochair of an alumni advisory board for Yale regarding alcohol and drug education as well. This panel keeps me in contact with the campus of today and reinforces the long-held notion that this great, multifaceted place we know as Yale is as alive and interesting today as when we trod the sod of the Old Campus. My work with the Association of Yale Alumni and the Alumni Association of Maryland has allowed me to meet Yalies ranging from the Class of 1904S to 1997. I can only conclude that we are not only some of the most fortunate people on earth for the chance to have gone to Yale, we are also among the most diverse and fascinating people I have ever encountered. One of the most enduring experiences of this side of my life was the privilege and honor of representing this country at an international conference on alcoholism in Moscow with the Soviet government and the hierarchy of the Russian Orthodox Church. A year later I served as host for a delegation of Russians here in Maryland. (Imagine, if you will, attempting to explain to a bewildered, non-English-speaking Russian Orthodox Archbishop that I “sing” with our statuesque, married hostess as opposed to “sin” with her.)

Singing is still one of the great joys of my life. I thought I knew how when I entered Yale, but I was to discover that I had a lot to learn. Fenno Heath instilled in me the appreciation of vocal music which I carry with me today. I had always enjoyed music in my home as a youngster, but Fenno led me to love it. This too must be counted as another blessing. Robert Shaw once suggested that the performance of the Brahms *German Requiem* had three hallmarks: its creation in a native, accessible language, the celebration of life in lieu of the lamentation of death, and the unbreakable connection the performers would have with everyone who had ever sung the work before and everyone who would ever sing it in the future. With that, he bade us “have a good performance.” There are dozens of such moments in my musical career. I had abandoned singing for ten years in favor of the more immediate agenda of staying drunk. When I was able to return to this endeavor, I felt as though I had come home after a long journey. The first concert work I sang with the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and Chorus after this long hiatus was Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, with the final movement “Ode to Joy.” I am still with this organization, as well as three other vocal ensembles here in Maryland. The

immensely satisfying Yale tradition is ever present as well. The annual Glee Club singing dinner and the 125th and 130th Glee Club reunions are special memories. Imagine three hundred aging male singers crowded on the stage at Woolsey Hall at rehearsal singing “Mother of Men” for arguably the first time in twenty years. Imagine, too, the devotion of those men in their eighties who still return, including three gentlemen who were exceptional soloists, and in one case still is. None of us are at the stage when we should be referred to as “wonderful old gentlemen,” but the time might not be far off.

See you at the reunion. God Bless.

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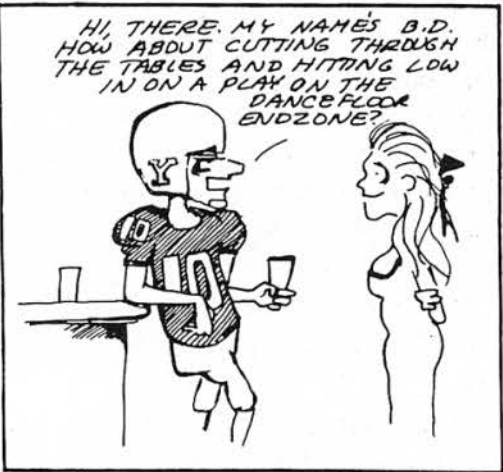
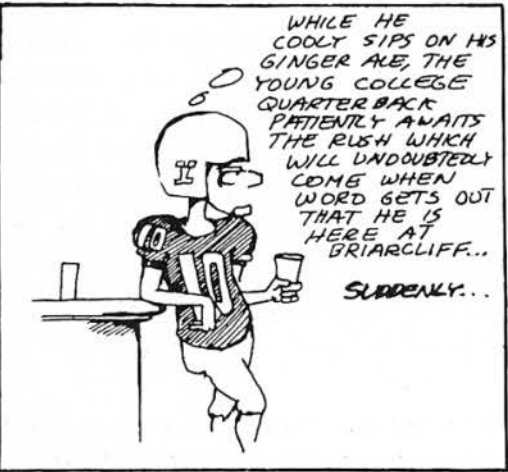
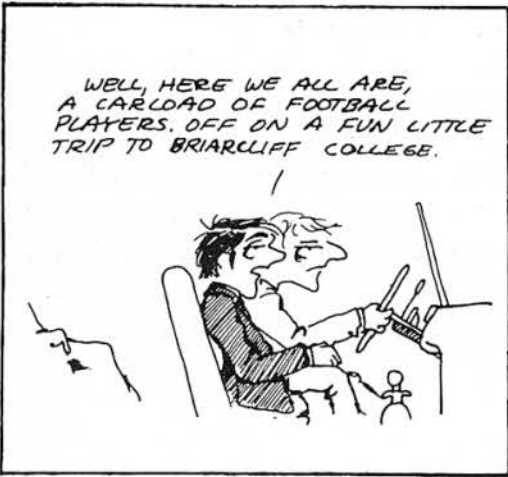
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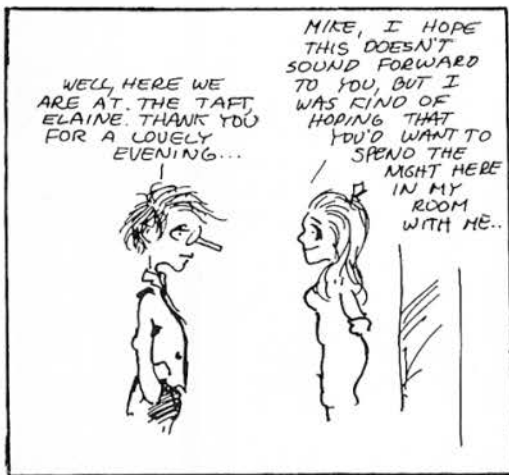
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I remember sitting in the second balcony of the Shubert Theatre watching *1776* and being asked to move to the back of the orchestra because the crowd was so small. Geoffrey Anderson, my roommate and companion on these many trips to the theatre, predicted “This one is a loser” or some such prognostication. I remember bicycling from science hill to the medical school with a box lunch and eating during biochemistry classes. I remember the cartography course where the teacher taught us how to lie with maps and graphs and how others do. I also recall having one person stationed at the window in case the “Administration” dared to begin digging up the campus for the library extension and shouting “Grass not Glass,” a memorable chant, clearly an example of environmental awareness before its time. I remember late-night pizzas when cholesterol was something whose structure we memorized, not something we worried about, and playing pool and squash in the Saybrook basement. It seems so long ago.

Yale taught me how to think. Using this skill, I finished graduate school, got a Ph.D., invented a few things, helped make pregnancy and ovulation predictor tests, living human replacement skin, tests for smokers, and drugs which help your immunity. Along the way I married once, Mary, and had three kids, Joshua, Jeremy, and Madelyn, who span the ages from college to preschool.

I also saved three lives and took none and maintained my antiauthoritarian outlook even as our generation became the authorities. I could never understand how someone could work just for the money and the glory and make something that did not help others, and I am glad to read that many of my classmates have not followed that path. With the diversity of the people and the wealth of opportunities at Yale, I only regret not getting more from the experience.





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I spent a few years after graduation trying out various lifestyles, all involving various degrees of rebelliousness generated in part by my nature and in part as a reaction to Vietnam. The rebelliousness mellowed in time, and the events of Watergate persuaded me that “the system” was not utterly corrupt. I thus geared my efforts more towards the mainstream, first as a city planner in the Yale-infested New York City Planning Commission, and then into the real (?) world as a corporate lawyer.

I’ve spent the last twelve years or so practicing in Boston, where the Yale diploma is not the prevailing currency, but where it does command some vestigial name recognition. I moved to Boston from Buffalo in search of the perfect wife, whom I found in the person of Ivis Villar, a clinical psychologist from New York who happened to come to Boston for a one-year stint at Children’s Hospital, and who was gracious enough not to return to New York in order to be with me.

We were married in 1983 and have a pair of twin boys, Thomas and Alexander, born in 1988. They are full of life and energy, as little boys everywhere tend to be, and manage simultaneously to age us physically and rejuvenate us spiritually. They are the center of our lives.

My career involves representing a wide mix of businesses: start-ups and publicly held companies; high-tech dreamers and strait-laced banks; widely successful companies and teetering failures. Being a lawyer has been very rewarding, not so much because of the financial rewards (although I am not starving) as because of the mix of the intellectual challenges and the practical problems that need to be solved.

I seldom look back to Yale, and when I do it is with the same sense of unreality that affects my recollection of childhood fairy tales. When else did I live in a castle? Have all my needs attended to? Live only for ideas, ideals, and an occasional drunken bash? It was the best of times, never to be recaptured.

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Very little to report; for the past fifteen years my wife Gale (we were married in April of my senior year at Yale) and I have resided here in New Hampshire—just the two of us. After three years of boarding school and four years of Yale, I was disinclined to undertake further schooling and so entered the

work force after graduation. Being impecunious and only recently emerged from the turmoil of the sixties, I tried my hand at various enterprises, including, briefly, teaching, construction, commercial fishing, filmmaking, and real estate. Finally, I went into the securities business, where I developed a specialty in New Hampshire tax exempts—a very small niche, to be sure.

In leisure hours I take long bicycle rides or take advantage of our proximity to Boston, the seacoast, the White Mountains, and Quebec. With best to all classmates.

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Memory: I remember an April day in 1968. It was a nice warm day. I had a Kinship and Marriage seminar with Floyd Loundsbury after lunch, and later I was scheduled to play an intramural golf match at the Yale course. It was also the day that Martin Luther King was buried. At my Anthro seminar, Floyd Loundsbury brought with him a set of newspaper clippings about the violence against native peoples in Brazil. At first we believed this was the beginning of some unscheduled lecture, but as the tears came to Loundsbury's eyes, as he talked of watching the King funeral, of his frustration, we saw in this ever-so-quiet bookish man a commitment to humanity that none of us, I am sure, has ever forgotten.

Memory: Julie and I will celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary in 1994. I wish we could do that in one of those sleazy rooms in the Taft Hotel. For some incredibly low amount (wasn't it \$8.00?) we would create our own weekends of junk food, black-and-white TV, sex and, of course, at least one good fight. Julie would arrive by bus from D.C., we'd have a late dinner at the Copper Kitchen or some other greasy spoon downtown, and then we'd check in at the Taft: "One person, only?...Of course." With minor alterations, this was our routine for nearly three years. Second semester, senior year, Julie came up seven weekends in a row, allowing us to "graduate" together (geez, we should've kept a room key!).

Memory: We were probably one of the worst freshmen golf teams Yale has ever had. I know, because I played second man, and I wasn't very good. But we had spirit, and we had fun. If I remember right, we lost to a whole bunch of prep schools, particularly on the road, where rich, skinny kids with pimples hit

hooks around dorm buildings to half-hidden greens in pastoral Connecticut or Massachusetts. But we beat Harvard! I wish I could say that I beat my man that day, but I didn't. As I walked toward the 18th green, I was down one and had to sink a long putt to tie. Watching me were most of my teammates, who had already finished their matches and, to my eyes, didn't look happy, which made me feel even more pressure. Were we ahead or not? I wasn't sure. I missed the putt, but as I walked over to my teammates, they all burst out with smiles and said we had already won. God, that felt good, and it still does today. I have been back to play the Yale course only once, but it really wasn't much fun without you guys of '69.

Today: We live in and love Minnesota, having come to the land of Vikings, Keillors, Humphreys, hockey pucks, and long winter nights in 1971 from two strange years in D.C. with me waiting to be drafted while we marched against war and stupidity. Yes, it's cold in Minnesota, but don't feel too bad for us, though, because we have learned to spend as much time in Mexico as possible. That's where I did my Ph.D. research in anthropology in the 1970s and where for fifteen years I have continued to work with the Maya peoples of Chiapas, and where now I go for museum meetings, cultural exchanges and discount beaches. Since Julie teaches Spanish, she goes, too, and sometimes takes forty teenagers with her. Our children, Joseph (twenty) and Elizabeth (sixteen), are native Minnesotans who can't wait to leave. At this reading, Joseph is hopefully in Ecuador for a semester, living with his grandmother and studying Spanish for his degree at Ithaca College. EB (as we call her) is defending her tennis titles as she finishes her junior year at St. Paul Central.

I have been at the Science Museum of Minnesota for eighteen years. After family and Yale, this place has done more to shape my mind and soul than anything else, and I love it. Believe it or not, museums are highly charged places right now. We fight about almost everything—from who really owns the artifacts to what role we should play in education, the saving of our planet, or in giving new voices a chance to be heard or seen. Since I sit on a few national boards concerned with museum affairs, I have had the chance to watch this new golden age of museums blossom (our age is not "golden" in financial terms, so please contribute to your local museum!), and I can take some credit for helping invent some new kinds of partnerships with schools and new forms of cultural dialogue with native communities. I expect that I will stay in the museum world, if not in Minnesota, then most likely a lot farther south.

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It can't be a quarter century since I left my roommate at the gates of

Timothy Dwight, both of us with tears running down our faces. Back then I never imagined I could ever forget the names of those streets surrounding Timothy Dwight, but I have...having replaced them with the names of suburban neighborhood streets in Westchester County, New York. We all excelled at remembering trivia back then, spitting it back for approving professors. But now, will we be able to remember the important stuff—who we are and who we were during the last four years of the sixties when we prolonged our adolescence and went to Yale?

My sweet suitemates! All four of us on the Timothy Dwight Tang Cup team of ten. I treasure the close friendship with Bill Mackoff over the years—getting better and better as aged wine. I am thankful for the few visits and phone calls with Jim Hammarsten over the years. And I am saddened at having lost contact with Bob Wharton. Maybe at reunion?!

You ask about publications. This year has been a bittersweet one for me in that respect. I am a musician of sorts—having played piano endlessly in the Timothy Dwight Common Room, clarinet in the Yale Precision Marching Amoeba, church organ in the summertime and string bass...er, bass fiddle...for “Billy Hamilton and the Ohio River Boys” on a ferryboat for alumni watching the Yale-Harvard crew races. In the seventies I played in a rock band “Goodness” for four-and-a-half years (we even played the Princeton Prom—no, Tigers can’t really dance), got a recording contract, wrote songs, cut an album and retired to the real world of marketing educational videos and software. At that time I tried to have a couple of church choir anthems published, but only collected polite rejections. Since the seventies I have written one song a year—mostly Christian contemporary music.

About two years ago my mom (my first and best music teacher, critic, and fan) urged me to try to get my newer songs published. So I arranged two of them for SATB choir—one for Christmas and one for Easter—and sent them off to seven publishers. And back came, the rejections, one by one. My mom, ever-hopeful, said to find some more publishers and keep mailing. So I did.

Finally, at the office one day, I got the call. Alfred Publishing Company was going to publish my Christmas song, “Who Is This Tiny Child?” The bittersweet part is that the call came twelve days after my mom died during cancer surgery.

I am thankful that I have been blessed with a loving wife, Carolyn, and two wonderful daughters, Lauren (ten) and Lisbeth (seven), all of whom love the Lord Jesus and try to offer his type of unconditional love to others. I thank God for them—and for my friends, new and old alike. See you at our Twenty-fifth!

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Education: M.A., Old Testament studies, graduate Theological Union, Berkeley, California, 1972; Ph.D. in sociology (demography), University of Michigan, 1980.

Work: Director, Population Studies and Training Center, Brown University. I have been at Brown since 1984. I carry out research and am involved in

the development of policy concerning international population growth, in particular human fertility in low-income countries. During the past decade most of my work has been in Asia (most recently the Philippines), but I am shifting my work now to Africa.

I serve on committees of the National Institutes of Health and the National Academy of Science, and I advise the World Bank, U.S. Agency for International Development, the U.N. Fund for Population Activities, and a number of foundations.

Family: Married 1981 to Lauralee Thompson; one child, Benjamin, born June 1987.

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With fond memories of a graduation parade where many marched with balloons tied to their mortarboards, I arrived in Boston with some trepidation. I was one of only a handful of students permitted to enter the Harvard Business School straight out of college. Most of my classmates had several years of business experience already, and the competition in class was reputed to be cutthroat. After the relatively informal atmosphere at Yale, the regimentation of the “B” School came as an unpleasant shock. Before we were done, however, we had acquainted the faculty with blue jeans in class (much to their dismay) and conducted what I believe to be the first student strike in the history of the West Point of Capitalism. Perhaps to compensate, we also graduated four of the top mergers and acquisitions investment bankers of the 1980s.

Two weeks after graduation from Harvard Business School, I married Barbara (Bess), whom I had met the summer before senior year at Yale. The following Monday I went to work as a research assistant at Harvard Business School, the lowest paid member of the august Harvard faculty. “That’s only half your compensation,” I was told when I complained. “The rest is in the prestige.” My particular assignment was to write case studies on how to manage New York City, and anyone who has been there since knows I was spectacularly successful!

I became a journalist by serendipity, answering a blind announcement on the Business School placement board. The editor of *Forbes* began his career in India during World War II, and my job interview was a three-hour lunch discussing how India had changed since then. I joined *Forbes* in 1972 and, with a couple of interludes, I have been there ever since.

It’s been a wonderfully satisfying job. Since *Forbes* has no beats, writers are encouraged to follow their own interests. I have been able to write about everything from sports to defense strategy to why professional women spend thousands on sexy lingerie, in between *Forbes*’ normal fare of articles about companies and economic issues. Not every story has been fascinating, but each brings new knowledge. The constant learning has brought variety and great pleasure to my work. It was capped, in 1993, by a Citation for Excellence from the Over-

seas Press Club for an article I wrote in 1992 on India's economic liberalization. I continue to write, but my primary job now is to teach others how to analyze large, complex companies and to shape their stories. I may be the only professional mentor in business journalism, and it has been an extraordinary experience. I take as much pride in my writers' work as in my own.

When my father died in 1976, Bess and I moved to India to look after my mother. To try out my M.B.A., I took the job as head of strategic planning for Goodyear Tire's Indian subsidiary. Four years later I quit, totally frustrated by working for a large bureaucratic company in a then-hostile regulatory environment. I still don't know which was worse.

The time in India wasn't a total waste. We returned with a daughter, Joya, now almost sixteen—the product, as a business magazine might put it, of acquisition rather than of merger. To watch her blossoming from a sick little baby, barely ten days old, into a poised young lady has been an indescribable joy. In 1989 we returned to India to adopt another daughter, Anjali, who was five in January. We thought bureaucracy was bad in India, but the U.S. immigration and adoption machinery were eye-openers. Anjali's adoption proved to be a three-year nightmare.

After our return from India, Bess, who had dropped out of Boston University when I joined *Forbes*, decided to return to school. She graduated at the top of her class with a degree in architecture from the Pratt Institute, one of the country's top architecture schools. She then spent three years doing social service architecture for the Pratt Institute Center for Community and Environmental Development, a holdover from 1960s activism. Several hundred formerly homeless families in New York now have apartments thanks to her work under PICCED's auspices.

When we moved out of New York to the suburbs, however, there was very little scope for social service architecture, so Bess returned to sculpture, her first love. Progress has been slower than she hoped; looking after an active little girl is a full-time job in itself. But her reputation is growing. Every piece she produces sells before it is finished, and at steadily higher prices, so the artist in her—and the businessman in me—are both satisfied.

In sum, the past twenty-five years have been remarkably full and happy ones. My principal regret is the appalling amount of weight I've gained. The 150-pound crews I coxed at Yale will be relieved not to have to lug me around now!

Disappointments have been few—notably, a very unhappy five months as an analyst on Wall Street in 1986. I learned that to money managers in the midst of a takeover frenzy, companies are not real people who make real products, but bundles of assets to be stripped for quick profit.

Among my treasured memories is one of having stopped Janis Joplin from starting a riot at Tanglewood between 40,000 screaming fans and 200 very scared but armed policemen. I was able to negotiate a compromise on crowd control with Tanglewood's head of security: Officer Obie of "Alice's Restaurant" fame.

My fondest memories remain of Yale, where I spent four of the happiest years of my life. Not only did Yale make it possible for a student from a faraway land to get a superb education, Mother Yale really was a caring and protective

mother. For this lonely foreign student—when Third World undergraduates were rare—Yale was more than a college. It was home.

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No Address Available

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June 1993 finds me completing my twenty-second year as a member of the faculty at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham, Massachusetts. What was a very traditional boys' New England prep school when I joined in 1971 has grown remarkably over those years. While it maintains much of what is good about a small, caring community of learners, it is very much an institution of the 1990s, with all of the attendant excitement and conflict that entails. The school is twice as big, coed, far from the white/Anglo-Saxon/Protestant institution it was. It is much better academically and artistically, and while athletics no longer are as central as they were, the program is better and teams are winning.

I was hired to develop a community service program and have stayed because I have been able to change my job regularly without changing my address. I've taught history, social studies, English, what is known as Growth Education (read sexuality, substances, decisions, and issues of adolescence). I've coached rowing, soccer, hockey, and even rugby at various levels from middle school to varsity. I lived in a dorm for a dozen years. I have been academic dean, head of the middle school, a department chair, and am currently director of financial aid and assistant headmaster. I suspect there may be a few more stops along the way.

Jenny and I have been married for sixteen years. She teaches history and Latin at Dedham Country Day School nearby. Sarah is fifteen and finishing her first year at Milton Academy. Sam is fourteen and about to start his final year at Dedham Country Day.

In 1985 I traded jobs, houses, cars, all but families, with a teacher from the Christ Church Grammar School just outside Perth, Western Australia. We had a fabulous year living, working, and traveling in that remote corner of the world. In 1990, during a sabbatical, we spent about five months traveling in a small motorhome around the U.S.A. and Canada. Summers for more than a dozen years have been spent restoring an old house we acquired in the small fishing village of Isle au Haut, Maine. There we have delighted in restoring the old while also creating an efficient home with solar energy and low resource use. It will be a lifelong effort.

As a family we have developed our love for islands, remote places, and a life which is as uncluttered by the commercialism of American life as we can make it. Our love for travel has taken us to Nepal as well as many shorter expeditions about the U.S. and Canada, and the Caribbean.

More than once in the past twenty-five years I have been in a conversation with someone about the progress of our lives and begun to feel badly because I have found each step to be, if not easier, definitely much better, and that has not been the case for them. We have been blessed with a good life to date.

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Most exciting for us right now is our commitment to home school our children. Lots of work, but it is clear that education doesn't take place in schools.

I am maturing as an architect. It seems to have taken a great deal of time to see what I now am able to see.

I love my wife, my children, my vegetable garden, my work when the client can pay for what he/she really wants, those very few moments of reading, returning and using the Yale libraries, particularly Art and Architecture.

In the last third of my life—if I get that much—I would like to study and write history; at the moment, history of education interests me most. The difference between now and at Yale re history is that I have a *reason* to study and write it.

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Our twenty-fifth reunion coincides, roughly, with what is for me a midlife metamorphosis and restart. The first half was fine, even great: two terrific kids (who are now my best friends and one a Yalie); started and built two companies; dabbled in other businesses; built the house that had become my obsession; got close to my brothers, sister, mother; started making real friendships; became more self-confident...and there were, of course, not so good aspects: marriage didn't work out; failed to catch market peaks for selling companies; missed having breakfast and dinner with my kids; misspent my time and focus and emotions.

Now I'm optimistic and eager about the second half. I want to transform my company from an entrepreneurial cauldron to a professional well-oiled machine, or sell it. I've started doing business in Ukraine—hotel, trucking, trade, medical—on a catch-as-catch-can basis, and fantasize about building up a substantial, effectual organization there, maybe even personally becoming part of the community (in the latter regard I've already become a founding trustee of a new,

independent university in Kiev). I plan on testing myself again in business, to see if my previous success was an accident of fate or a consequence of skill.

I'd like to create a risk-free, judgment-proof nest egg so as to obviate abiding financial insecurity. I'd like to grow as a friend to my friends, a father and relative to my children and family, and a companion/friend/lover to a woman I've yet to find. And I'd like to return the decency and kindness to all those people (alma mater not excluded) who formed and nurtured me in the past. I look forward to the second half and the challenges and pleasures it will bring.

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After graduation I stayed on at Yale for law school. I settled in San Francisco in 1973, where I have worked and lived ever since. I began in private practice with a big law firm, from which I progressed through various in-house counsel positions with a number of companies, large and small. The smallest (but not necessarily least) of these was my own leveraged-lease brokerage business, which waxed and then waned with the phases of tax reform in the eighties. The largest is my employer since 1986, Sun Microsystems, a computer company where I am deputy general counsel. I am founding chairman of the American Committee for Interoperable Systems (ACIS), an organization of information technology companies which promotes intellectual property laws, balancing the need to reward innovation with the need to preserve competition. My current occupation in copyright law and policy seems far afield from my undergraduate major in Chinese history.

Ruth Meyler and I were married in 1980. She is the senior international lawyer for Levi Strauss & Company. A native of London, Ruth was a history scholar at Somerville College, Oxford, and is a U.K. solicitor as well as a member of the California Bar. We have two lovely and as yet unspoiled children—James, a seventh-grader at Cathedral School, and Celia, a third-grader at Hamlin School—who are adequate musicians and rather more than respectable athletes. As the happy beneficiaries of many frequent-flier miles, they join us in our travels whenever possible.

GEORGE S.T. CHU

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PROF. JOHN CISNE

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Department of Geological Sciences, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY 14853
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In 1973, with a paleontology Ph.D. from Chicago, I moved to Cornell where I've researched life's evolutionary history and taught something like Science IIb ever since. Capitalizing on our work with recombinant DNA, my wife Robin and I soon will be opening Cenozoic Park (Cisneland's Jurassic Park knock-off), which will feature sons Joel (eleven), Nathaniel (eight), and Martin (three) in a real-life demonstration that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny. Watch for brochures.

TIMOTHY M. CLARK

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One thing leads to another. A quarter century later, it's time to join the ranks of distinguished alumni and alumnae who are revealing their homosexuality. My thanks to John, Larry and Paul for their leadership. I am a founding father of the Cape Cod AIDS Council. My private psychotherapy practice offers countless opportunities to participate in human discoveries. The relationship with Buddy, in its twentieth year, offers daily sustenance and joy. My heart is heavy with the sadness of so many of our body who are living with AIDS, and who have died. My love to Terry.

STERLING K. CLARREN, M.D.

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I am married—nearly twenty-three years. Our daughter, Becca, will graduate from high school this year (1993) and is on her way to Vassar or Smith (yet to be determined). Our son, Jon, just had his Bar Mitzvah and did a splendid job. I am an academic pediatrician, the Robert A. Aldrich Professor of Pediatrics and Head of the Division of Congenital Defects at the University of Washington. I have been primarily interested in the prevention and treatment of fetal alcohol syndrome. We are also developing a new specific pediatric subspecialty, "Medical Teratology"—a field parallel to medical genetics. My wife Sandy (née Bernstein, Smith '69) is an educational psychologist. She works for a local private school and does research with our group.

Although my work and family have always consumed most of my time, things are changing. Skiing, gardening, and fishing take more time each year, and we just bought part ownership of a 38-foot sloop—"The Ruby Tuesday"—my midlife crisis one way or another.

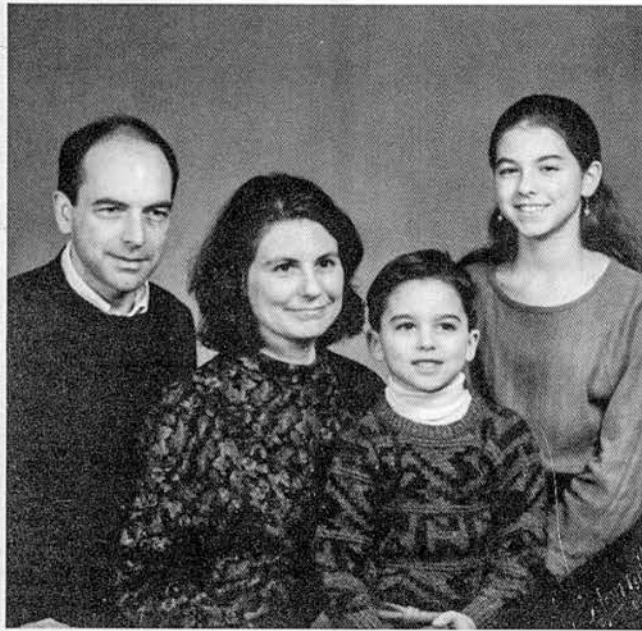
ROBERT C. CLEAVELAND, M.D.

Widestrasse 25, Witten D-58452, Germany
(01149) 2302-56190

Americans living permanently abroad occurred to me always as somewhat exotic, and this member of the Class of 1969 never dreamed he would enter this “exclusive” group. It happened literally by accident. In 1977 I came to Bern, Switzerland, with the intention of spending a few months. Subsequently, however, I found myself until 1979 in Dornach, Switzerland (near Basel), in the “Naturwissenschaftlichestudienjahr” (that’s a long one), translated Natural Sciences Study Year at the Anthroposophical Goetheanum. In July 1979 I was working in Germany for a firm making natural homeopathic medicines and cosmetics. Doing what? Managing an IBM computer, of course. (Remember EAS 454?) Continuing occupation with “lights and flashes.” Then fate struck home. While riding a moped in Southern Germany I was hit in the middle of the night by a drunken driver—hit and run. For three years my left leg from the hip to the ankle was able to enjoy the benefits of modern medicine: five operations on the leg over three-and-a-half years, three surgical osteosynthesis plates, one osteosynthesis rod, and thirty-three wonderful bone screws—all at once! Talk about getting screwed! The accident kept me here in Germany for four years, and then I decided for the luck of it to try to study medicine here myself. I was accepted as a medical student at the University of Witten/Herdecke, Germany’s first private university. (Physics at Yale opened the door here.) Medical school here is long, exacting, and performed with German thoroughness. After seven years I became Dr. Med. in October 1990. Now I’m a resident in the Department of Neurosurgery in our University Clinic. Zeta Psi and other friends at Yale can breathe easy that I’m over here—remembering many an excessive evening in New Haven (Voompah!), there are probably more classmates who would rather see their expensively used brains under the knife of Dr. Frankenstein than under the knife of Dr. Voompah. (Greetings to my colleague Dr. Howard Dean, Yale 1972, Hon. Governor of Vermont—also a late bloomer.) My parents passed away in the last four years, but with their help I’ve purchased a house here, and after fourteen years in Germany (seventeen years in Europe) I’ve finally received permanent resident status here. The blond German nurse with the irresistible big pearly white smile and “legs that go on for miles and miles” still eludes me, however. She was with me on Long Island last September (Fire Island Beaches, Cherry Grove), but now, alas, is studying logotherapy elsewhere from my now somewhat less happy hospital. What did Frank Sinatra once say? “New York, New York” or “That’s Life?”

From 1970 until 1972 I worked with the computer for Citibank, NASA, and the Smithsonian Observatory in Boston. (Our group discovered the Black Holes—see Sidney Greenspan, “Frozen Star,” UHURU.) Then I spent three years working with mentally handicapped children in the Camphill Special Schools, Glenmore, Pennsylvania (based on the work of Rudolf Steiner). Then off to Europe where I still am: fixing slipped discs and hoping to persuade the blond German nurse to spend the summer with me on the Greek Islands.

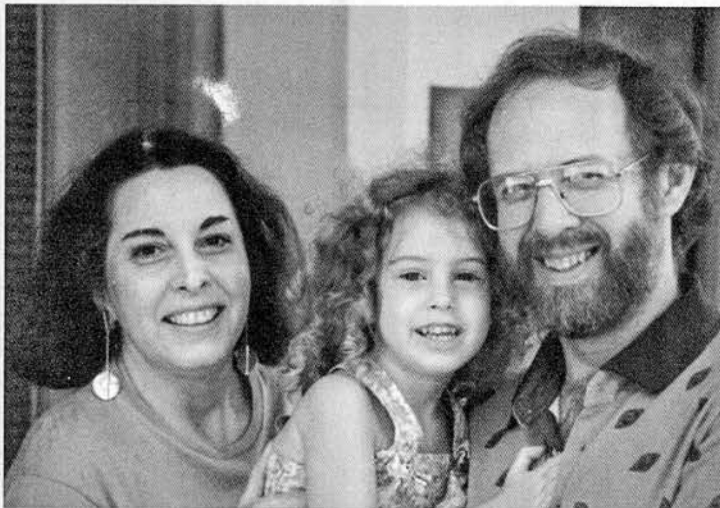
Greetings and love to everybody, your Bob.



Christopher and Nancy Brewster and children



Tom and Mary Beth Brown and daughter Alice



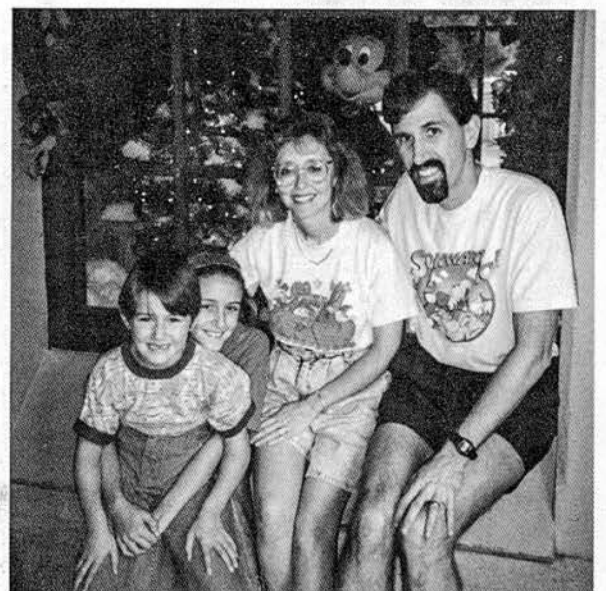
Edwin and Cheryl Buckingham and daughter



David and Jean Bundy and children, Jennifer, Nicholas, Elliott, Oliver, and Madeline



The Thomas C. Carey family, Thanksgiving 1992



Jay and Carolyn Castelli and daughters



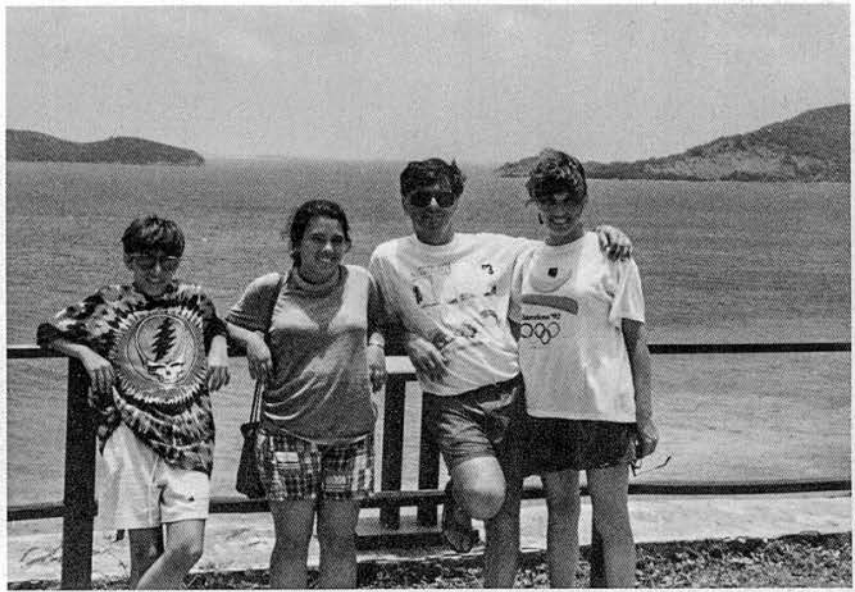
Tucker and Ginnie Chase and children Abbie and Dennis



Peter M.C. Choy and Ruth Meyler and children



George Chopivsky, Jr.



Jon, Becca, Sterling, and Sandy Clarren



Joe and Jan Cobert



Robert C. Cleaveland

DAVID F. CLICK

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I continued at Yale Law School after graduation. My mentor in law and economics, Guido Calabresi, encouraged me to pursue a joint J.D.-M.A. program. I met my future wife, Lainie London, a playwriting student in the Drama School, and we were married in Dwight Chapel in 1974.

One of the reasons I liked law was that it kept a lot of doors open. My first career path was as a law professor, first at Western New England for three years, then a visiting year at Indiana, and then six years at Maryland. Both of our sons were born in Baltimore, Ken in 1980 and Adam in 1983.

I enjoyed teaching a great deal, but the winters began to get to us. In 1984 we decided to return to my native Palm Beach County, Florida. I began practice with a New York firm with a branch in Jupiter and moved out on my own two years later. I practice primarily in the estate planning and corporate areas.

Someone in the class notes asked if anybody makes anything anymore. I am pleased to report that we started a landscape nursery in 1986 and are growing about 35,000 trees and palms for the industry.

We still have strong ties to New England and take summer vacations at our cottage in Christmas Cove, Maine. I love the stark physical beauty of the place and do a lot of my non-law reading there. I stay active in Yale affairs as President of the Yale Club of the Palm Beaches. We see more Yale classmates down here on vacation than we did living in the northeast. I was shamed into physical fitness while teaching at Indiana and still jog every day. The boys have won a few trophies in tennis and can give us a good game.

The one path I thought I might pursue but haven't is politics. I think I value my privacy too much for that. But I have a lot of admiration for the energy and intelligence of two law school classmates, Bill and Hillary Clinton.

JOSEPH MAXWELL COBERT

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Work: real estate attorney in Los Angeles; teach real estate finance at the University of California, Los Angeles.

Loves: wife Janet for twenty-five years; cat Sassy for the last five years.

Memories: great days at Yale, last three reunions, roommates and other good friends from Berkeley College.

Dreams: travel the world and study with great chefs from all four corners thereof.

Kept in touch with: former roommate Tom Fuller, now living in Portland, Oregon; Barry Greenberg, now living in Miami, Florida.

Peeves: reading that Yale undergraduate school is viewed now as only third best.

PETER D. CODDINGTON

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The shadow that Vietnam cast over our collective futures in June of 1969 vanished quickly for purposes of my hands-on participation when I failed the military's physical exam, and so, free from the threat of compulsory armed service and totally unsure of what I was to make of myself, I began life after Yale as a tree surgeon in Millbrook (Dutchess County), New York.

Tree surgery is fine work in the summer: the combination of outdoor physical labor and nonbookish intellectual challenge provided a totally satisfying change of pace from life at Yale. But, by January 1970, when the temperature was below zero and I found myself fifty feet in the air in a locust tree with the wind blowing about thirty miles per hour, I concluded that there must be better (or at least warmer) ways to make a living. I resolved to become a lawyer.

I graduated *cum laude* from Union University-Albany Law School in 1973, married for the first time to a nurse who worked across the street at Albany Medical Center, and settled down to a quiet practice in Poughkeepsie, New York.

In 1975, after two-plus years of closing real estate titles, drafting wills, foreclosing liens, etc., I received an offer to clerk for a local judge. When I joined the judge, he (and I) had been transferred to sit in criminal term, Bronx County. The transfer required a commute from Dutchess County (210 miles each day) and provided a whole new education for the country boy who saw real crime in a real city for the first time. (Bad as parts of New Haven may have been when we were there, they were nothing compared to the South Bronx at that time.)

February 8, 1976, marked a major turning point in my life. I was in a severe automobile accident in which my father (the driver) and my first wife were killed. I was very badly injured, thought to be dead, and had a near-death experience (of the type recounted in Moody's *Life After Life*) in which I met God. As a result, I am a much more devout Christian than before, and I have also taken refuge in the Buddha as a second, equally valid way of approaching God. (Don't worry. I never preach, but for those of you who are curious, to me God appeared as an all-forgiving, all-knowing, totally-loving emanation of the clearest light imaginable.)

I married my present wife, Nicola, in October of 1978, left the judge, and after a six-month honeymoon trip around the country in a mobile home, joined the Bronx District Attorney's Office. Since 1986 I have been Chief of the Appeals Bureau and supervise thirty lawyers and a support staff of about sixteen. I practice now almost exclusively before the top state and federal courts, where I argue the government's position on questions of criminal justice and social policy that affect the lives of millions of people. My bureau briefs and argues over five hundred cases per year in the various state and federal courts. Personally, I have argued over twenty cases before our top state court and, so far, two before the Supreme Court of the United States. I find immense satisfaction from the litigation part of

my job and equally immense agitation from the administrative part of it.

My daughter, Inslee, was born in 1988, and my son, Charles, was born in 1991. I live in Irvington, New York, in the last house on a dead-end street and commute seventeen miles to work in the South Bronx. For fun, I ski in winter and play golf (in the nineties) in summer. I play the bagpipes competently and raise orchids with fair success.

DAVID COHEN

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MARTIN S. COHEN

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What does not change: Mindy Aloff and I just celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary. I'm still making my way through the world primarily through reading and writing; still prefer long walks to any other form of exercise.

What has changed me most: Raising our daughter Ariel Nikiya, born in 1985.

What's been going on: After our first stint at Yale and Vassar, Mindy and I went to study English at Buffalo. A year in London was followed by almost a decade in Oregon, where I coordinated the Portland Poetry Festival, taught writing in kindergartens, colleges, and prisons, worked in City Hall, and wondered at the mountains and woods, while Mindy began her career as a writer on dance.

I returned to Yale in 1981 to study at the School of Management. After SOM I worked in New York city and state government for seven years, mainly on human resources policy. I helped write the City's first full-scale plan to house the homeless and remain involved in private efforts to offer safe and decent transitional housing.

I have the pleasure these days of working at a small think tank, Work in America Institute, where I am Director of Policy Studies. My portfolio includes studying adult literacy, work-family connections, and urban affairs. My daily commute on the train gives me the chance to read and write; I'm currently working on a series of personal essays on topics from robotics through Northwest poetry.

Mindy's assignments take her to the theater about five times a week; when the worlds collide, the two or three of us even go out some nights together.

Voices from Yale: Classmates and friends; theater carpentry; the reading room at Beinecke; Louis Martz shouting "Save the greensward!" at tractors fac-

ing Sterling; the kind and living words of John Hersey in the master's study at Pierson. Ever-present.

DAVID M. COIT

55 Carroll Street, Portland, ME 04102

As I sit here late at night on the eve of the deadline for this “paper,” my shoulders feel the same weight of tired limbs and reluctant fingers felt so many times in New Haven all those years ago. The only solace is that I know I am not alone tonight, and that Word Perfect was invented in the interim.

My mood, more than anything, is of gratitude for the time at Yale and for the good fortunes that have come my way since graduation. Although life has gotten so incredibly more complex than it was back then, my wife, my two kids, my work, and my home each and all contribute to a life that is so much more than I should have hoped for in life at forty-six.

As in many of my pursuits, I got a late start in marriage and in my career, and didn't really settle into what I now call my life until twelve years ago. Before that time I continued to live the relatively carefree life of a bachelor, following graduation with three years in the Navy, two years of business school, and six years of additional thrashing around in banking before I set on a longer-term course with some purpose to it. During that time I was essentially still growing up, rarely looking back, and only occasionally planning much ahead.

Today I am a planner, very much enjoying running my own business and being more or less in control of my own destiny. Although the venture capital business, which I love so much, defies most attempts at predictability, the managers of the businesses I am involved in allow me to live (somewhat vicariously) the more devil-be-damned life on the fringe. Somehow I have found just the right mix to make the building of my business the kind of challenge that I find extremely rewarding and fun.

Increasingly, though, I remember more and more about the years at Yale and some of the simpler (and most often less responsible) pleasures of those four magic years. I have to confess to remembering less about the academic challenges (except of course the late-night/single-draft paper routines without a word processor!). While sailing and the Bail for Yale Yacht Club were clearly the focal point for most of my best friends and great memories, the single most outstanding memory for me has to be the first-ever win by the “Shitty JV” Hockey Team over the Bridgeport Home Oilers at the Whale.

It is perhaps of significance only to those who were there and who had suffered so many humiliating defeats at the hands of “The Crusher” and his gang of semipro French Canadian thugs from down the Merritt Turnpike. Somehow, somehow, in our senior year, the Shitty JV found itself tied with the feared Home Oilers at the end of regulation time and ready to head for the locker room with a moral victory. Still hurting from the emptiness of the 29-29 football tie with Harvard, the seniors voted to risk the moral victory for a highly unlikely outcome. The Norton/Palmer/Coit line, whom nobody ever feared, was on the ice for the memorable last goal of the overtime game. In the end, as the Crusher took him to the corner for one last heavy check to the boards, it was Norton's pinpoint pass

onto Coit's stick at the crease that provided the margin for victory.

It wasn't an event that changed the world much, but it was a memory that belongs to my piece of the Yale experience. As in my business, it was the challenge and the attitude of the team, and of course the success of the venture at the end, that made that event so memorable and so representative of the friends and experiences that I remember as an undergraduate at Yale.

Npaw for the Spellchecker!

GREG COLEMAN

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I have been married since 1971 to Marcia Lepri and have worked since then in private schools as a French teacher and administrator. For the last sixteen years I have been at the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, most recently as Head of Upper School. My unfinished Ph.D. from Princeton in French was supposed to be on the stranger works of Honoré de Balzac and their connection with the even odder philosophy of Swedenborg (phrenology, angels, numerology and much else). I loathed Princeton and wish I'd stayed in New Haven to do my doctorate, but I in no way regret a career in secondary schools. It has been a joy, even if not exactly lucrative. Marcia and I have been lucky enough to travel extensively (several trips to Europe, particularly France, and once to Peru). We also have a small mountain cabin in north central Pennsylvania, which provides a respite from our very hectic lives. My wife Marcia is a Technology Director for Du Pont and also travels a great deal for work. (She has a B.S. from Mount Holyoke and a Ph.D. from M.I.T. in physical chemistry.) We are dedicated Francophiles and Ailurophiles, who are also glad to have lived to see another Democratic president—we were beginning to have our doubts it would ever happen.

EARL M. COLLIER, JR.

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John Beinecke reminded me to send in my twenty-fifth reunion notes. This naturally led me to think about what I was going to say. The funny thing is I can remember my father talking to me about doing the same exercise for his twenty-fifth (Yale '39). And that seemed like yesterday. This is a constant theme as I think back to that June day in 1969 and today, twenty-five years later, as I write this on an airplane coming back from a business meeting.

In my case the euphoria of graduation was cut short by my draft notice six days later. In fact my father felt compelled to call me during what was my fourth or fifth graduation party. The next three years as a First Lieutenant in the U.S. Army were so radically different as to make me wonder if I'd ever been to New Haven. I can remember coming back to Timothy Dwight in my uniform and feeling so alienated from a place that to me was more familiar than home. I suspect that is a common theme of our generation. The only person during those three years (except for my parents) who was glad to see me was Stan Resor. Stan happened to be starting OCS as I was leaving. It was fun watching the Secretary of the Army's son doing pushups.

I've enjoyed an interesting professional life. I started at J.P. Morgan with classmate Arnie Welles. The highlight was my five years in Brussels, Belgium. After eighteen years I was offered the opportunity to run one of New York's old (125 years) mutual savings banks which had just undergone a stock conversion. That was equally fascinating, particularly given the unparalleled (at least I hope so) economic environment we've just been through. Anyway, at the far end of the tunnel, the bank is in good shape, strongly capitalized, and ready for what is going to be a very different world.

However, my most satisfying accomplishment is the family I have. Marrying my wife, Cindy, of twenty-three years is the best decision I've ever made. Our two sons, Porter (eighteen) and Dwight (thirteen), are a constant source of joy as we participate in just about everything together. By the way, Walter Cummings, a roommate and great friend, is godfather to one of my sons. There is a certain cyclicity of life to all this. One footnote, my oldest son will be a freshman at Brown next class year. Maybe Dwight will be asking me about writing his class notes twenty-five years later at Yale.

ROGER L. COLLINS

7523 Castleton Place, Cincinnati, OH 45237
(513) 556-3613 (ofc.)

Work: Professor of Education, University of Cincinnati.

Award: Professor of the Year, 1986 ("Cohen award for excellence in teaching").

The women in my life: I'm married to Patricia, and we have a lovely fourteen-year-old daughter, Valerie.

Hopes: As our generation advances to the positions of power bestowed

upon seasoned citizens, I'm hoping we get a little closer to doing the right thing(s).

DOUGLAS J. COLTON

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DR. JOHN LEE COMPTON

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CAPT. HUGH D. CONNELL II

7725 Northedge Court, Springfield, VA 22153
(703) 440-9529

Still married to Kathryn Dodge Connell (twenty-four years!). Finished second Navy Airwing Command tour on *USS John F. Kennedy* in January and am now assigned to the staff of the Secretary of Defense in the Pentagon, no doubt the last member of the class on active duty. Still not sure what I want to be when I grow up! It was sad to conclude my last flying job—carrier aviation has been a continuous source of fascination, excitement, and pleasure. At least life insurance will now be cheaper.

Marriage of our daughter Elizabeth (Mary Baldwin College '92) this summer (1993) was a poignant chapter in the time-and-change log. With son Aaron at Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, Kat and I are enjoying shore duty in relative peace and quiet. Travelers through Washington are always welcome!

BRETT COOKE

3201 Westchester Avenue, College Station, TX 77845

Married to Olga, another professor of Russian, have two girls, Sasha (ten) and Sonya (eight), and a son Nicholas (ten months), and thriving at Texas A&M as long as they import great tailbacks.

Ever the opera nut. Wish I could still play soccer. Decided not to make coaching a second career after my seven-year-olds went 1-3-3 last fall.

I am trying to tie my love of Russian literature to my interests in evolutionary biology—it is quite a stretch.

WILLIAM C. COOLEY, M.D.

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PETER M. CORTES

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JOHN P. CORWIN, M.D.

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I have a wonderful family with Diana, a Vassar graduate whom I met while at Yale. We have two wonderful daughters, Anna (twelve) and Emily (eight). I'm a general psychiatrist in Guilford, Connecticut, and feel very lucky to be able to work at something that I love doing. I still play tennis as the old body permits and fly-fish in that precious time we have too little of and which goes by so fast. Diana and I spent fifteen years in Denver, Colorado, before moving back to roots in Connecticut in 1990. Moving makes one appreciate the time it takes to build friendships. I hope to reestablish some of those I made while at Yale.

THOMAS F. COSGROVE, JR.

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ANTHONY M. COVELL

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Tony and Natalie, married on mid-winter's day in Dwight Chapel during our senior year, still very much in harness. Two sons: Adam, reading architecture at Kingston University; Crispian, finished school in July 1993, and nothing will dissuade him from training as a theatre/rock concert technician and manager. Tony: a career in theatre and arts management since returning to the United Kingdom in 1970; now founding Director of Poole Arts Centre, a theatre, concert hall, cinema, art gallery, and studios civic fun-palace in the new town centre of Poole, Dorset. Natalie: Headmistress of an independent school (three to twelve-year-olds), of which she and Tony are also proprietors (six acres of Georgian mansion, gardens, and worry). The whole family well ensconced in beautiful Dorset on the edge of Poole Harbour—Hardy country, but also, until the politicians blew it with this unspeakable recession, developing fast as a Europort and high-tech industry center. Our passions: the London and Stratford theatre; walking the Purbeck coastline; sailing—less now with a property to manage; and travel in Europe (one visit south of the Loire per annum is a minimum fix for Tony). Friends and colleagues always welcome. New Haven is now, in more than one sense, a different country, but remembered with great affection. We hope to be back in 1994, but the school calendar dictates that it will be after Reunion.

MACON COWLES

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It is hard to write across twenty-five years and make an account of myself which stands up well to the dreams that I've held so close since the years I've spent at Yale. Somewhere between 1972 and 1975 my world became less contemplative, and I became a human doing more than a human being. Work has taken up a lot more time than I wish to admit. Life seems out of balance for that reason. At the midpoint in life, I feel the need for close friends.

I have only one close friend whom I see often—that is my wife. It is a joy to be with this woman to whom I've been married now for eleven years. But I would like to expand the circle of friends to match the number and diversity of my friends at Yale. Even as I write these words, it sounds farfetched—something that is not likely to happen until we are much older and have left behind the professions, the jobs, the hustling that is so much a part of midlife. Everyone I know is either in a rush or struggling or both.

Recently, life as an environmental and toxics lawyer has centered on my home. It is there that I do my work, networked with colleagues across the country over phone lines with computers as the entries and work horses. I left the law office two years ago, never to return. Case selection—choosing which clients to serve—uses more demanding criteria when there is not an army of staff to sup-

port.

I love working in my organic vegetable garden. I love walking with my wife Regina and our good Dalmatian dog, Hamlet, in the plains and foothills for an hour-and-a-half each day. This is what you can do when working at an office at home. I love the very old and the very new—fountain pens with 18k nibs as well as very fast computers.

I am very good at presenting cases to juries and winning. I choose my cases carefully. I leave to others the soulless work of defending insurance companies and transnational corporations. I will have none of it, and never have. My clients are people whose lives are threatened with toxic waste and citizens groups who are trying to protect the wild places of the earth. I only wish that I were spending as much time enjoying those wild places as I spend protecting them. I think that may be the experience of the next decade.

THOMAS E. CRAFT

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EDWARD H. CULVER, JR.

18 Draper Road, Wayland, MA 01778

Susan and I had our second daughter in January 1992, weeks before my “big four five.” Perhaps she’ll meet a class of ’69 grandchild at the twenty-fifth!

I am entering my tenth year in residential real estate with DeWolfe New England, a large and growing regional firm that we took public in 1992. Great job, but interferes with newfound obsession: golf.

Ah, middle age....

WALTER J. CUMMINGS III

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In 1966, on a family trip, I'd taken one look at San Francisco. Its beauty was (and is) captivating. So, on graduation, Westward Ho. A Judy Collins concert-inspired blind date led me, in 1970, to Polly Field, visiting San Francisco from Milton, Massachusetts. My father married us on Cape Cod in 1975.

Life has taken us a marvelous journey. Polly's support, and love, has been unwavering. Daughter Julie (thirteen, come reunion time) fills me with love and lights up my life. Julie, a redhead, is quick of tongue, filled with a gentle sense of humor, and sees the need for symmetry in all things. Walter IV (aka Quattro and ten, come No. 25) sends love's tinglings up and down my spine. He's smart as all getout and a superjock besides.

The four of us love the outdoors (this is especially handy in Northern California). We spend a great deal of energy and family time skiing. Polly adores tennis, Julie running, and Walter IV soccer, baseball, and fishing. Family aside, I'm happiest either riding a chairlift, cruising groomed snow, or knee-deep in powder, anywhere, anytime; or riding horseback through the open spaces and places of Wyoming and Montana. Jackson Hole, in particular, gives my serenity a real shot in the arm (tranquil beaches be damned!). I also take great pleasure plotting a trip (or doing the trip) to an Egypt or a Guatemala. Learning about, and collecting, antique wooden sailing ship models absorbs me, too. This came courtesy of the Manhattan Yellow Pages some years back. A client had abruptly cancelled a meeting in New York. As only they can, New York City's Yellow Pages gave me "Antiques, Maritime," and the phone number and address of Nelson's Folly. Nelson's Folly, a walk-up, turned out to be crammed with models. If it still existed....

Not being able in 1969 to decide what to do, I took a job in San Francisco. I applied to Stanford Law School and its Business School, eventually completing both and, in 1974, passed the California Bar. My business hankerings ran deep. For a while I fought them, making a living in San Diego trying lawsuits. In 1978 a recruiter steered me to transportation equipment transaction financing. The job was in San Francisco. Private placement work has been the consistent theme of my business life since. The lion's share of that work has been, and continues to be, for transportation and high technology companies—simply put, getting those clients' capital equipment financed. High technology, in particular, fascinates me: it's a window on the future. The business of growth equities manages to consume the balance of my work interest.

All this having been said, life's journey has yielded a good measure of sadness: my mother's death, at fifty, from alcoholism; one brother's refusal to deal with his alcoholism; and my remaining brother's twenty-year battle with schizophrenia. Given the recent miracle of Clorazil, this brother is on the mend.

Very little of this (and the powerful feelings allied with this) would have materialized had I not woken up, in 1985, to the immense havoc which alcohol, which killed my mother, was creating in my own life. Sobriety has been an

experience of a wonderful, life-giving, and life-filling kind. It has been a gift, a treasure.

We spend parts of our summers on Cape Cod. This summer sanctuary is pure bliss. Coupled with the fact that one hundred percent of Polly's family lives in the Northeast, we seem to be in or near Boston a good deal of the time.

As Polly, Julie, Walter IV, and I face the future, I'm particularly concerned about the exponentially increasing complexity of their lives, and ours. Information pounds us at a thousand miles per hour. It seems to me that more powerful, never-let-you-alone, intrusive, telecommunications will make this more, rather than less, difficult. The technology which not only fascinates me but also provides part of the basis of my livelihood may, in the end, stress us into oblivion.

We stay in touch with Collins, Ebersol, Johnson, Field, and many others, all of whom we are eager to see in the Spring of 1994.

DR. JOHN D. CUNNINGHAM

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SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

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My experience as an artist/metalsmith currently extends from making fine pewter jewelry to fabricating copper and brass windvanes and welding outdoor steel sculpture.

I am attracted to sculpture that interacts with the outdoors, and I have set up my sculpture in a field near the post-and-beam house my wife and I have built. I like to see how changing light hits a forged curve and how snow delineates new shapes on iron. I am intrigued with the impulsive strength of the wind. Several pieces such as *Wing-on-Wing*, *Easter* and *Wave-Man* have parts that are wind-activated.

I work with old iron, hand-forged steel, and industrial scrap. I find that the contradictory qualities of smooth and rough textures, forged curves, and straight stock help build new harmonies and images in my work. The steel parts need time to blend into a new whole. Sometimes I find the beginnings in an hour, but then need months to complete because I have to work out the problems of dimension, balance, and movement. Other times I just abandon the drawings and work directly with the steel, trying not to have any preconceived expectations.

I want my sculpture to attain a fluidity that comes with daily focused work. Inspiration is always prepared for but cannot be commanded. The new images in my sculpture recall for me the pleasure of intense work and the mystery of vision in terms of light, space, and balance.

DR. MARK PHILIP CURCHACK

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College was nice, so nice I have never left it. I attribute to Yale much of what I have become. From anthropology graduate school at Berkeley (which in 1969 was a long way from New Haven), to teaching positions across the country, to my present career in educational administration, I have never been away from a college or university. It was an exceptional privilege to have studied social science analysis in the atmosphere which was the Yale Culture and Behavior program. I have seen very little research in the past twenty-five years which could pass safely through the grilling we learned to deliver. The demise of that program is a real loss.

I have been married since a year after graduation to Peggy Lehman (Vassar '70), the woman whom I dated from sophomore year forward. It still feels like a date. We occupy a large house in Philadelphia, filled with items gathered in visits to uncustomary places. Through Yale singing I learned to travel, and travel I have done ever since, chiefly in Africa and Asia. I cannot hear a male chorus without a tug at my heart. I take joy at the resurgent popularity of male a capella singing.

But I cannot read a newspaper without sorrow and anger. I am aghast at the career of our nation, its lurch to the radical right, the abandonment, for a time at least, of the drive to equality which meant so much to many of us. The persistence of vicious attitudes is easy to comprehend but impossible to accept. What is wrong with America is too deeply rooted to be fixed by any quick political solution, but the longer we ignore ignorance, the greater becomes the need to overcome it. Yet I remain hopeful and committed: ends of millennia usually feel apocalyptic, but never are.

JOHN M. CYTRON

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Work: work is being a tax lawyer—verrrry boring, but it pays the bills. For all the superior education I was fortunate to receive and the professional doors it opens, I think now that I would throw it all aside to run a cattle ranch in southwestern Colorado. The urban rat race is just that...for rats!

Loves: I love old steam trains, hiking trails in the Rockies, the rush of water in a mountain stream, the piercing call of a golden eagle—oh well, we all can dream. After all, what is the purpose of a Yale education if not to make us dream better dreams?

Peeves: The obvious ones—most liberals, lawyers and Harvard types for the same reason: they are arrogant, ignorant, and generally obnoxious.

Memories: I remember the old Yale, its sense of grandeur, the breadth of ideas to explore as if a Yale education was (and it really was) the start of a great journey. What I read about Yale now seems to suggest that some of that feeling has been lost, and that students and a too liberal faculty have become immersed in a sad crusade of “political correctness,” which really winds up as a method of

limiting ideas and expression. I would like to see some of the old Yale discipline and sense of honor and duty return. I would hate to see Yale turn into another Harvard or University of Pennsylvania with kangaroo p.c. courts straight out of Kafka's *The Trial*.

Well, this is not supposed to be a "downer." Maybe some of us "old Yalies" can set matters right.

Sometimes it is difficult to believe twenty-five years have passed. It only seems like yesterday.... Occasionally reality does set in, such as the telephone call I received several months ago from a student staffer at the *Yale Daily News* who was preparing a survey on coeducation twenty-five years later. She was asking about attitudes in 1968 regarding coeducation and the failed union with Vassar. Was it really that long ago?

Well, enough of all this. Time to pack up for vacation in Colorado.

WILLIAM A. DAHL

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After leaving Yale, I switched coasts and attended law school at Stanford. This interlude was of lasting significance, primarily for providing the opportunity to meet Barbara Blum (Vassar '69, but we never met as undergraduates). We were married the day after I graduated from law school and have remained so for twenty-one wonderful years. We have been joined by two daughters, Julia and Susan, who are now fifteen and fourteen.

After law school I spent four years on active duty with the United States Marine Corps. Following that, Barb and I moved to Fresno, California, where I entered private practice with a large (for Fresno) general business firm. Two years ago three of my longtime partners and I opened our own small firm, specializing in tax and estate planning.

While the law has been a reasonably challenging and occasionally rewarding way to make a living, I have never felt that it was, or should be, the defining element of my life. Barb's and my determination to place family and personal matters ahead of career was probably a factor in choosing the relatively out-of-the-way Central Valley of California as a place to live. We have strived mightily to make time available for each other and our girls, resisting night and weekend work whenever possible. Both of us have also been involved in our respective religious communities (Barb—Reformed Jewish; me—Congregational) and the larger secular community.

Perhaps the most rewarding activities of the past seventeen years in Fresno have been teaching a high school Sunday school class for nearly fifteen years (it hasn't kept me young, but it probably has kept me from being as intellectually lazy as I might otherwise have become) and being involved in building a Ronald McDonald House (a home for families of seriously ill children) in Fresno.

We have also enjoyed travel as a family. The Sierra Nevada has been a frequent weekend location, although our two daughters have of late been less

enthusiastic about sleeping on the ground than when they were younger. We have also made longer trips to Hawaii (lucky enough to view eruptions in progress), Mexico, England, Israel and Egypt. We seem to spread social upheaval whenever we travel to the Middle East, as we were in Israel when the *intifada* broke out and in Cairo when Kuwait was overrun by Iraq. Viewing the local perspective on these events was fascinating.

Main regret in looking back is that I did not get to know more of, or stay in better touch with, my classmates at Yale. I have come to appreciate both the education and the stimulation of the company more as time goes by. Probably a middle age affliction. Main regret in more recent years is that, while Barb has been working since the girls were in school full time, Fresno has not provided her with the professional opportunities we expected.

The future is hard to decipher, beyond the need to fund an education for our daughters. Both Barb and I are getting the itch to move on and will likely leave Fresno (and California) within the next few years, although we have no specific destination in mind. Twenty years in any one place is enough. A change in career is also likely, possibly into teaching, fund raising or charitable/community/religious work.

All in all, it's been quite a ride so far. I'm looking forward to the rest of it.

DENNIS J. DAHLEN

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This isn't the moment I would have chosen to take stock of things, and I am not remotely comfortable writing autobiography, however abbreviated. In spite of the official facts (that I am a translator and professor of Japanese literature, that I live in Ann Arbor, that my first book won the National Book Award), I still don't feel—twenty-five years after leaving Yale wondering “Now what?”—that life has coalesced.

I remember driving away from New Haven after graduation, looking back at Phelps Gate with as much disquiet as I had felt walking through it four years earlier. Being an undergraduate at Yale had seemed the perfect calling, and, despite the evidence, I had neglected to prepare myself for the fact that it would end.

Somehow, I managed to get over my homesickness for Yale, to avoid the draft, to spend a couple of years in Tokyo as a copywriter, to come back to Yale and get a Ph.D., to land a job teaching at the University of Michigan, to write, in time to produce my own graduate students, and even to master my stage

fright enough to give a decent lecture. I became an “authority.” I found myself once more at Yale, invited to speak, and at Harvard, at Berkeley, in London, Venice.

Yet I don’t feel like doing any boasting. The Japanese have a saying, “The gods never give two things.” What sticks in *my* mind are the failures. To wit, Hollywood. It sounds, even to me, like a cliché, or warmed-over F. Scott Fitzgerald (Erich Segal?), but it happened—the only thing I ever did, I think, in step with the rest of my generation—I wrote a screenplay. I wrote it with a friend who teaches film, and we entered it in a contest for new writers sponsored by the (screen) Writers’ Guild. “This is just for fun,” we told ourselves. But when we were named first runner-up, we were on the next plane to Los Angeles.

We schmoozed. We picked an agent. We learned not to wear a coat and tie. We ate at the Ivy with the second cousin of anyone we’d ever known in the industry. We wrote another screenplay. Studio executives called us “comedic geniuses.” For about five minutes a producer at Warner Brothers wanted to buy it for Barbra Streisand. Streisand was involved with Don Johnson at the time, and the producer was looking for a movie they could make together. Before we could even check out property in Malibu, Johnson dumped Streisand for Melanie Griffith, and that was the end of that. Back to Ann Arbor.

“Darling!” our agent called, “Get out here right away! Daryl Hannah wants to do it.” I taught my seminar and dashed to the airport. My collaborator changed into Armani in the parking garage on Rodeo Drive, and we sped to our rendezvous with Daryl Hannah, who drove up in a rusty jeep, wearing cowboy boots and a red polka-dot dress and chugging from a large bottle of Evian. We were golden! She loved the script, she loved us, her development person at Lorimar called us “comedic geniuses.” The next morning Warner Brothers bought Lorimar, and that was the end of that. Daryl went to New York and took up with John F. Kennedy, Jr., and we went back to Ann Arbor.

“Write another one,” the agent said. “There’ll be a huge bidding war!” But I’m still nursing my wounds. The last time she called, one of my graduate students was undergoing an oral exam, defending his dissertation. “Lee, I can’t talk. I’m in the middle of a dissertation defense.” “Sweetie!” she said, “Do you have a good lawyer?”

DOUGLAS P. DaRIF

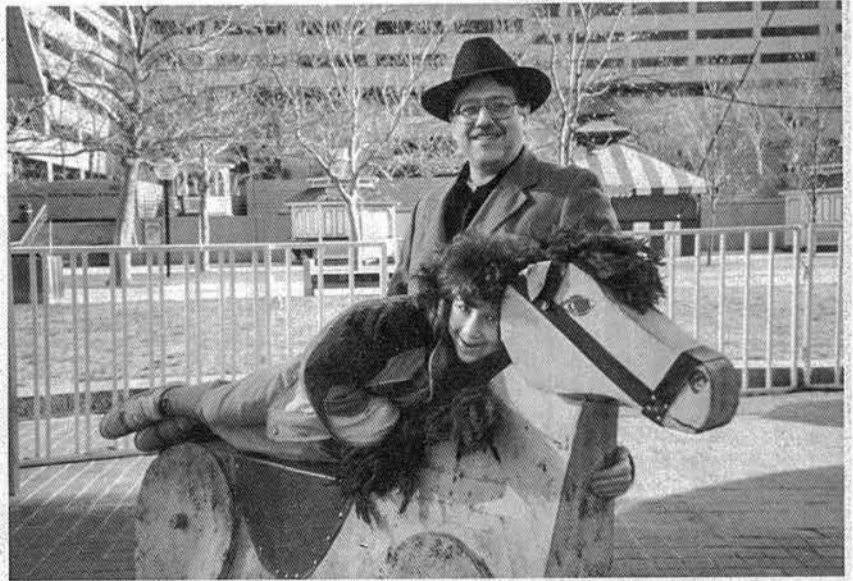
Ten O’Clock Lane, Weston, CT 06880

JOHN S. DARROW

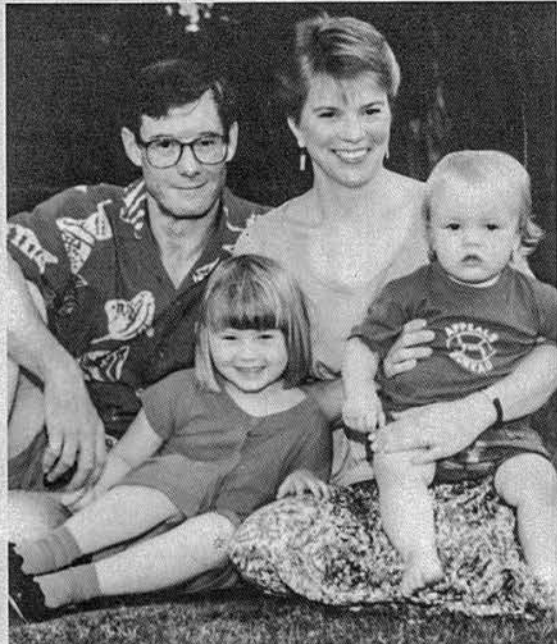
2720 Central Street, Apartment 2C, Evanston, IL 60201
(708) 869-7303



David F. Click



Marty and Ariel Cohen



Peter and Nicola Coddington and children



David Coit



Atwood Collins III



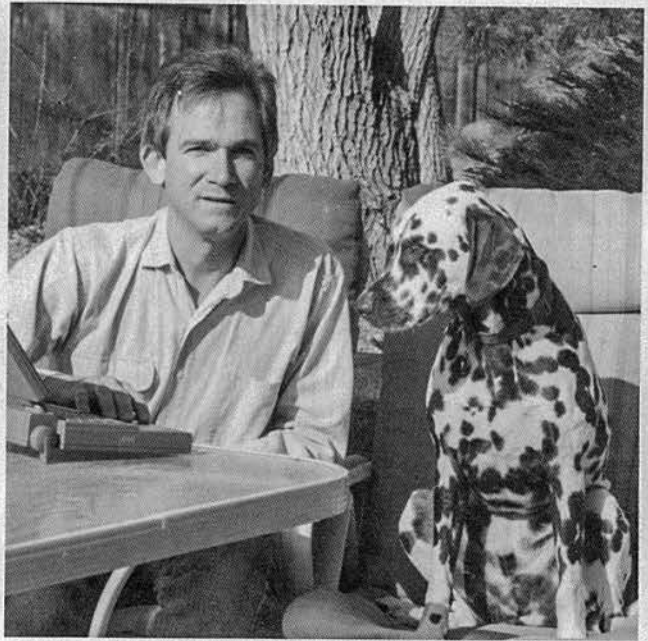
Roger Collins



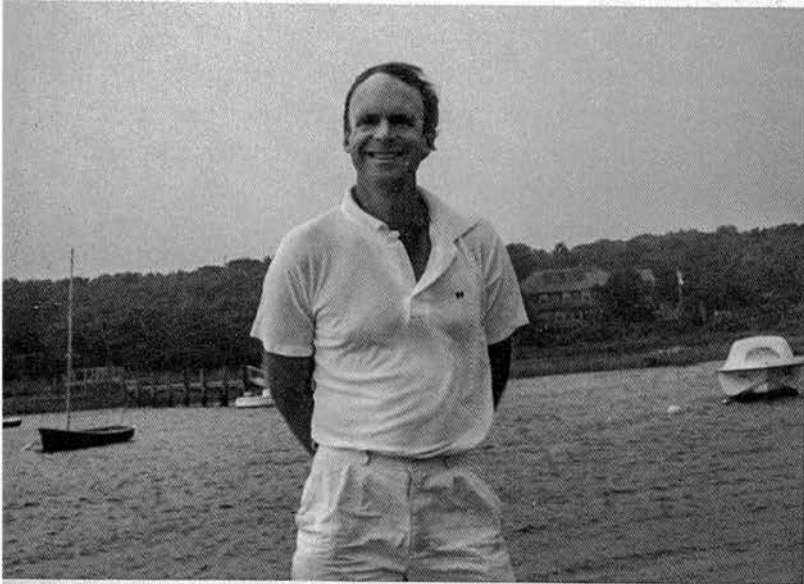
Hugh D. Connell



Tony and Natalie Covell and sons



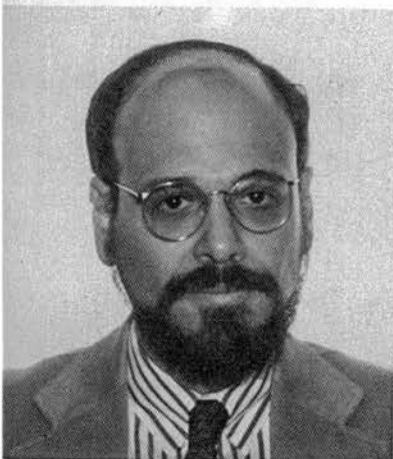
Macon Cowles with Hamlet, "the brains behind my work"



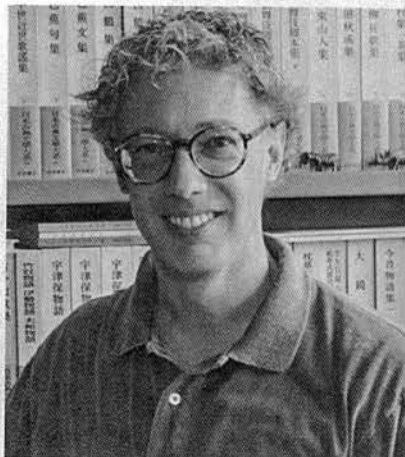
Walter J. Cummings III



Scott Cunningham, "Wing-On-Wing"



Mark Philip Curchack



Robert L. Danly



Bradfute W. Davenport, Jr.

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STEVEN J. DAUER

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As a French major at Yale, I spent my junior year in Paris, where I met my wife, Becky (Mount Holyoke College '69). We married right after graduation and passed most of the next decade of our lives learning languages, teaching English, and travelling abroad—including several years in Greece and in Scotland. Also during this period, at the University of Michigan in the early seventies, I wrote about our experiences on a Greek island, while completing a master's degree in English. Subsequently, Becky did her doctorate in linguistics/phonetics at University of Edinburgh; and she has published a book on pronunciation and is a college lecturer in ESL.

About fifteen years ago, accepting that I was not going to support myself as a writer, nor was I prepared to compete for scholarly academic positions, I turned to another lifelong interest and embarked on my present career as a clinical psychologist. I studied, trained and received my doctoral degree at University of Massachusetts, Amherst, with an internship at Harvard Medical School/Massachusetts Mental Health Center in Boston. Following three years at a community mental health center, I moved for the sake of my current job as staff psychologist at the East Carolina University, Mental Health Services.

When I look back now on my time at Yale from the perspective of mid-life, the memories of intense experiencing and of coming alive at that age are mixed with regret over the wasted opportunities and the unfulfilled promises that I made to myself then. Though I have always deeply valued my romance with writing and literature begun at Yale and my later foreign adventures, my youthful devotion to these, as well as my rejection of mainstream culture, seems to have left me professionally behind the rest of my generation. Yale itself endowed me with intellectual standards and literary ideals, to which I often feel inadequate and unfaithful, yet which influence the spirit of my work and toward which personally I nevertheless continue to aspire.

BRADFUTE W. DAVENPORT, JR.

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Aside from law school most of the past twenty-five years have centered around family and work. I was married to Charlotte from 1971 to 1985. We had one daughter, Kate, now a teenager, and we've worked out a very successful joint custody arrangement. In 1987 I married Suzanne (we met in our church

choir). We've had two boys, John (six by the time this is published) and Stephen (five) and two girls, Sarah (three-and-a-half) and Maria (two-and-a-half).

I've practiced law since 1972 at Mays & Valentine in Richmond. My practice has been almost exclusively in civil litigation in Virginia and federal courts. I've been fortunate to have had cases in many different areas of the law (contracts, construction, condemnation, OSHA, business torts, bankruptcy, environmental, insurance coverage, asbestos removal, Dalkon Shield, ecclesiastical, municipal) and to have been part of a stable firm with partners who get along well with each other almost all of the time.

Because of my delayed fathering, I'm behind many of you in my ability to do some of the things I'd like. Suzanne and I would love to travel some more. My dream is to take a semester off and become an undergraduate again, taking courses I didn't have the nerve to when we were at Yale.

NORMAN N. DAVIDSON III

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It will surprise no one that I am sending this in at the absolute last minute. The rather serious person peering out from the submitted photograph does not necessarily represent the totality of life here in the Meso-South. As a C.V. is not called for, I will simply say that I have had a varied and interesting life since departing New Haven, full of fits and numerous starts. In the end, I have not gotten very far spatially: I live two blocks from my ancestral home. I am married to the girl down the street, if not next door, and have two lovely and challenging children. I find that the older I get, paradoxically, the grander my dreams become. While the great American novel seems a bit Pollyannaish, the pretty good American short story seems reasonable. At some point I want also to participate in the national championship of some sport, however unathletic. Golf suggests itself, and the senior tour is less than five years away. In the meantime I'm trying to stay in shape with occasional running and trying to learn how to make an honest buck in the investment business.

KENNETH L. DAVIS, M.D.

17 Seacrest Drive, Huntington, NY 11743

Married to Bonnie Morrison Davis since 1972. We have two children, Daniel (sixteen) and Jordanna (thirteen).

I am currently Chairman and Professor of Psychiatry at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine, where I conduct research on the biology of schizophrenia.

and the treatment of Alzheimer's disease, teach residents and medical students, see patients, and administer a large department.

STEVEN ANDREW DAVIS, M.D.

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Practising dermatology. Entering eighteenth year of syndicated health features for CBS radio nationally. Have written books, articles, etc. Started publishing company, specializing in local parenting publications, with editions in San Antonio, Houston, Atlanta, and New Orleans—it's growing. So are two kids, Bryant (twelve) and Suzanne (nine). Have become a fishing fanatic; especially love Texas Gulf coast bays, but also chase down walleyes in Minnesota during the summer. Married to a great, talented woman, Jolene Bryant Davis, who runs a publishing company and still keeps up with the kids. Happy to be in good health and not feeling like it's been twenty-five years since graduating!

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ROBERT J. DeLORENZO, M.D.

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I consider my family (twin sons, Brock and Grant [fourteen], daughter Shanelle [thirteen], and my wife Lorisa) to be my major achievement. After completing my education at Yale (M.D., Ph.D., and M.P.H. degrees), I joined the Yale faculty in the School of Medicine, Department of Neurology. I left Yale in 1985 to assume the chairmanship of the Department of Neurology, Medical College of Virginia, Richmond, Virginia. I have been active in academics and have a special love for molecular biology and antiques. Life has been good to me and my friendships have been rewarding. I miss the "good old days" at Yale and occasionally think back to the antics of the Class of '69. Although life as a professor is often considered full of hard work, it also has its "moments." I have included a photograph of Lorisa and me after we managed to get away to Hawaii and do a little fishing last summer to prove that even academics can have fun! This was the small marlin—the big one got away. My children also love fishing and outdoor sports. Brock and Grant lettered in football and track at middle school, and Shanelle has been active with tennis and boating.

I have really enjoyed teaching and playing a role in educating future scientists and doctors. If nothing else, it keeps you honest and makes you aware of each new generation. It is hard to believe we have been away from Yale for twenty-five years. I like to think that gives us wisdom and experience. We need

something to compensate for the grey hair and extra pounds. Let's all hope we can do this again for the fiftieth reunion.

DON C. DENMAN

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JEFFREY A. DENNER

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Partner in a thirty-plus person law firm. My specialty is high-profile criminal cases. Graduated Harvard Law School, 1973. Married, three children (ages eighteen, five and three).

I miss you all very much. I miss Yale. And I miss being twenty-one years old.

MAX J. DERBES III

114 South Drive, Covington, LA 70433

For the last twenty-five years I've been married to my high school sweetheart, Julie. We have two sons, Ben (twenty) and Zac (eighteen), plus a daughter, Casey (eight). These three people are my, rather our, greatest achievements.

Otherwise, I earn a living by selling and leasing industrial and commercial real estate. I own and manage the real estate company started by my grandfather in 1934. We handle about fifty percent of the industrial transactions in the New Orleans Metropolitan area and have a reputation for honesty and fair dealing of which I am very proud.

The last five years have been somewhat trying. Prior to 1985 I developed a number of industrial buildings in New Orleans. Thanks in large part to the brilliance of our government (changes in the tax laws, changes in the banking regulations, etc.), these developments almost destroyed me. I thank the good Lord that I've almost weathered the storm.

Now I'm trying the novel ideas of living within my means, being prudent in my investments, seeking the advice of others, and asking for help when I need it. It seems to be working.

I enjoy playing tennis, cooking and eating good food, and spending whatever time I can with my family. We live in Covington, just north of New Orleans, with a dog, a cat, and four goldfish. My life is good.

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The most appropriate way for me to sum up life after Yale is to quote Phil Jackson, head coach of my beloved three-time World Champion Chicago Bulls, commenting on the team's first champion season and saying, "What a strange and wonderful trip it's been." (Incidentally, as a Chicago native, all of my home city's sports teams are "beloved" in my mind, as the submitted picture implies.)

I entered Yale with rather conservative academic and career ambitions—namely to prepare myself to get into law school and enter the legal profession. I deviated from that game plan almost immediately—second semester freshman year to be exact—when I joined WYBC and went on the air. From that point on, my career track and personal life would take a totally different turn—for the better—and I would never look back.

While still at Yale, I held down a part-time job as a rock jock in New Haven at WNHC. After graduation I embarked on a seventeen-year career on the air at various stations in New Haven, Hartford, and Bridgeport, Connecticut. But broadcasting was only one stop along the magical mystery tour that became my post-Yale life. While in radio, I learned the art of writing and producing commercials, which I parlayed into a free-lance career. From that broadcast advertising experience I expanded into writing and producing audiovisual, multi-image films and videos, first for a local production company, and since 1985 through my own company based in Hamden, Connecticut. In addition I do marketing communications and consulting for a broad range of corporations, including IBM, GE, Aetna, and others. I have been fortunate to have my commercials recognized with awards from the Advertising Club of Hartford, the Advertising Club of Fairfield County, the Connecticut Art Director's Club, the CLIO competition, and the Retail Advertising Conference. I have been equally fortunate to receive a Crystal AMI, the highest award given out by the Association of Multi-Image International.

None of the above would have been possible had I not made that detour off the prelaw route into radio. Nor would I have met my wife Cindy (and needless to say, nor would we have a son, Lucas). Cindy worked at one of the radio stations I programmed in New Haven. We met and did not instantly hit it off, largely because I was an obnoxious boss. But somehow, a relationship blos-

somed, and we got married in 1981 and have remained happily so ever since.

With all due respect to classmates, roommates, professors, and others, my fondest memories of Yale, not surprisingly, revolve around WYBC—from the countless all-night shows (often visited by street people of New Haven who crashed the station during the wee hours), to broadcasting a memorable Yale-Harvard football game in 1967 (not as memorable as THE TIE in 1968), to being the first and perhaps only person to do play-by-play of a Bladder Ball game. It was an enormous source of pride to be at Yale, at WYBC, and in broadcasting for the birth of progressive rock radio. WYBC was the first such station in all of Connecticut and maybe the country. It was equally satisfying to be part of the core group that put the station on the air twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, for the first time in its history.

I remember with pride the constant parade of headliners from the worlds of music and politics who came to the studios of WYBC and graced our air-waves.

I remember listening with horror and dismay as WYBC broadcast Ivy Network coverage of the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, when the local police, under orders from Mayor Daly, gave Chicago a figurative black eye while giving young protesters literal black eyes and other bumps, bruises, and cuts during the disorder that reigned supreme at the convention. You may recall the mayor's classic malapropism in the press, "The police aren't here to prevent disorder. They're here to preserve it."

I remember with fondness those of you who worked with me at WYBC, and who listened from your rooms—and even occasionally called in to make a request or try and win a contest.

Currently, I am in the process of trying to repay Yale and WYBC for those marvelous experiences by volunteering as a member of the WYBC Board of Governors, trying to rescue the station from its current financial woes and revitalize this unique and memorable part of the Yale experience.

There have been a few disappointments on this "strange and wonderful trip" of mine—but only a few.

I was disappointed at missing out on Yale's coeducational experience. Women were admitted the year after we graduated.

I was disappointed at not being able to go to Woodstock. I had to work at WNHC during that week and couldn't get a day off.

I was—and remain—disappointed at the blandness of rock 'n' roll radio today, where personalities are out, and wall-to-wall music with no talk prevails.

I was bitterly disappointed at the collapse of the 1969 Cubs. I was equally disappointed when the 1984 Cubs, after taking the first two games in the NLCS at Wrigley Field, lost the next three at San Diego and lost a trip to the World Series—thanks in large part to Leon Durham, whose misplay of a grounder has only been eclipsed by Boston's Bill Buckner in 1986. I was disappointed that the 1989 Cubs couldn't find a way to win just one game at San Francisco before losing out to the Giants in the NLCS. (Sense a pattern here?) When one's favorite team hasn't won a World Series since 1908, or even played in one since 1945, these disappointments are the norm. None of these disappointments, however, prevent me and my family from making our annual pilgrimage to Wrigley Field each summer for a few games.

As for achievements, there have been many. However the highest achievement of all is my family. What more could one ask for?

CORNELIS DISCO

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My life? You might call it incoherent; you might call it irresponsible; you might call it interesting. I call it: still floating after all these years. I won't bore you with the details, but this is not entirely metaphor. Part of it (i.e., my life) is being the occupant and sometime captain of an old Amsterdam canal barge. This has been going on for about twenty years now. Boats teach you a lot about the frailty and tenacity of matter and spirit, and the interaction has shaped me at least as much as it has the boat. In retrospect—and probably not to my credit—it may turn out to be the most serious (albeit far from dearest) long-term other of my life. That's okay, it deserves it. It's managed to survive two world wars and will most likely survive me. It may be my major gift to posterity in the absence—as yet—of offspring.

My Clark Kent side is what Yale more or less trained me to be: a professional purveyor of enlightenment. Briefly, I make ends meet by teaching something like sociology at a small engineering/social sciences university in the eastern part of the Netherlands (University of Twente). Lest this sound the least bit dull, let me suggest that the dialectic is a piece of cake compared to trying to convey an understanding of technologies to students majoring in “philosophical engineering” (this is serious). I am learning a lot about how technology moves in and through the modern world and am busy editing a volume on the topic.

Of course, all this leaves me with a lot of free time to search for deeper meaning (which I seem to remember doing a lot of at Yale too). Some find Lenin, some Jesus, some change into Superman in phone booths, some are blessed with good cars, I happened to find the Argentine Tango and a (dance) partner. For the last four years, I, later we, have been teaching the dance (and occasionally performing), and it's blossomed into something of a mini-career. It's just the thing for a bargee-sociologist on a night off.

Looking back at Yale in the late sixties, I'd say we were (in very various ways) into the euphoria of insisting that promise counted for more than stolid performance. Probably I never quite dispensed with that folly. Every once in a while I wonder how the rest of you guys transformed into responsible adults. Maybe now I'll find out.

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Wife: Nancy; daughter: Haley.

Reunions are times to renew old acquaintances and reminisce. In reflecting about Yale, I think what makes Yale great is the people it attracts. The personal associations and relationships at Yale with classmates and people in the Yale community were the highlights of my years in New Haven, and many of these friendships have continued to the present.

My football experience was particularly special. With an energetic, talented, and hard working coaching staff, we benefited from an assembly of players whose abilities meshed together, both in our class and with those in '68 and '70. I entered Yale with a competitive and winning spirit which acted as the catalyst for our team. I always approached the quarterback position as a mental challenge. Certain physical abilities were necessary to play the position, but the challenge for me was deciding what to do, not how to do it. The right decision made succeeding that much easier. The talent on the team facilitated my decision making. For example, can anyone remember a long scoring drive that didn't include a long run or pass? For that matter, we didn't have that many long scoring drives because the defense gave us the ball in good field position the majority of the time. Can anyone remember any of the backs ever getting tackled in the backfield (not including an occasional helter-skelter scramble)? The answers to these rhetorical questions are two big reasons why we were successful and scored more points in nine games than any Yale team in nine or ten games in the last seventy years. In setting a Yale record for total offense yardage (which still stands,

I think), the difference between passing and rushing at the end of the season was less than 150 yards. The reason I mention these statistics is that it made it fun and very easy to play quarterback.

What I have been pleased to find out running into classmates over the years is that they enjoyed the games as much from the stands as we did on the field.

Following college I played nine years of professional football in four different leagues, but nowhere did I enjoy coming into the huddle more than at Yale. I never knew what kind of clever or colorful comment would be made and by whom. The players on that team were special, and not just because they were good football players. The wins were very satisfying, but the camaraderie was the true reward, and it is something that will endure for a long time.

It is hard to believe that our twenty-fifth reunion is upon us. In my personal life I have had accomplishments in varying degrees in a mix of endeavors, but nothing comes even close to that of being a parent. I have been blessed with one terrific daughter so far and there is nothing comparable to the joy and responsibility of nurturing and raising children. The excitement I experienced at different stages of my life pales when seeing my daughter go through similar joys and heartaches. I hope everyone has found something equally rewarding.

FELIX C. DOWNES-THOMAS

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I have become a Texan since we moved here in 1971. Wendy and I have three wonderful, unique, growing, becoming teenagers. Rebekah is a junior in electrical engineering at Duke and loves horses and computers. Benjamin will be a senior in high school and hopes to move to Colorado and work in the ski industry. Joseph is sixteen, driving, checkbook, job, very practical and hard-working. He might pursue sports medicine. We want him to be a cook—best hot tofu in the southwest. We love San Antonio's people, climate and laid-backness. We work hard. I do the capital planning (mainly where to build and how big) for a large (fifty-six thousand) Texas school district, plus lots of institutional research. Wendy teaches blind, multihandicapped infants and knows more about this population than probably anyone in the Southwest. We recently built our first house and are into Texas native plants, vegetarianism, fitness, and Tzedakah. Call or visit.

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After graduating from Yale in 1969, I stayed on as Carnegie Teaching Fellow in African-American Studies. Subsequently I taught high school social studies in Philadelphia, completed a doctorate (at the State University of New York at Albany) in education, served as a school administrator in upstate New York, joined the faculty of the Stanford University School of Education, and helped found the Graduate School at Lewis and Clark College in Portland, Oregon. I came to the University of Virginia as Chair of Educational Leadership and Policy Studies and Professor of Educational Leadership in 1987.

My research interests include organizational history, educational policies, professional development of teachers and administrators, and leadership theory. I have authored fifteen books and over a hundred articles for professional journals. I have consulted with school systems and public agencies throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Currently I am completing a history of a Southern high school, a book of case studies of professional growth, and an edited volume on teacher evaluation policy.

I am married to Cheryl Davis, a real estate agent in Charlottesville, and have four children: Krista (twenty-three), Josh (twenty-two), Jay (twenty-two), and Devan (ten). We live atop Pantops Mountain, in the shadow of Monticello, and regularly honor the ghost of Mr. Jefferson.

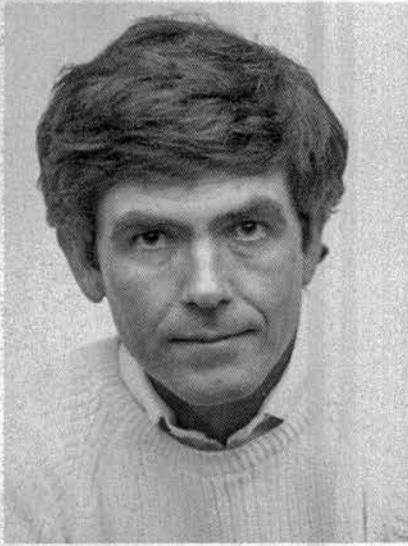
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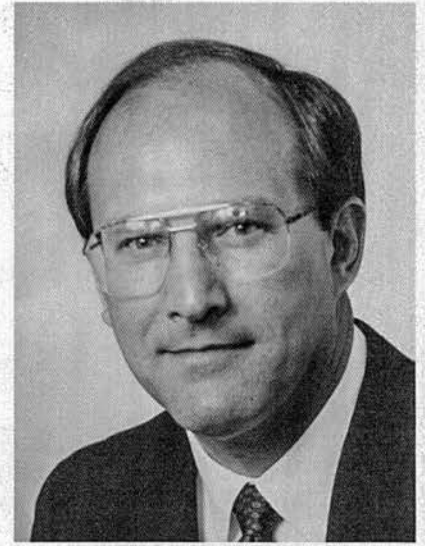
Attorney, civil and criminal prosecution; still married to same "girl"; three daughters (twenty-three to seventeen); returned to hometown in '76 and haven't left.



John J. Davis III



Steven Andrew Davis



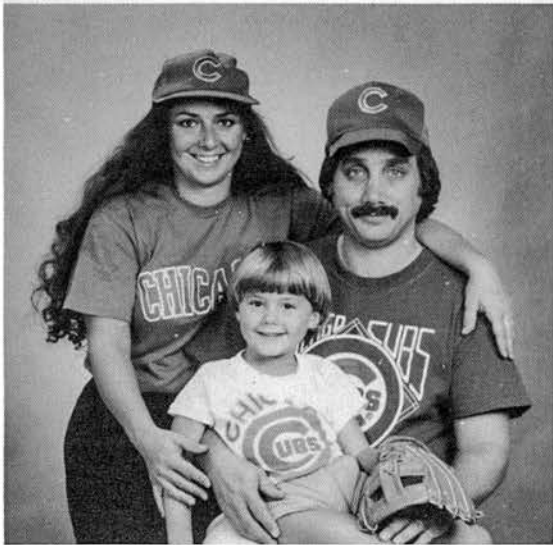
Max J. Derbes III



Robert and Lorisa DeLorenzo



Cornelis Disco



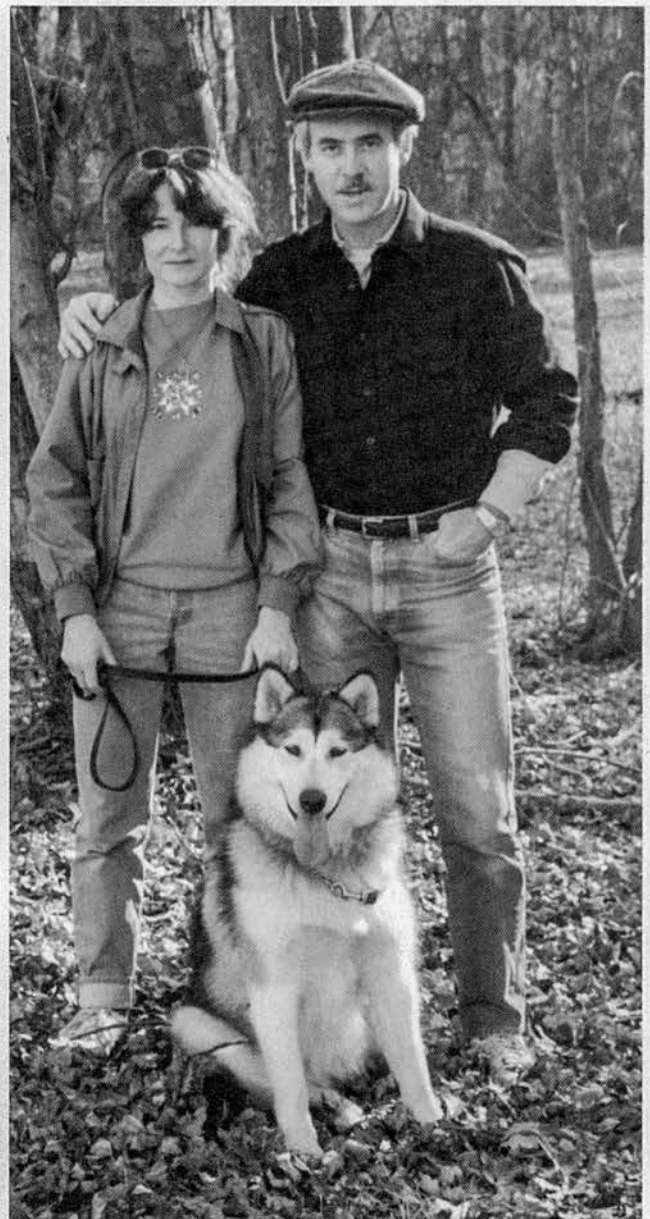
Kenneth and Cindy Devoe and son



Steven C. Dixon, Oyster Fest in Milford, CT



The Brian Dowlings



Tom and Jane Earley

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Twenty-five years is a long time to sum up. Most of all, I would have to say I've been lucky, since there have been plenty of times when things could have gone badly but didn't. I signed up for three-and-a-half years in the Navy, emerging unscathed and well-travelled, serving two years as an intelligence officer. This may not be the best place to say it, but the reunion I would most enjoy would be the thirty or so officers from the wardroom of the *USS Wainwright*.

I had two interesting years in London in graduate school and got a job connected with commodity markets, which were then one of the most exciting things going. While I would never have predicted I would end up as an agricultural economist, I have been successful in my work and fortunate in my colleagues. The firm of Abel, Daft & Earley just celebrated its tenth anniversary and is now famed in song and story in agricultural economist and Washington policy circles. "Dead dog Democrats" all, our star has risen after the long dark night of Reagan-Bush-omania.

But I have been luckiest in my family life. I met Jane Campana at a party in 1975, and for me it was love at first sight. She was both intelligent and sexy. It took her a few more sights. I'm not sure which category I was weak on. We began living together that year, bought a house on Capitol Hill in 1976, and got married in 1977.

We have a daughter Caitlin, Class of 2003 and a son Nick, Class of 2005. They're healthy, smart, funny, and good looking—I told you I was lucky. It would please me no end if they went to Yale, provided it is right for them at the time. Yale was a wonderful mind-expanding experience for me.

Given the hazards of daily life, I was sometimes skeptical that I would be around for my twenty-fifth reunion. My mother died of undecipherable causes in May 1968 in the middle of exams. They waited a day until I had finished to break the news. My father died in 1976 of cancer. Despite some long-lived grandparents, this did not seem a good omen. Having escaped accidental death a couple of times since then and survived my share of minor disorders, I am feeling a little more sanguine about making contributions to my retirement plan. I

remember Lee Mundell was convinced he would die young, until he didn't. Now I think we could both live to ripe old ages. Unless wine turns out to be bad for you.

Does luck translate into happiness? It helps, but I have also worked hard at keeping the different elements of my life in proportion. Armed with the seventies' sensibilities of educated American males, I have done my share on most fronts and kept my career and family life in balance. It's one of the things I'm most proud of.

There is room for improvement though. Family and work life can be too narrow a realm. I have been focusing more in the past year on developing better male friendships, and meet every couple of weeks with half-a-dozen like-minded acquaintances. It has proved to be a good forum for talking about a wide variety of issues. Almost like pre-coed Yale when male friends were pretty much your only option.

I have taken up sailing, which is a delight. Never learned tennis, which is a disappointment, but I am hoping my kids will get me into it. Should undoubtedly get more exercise and drink less wine. Should meditate twice daily and floss once. Shouldn't lose my temper, procrastinate, or worry too much about the future. Should write more letters.

One of the biggest changes in my outlook on the world since twenty-five years ago is a decline in optimism, perhaps better described as a shrinking of horizons. Back then anything seemed possible. You didn't know what you would end up doing for a living, whom you would marry, or where you would put down roots. One could travel almost anywhere outside the Communist countries without great fears regarding personal safety. And there was a definite sense that progress on many fronts was not only possible but likely. By now my own options have narrowed dramatically. And so much of the world seems closed off, violent, and lacking in hope. I would most like to see the pendulum swing back in the other direction over the next twenty-five years.

With regard to my own life, I remain optimistic. I believe my relationships with family and friends will deepen and intensify. I feel a little stale in my work situation, but hope to find some new direction or application for the skills and knowledge that I have accumulated. Longer term, I would like to have the freedom and will to do something a little more oriented towards public service.

Twenty-five years after Yale, I know I was lucky to have had that four years there and made the friends I did. I wish I had done a better job of keeping up some of those friendships and believe this reunion is a chance to begin doing that.

DICK EBERSOL

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Barcelona Olympics, 1992; Vice President (comedy, variety, and specials), NBC, 1976-79; Co-owner, WZBG-FM Radio, Litchfield, Connecticut.

Loves: Susan Saint James Ebersol; Teddy (three); Willie (seven); Charlie (eleven); Sunshine (twenty-two); and Harmony (nineteen); skiing in Telluride, Colorado; smoking Cuban cigars anywhere.

Dreams: New Haven will rise again to be the growing and happy city it was in 1965.

Memories: Road trips to Bennett and Briarcliff Manor; the day my older brother became President of Briarcliff; BD and Calvin running loose in the Bowl; leaving in 1967 for two years working at the 1968 Olympics; thousands of Army troops in New Haven in May 1970; how civilized our “sixties” protests at Yale seem in retrospect; William Scranton III, Atwood Collins III, Walter Cummings III—all my roommates may have been thirds but they were “firsts” as fun loving friends.

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CLEMENT P. ENGLE

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So after graduation I was on my way to Woodstock from Montreal when Nixon's henchmen busted me at the border. Never made it to Woodstock; was sent home, where the 1-A notice from the draft board was waiting, along with an offer to teach school deep in the ghettos of Philadelphia. The kids ran circles around me for a year; I flunked my draft physical; I took my money and took off for Europe and Morocco. The money ran out in 1971. I returned to the U.S.A., put my worldly possessions in the trunk of my car, and headed West. The first place I stopped was Boulder, Colorado. I'd been there one magical week when my car was stolen, so I figured Colorado wanted me, and I've been here more or less ever since.

There was a perverse interlude from 1972 to 1975 when I subjected myself to permanent brain damage at Duke Law School. That was followed by a dreadful few years in what is called the general practice of law. I quit and took up Sufi dancing. In 1980 I answered a newspaper ad and got the job I'm still doing—handling criminal appeals for the Colorado Attorney General's Office. I like it. It's an ivory tower, egghead type of academic law, which I vastly prefer to the who-gets-the-money law.

I got lucky when Karen came into my life and dragged me kicking and screaming out of my bachelor pad. We got married in 1985. We enjoy domestic bliss together with our kitty-kat in our little house in Denver. We spend as much time as we can in Colorado's backyard, skiing and backpacking and knocking about.

The Disneyland Yale of 1969 was a wondrous place. It seems so very far away now—temporally, geographically, culturally. Today's Yale is an unfamiliar, and often unattractive, place. But I'll still send along some money if we beat Harvard.

WILLIAM B. EVANS

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When I see an old friend I haven't seen in years, I treat a year like a day; that way it doesn't feel so bad. What can I say briefly to explain twenty-five years entrenched in Central New York? It's time for a change.

Believe it or not, my time has been spent doing art work and other necessary tasks to support such problematical activity—mostly oils, gouache, etchings, and some wall constructions. What keeps it going?—the constant thought of some success yet envisioning the best ahead.

Recently my attention has focused on the Adirondacks. If up there, please come see my work at the Birch Store Gallery, Keene Valley, New York.

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DAVID L. FEIGENBAUM

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I'm alive and well and living in Winchester, a Boston suburb. I spend my

working hours as a partner at Fish & Richardson, an old-line patent law firm. My nonworking hours are devoted to my wonderful wife, Maureen Meister (an art history professor at the Art Institute of Boston), and our two charming monsters, Peter (nine) and Stephen (four). Our castle is a brick Victorian on which we've spent endless hours and almost endless money.

Yalies are scarce in our town; and they are careful not to blow their cover in what is largely Hahvahd country. Still, I have been known to fly a Yale banner out front on the day of The Game.

Things I miss most about Yale: the world's greasiest hamburger at the Durfee butt; studying in the Sterling stacks; being the first person at breakfast every morning in the Branford dining hall; the God squad; gross-out contests on WYBC; parietal hours; the coat-and-tie rule; the posture test in freshman year.

Things I've learned since leaving Yale: between them, organized religion and men aged fifteen to forty-five account for eighty-nine percent of the world's evil; politicians and professional athletes account for the rest; child abuse is both disgusting and understandable; the world is neck deep in slobs; nostalgia just isn't what it used to be; cynicism is a hopeless waste of time.

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Having missed all Class reunions, having been included in the "whatever became of" group highlighted a while back by our esteemed Class Secretary, but knowing better than to be suckered by that sly invitation into writing directly to Will, I have to date successfully avoided being brutally skewered in the Alumni Notes. Responding to the kinder gentler invitation from Brian and Tom, my Twenty-fifth Reunion Class Book condensed chronology follows.

After graduation I signed up for four years in the Army Security Agency. I also grew a mustache. The taxpayers trained me (and coincidentally in the same class of nine "spooks" Lance Konselman) as an Arabic—Iraqi linguist. Arabic is a skill that, if I ever really mastered, I have long since forgotten. I'll find out if Lance has done any better at the twenty-fifth. We were stationed at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California. Coincidentally, so was Nick Rieti. Nick was learning, and perhaps even retaining, a more western language assignment.

Nick and I found time to do a reprise on an 8 x 13 foot mural of the

Middle East, which we painted on the coffee room wall. The brass and the military press liked it at the time, but on a subsequent revisit I discovered it had gone the way of our prior Diplomacy mural in Davenport. I fared better in other areas, however, improving my golf game and almost breaking eighty at Pebble Beach. With the downsizing of the military in 1972, all the members of my “class” were offered an “early out” (no reflection on our contribution), which opportunity, not too surprisingly, all of us took. Thus suddenly, my brilliant military career was at an end. I still have the mustache.

In search of a more permanent career, I obtained two master’s degrees in three years from the University of Massachusetts, first in regional planning and then in landscape architecture. More significantly, while at University of Massachusetts, I met Sue Kirby, a native of Portland, Oregon, and we married in 1974, my best “career” move to date. (I hope she reads this.)

Not satisfied with two postgraduate degrees, however, and seeking a “highly respected” career in the Pacific Northwest, I enrolled at Willamette University Law School in Salem. I graduated in 1978 and went to work for one of the larger law firms in Portland, practicing primarily in the land use, real estate, and finance areas. In 1981 I joined two other lawyers starting up a new firm. The firm has since grown to seventeen lawyers with offices in Seattle, Portland and Corvallis, Oregon. For anyone truly interested, the firm resume is available upon request.

Our first of three daughters, Kerby, was born in 1979. She was joined by Lisa in 1982 and Jill in 1988. The marriage has turned out great (I really hope she reads this) and so have the kids. I’m not certain if the career is highly respected, but the jokes sure are. Portland and the Northwest have lived up to their reputation. Come out and see for yourself. David and Martha Howorth did, and they stayed. I’m staying too.

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As of this writing (May 1993), I am finishing up four years as Vice President and General Counsel of Mobil Saudi Arabia in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. My wife, Nancy, and two sons, Will and Jamie, look forward to repatriating to Clifton, Virginia, a small town near Manassas, many of whose nineteenth-century houses are designated landmarks. We feel the pressures of modernity so much in our daily living that we think an old, small town like Clifton is essential as an antidote. I am sure there are others in our class who feel the same.

I must briefly register my disappointment over the departure from Yale a year or so ago of Dean Donald Kagan, whose views on the importance of Western (essentially Judeo-Christian) values to the health of our country and Yale University proved so controversial during his brief tenure as Dean. In my opinion, for whatever it is worth, Yale, like many of America's other institutions and industries, could use a strong dose of people like Dean Kagan in positions of influence.

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JOHN A. FISHER

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The form of a recent news bulletin seems best for inclusion in the class directory, since a lot has occurred since we talked last.

Classmates will remember our kids were one and two years old at graduation. Well, our daughter Punkin' (twenty-six) married in October and shortly after changed career from fashion retailing to real estate brokerage (an optimist?). She is able to use her foreign languages, honed at University of Southern California and before, to communicate with the various immigrants with hard currency who are increasingly influential in the local market! Son Ambrose, who graduated from Georgetown two years ago, has recently relocated to Los Angeles to join J.E. Robert, a joint venture of Goldman Sachs and G.E. Capital, which invests in RTC real estate asset packages.

Amidst all the change, some things don't. We work hard to see that the

Town of Atherton is on that list. Didi is now the Vice Mayor and is in the midst of a management turnover. Although the frequency and intensity of issues she faces has picked up from my time on the Town Council, she enjoys the action and the relationships.

And I just got back from the initial public offering road show for the Robert Mondavi Winery, with stops in London, Paris and Edinburgh, and across the U.S. The offering has been successfully completed, and we are pleased about the expanding role of Hambrecht & Quist advising branded consumer companies on public offerings, private placements, and mergers and acquisitions.

JULIAN H. FISHER, M.D.

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Short-term goals are overshadowed by longer-term issues. A traditional career in medicine is shaken by the loss of one's parents to medical mistakes. Instead of treading the same path or forsaking the profession altogether, I opted to attempt to change some of the ways in which medicine works, from an information standpoint. Over the last decade, I have taken an entrepreneurial approach to create, for physicians, computerized medical record systems and computerized textbooks and, for patients, health information kiosks in public places. Never did I think, a quarter of a century ago, that I would question a profession's methods. Yet how challenging it is to dream up elegantly simple and innovative ways to improve our well-being. It is even more satisfying to see them transformed from idea to reality.

The process of medical training was prolonged (perhaps too prolonged), involving experience and travel in South America. One fortunate outgrowth was an interest in craft art, which evolved into new respect for the emerging contemporary crafts movement here in America—and collecting. Some pieces have ended up in the Yale Art Gallery, allowing me to forge a new relationship with the University. Exposure to Gallery activities has, in turn, opened up new collecting opportunities and an ever richer home environment.

And speaking of the home, it always seemed difficult in college approaching a “big weekend” without a date. The thought of coming back to the “big reunion” without a (first) wife seemed daunting. Fortunately, fate and very good fortune intervened, several years in advance, with my 1992 marriage to Barbara Wallraff, senior editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. What a pleasure it is to have the intellectual wealth of the magazine come home for dinner every evening. It recalls, in some measure, the range of ideas which I treasured at so many meals in Commons and at Morse. The abiding lesson from Yale a quarter century ago is to foster intellectual inquiry in pursuit of a liberal education, at home and at work. I hope that the next decades permit me to continue in the same path.

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After a year of teaching school, a year on Yale's Henry Ford II Fellowship at Cambridge University, and completion of a master's degree in applied mathematics at Harvard, I wound up in 1973 at the MITRE Corporation in Bedford, Massachusetts, doing systems engineering (a vague discipline encompassing some technology and much bureaucracy). MITRE is a not-for-profit that now does a great variety of technical work for the public sector, but command and control systems for the Air Force are its historical focus and the area of my work. The position must have agreed with me, for I am just completing my twentieth year. My work at MITRE has allowed me to keep learning new things and to do some interesting travel. In spite of our national good fortune to be able to cut back on defense, I am now busier than ever, in the mission area of theater missile defense (i.e., how to deal with Scuds and similar threats).

I just recently (1989) married Norma Dominick, a lovely musician from Boise, Idaho, and Oberlin Conservatory. Norma was for five years principal violist with the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra. She now does Suzuki and traditional string instruction in our home in Lexington. In addition to fine arts, we share interests in nature and travel, and Norma is teaching me landscaping. In winter we love to spend weekends at our shared ski chalet in Vermont and occasional skiing vacations in Utah (our favorite spot being the Alta Peruvian Lodge).

Watching birds, something I was doing even before Yale, has remained my constant passion. It has lured me to wonderful adventures in Central and South America (many times) and in Africa (just once so far). It has also been a serious avocation for me. I have worked for fifteen years on the staff of the jour-

nal *Bird Observer*. I attend regularly the lecture meetings of the Nuttall Ornithological Club (at Harvard) and currently serve as Secretary of this venerable society, the oldest bird club in the country.

With my enthusiasm for anything with wings, it was natural that I also should learn to fly. I have about 450 hours as a private pilot and am nearing completion of training for my instrument rating.

I enjoy living in New England and will probably stay here, where all of my originally Southern immediate family have ultimately relocated. Norma and I love entertaining interesting house guests, so classmate visitors to the Boston area should give us a call.

JOSEPH H. FLYNN

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 (312) 693-6100 (ofc.)

A resident of the Chicago area since 1979, the same year as my marriage to Deborah. Working as an attorney for Cigna Corporation, primarily in tax planning. Recently gave up playing softball in favor of coaching a third grade girls' softball team where my daughter Kate is a future all-star. It's great seeing the world through a nine-year-old's eyes.

MATTHEW J. FLYNN

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J. MICHAEL FOLZ

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 7543 FAX

I dropped out of Yale in January 1967, reentered in September 1971, and graduated in 1973 with a couple of degrees. I then moved to Nova Scotia.

In the intervening years I have had three wives and four children, all female. Two of the children so far have gotten into Yale (Classes of '92 and '94).

Other than that I have been a complete failure, ranking somewhere near the first percentile in Yale Alumnus Income.

This is no doubt due to the fact that the CIA has been jamming my brain with their damn ultrasonic transmitters.

REGINALD E. FORD III

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(415) 859-4375 (ofc.)

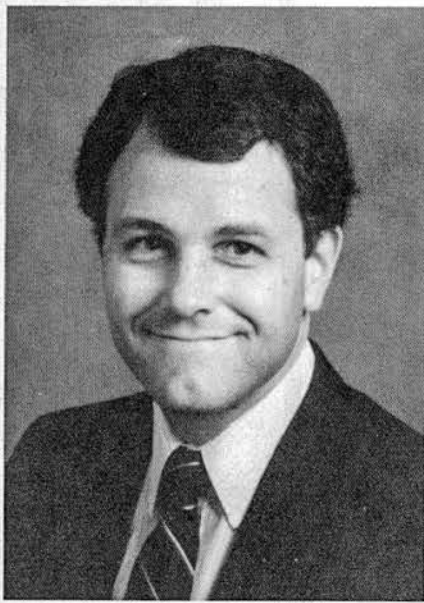
Looking back across a gap of twenty-five years I'm not sure I would recognize myself, but the core of things that matter to me has been sifted, pruned, and intensified more than changed. A friend at work and I traced our office choice—his with an open vista across the bay, and mine with a view filtered through trees and stopped by the hills in the middle distance—to his youth in desert Fresno vs mine in forested and hilly New York. And while most Californians live in an exposed landscape, my house is enclosed by tall pines in a steep canyon.

Family first—and it is first, the only thing that has the stability of being there because it's there and not because I chose it. True, marriage starts with a choice, but having been married since the day after graduation to Cindy, and carrying togetherness to the extreme of commuting together to work on the same floor of the same building, that feels as stable as you can get. No kids, two sisters, lots of nieces, nephews, and grandnieces and -nephews. The death of nephew Jim in a parachuting accident was the low point of my life—even worse than the death of my parents, who lived an expected span into their seventies.

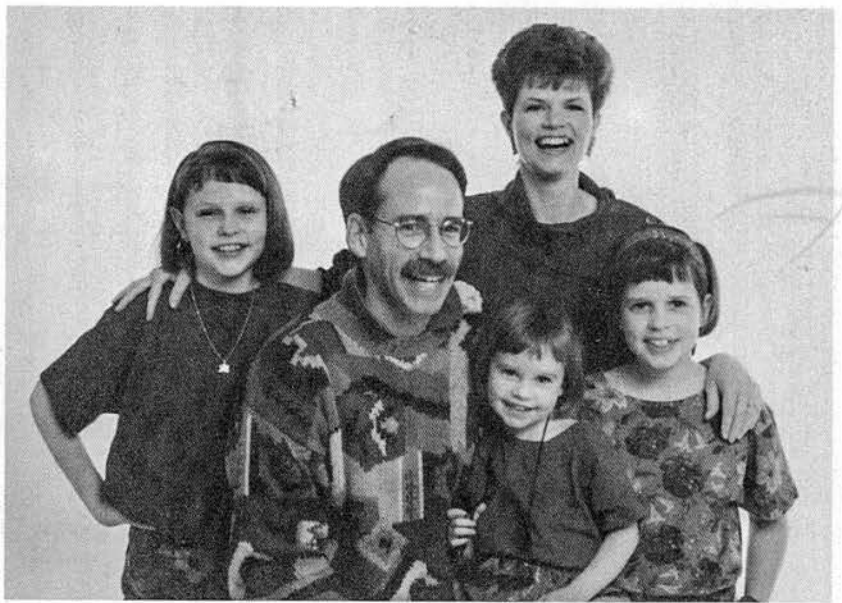
Before college I was equally interested in math/science and history/humanities, but from freshman year through grad school at Berkeley and three years teaching at the University of Virginia, I went exclusively in the latter direction. Then, weary of an all-consuming work life at low pay, disillusioned with the lack of rigor in humanities disciplines, and desperate to get out of Virginia and back to California, I reversed course and took up software in the systems engineering division of SRI (i.e., Stanford Research Institute) while filling in my missing education at Stanford. I didn't throw everything away—my work is more writing than anything else—but I love the discipline of machines that have no tolerance for BS, and I respect the engineering education of the people I work with.

My nonwork time is mostly spent on books, music, visual arts, and the outdoors. I read widely—slowly and for pleasure and without the old compulsion to pile up knowledge. My taste in music runs towards sonatas and quartets from Mozart to Rachmaninov, especially music that is described by critics as solemn or dark, as if I'm missing the point because it leaves me elated rather than depressed. Like many others, I have found the fountain of youth and energy in jogging, and I run relays in local and national track meets on the SRI corporate team. Winter is to be looked forward to because it means skiing.

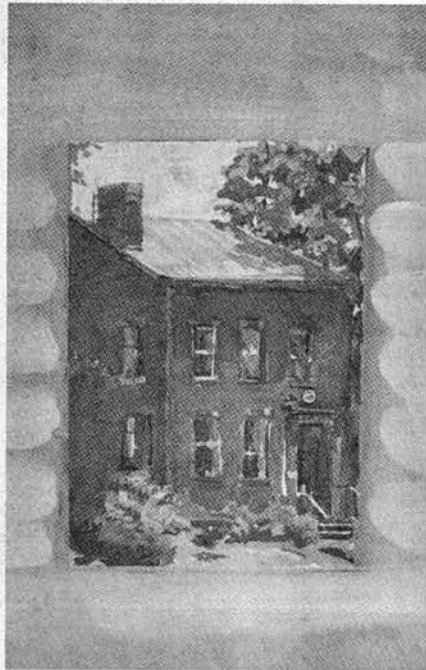
I date my escape from being overly serious from my first day of teaching at Berkeley—my immediate response to classroom tension was to find an unsuspected vocation as a comedian. I still like privacy and am tolerant of long silences, but work has made me more sociable—most of it is done cooperatively and in high good humor. I am not much driven by ambition for recognition and am comfortable living within myself.



Daniel L. Duke



The Kimball H. Ferris family



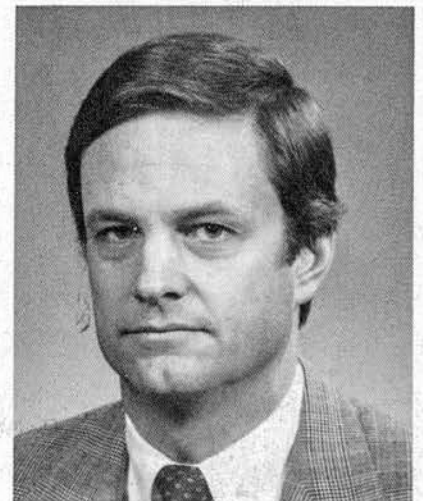
A recent work of Bill Evans



The John Fisher family at daughter's wedding



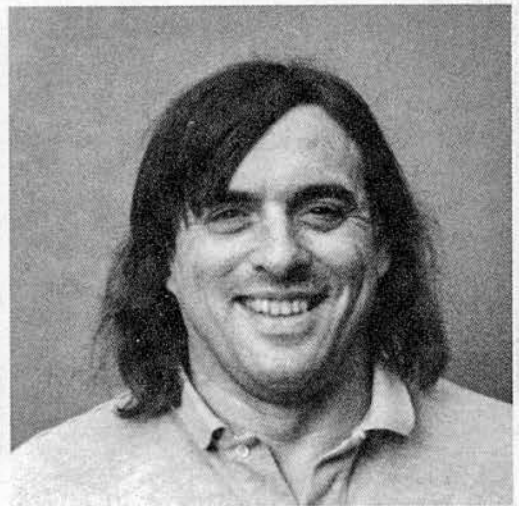
H. Christian Floyd and wife Norma



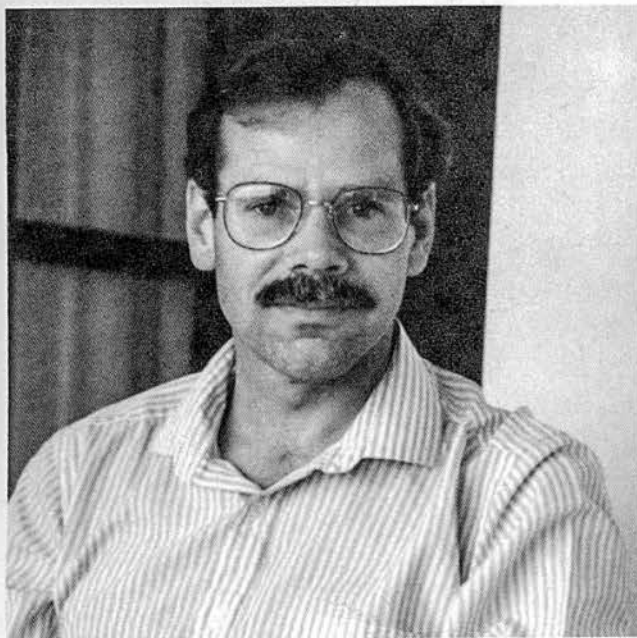
Stephen B. Finch, Jr.



Joe and Deborah Flynn and daughter Kate



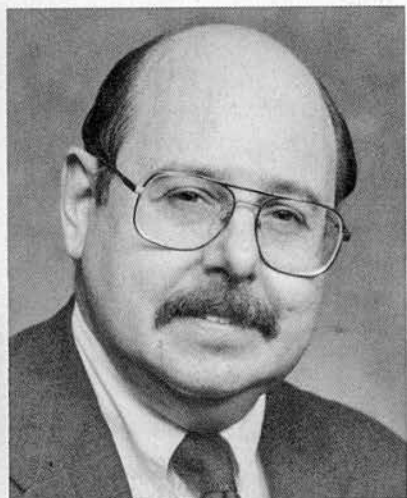
J. Michael Folz



Reg Ford



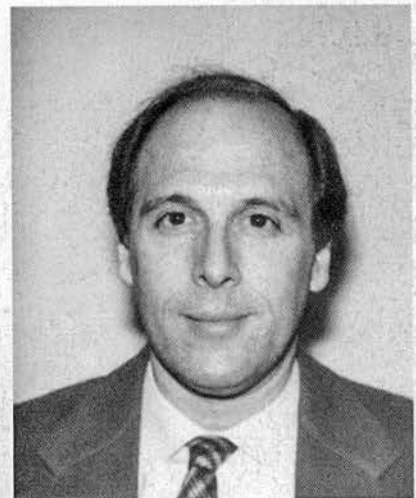
Cindy Ford (Reg's wife)



Paul J. Fox



Nathan Gans



Philip R. Garvin

HARRY C. FORSDICK

46 Burlington Street, Lexington, MA 02173

As I sit in my summer house in the Berkshire woods listening to Crosby, Stills and Nash, I remember that my life today has largely been shaped by movements that happened twenty to thirty years ago: civil rights, anti-Vietnam War, and women's rights. Oh sure, I have changed a lot; two years of avoiding the draft, five years of graduate school at MIT, eighteen years working at Bolt Beranek and Newman, a high tech firm, doing R&D in computers and communications, sixteen years of a wonderful, exciting, and loving marriage to Marsha Baker, twelve years swept over by two great children. I may have grown a bit more serious in these years, but my underlying liberal persuasion has not suffered.

School: After Yale I spent two years avoiding the draft, working at a U.S. government research laboratory. At the same time I was attending anti-Vietnam War rallies. I think it was during this period I learned about how to walk multiple paths at the same time without tripping up. Working in the government while opposing the war forced me to come face to face with many good people who really thought differently from me and to come away respecting their opinion while standing by my own.

Work: I have been fortunate to really enjoy my profession. From the day in my sophomore year at Yale when I first encountered computers to now, I have always been intrigued by what I could do using a computer. Somehow I have managed without really trying to keep play, fun, and imagination as part of my work. At BBN I am now manager of a department of forty people who do R&D in applications of computers that make use of digital communication networks like the Electronic Highway championed by Vice President Gore. BBN is a company which has pioneered a number of new technologies (e.g., packet switched networks, parallel processor computers, multimedia communications), and I have tried to keep my activities in the early exploratory aspects of those technologies.

Family: I am a pretty difficult person at times: impulsive, moody, big on theory, lousy on implementation—better at writing twenty-fifth year reunion essays than at finishing the spackling and painting of a bedroom. My wife Marsha has put up with all of this (as well as dealt a little of her own) while at the same time sacrificing her own career to provide a wonderful setting in which our boys have grown up. I never realized how much of an impact children would have on Marsha and me. It has been wonderful and I wouldn't change it one bit. Children have been the strongest cause of change in my life. Early on I pictured the image of my sons being like a train that kept moving with no stops. If I want to be a part, I have to keep moving with them; there are no opportunities to say "stop for six months while I do something else!"

Friends: In addition to mainstream life events, through my interest in singing I have had the great fortune to run across a unique set of people that have kept me in touch with the strong foundation of the sixties that I cherish. It first started off with Larry Hill, a friendly, demanding, campus/city minister/choir director who practiced Peace and Justice as he inspired us to sing

way beyond what should have been expected. Martin Mullvain was Larry's sidekick, both in their antiwar days of Chicago as well as in the music days of Boston. Both Larry and Martin attracted people to be around them and got us to reach inside ourselves to excel in ways we hadn't realized possible.

Through Larry and Martin and their wives Joan and Lana, we met many people, including the two couples (and later their families) with whom we built a summer house in Cummington, Massachusetts. The six of us (computer scientist, mother, opera composer, violinist, social worker, teacher) were naive enough in 1981 to buy ten acres of largely uncleared land and expected to build a house by hand—our own Walden (à la Doonesbury). And we did it! In 1991 we held a wonderful tenth-year celebration where eighty friends ate, sang, and camped out with us. Any day now, the house will be finished.... People ask us how we have managed to stay friends while sharing a house. I think our success is due to three things: we have respect for each other's differences, we talk about our differences and needs, and we have a strong foundation based on the ideals of the sixties and seventies.

Regrets: Alas, not everything has turned out well: seven years ago, Martin died of throat cancer in his early forties on Christmas day and two years later Larry died of brain cancer in his early fifties on Valentine's Day. I have trouble remembering to listen to my wife's needs while coming to peace with my own. I continually forget to believe in myself, feeling that I am an impostor while in fact I am just an overachiever. I should take more chances (I turned down an offer to be one of the first ten employees of Apollo Computer). Someday I will learn to be more demanding for resources for projects I thought would be winners. Not too many regrets and there's still time for improvement.

Accomplishments:

- In 1971, after taking the summer off to hike in the Rockies, I climbed Mount Rainier, one of the highest peaks in the forty-eight contiguous states.

- Marsha and I have managed to keep our marriage and family on relatively healthy ground. Sometimes a struggle, but worth the effort. My kids are their own accomplishments. I was recently heartened when my elder son said that his motto was "There is a bright side to everything."

- Although it hasn't been easy, we have managed to bring up our children being taught the beliefs of both Christianity (my religion) and Judaism (Marsha's religion). Many people have said we couldn't do it due to the fundamental contradictions between the two faiths. We have discovered that the contradictions are much less than some would want you to believe. Our children have benefited enormously by being truly involved in both of our faiths.

- My job has been great. I have managed to get what I have wanted out of work without having to give up the excitement about computers I have felt from the beginning. Along the way I managed to revitalize interest if not invent a field known as real-time shared workspace conferencing: think of it as video conferencing, but over documents and drawings using computers and communication networks.

- For the last twenty years I have sung in a choir of one form or another. Singing has required me to abandon the support of my normal skills and stretch myself in an area where I am less talented.

Finally, our shared summer house, with all of the good times and friend-

ships that it represents, is a treasure. When our kids light up in anticipation of going to Cummington, I know that we have done a good thing.

Summary: It would be easy, as I've gotten more secure, to abandon my concern for the excluded people. From my youth it was the people of the civil rights, the anti-Vietnam War, and the women's rights movements. Today it is the people who struggle for gay rights and the dignity of the homeless. I attribute some of the success and delight I've had in my first twenty-five years out of Yale to the foundations laid by concern for the movements of the sixties and seventies. A challenge to me is to impart this passion to my children and to continue to live it myself.

RICHARD E. FORTIER, JR., M.D.

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Preclinical medical school was like returning to high school. Becoming a doctor was a process difficult to describe: total reculturalization, relearning. Many good friends and a farm environment helped. A return to Maine (with spouse) for grueling internship enabled the process. Psychiatry made the process more interesting and worthwhile—the most dynamic field in medicine. Several years deciding to have kids, best decision of my life. Travel to France for personal heritage and roots; multiple years in the Caribbean each winter (with kids) sustained us through Maine winters. Stock and real estate investing has been stimulating and rewarding. Pursuing old interests in music (Reggae, Dixieland, Cajun, classical), science fiction reading, plus adolescent interest in coin collecting. Cooking has been most relaxing hobby.

Have had reunions with four-year Yale roommate and others from Berkeley College. Harvard-Yale football percentage of attended games still too low. Can't get over 1968 tie. But time and change will prevail.

Having bright daughters, look-alike nephews, and new babies in the family helps cope with aging, something I never thought possible while an undergraduate.

Eating well and enjoying lakeside sun has been the best reward to growing older. Strange process that. Regardless, time and change do prevail!

Have treasured my Yale experience and have tried to help others from Maine have that advantage through Yale Alumni Schools Committee interviewing.

Though my major was in the sciences, I have developed appreciation for history, music, the arts (via kids).

Yale was a real opportunity for me and has left an indelible mark. I wish more Mainers the same.

CRAIG C. FOSTER

118 Winchester Drive, Yonkers, NY 10710

Update: New York University Law School, 1973; married, July 1977; divorced, October 1987; four sons: Daren (fifteen), Kodi (thirteen), Aman and Kesi (eleven, identical twins).

Livelihood: William Morris Talent Agency, 1973-76; CBS Sports, 1976-89 (last eight years, Vice President, Business Affairs); RLR Associates, 1989-present. Our firm acts as agent/managers for sportscasters, producers, and directors. We also represent some sports organizations in matters related to broadcasting.

Yale: It appears to have progressed much better than society as a whole over the last twenty-five years. I say this from the perspective of one out of twenty-four African Americans (two per college) who entered Yale in the fall of 1965.

It may be an anomaly but, upon reflection, the two biggest influences on me at the time were Malcolm X and Kingman Brewster. One directly, one indirectly. One preached self-reliance; the other provided an environment to nurture it. The result—*Black Studies in the University*, Yale University Press, 1969, and the African American Studies major at Yale.

Family: My sons are only minutes away. We are close. I have two nieces, a nephew, a stepson, and both parents. I am blessed!

Friends: The ones I made are still my friends, both at Yale and elsewhere, even those I haven't spoken with in twenty-five years. Hi, guys!

Marriage: C'est la guerre.

Love: C'est la vie.

America: It's a frustrating place. It truly has the potential to get it right, just not the maturity. How long is adolescence for a country?

Future: I'll check in in another twenty-five. Maybe!

PAUL J. FOX

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From Yale I went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where I got a graduate degree in computer science and continued to take economics and law courses as my minor. By the time I left graduate school ('72), Army Lieutenants were a surplus commodity, so, despite my ROTC Commission, I never had to go on active duty.

Most of my work has been involved with the technical and economic aspects of telecommunications policy. I've worked for a foundation-supported group advising local governments on cable television, the Office of Telecommunications Policy, the Federal Communications Commission, and am now consulting on my own. I tend to specialize in technical FCC proceedings, where many of the lawyers are a little vague on what is being discussed.

Yale turned out to be a great place to prepare for that kind of career. The economics and political science courses were useful supplements to my electrical engineering courses. Professor Black's Political Science 48 has been invaluable, since it's very difficult to have influence in a regulatory agency unless you can argue the law.

My biggest hobby is skiing, which I never started until after Yale. My goal is to figure out how to run a Washington consulting practice out of a western ski area.

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LAWRENCE M. FRANKS

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THOMAS G. FREEBAIRN

39 Jane Street, Apartment 5-D, New York, NY 10014
(212) 627-8522

DAVID A. FREEDBERG

No Address Available

WILLIAM R. FREEMAN

925 East Wells, Milwaukee, WI 53202

I've been battling serious mental illness.

E. RAYMOND FRENCH

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, SGO Room 159E, Bethlehem, PA 18016
(215) 694-2223

DANIEL FRIEDLANDER

5 Springvale Road, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520

After Yale I continued my education to obtain a Ph.D. from Columbia

in economics with a strong emphasis on statistics. I do statistical analysis of large-scale employment and training programs with a mid-Manhattan research firm and write a fair amount of technical analysis on the subject.

The greatest moments of my life so far have been the births of my two children: Eric (four) and Adam (two). It's a challenge keeping ahead of those two guys. I met my wife, Denise, while she was in a psychoanalytic training institute, and my head has been shrunk seven different ways according to seven different theories. I listen more to opera than rock these days. I work long hours and don't take too many vacations. I do my own taxes. I worry a lot about the world my kids will grow up into. I'm having fun.

Best regards to my classmates.

JOEL P. FRIEDMAN

15 Horsehoe Court, Hillsborough, CA 94010

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You've worn me down, having sent me more "second reminders" and "last chance notices" than the Publisher's Clearing House \$10 Million Dollar Sweepstakes. Okay, I'll try to think of something relevant to say about my last twenty-five years, lest you drop me from your mailing list.

Let's see—wife, kids and job, I think you suggested that we start with the basics. I gratefully have all of the above. Sharon and I were married twenty-four years in September 1993. She's the creative and imaginative part of our household—capabilities which she applies deftly to her interior design business (I have no color sense, and my spatial perception failed me on most of my high school aptitude tests). She is also our family community outreach representative, serving on numerous boards and providing real help to real people while I make golf courses safe for democracy. Our older son, Jeff, graduated from Vanderbilt this past May (1993) and is gainfully employed as an information technology consultant, "gainfully employed" being the operative phrase. I'm glad that we graduated in 1969 when there were *lots* of jobs out there (besides, of course, the southeast Asian defoliation industry). Jeff has become a southern gentleman, transplanting himself from laid-back California to the next eighteen months or so in Baton Rouge ("red stick" sounds so much better in French). Our younger son, Dave, is a college junior, in transition from University of California, Berkeley, to Cal Poly, Pomona. Berkeley in 1993 is still as bizarre as it was in the late sixties (that's the good news) but suffers greatly from the California budget crisis and bumbles toward academic mediocrity. Dave is the family politico/entrepreneur and will hopefully someday support his parents in the lifestyle to which we would like to become accustomed.

Moi—I'm still a management consultant, managing a strategy consulting practice for Andersen Consulting. I specialize in the financial services industries, although, having a short attention span, I dabble across a wide array of industries and functional disciplines. Thank goodness that my Yale liberal arts training prepared me to excel as a dilettante. I joined Andersen way back in 1971, after getting an M.B.A. at Stanford but before the investment banking industry inflated M.B.A. compensation to the ludicrous levels which I now pay my own new

hires. Thinking that consulting would be fun until I decided what real job I wanted when I grew up, I now accept the fact that I have no plans whatsoever to grow up at all. Fortunately, consulting is still a helluva lot of fun. Moreover, now that I get to check the Age 45-54 box on all the electronic products registration forms that manufacturers ask me to fill out, I'm finally learning that family and relaxation and music and golf and trashy novels have as much value as professional achievement. (Am I permitted to wax philosophic or at least muse a little? It seems to me that we paid too much attention to Kingman Brewster when he challenged us to become achievers. Let's hear it for "Generation X" and the post-Yuppie values of a balanced lifestyle, flexibility, options, and lasting friendships.) One durable benefit of my time at Yale: I rediscovered classical piano as the antidote to "sophomore slump" and took lessons through the music department. I still play, largely to relieve stress, although the poor quality of my playing may induce stress in my wife and cat (named Amadeus, of course). My fantasy: to perform Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2 with the New York Philharmonic.

Regarding memories of Yale: I can no longer remember the words to "Bright College Years" (except, of course, the ending); I'm pissed off at the arrogance of the fundraising office; and I live much too far away to pay much attention to the football team. On the other hand, my son Dave and I went to see the Whiffenpoofs perform nearby a few months ago, and images of Gothic arches, ivy-covered walls, and freshmen wearing grungy neckties and rumpled sport coats to dinner at the Commons flashed before my eyes. I don't plan to (or didn't) attend the reunion—I travel constantly, but none of my clients are in New Haven—but hope to catch up with some once-close friends through the Class Book. For classmates who find your way to San Francisco, I'm always available to conduct guided tours of the wine country, or even to share a bottle at home.

DAVID FRIEND

267 Clarendon Street, Boston, MA 02116

Married Margaret Shepherd, Sarah Lawrence '69; have four kids (Jasper, Zach, Zoë and Lily). Chairman and founder of Pilot Software, Inc., Boston, a \$50 million software vendor. Trustee, Boston Chamber Music Society; Trustee, Berklee College of Music. Plenty of Yalies on my payroll. Been running marathons for fifteen years, avid hiker, windsurfing, biking (do not own a car or TV). Love city life in Boston. Travel to New York and Europe for opera. Great to be able to help the arts organizations in Boston and various civil liberties and church/state separation causes. Most of all, grateful for a wonderful and large family—all great kids and a fantastic wife.

EDMOND C. FROEHLICH

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JOSEPH H. FUCHS III

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HENRY W. FULLER

Cape Breton Boatyard Limited, Box 247, Baddeck, Nova Scotia BoE 1Bo, Canada
(902) 295-2664

A week ago I ran the number-seven leg of the 185-mile Cabot Trail Relay Race. My leg was just under nine miles, and I finished with a respectable time. I had only been running for six weeks, without much of a training program. This race has become a major Memorial Day weekend event with seventeen runners on a team.

Running into the sunset backgrounded by the magnificent Cape Breton Highlands, I thought about what I might write about for our twenty-fifth Yale reunion. In 1969 I had ridden out of New Haven on my 1967 Triumph Bonneville and headed for Maine, forsaking graduation and a diploma in hand.

Since my time at Yale I have been lucky to pursue a life of travel, self-employment, and a measure of financial stability. To fill in the gaps over the last twenty-five years is a cerebral exercise that focuses on family, almost grown-up children, and an impulsive decision to purchase an eighty-acre parcel of land on the edge of the Bras D'or Lake. This body of water is a gem, near pristine, that splits the island of Cape Breton right down the middle.

After spending 1969-70 in Brazil as the first Yale recipient of the John Courtney Murray Fellowship, I married Judith, and we headed to London, where I was a graduate student in the social anthropology department of the London School of Economics. There we met wonderful people and cemented a lifelong interest in anthropology. After one year at L.S.E. we moved to St. John's, Newfoundland, where I did more graduate work at Memorial University. I spent five months aboard one of the last Portuguese dory fishing motorsailers, on its annual pilgrimage to the Grand Banks. Equipped with Portuguese from my year in Brazil, I was able to fully appreciate a dying fishing tradition that no longer exists today.

In 1973 Judith and I, with our newly born daughter Susanna, moved to Cape Breton to pursue an unplanned life in rural Nova Scotia. Our first task was to make habitable a one-hundred-year-old farmhouse that had no plumbing. At first glance the house looked as though it might fall down! We fixed it up, made it through the first winter as snow blew under the front door, and still are in the process of restoration. The view from the house is spectacular, and the gardens created by my wife have an Eden-like splendor at this time of year (I write this in June).

My first real job was as a casual laborer for a nascent oyster-farming program. A new word entered my vocabulary: aquaculture. A few years ago I invested in a small Atlantic salmon farm which no longer exists. I worked for a paving company as a raker of asphalt, something akin to a "tiller of rocks."

In 1974 I went to work for Pinaud's Yacht Yard, a small storage and maintenance boatyard located in Baddeck, Nova Scotia. I worked there for two

years as a yard hand, painting boats, learning the art of greasing skidways, and the many intricacies of working and living in a small rural community.

In 1976 I screwed up my courage and purchased Pinaud's. This was the birth of Cape Breton Boatyard Ltd. The yard was in need of a major restoration. It was difficult to know where to begin. Buildings needed new roofs, the main dock was short on its pilings, the marine railway was in reasonable shape, but the haul-out car was a risky piece of gear to haul sophisticated sailboats.

Now, eighteen years later, the yard has had a complete face lift. From the water with our new wharves, the view is one of seeming prosperity even though marinas and boatyards operate on profit margins comparable to current savings account interest rates. The challenge of rejuvenating a small labor-intensive business has been a labor of love. The life style has been the major reward.

Our children are in college now. My wife has just completed three years as the Hospice coordinator and has recently become the Director of Nursing in our local hospital. I am chagrined at the high cost of a Yale education and find the "exclusivity" uninspiring. We are thankful that both our children were accepted by the university of their first choice. Both our children have a sense of self that I never had at their age. They are independent and sensitive and have already had a taste of the world through sailing and other experiences. At times I shudder at the uncertainties they face, but with a high head of self-esteem, they should prosper as individuals in a world of growing uncertainty.

As for Yale, I have had minimal contact with classmates and the college since my departure in 1969. I have maintained contact with a few friends. Some of my customers are Yale graduates, so there's discussion of Yale-related issues. I like to think of my four years at Yale as the beginning of a lifelong learning process which has yet to hit full stride.

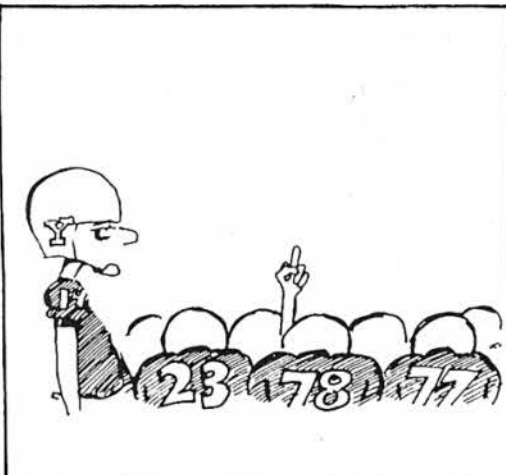
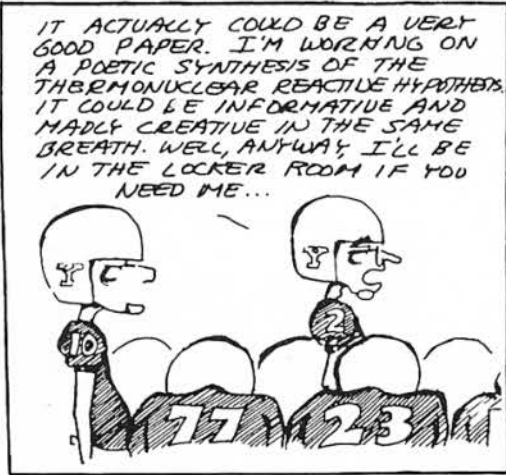
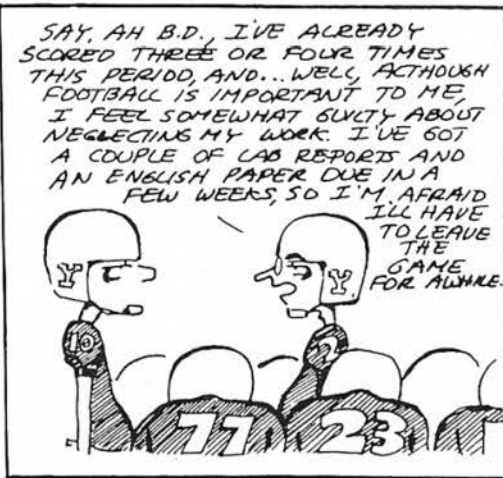
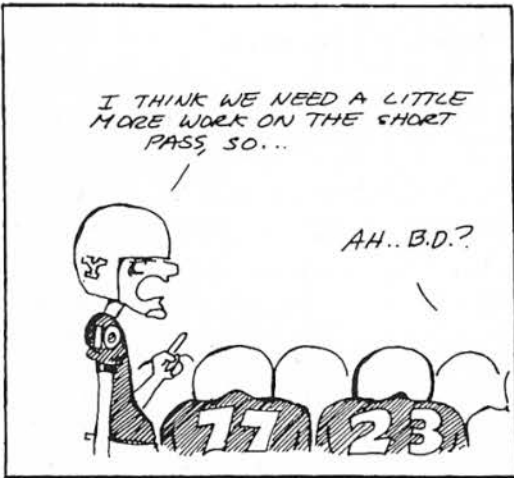
As I crossed the finish line of my segment of the Cabot Trail Relay Race, it was invigorating to see my wife of twenty-three years there with a big smile on her face. My son looked pleased that I had finished. The high point came the next day when our son, Michael, finished seventh in the final leg with thirty-two runners behind him. The only missing ingredient was our daughter, who had participated in two previous races. She had wanted to run this year, but had deferred to a job planting trees in northern Ontario.

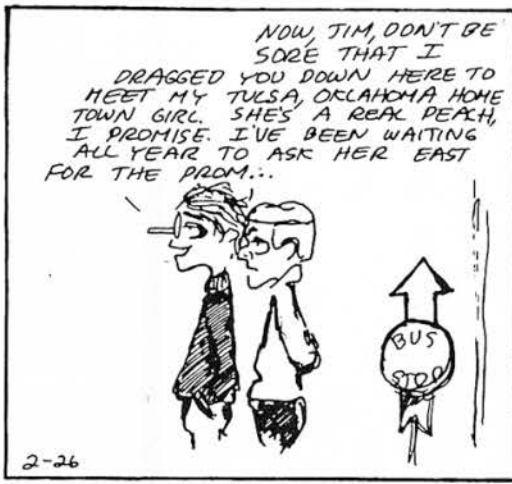
Next year we may field a complete family team. Hopefully, the event will not coincide with the Yale twenty-fifth reunion.

In sum, looking back, I have no regrets. To own your own business, be your own boss, and live in a majestic and clean part of the world is luxury enough. My gut tells me that the next twenty-five years are the ones to make accountable on a daily basis. Each day should be regarded as a new adventure. The possibility is real, as I still have my 1967 Triumph Bonneville in road condition!

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In the middle of the journey of my life I find myself in a not-so-dark wood of Ponderosa pine, in a cabin eight thousand feet above sea level, eighteen miles southwest of Boulder, Colorado. My route has been indirect and incidental; in retrospect, what seemed momentous at various way stations now seems unimportant and, conversely, seeming trivialities loom large. I went back to Yale to get a Ph.D. so that I could spend my life on a campus with books and conversation about books; I now spend my working life with software and its acolytes. Professionally I have been a bit of a vagabond, teaching, writing, programming, and, now, managing software analysts. A quarter of a century ago, in a somewhat precious manner, I extolled cities and intellectuality; I now spend as much as possible of my nonworking life in mountains and canyons. (I have climbed seventeen peaks above 14,000 feet, including Mount Yale.) Most recently, with characteristic lack of intent and design, I am finding my own way after the loss of my remaining parent and of a marriage of twenty-three years. At first devastating, the latter loss has become a kind of *felix culpa*, an occasion for discovery and growth. Though at this distance memories of my eight years at Yale have begun to fade, my time there persists as an important part of who I am.

PHILLIP C. GANS

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Work: as a lawyer. *Love:* my wife and children. *Losses:* in tennis and financially. *Achievements:* yet to come. *Disappointments:* not enough space or time. *Education:* yes. *Honors:* lacking. *Offices:* President of Yale Club of Colorado, 1989-91; Alumni Schools Committee Chairman, 1980-present.

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I've spent much of my life looking at the world through a viewfinder. First, in high school and college, through a still camera, then through a film camera, and, since 1978, through a video camera. My hobby turned into a profession and that turned into a business. Now, my Denver-based production company (Norac Productions) produces so much news, sports, documentaries,

and corporate television programming that almost everyone in the U.S. has seen our work at one time or another.

As we all know, however, success doesn't mean you get to do everything you dreamed of. Now, my staff gets to look through the viewfinder, while I shuffle paperwork. Fortunately, I can still be creative every once in while.

Television production was so all-consuming that I didn't get around to having a family until I was thirty-six, but I've made up for lost time. My wife, Kim, and I have three much-loved children, complemented by an assortment of dogs, horses, and hamsters. Life in Colorado is great for families and recreation, as well as business.

I guess that Yale had a major impact, because after my family and television production, my passion is education. I've tried to help out two disadvantaged public schools in North Denver. If everybody who can contribute does their share, we can give all Americans the education they deserve.

JEROME S.D. GARY

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After graduating I lived in the San Francisco Bay Area for five years, during which I was in the waterbed business, a movie theater owner, a partner in a building and design firm, and in the wine business. I didn't make a lot of money; I made a lot of mistakes, and I learned a lot about life.

In 1974 I moved back to New York, where I began my career in the movie business. In 1977 my first film *Pumping Iron* was released. Subsequently, I have worked all over the movie business (owned theaters, ran a distribution company, ran a television production company, directed theater and feature films, worked as a screenwriter, and taught). I now live in Los Angeles, working as a writer/director.

I led a charmed life until 1989 when I had several very tough years from which I emerged much wizeden. Professionally, I feel that my best work and greatest successes are ahead of me.

In 1991 I was married to Mary Lambert, a film director, and in June of 1992 we had a baby boy, Jordan. My wife and my son are the great joys of my life.

I had a lot of wild and crazy years in the Bay Area and New York (where I lived on a barge). Now I am as emphatically married as I was single, and very, very happy. Had I not come of age in 1969, I could well have married much earlier and lived happily ever after. When I finally married and had a child, I felt as if I was coming home after twenty years of wandering in the desert.

I view my college years as a time when I was largely asleep. Yale provided the greatest education that I ever could have hoped for, but I was too young and too spoiled to take advantage of it. Although I am very busy now, I look forward, perhaps unrealistically, to teaching and going back to school some time in the future.

Fly-fishing, bird hunting, windsurfing, bodysurfing, swimming, diving,

biking, tennis and almost any adventure have become the pastimes of my middle age.

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Latest focus has been the publication of my preventive health book *Smart Ways to Stay Young and Healthy* (Ronin Publ., Berkeley, 1992, 109 pgs., \$5.95). Recent Secretary of Health, Louis Sullivan, M.D., called the book “inspirational.” More importantly, classmate Mabry Rogers described the book as “pithy and practical.”

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LATHROP M. GATES

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While contemplating a strategy for realizing my “future occupation” goal, I was pleasantly sidetracked some eighteen-plus years ago; I met my wife Dody (Phinny), Wheaton 1973. She and our two daughters, Newell (fourteen) and Sally (twelve), are my present “occupation.” They are my love and joy. Even though Dody and I are the meanest parents in America, all of us dine, dream, learn, laugh, read, ride, walk, sail, bicycle, play tennis, and travel together.

Our older daughter has recently graduated from her grade school. She and her classmates endured a difficult year; fire destroyed their school building last fall. Yours truly has foolishly agreed to lead a capital campaign to finance a new structure.

Our younger daughter has become an animal rights advocate. She works part time in a veterinary clinic. We house and “love” many species, some stray and otherwise unwanted. Currently, a dog, two birds, a guinea pig, and a frog keep us company. In the past, we have also loved hamsters, turtles, fish, cats, and other dogs.

My wife does everything! She has a business designing clothing; she has

created reading programs at our daughters' school; she fund raises for the school; she works with the local children's hospital; she assists with the museum; and she has raised and nurtured two children (and many here would say a third) who are a delight even in and at the dawn of their teenage years.

The practice of law (corporate and securities)? Oh well, it occupies part of the days. Around it, we really enjoy life. Once marked by the collegiality of its members and the loyalty and friendship of clients, the legal profession has devolved into a mixture of suspicion, resentment, competition, and marketing. No wonder Hollywood's fascination with us, and the proliferation of lawyer "jokes." I look forward to ranching!

As I reflect on the past twenty-five years, I wonder why and how Yale and other educational institutions, which allowed all of us such academic freedom and nurtured a confidence to think and do for ourselves, have produced a society where the desire of so many is to have most, if not all, of their needs attended to by others and in which our "leaders" impose rather than inspire. I hope that Yale continues to encourage the values of independence and self-determination.

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What a great idea! The editors of this book actually want to know some of my personal thoughts going into our twenty-fifth reunion year. Here goes:

I am absolutely amazed at how little I remember about the substantive content of the undergraduate courses I took at Yale. I was an economics major, but I'll be damned if I can recall anything that I was taught in that field. While I have been a semifiducial member of our local Yale Club, I confess to say that I have only been back to New Haven a couple of times in the last twenty-five years and have not been very generous in donations (n.b.: I have excellent excuses and the best of intentions to improve my record in the future). In spite of all this, my Yale experience has contributed to a certain "quality of life" for which I am extremely grateful.

I spent the last twenty-five years first as a Naval officer and then later as a law student and practicing attorney. This may be an unpopular thing to say: I got a lot out of my three years of military service. I wish my son and daughter have the same opportunity. Once again, I suspect that my Yale experience allowed me to derive some positive benefits from those years.

After eighteen years or so as a practicing attorney with the same firm, I admit to occasional bouts with the "midlife crisis" and the occupational stress that everyone loves to write about today. Now, I don't wish to imply that I am

ready for a breakdown, joining a monastery, or anything like that. I basically like my career, I just wish I could earn the same compensation and maintain the same lifestyle working twenty hours a week. After all, life is supposed to get more enjoyable as we get older, right?

I have been married to the same woman for almost twenty years, and I think we have raised two pretty good kids. They're both in their early teens, and have so far avoided legal and psychiatric problems. I am continually amazed that they require more and more of my time every year when they are supposed to become more self-supporting. Just goes to show you how naive I am about some of the everyday realities of life.

I am a little disappointed that I have had to cut back on some of my old hobbies (for example, playing the piano in local jazz bands, hunting, and fishing). I'm really looking forward to the days when I can wind down a bit and spend more time at some of these old, pleasant diversions. I am going to make a great retiree. I hope our government gives me some money to enjoy my later years.

All in all, looking back twenty-five years and ahead another twenty-five, I'll probably be considered a successful person by those who have to make such judgments. You won't find me listed in the Forbes Four Hundred, but my desires are not that exotic either. I miss a lot of my Yale friendships. If any of you who read this remember me and feel likewise, let's get back in touch and have some fun with the rest of our lives.

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The good news is I've started growing again. The bad news is it's not easy and sometimes it hurts. But I'm glad that God's given me a second chance, because he keeps throwing me challenges to wake me up, to push me to the next level. I slept for ten years. I slept the dream of successful mediocrity, lulled by the income, comfort, and social acceptance of the position I built. A comfortable place from which to coast into my grave.

I've changed all that. Sometime ago I realized that *half my life was spent*, or squandered, in self-gratifying pursuits. Now I stand poised on a new threshold, one full of possibilities for reinventing a life of meaning and of contribution.

My dream is to find or build a lever with which to move the world. To actively participate in the transition which will come, must come, to sustain human civilization on this lush green planet and to help restore the biosphere. I chose the environmental arena upon researching the *real state of our environment*, having entrusted that concern to whoever is in charge up there in our government for the last twenty years. Guess what I found? There's nobody in charge, and unless we take it on, our children will have to fight that battle with lesser odds. So, to all of us successful over-achieving and under-achieving types out there, I challenge you. Take on and succeed at something that matters to all of us and to generations of humans as yet unborn. If you need input, call me. I'll send you the data I dug up, and you can take it from there.

As for the sixties, the dreams, the aspirations, and the commitment of a generation united for a better world, that was our practice round. It was a preview of what we could accomplish, a dry run for the real race which has begun. The time is now, the place is here, and we're the ones to do it. On your mark. Get set. *Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity!*

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Since this may be my first response to Alumni News in twenty-five years, I should start with a brief recap. After Yale I spent four years at Harvard in its then new Joint JD/MBA Program. Actually, I backed into the Joint Program after starting in the Business School—feeling that I wasn't all that "corporate" in either an institutional or entrepreneurial sense. So I found my way to the Law School, hoping to find a greater sense of independence and intellectual stimulation as a "professional."

During those years in Cambridge I met Wendy, who was a senior at Wellesley, on a blind date! We married in 1971 and, bucking all current odds, remain happily together today. Wendy taught music history at Massachusetts Institute of Technology while I finished the trade schools.

Out of a longing for new surroundings and experiences, we New Englanders ventured forth to San Francisco in 1973, where I joined Heller, Ehrman, White & McAuliffe, then a single office firm with forty-five lawyers. The firm is now nearly four hundred lawyers with offices from Anchorage to Los Angeles and, again, against all probabilities, I remain there in my first and only job. I practice business law, with a special focus on financings and real estate.

We have lived in Berkeley since 1975, when the family began to expand to include Jennifer (seventeen), Kirsten (sixteen), and Joanna (twelve). If the twenty-fifth reunion was not enough to remind me of advancing age, Jenny's departure to Harvard College this fall (1993) is certainly such a reminder. Jenny turned down Yale in favor of that other school for several reasons—but a major one being Cambridge's greater similarity to Berkeley than New Haven's. She also sensed a Yale inferiority complex vis-à-vis its northern rival during her New Haven visits—a misperception, I hope!

Outside of a very busy professional and family life, my most significant community commitment has been to the San Francisco Zoological Society, as a director and pro bono counsel. This past year has been intensive on that front, as the Zoological Society has successfully concluded an agreement with the City to lease and operate the Zoological Gardens, much in the fashion that the San Diego and Bronx Zoos are municipally owned and privately run. The creation of such a public/private partnership, of which this country will be seeing much more in these economic times, has been a fascinating political experience.

I remain a person of varied interests and many hobbies, but, alas, too little talent or time. My most serious endeavor of late has been the piano. Having started at age forty and with no musical instincts, you won't be hearing me at Carnegie Hall. Actually, in the "dreams and fantasies" category, being a concert pianist ranks way up there for another life.

I hope to make it to New Haven for the reunion next spring. If so, it would be the first school reunion at any level ever attended. Maybe it's nostalgia as the first-born heads off to college herself.

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Perhaps like many of the members of our class, my “world line” through the past twenty-five years could hardly have been anticipated. The briefest summary: drafted (number three in the first draft lottery) in late 1969; Army duty for twenty months in New Jersey, Texas, and Kansas (including a ten-month stretch learning Vietnamese), during which service I began to explore the Rocky Mountain West; an enjoyable, but brief, return to Yale to work for Professor Bill Kessen; graduate school in Colorado, and more explorations; a return to my home in Baltimore, in part for family reasons, but mostly to take stock (aided immeasurably by a 600 mile hike on the Appalachian Trail from Massachusetts to Maine); a one-year period working for the federal government in flood hazards, interrupted (with incredible brass!) for a trek down the Pacific Crest Trail through Washington and an extended visit to Yosemite; working in the Washington, D.C., area for an international environmental consulting firm on everything from nuclear power plant siting studies to municipal landfills; a month-long trek on the Oregon portion of the Pacific Crest Trail with my wife-to-be in 1978; a wonderful adventure north of the Arctic Circle in the Arctic Wildlife Refuge in 1979, involving a 400-mile traverse of the Brooks Range in a two-person exploration of my own design; moving to Seattle in 1979, driven in no small part by a keen desire to be closer to mountain wilderness areas; and finally taking root in Seattle, establishing a family, a career (independent environmental consultant since 1987), and a personal backyard that extends throughout the Cascade Range.

I suspect that few of my classmates shared my Army experiences, and even fewer ended up being drafted. Being drafted in the first place is an example of one of those bifurcations (chaos theory indeed!) that sets life off in another direction entirely; being spared the Vietnamese tour of duty by Nixon’s Vietnamization policy, and by literally pulling a name out of a hat in a lottery to get an assignment in Kansas, is but another example. Detailed “war stories” will have to await a more leisurely forum. My usual summary comment on being in the Army is that, in retrospect, it exposed me to a part of American life that would have been invisible otherwise, and taught me a great deal. At the same time, I freely admit that the fatalism and passivity of that period continue to affect me.

When I was growing up in Baltimore, on the flat and congested coastal plain, I had an unexplained fascination with the American West. Reading books on the life of Kit Carson, other early explorers, and travelers on the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails is among my fondest early memories. At Yale, I found my way into Howard Lamar’s class on the American West (“Reds and Feds” as it was sometimes known) as a guilty pleasure set quite apart, I thought, from my more formal academic program. It turned out to be more central to my subsequent work than I could ever have imagined. I first saw a piece of the West working in the summer of 1968 near Mount Rainier in Washington State, thanks to the kindness of an older Yale graduate named Hugh Brady who helped arrange a job with the U.S. Forest Service. I have ever since been drawn to mountains and blank spaces on maps. My explorations have taken me from the benevolent Sleeping Giant in Connecticut to unvisited corners of the Brooks Range in Alaska, but have barely scratched the surface of what I hope to see. My adventures of late have unfortunately been of the armchair variety. I am summoning courage for knee surgery this year in the hopes of an early return to the mountains. This

growing-old stuff takes some getting used to. Many of my happiest times have been spent wandering in the high country like some kind of a latter day Muir.

I met my wife Robin in 1974. We have two beautiful children, Rachel (six) and Lauren (one), who are allowing us to relive the pleasures of youth while still holding down day jobs. Actually, I think we are part of a grand experiment (one shared by a sizable portion of our generation who stayed busy with other activities) in raising children when we are between the ages of forty and sixty-five rather than, say, twenty-five to fifty. Surely there will be a host of studies of this phenomenon and its effects on the next generation. From time to time I do find myself thinking of my old roommate, Jan Louis R., whose oldest son has by now probably finished a Ph.D.! No doubt our views of the past twenty-five years (or, especially, the next twenty-five) would differ in substantial ways. I remember with great affection the many kindnesses of Jan and his wife Barb from our time at Yale.

Robin is an occupational therapist with a specialty in the feeding and swallowing disorders of infants. She has recently coauthored the definitive clinical practice book in that area and is in much demand as a speaker, traveling nationally to give seminars. She also is active in lecturing at the University of Washington, serving on thesis committees, and providing clinical training. Since moving to Seattle, I have focused my environmental consulting work in studies of chemically contaminated sites, especially in the areas of risk assessment and developing site cleanup criteria. The scientific basis for many of the decisions being made is less than formidable; a real challenge facing the field is development of better scientific methods. As is true of so many other fields where much is at stake, the investigation and cleanup of contaminated sites has become very litigious. To my knowledge, I have not yet been deposed by a fellow member of the Class of 1969, although the opportunities are growing!

A few random observations in closing. This seems in many ways a particularly unsettled time to attempt a summing up. Much of the past twenty-five years appears to have been about collecting things; there is still much sorting out to be done. If we are privileged to have emerged "victorious" from the (First?) Cold War, we nonetheless seem as a society to be exhausted by the victory and to have developed a hard and fractious edge. Rereading my father's journals from his days in the Army Air Corps during the Second World War, only a few years before I was to appear on the scene, gave me a new appreciation as a son of the undisclosed deeds of my parents. How will our children look back on our stewardship of the natural and political world they are to inherit? I wonder about our ability to keep up with the furious pace of change that I suspect is upon us, and to avoid a fragmentation into separate enclaves. When even the wilderness areas have a permit system for entry, there can be no escaping the need to turn, face each other, and make our peace.

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Shelley Green and I have been happily married since 1980 and are the proud parents of a son Jonathan Zelig (5/20/86) and a daughter Michael Leslie III (8/31/88). I have been practicing law with my good friends and partners, Roy Yaffe and Marvyn Gould, for nearly twenty years. It is with a mixture of pride and chagrin that Shelley, the General Counsel of the University of Pennsylvania, tells her colleagues that I represented the plaintiff in *Kunda vs. Muhlenberg College*, an oft-cited sex discrimination case in which a female faculty member received tenure.

The children are bright and active. In his spare time Jonathan constructs palindromes. I work out regularly. Both children love to go with me to "my gym." The losing team probably follows the "Met system." If we had a store and Jonathan wrote ad copy, he would start with "store of foe rots." When JZ and Leslie are model children, it is "diapers repaid" and if this continues, someday each may get a "race car."

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June 6, 1993, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Zoot Suit Riots in Los Angeles, the forty-ninth anniversary of the Normandy Invasion, and the twenty-third anniversary of my marriage to Mary-Lynne Fisher whom, appropriate to those other events, I met outside the Syracuse, New York, Army Induction Center in a demonstration I helped organize.

Prospects of a graduate degree in theater design lured us to Los Angeles where we've been ever since, despite arriving driving directly into the setting sun in the midst of oppressively hot weather fueling massive brush fires on both sides of the freeway and rioting which included the police killing of journalist Ruben Salazar. It seemed we were barely settled when our first quake sent our bed scooting across the floor. (Did the Earth move for you too, baby?) Grad school didn't pan out, but Mary-Lynne went on to University of California at Los Angeles Law School and then into public interest law, disability rights law, a professorship at Loyola Law School, and now private practice in family law. A TV movie, *The Ordeal of Bill Carney*, chronicles her landmark disability rights case won at the State Supreme Court.

I have been a picture framer, art teacher, Big Band and orchestra roadie, in addition to pursuing wood sculpture and gaining representation in collections including that of the late Joseph H. Hirshhorn. Three produced radio plays left me vulnerable to the Hollywood bug. I cofounded a scriptwriters' group and have now written several feature scripts which have garnered producer interest and some options, though not yet the coveted "green light."

No kids, but currently two dogs and two tortoises, and Mary-Lynne continues trying to turn me into a world traveler.

LEE GOLDMAN, M.D.

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Family: Jill, Goucher '69, Yale, M.Phil. (biology) '71; Jeff, 12/13/76; Daniel and Robyn Sue (both 3/1/79).

Work: Professor of Medicine, Harvard Medical School; Professor of Epidemiology, Harvard School of Public Health; Vice Chairman, Department of Medicine, Brigham and Women's Hospital, Boston; research: about 250 scientific articles/chapters; clinical: internal medicine/cardiology; awards: Honorary Societies (American Society for Clinical Investigation; Association of American Physicians); Associate Editor, *New England Journal of Medicine*; Host, weekly TV

show, “Highlights in the New England Journal of Medicine,” on cable TV; past President, Society of General Internal Medicine.

Education: M.D., Yale University 1973; M.P.H., Yale University, 1973.

Hobbies: golf, tennis, landscape gardening.

Loves: hobbies, family, coaching children in sports.

Biggest surprises: to host a weekly TV show; to become president of our local synagogue!

Biggest disappointment: chronic back problem, which has limited tennis, running, etc.

Memories of Yale: A great experience, especially for someone who had never before been north of New York City, south of D.C. or west of Cleveland.

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It is hard to believe twenty-five years have gone by. Clearly the highlight of that period is my marriage to Hope. We have been married only eight years, but finding her was certainly worth the wait. We have four wonderful children (two from Hope’s “previous incarnation”), Missy (fifteen), Sam (thirteen), Sara (seven), and Sophie (three). Life with my wife and family clearly has been a dream come true.

We have lived in Lexington, Massachusetts, for the last eight years, and, despite threats to move away (winter is forever around here), we will probably be here for many years to come. Lexington is actually quite a lovely community in which to raise a family.

Upon graduation from Yale I worked in New York for a year before going to Harvard Business School. (No Army, I flunked my physical because of my bad eyes. They’re still bad, and I have subsequently had retinal surgery.) After business school I worked at Goldman Sachs for about six years. For the last sixteen years I have sold stocks for Salomon Brothers.

I have not attended a Yale reunion since our tenth. Although I continue to support the Alumni Fund and other Yale causes, I must admit that I have many other priorities. However, I have many wonderful memories of my Yale experience. I still get a thrill from a win on the third weekend each November (it should happen more often!), and I am very much looking forward to the twenty-fifth.

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Cardiologist in private practice in Seattle. Met wife, Karen Boyden, when she was an intensive care unit nurse, now a dentist.

Two children, Aaron Joseph (four-and-a-half) and Zachary Leon (six months).

JOHN F. GOTTSBALL

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I have a great family—Kim (mother, wife, and active volunteer), Katie (seventh grader and swimmer), and John (third grader and soccer player)—my first love. We enjoy time together, especially vacations, gentle rafting, canoeing, and skiing, even black runs. Currently we live in the Woodlands, a planned community in the Texas woods. It is a very pleasant place, especially as my office is also located here.

I am now Chief Financial Officer of Trident NGL, a \$600 million, privately held, natural gas liquids company, having previously spent most of my time since Yale and four years in the Corps of Engineers in Germany financing natural resources. The broader responsibilities of a Chief Financial Officer are challenging, especially trying to distinguish between new useful ideas and just new lingo.

I'm also struggling with how to reconcile a conservative life style with moderate (Texans may call them liberal) social views and tolerances in today's very hardened and fractionalized society. My approach has settled into trying to set an example while seeking an open and rational discussion of the issues.

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Oh how righteous we were. It was so clear in 1967 that the narrow-minded, undereducated, spiritually desolate who were running the show did not have a clue as to what was right, meaningful, fair, or good. We, the golden off-

spring of the depression/war generation, had masterful insight into how to run the world. How could we not? We knew better than anyone the world of no recession, no inflation, American domination, and a luciferian enemy representing all that could go wrong.

It was glorious, revelling in the symbols of freedom: sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, hair, draft cards, after the revolution...watching ourselves on the nightly news (thank you Walter Cronkite). We knew, because Kingman Brewster and John Morton Blum told us, that we were the elite of America, who would, when our turn came, fix things: destroy racism, eliminate poverty, demythologize the Soviet threat. We would raise up all men, demanding equality for all. We would declare victory and get the hell out of Vietnam.

Now it is our turn. One of our generation is in the White House, recipient of a Yale education. Classmates serve him. Others negotiate with him. Yet, though we hear echoes of our righteous youth, the words have lost their punch. The answers are not as clear any more. Our twenty-five years of trying has not made much progress in fixing things, if we think of things on the same scale that we did as undergraduates. Things are, in many ways worse, or at least more obvious. Our flaunted 1960s standards of decorum is now the in your face style of confrontation. Our hope to humanize and help has become entitlement. More kids are having kids, drive-by shootings claim lives hardly begun in neighborhoods without hope.

The righteousness ebbed as the demands of life, unsupported by the intellectual freedom of Yale and the dollars of our parents, unrelentingly have absorbed our energies. Provide the basics, focus on the realities of a job in a specific place, find and nurture love, create a family. Limits have come crowding in: diapers, mortgage payments, career advancement.

In our own private lives we have probably been just about as successful as any other generation. Some of us have succeeded in our careers beyond even our wildest imaginings. Some have enduring relationships. Some are content. Some are not.

While I have not changed the world, I have changed bits of it. A banker for twenty-odd years (with time out to be a member of the Charter Class at the Yale School of Organization and Management), I have financed businesses all around the world. Some large, some small. I have helped management groups reach independence, investors acquire businesses, and have worked with companies experiencing extreme adversity. Other challenges and opportunities arise from my activities on several not-for-profit boards in the arts and mental health, the local school board, and in Republican politics. I have found strength, constancy, and joy in my family. Three months after our twenty-fifth reunion I will celebrate my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. I married Ann Lyman Bachelder, Vassar '69, Yale Forestry '71, whom I began to see sophomore year. Our son, Jeremiah, is Bowdoin '97. Our daughter, Sarah, is Joseph Sears School '95. Both are wonderful.

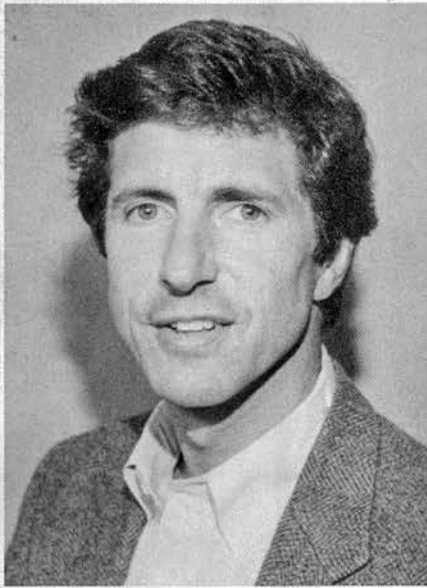
Is this good enough for twenty-five years of adulthood? Probably. Am I satisfied? No. The voice still beckons: I dream of what could be and ask, why not? We forty-somethings still have a lot of good years left.



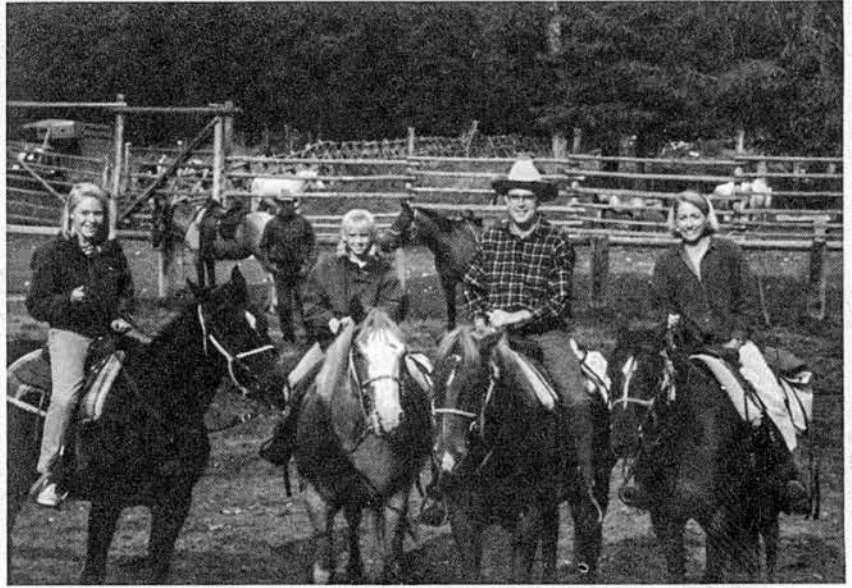
Jerome Gary marries Mary Lambert



Jordan Gary (Jerome's son)



Brad Gascoigne



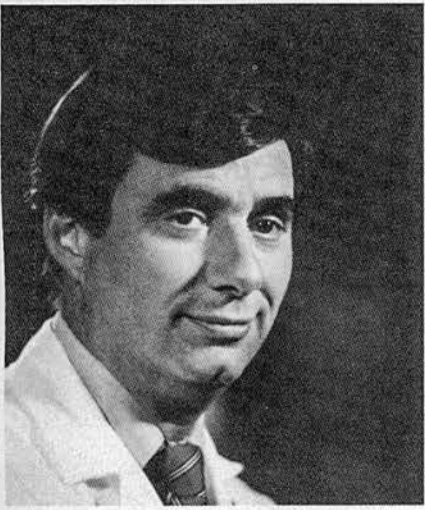
Lathrop and Dody Gates and daughters



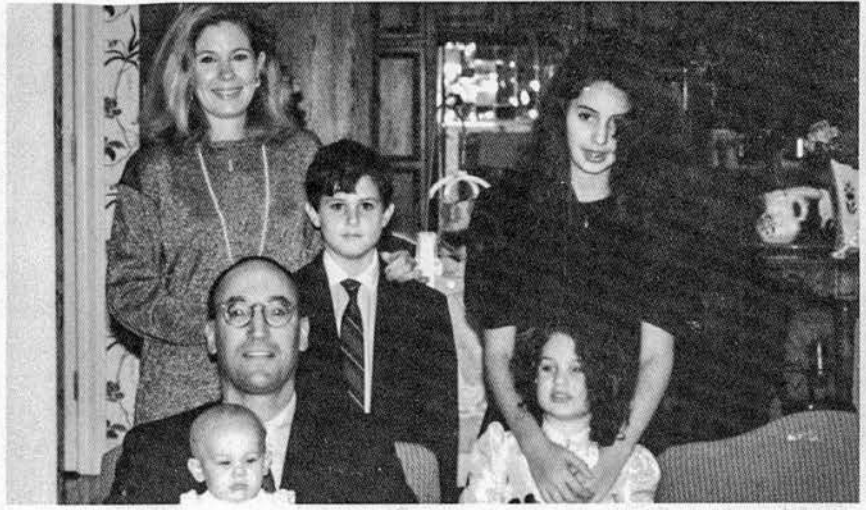
Robert and Wendy Gibney and daughters



John J. Gazzoli, Jr.



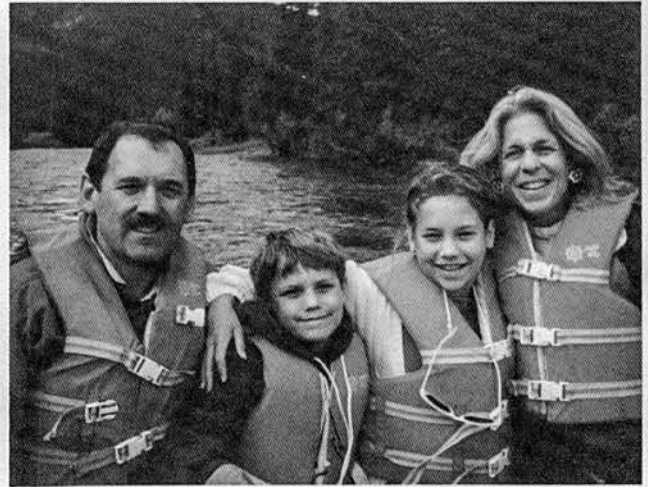
Lee Goldman



The Joseph P. Goldsmith family



Kenneth Goldman and wife Mary-Lynne



John and Kim Gottshall and family



Donald Graham and wife Carol

DONALD A. GRAHAM

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After leaving Yale I moved to a teepee in central Vermont and lived there much of the time for four years while teaching high school English and going to law school. Things were a bit primitive in the woods, but it was a most interesting time and lent a healthy and enduring perspective on modern life.

In 1973 I married Carol Ban and moved to Strafford, Vermont, where we still live. Carol is a psychologist at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center. After law school I was a public defender for five years, a time of cherished ideological purity and irreverence. Since then I have been working in a small partnership in White River Junction, Vermont, doing mostly personal injury cases and criminal defense and a little bit of everything else.

As for fun, rural pursuits are our main focus: working in our gardens and orchard, birding, backcountry skiing. I am also working on some local land preservation projects and hope to focus more on this kind of work in the future. All in all, things are going well.

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I live a quiet life inventing and making garden tools, having set aside a career in architecture.

GEORGE GRATTAN, JR.

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JOSEPH B. GREEN

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During my senior year at Yale, I applied to the New York City Police Department. Because of a budget freeze, I was not hired, so I went to Harvard Law School. I left after the first year and joined the Metropolitan Police Department in Washington, D.C. I went to the 1970 Moratorium with my Yale

roommate John Mazer—but on opposite sides of the street. However, all the time I was a cop (1970-1973), I belonged to the ACLU. In 1973 I got a Younger Humanist Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities to study police in France and England. I met my wife in Paris (Carol Shasha, Connecticut College '70), where she was a textile designer for three years.

I returned and finished Harvard Law in 1976; then two years in a corporate law firm; then ten years in the District Attorney's Office in Salem, Massachusetts, prosecuting criminal cases and teaching. In 1989 I joined a small firm in Boston (Kotin, Crabtree and Strong), where I do criminal defense, personal injury and some commercial litigation.

I have three children: Jeffrey, 1978; Ariana, 1982; and Nicholas, 1989.

I have stayed in touch with roommates John Waldman, Ken Wolfe, and Scott Armstrong.

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JAMES H. GREW, JR.

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Ever since graduation I've sought the traditional "wife with children" marriage. Despite six engagements, two "ringed" and one a repeat, I remain, at forty-four, single. My last fiancée would have been mine had she not died of cancer fourteen months ago at thirty-nine, leaving me with her two children (sixteen and nineteen) to help care for—actually a fascinating challenge.

The job, perfect for me, has now received my resignation after six years. I'm actually probably retiring from full-time employ at forty-five. The job—Director of National Teams and Competition of the 30,000, U.S. Olympic Committee recognized, national governing body for waterskiing. We, the sport that is, have finally reached semi-Olympic status by being admitted into the '95 Pan Am games. The sport has been my life and dream since shortly after our '69 graduation. Three long-range goals were finally reached in the same year (1992-93), two for the first time:

- appointed official at Nationals;
- first ever world championship of waterskiing for the disabled (I'm on the World Council that governs);
- U.S. Team (able-bodied) manager to a world championship (Singapore '93).

My volunteer work in all aspects of waterskiing will continue in many

areas with my retirement. The irony: leaving Yale on June 9, 1969 (an easy date to remember), I had no idea what I would do; and, if anyone had said waterskiing, I'd have replied, "Right!" And yes, I train skiing every morning.

RICHARD H. GRIEST

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DOUGLAS J. GROOME, M.D.

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My name is Bethany Groome. I am Douglas Groome's daughter. He was dreading having to write this little autobiography and therefore coerced me into writing it for him. No problem. (It will be my first published work.)

My dad married my mom, Zita Wasserman, a week before commencement. He then attended the University of Connecticut School of Medicine from 1969 to 1973. His pediatric residency was served at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford and at University of Connecticut (1973-76). He has had a successful private practice of pediatrics in Meriden, Connecticut, since 1976.

That's all for the boring stuff. Now it gets more interesting (a little, anyway). My mom and dad adopted my brother Jeremy in 1977. He will be a junior at Cheshire Academy next year. My dad tells me that Jeremy's athletic abilities certainly exceed his at the same age. He plays soccer and lacrosse and is also a wrestler. They produced me in 1978. I have survived freshman year at Choate Rosemary Hall and hope to do the same in my sophomore year. I also play soccer, but that's about it sports-wise. I read, write, and listen to music a lot (which my dad constantly tells me to turn down, even though he plays his classical music twice as loud!).

Now I'll tell you a little more about my dad, since that is who this is supposed to be about. He enjoys stamp collecting and asks me to mention that there are at least ten stamps featuring Yale athletes. He's been playing golf for twenty years and still can't get his handicap under twenty-two. He plays basketball fairly often and once broke John Gitzus' nose with his elbow. Dad says he lost his jump shot three years ago and still can't find it.

There have been a few vacations of interest. Before my parents had us, they went to Disney World and Jamaica. After they had my brother and me, we went to Disney World two times, Niagara Falls, Cape Cod (including awe-inspiring whale watches) twice, and our last adventure was white water rafting in northern Maine.

Aside from Christmas greetings exchanged with Jay Saccone, his only regular contact with a classmate is with John Gitzus. They play basketball and golf and drink beer together. Dad says he enjoyed seeing Hubie Stiles, Bill Weinraub, and Dale Allen of Timothy Dwight at the twentieth reunion and hopes he can free up time to attend the twenty-fifth (he'd love his work if it weren't for weekends on call).

NEAL H. GROSSMAN

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When I graduated from Yale, I took a job at General Motors Corporation as a research economist studying urban transportation. I picked up a master's in urban economics from Wayne State University while in Detroit. I returned to Portland in 1973 to run for the Oregon legislature. I was elected to the House of Representatives in 1975 and started a political career, serving two terms. In 1978 Portland established a new regional government. I was elected as the first Executive in 1978 and served two terms developing the new government. I was defeated for reelection in 1986 and began a career as a project manager putting together public/private investments in Portland. Tom Fuller, '69, joined the firm with me, and we are having a great time organizing all sorts of interesting projects.

While in Detroit, I met Susan Canty and we married in 1971. She is a graduate of Michigan State University. We have had a great time enjoying life together, traveling, and being involved in the local political scene. We have a daughter, Julie (sixteen), who has developed considerable interest in music, traveling, and driving my car. She plans on being a teacher. Erik (eleven) is a bright kid who says he wants to go to Yale so he can learn to be a comic book writer. Sounds reasonable to me.

I have developed a considerable interest in wine. Susan and I have visit-

ed over two hundred wineries throughout Europe and the U.S.A. I built a cellar in the house that is decorated with about twenty thousand corks. It also contains some wine.

While at Yale, I was the American Men's Figure Skating champion for roller skating. My brothers and I own a skating rink in Auburn, Washington. I also serve on the Board of Directors for the Oaks Park in Portland, which operates the rink at which I started skating. I have continued to move my old body around on occasion.

DR. DIMITRI GUTAS

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Like Tiresias, or Joni Mitchell, I have come to know both sides of love. The first has been an on-going, off-again stormy affair with Yale. After a Ph.D. from Yale in Arabic studies ('74), family and I (we were four by then) took off to Cairo permanently—or so I thought. A few years later I came back, but now as a professor, experiencing Yale from the other side of the classroom desk. In '84 I was off again for good—this time to Germany, and eventually to marvelous Crete to occupy at the new university there the first chair ever in Arabic studies in modern Greece. But the siren call of Yale travels far, and I returned in '89 to succeed my former professor. Some thought I finally got serious and shed my Sixties background; others thought I was crazy to leave Crete—and for the same reasons. So here I am back in New Haven, my office in HGS, a stone's throw away from my undergraduate room in Stiles.

My other love has been constant, unruffled, inspiring, and invigorating—Ioanna. Her picture with me at home (submitted for this publication) is worth the remaining 996 words.

Balance so far: scholarly publications that give every indication they will outlive me, and international professional recognition; inside knowledge of academia here and abroad (a dubious achievement at best, but inevitable, given the circumstances); inside knowledge of Cretan village life (a real achievement, that); many good friends on both sides of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, as well as some enemies, I presume—some overt, others covert; and perhaps the best of it all, past and present students who lengthen the chain that gives meaning to it all. And life goes on. Stay tuned for the balance report on our fiftieth!

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ROGER C. HAILE

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I live the life of an artist. The path of eternal curves—always something new. I am much more content looking forward than backward. In this moment, I am looking forward to working on a commission that gives the opportunity to work outside of the sometimes too private world of the studio. The challenge, as always, to reflect back in new forms how we are putting this world together. Increasingly, studies in Tibetan Buddhism and the diagnostic techniques of five element Chinese acupuncture contribute to this process.

Greetings to all.

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JAMES M. HALLETT

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For better or worse, my Republican/Episcopal years at Yale have long since yielded to liberal politics, the Catholic church, and a career in Los Angeles County trial courts. Oh, and like a true Californian, I am on my third marriage.

Like many of us, the Vietnam War dictated most of my existence for years after leaving Yale. I finished law school at Berkeley and convinced my local draft board to grant me conscientious objector status. I have yet to encounter a just American war in my lifetime, so I guess my application for such status was sincere. Nonetheless, I reserve my strongest admiration for those in our generation who put their lives on the line, either by going to jail or by going to Vietnam. Either way, they lived their commitment.

I married my Yale sweetheart, Meredith, and that lasted six months. I then married my law school classmate, Florence Popper, and we produced, in thirteen years of marriage, two children. Karen was born in 1978 and Joshua in 1980. They both go to our local schools here in Manhattan Beach (their mother not wanting them away from home), despite my preference for my own, much-beloved prep school, Thacher, in Ojai, California.

In 1988 I married Mary Ellen Hall, who promptly fell in love with Thacher. As of this writing, her older daughter, Adrian, is starting Thacher in the fall of 1993. Her younger daughter, Megan, will hopefully follow suit.

All four kids are much like I was at their age: good students, mediocre athletes. So much for improving from one generation to the next.

Being the son of an Episcopal priest, religion has always interested me. Florence, Karen and Joshua are Jewish, so I tried that out for awhile. Mary Ellen is Catholic, and the Pope finally got me. The only remnant of my years in the Baker's Dozen is that I still sing in our church choir. And I got hooked on EST (now Landmark).

I spent my first nine years as a lawyer in the Office of the Los Angeles County Public Defender, which I loved. I have been in private practice in Manhattan Beach by myself ever since. I have done a lot of death penalty work and currently do fifty percent criminal and fifty percent family law. Criminal law is what I love to do; divorces pay the bills.

Offices held? Well, I'm a local yokel, having been President of the Manhattan Beach Rotary Club, the South Bay Bar Association, and the South Central Bar Association.

For pleasure, I swim a lot (pool, ocean, and lakes), enjoy underwater photography, and get up to the Sierras whenever I can.

After Mary Ellen and I put four kids through college, which is at least another ten years off, I suppose we can start saving for our retirement. She runs various small businesses and seems to know something about making money (she is a Republican, after all), so some day I just may be able to afford to visit Yale.

I know I do a lousy job of keeping in touch, but I think about you classmates often. We have a beautiful home overlooking the vast Pacific and would truly welcome a visit any time, just a few miles south of the Los Angeles airport—boogie boards, Churchills, roller blades, and strand cruisers always available!

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The usual long, strange trip—teaching posts from Philadelphia to Seattle, with a brief stint in the Oil Patch. Back to Yale (forestry) in 1975 and then ten years in international environmental work, including Montana, Colorado, Washington, Korea, Philippines. Inner work in India, Oregon, Tennessee, Big Sur. Twice married, two sons (one at Exeter, one entering high school in Manila). Now I develop computer software in Silicon Valley and am pursuing an M.B.A. I'm writing this aboard a ship in the Inside Passage, returning home from watching the midnight sun at the Arctic Circle, hiking the Chilkoot Pass, and catching lots of trout. The tree-clad hills, misty in the grey dawn, slip past and fade, memories now, like the days of '69 in long-ago New Haven. A school of porpoises flashes past. The ship moves steadily south, toward warmer waters, and the seasons cycle around—time and the river flowing. The sunlight dances on the ruffled waters. Hasta la vista.

C. MICHAEL HARRINGTON

94 Heathrow Lane, Sugar Land, TX 77479

Within twenty-four hours of my last exam in May 1969, I was on the road home to West Texas, missing graduation exercises by at least two weeks. I could hardly wait to leave New Haven, though I could not have explained why. While hardly the “shortest, gladdest” years of my life, my four years at Yale had been—well, educational. Having grown up in Borger, a monocultural small town in the northern Texas Panhandle oil patch, I arrived at New Haven having never eaten pizza (George & Harry's fixed that) or met a Jew (Mike Medved fixed that). My long-suffering freshman roommates, Dave Raish, Roger Haile and Eugene Linden, fixed quite a few other things I am too embarrassed to relate. Most important of all, four years in the classrooms and libraries of Yale put my formal education on a firm foundation. For that, I am especially grateful.

Unable to decide between law and business school, I spent the 1969-70 academic year reading (as the British say) economics at Cambridge University, a place I found more intellectual than academic. Returning to the States in 1970, I entered Harvard Law, graduating in 1973. Again skipping graduation, I was sitting for the Texas bar exam in Austin the day my HLS classmates received their diplomas.

Emerging at last from the catacombs of academia, I soon landed a job in Houston with the Vinson & Elkins law firm. Come July 23, I will have been

with V&E for twenty years, the last thirteen as a partner.

My law practice emphasizes corporate finance, and the bulk of my professional time involves helping Texas-based corporations to attract capital from New York, London, or other money centers via underwritten public offerings, private placements, and the like. Generally, I enjoy my work, although I often wish it allowed me more time for family and leisure.

I did the best day's work of my life when I married Josephine "Jody" Hall of San Antonio in January 1978. Jody gave up the full-time practice of law when our first daughter, Averill, was born in 1981. The birth of our second daughter, Jane, in October 1982 completed our family. We live nowadays in Sugar Land, a suburb of Houston, on land once planted in sugar cane.

Though I live on the edge of a thirty-six-hole golf course, I do not play the game. My life revolves pretty much around office, home, and church (Southminster Presbyterian, where I teach Sunday school, of all things, and act as Clerk of Session). Reading and writing Civil War history take up much of my leisure time. Last year I published my first article on the subject, and I have a couple more in various stages of completion. On balance, I am happy and healthy, if not really wealthy. And I am still at a loss to explain why I was so eager to leave New Haven twenty-five years ago.

PHILIP HARRIS

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TIM HARRIS

800 West End Avenue, Apartment 14B, New York, NY 10025

I live in Manhattan with my wife Sharon and children, Joseph (born 1979) and Elizabeth (born 1983). I am an editor at a small publishing company, where I write about corporate finance and cost control. My wife is with a large New York City bank and lends to major real estate developers. My children are in private schools and getting first-rate educations. On most days, I feel very positive about my marriage, children, career, and weight. Hi! to everyone who was in Morse College.

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Married to Maureen for fourteen years with five children. (This would all seem to come under “loves” from the list.)

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ALLEN P. HAZEN

Philosophy Department, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria 3052, Australia.

Ph.D. in philosophy, University of Pittsburgh. Tenured Professor at the University of Melbourne. Taught two years each at New York University and Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. Two children: Caitlin, twenty, senior at Simon's Rock College, majoring in photography and fine arts (she's been selling some gorgeous pictures); Megan, eighteen, 1993 National Merit Scholarship Finalist, graduate of Torrington High School and Nutmeg Ballet Company, will be attending Carnegie Mellon University in architecture or engineering.

PATRICK T. HEALEY

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Professional and Career. Shortly after graduation I went into the Army—everyone remembers that Yale once had an ROTC. Actually I was quite

fortunate and had some pretty interesting and challenging assignments in both Europe and Vietnam. Certainly living in Europe was a very positive experience that I probably could not have done any other way. During the service I decided on a business career, and so it was off to the banks of the Charles for 1972 through 1974 with a bunch of other Yalies.

After HBS I joined Crane & Company in Dalton, Massachusetts, which is a small paper company that makes money—literally the U.S. and other currency papers. I stayed for three years, but my aggressive nature (I haven't changed all that much!) and their laid-back, very conservative outlook just were not a match.

I then joined Echlin, Inc., a Branford, Connecticut, based Fortune 300 in the automotive parts business and was with them for over eleven years in two different stints. I had a number of operating and general management assignments. The last was a "Mission Impossible" in which the Chairman and I did not quite see eye to eye. Needless to say, you can guess who lost.

I have also done the consulting thing—including the past year-and-a-half with a natural gas pipeline. However, my real efforts for the past two-plus years have been focused on starting an automotive brake lining manufacturer with some managers I knew at Echlin. As I write this in late June 1993, those efforts appear to be finally near fruition.

Personal and Family: I met my wife Margaret while I was in Germany with the Army, and she was touring and visiting her sister who was a nurse at an Army hospital. After a "brief" courtship (nine days) and an interlude while I went to Nam, we were married in July 1972, with David Tufaro as my best man.

Since then we have had three children—girl, boy, girl. The first is graduating from high school this year. How the time has flown! Kristin, the oldest, will be a freshman at Colgate this fall and is very excited about it. James is a junior at Portsmouth Abbey School, and Katie, a seventh grader, is the only one left at home.

We have been living in Madison, Connecticut, for the past sixteen years and hope to stay there for the foreseeable future. It certainly is a nice area. About four years ago I joined the local golf club. However, I cannot seem to get my handicap down—in some ways it's gotten worse.

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At one time, the year 1969 on the blue and white class mugs at the Yale Co-Op had a futuristic look to it. In 1969, twenty-five years in the future loomed ahead as more than a lifetime, and it was.

Now, where have twenty-five years gone? They have gone to family, work (mostly too hard), learning that learning never stops. They have also gone to prove a point that only time can prove: twenty-five years is not, after all, such a long time.

Family is most important to me, although sometimes family suffers from inattention that work induces.

Andrea Mancuso, whom I dated through most of my Yale College years, married me in December 1969. The next year Andrea and I returned to New Haven for Yale Law School. At the same time, John Heller, the older of my two brothers, came to Yale as a freshman in the class of 1974, in Silliman as I was. The next year, Dan Heller, the youngest brother, came to Yale with the class of 1975, but he went to Calhoun. Andrea became the stand-in mother for John and Dan while we lived in New Haven, and they became sometimes frequent and sometimes infrequent dinner guests. After all, Andrea and I lived in a two-bedroom apartment in the married student housing on Prospect Street, a finer place than where we had lived during the year after college when I made my living as a newspaper reporter.

Finally, in 1979, our daughter Jenny Evelyn Heller was born. She is our only child and Andrea's best friend. She excels at whatever she does, much more so than I did.

In 1991 my father died, eighty years old. He left drawers full of unassembled papers chronicling the history of our Heller family line from Germany to Indiana in 1834 through the Battle of Atlanta in the Civil War and up to the time he died. Some months after his death, I took what he had assembled, used it to produce a book of family documents and history and gave copies to Jenny, my sister Mary and my brothers. There is established the continuous line, once led by me and my brothers and sister, now led by Jenny and her younger cousins, children of John and Dan.

Work changes like everything else.

After law school I went to work at Kilpatrick & Cody in Atlanta. Atlanta was emerging from the old southern town I had visited as a child from South Carolina into the much larger more cosmopolitan place it is today. Real estate was booming. So I became a real estate lawyer. Then, later in the 1970s, real estate went bust, so I foreclosed on one day more property than Mr. Cody ever foreclosed at one time during the Depression. Next I moved into municipal

finance, working as a bond lawyer in a practice that was beginning to flourish and continued to do so until later in the 1980s when changes in the tax law popped that bubble.

Finally, I realized that the world had become a much smaller place, small enough for business in one country to spread easily into another. I started out representing foreign banks and others in the U.S. Then, in the spring of 1992, I came to Brussels to open our firm's office. Here I work mainly on telecommunications ventures across Europe, traveling sometimes too frequently to the major European cities, seeing offices and hotels and occasionally some of the sights.

Andrea and Jenny soak up much more of Europe than I can. French to them is no longer a foreign language, and the European life is now theirs as well.

All of this has taught me over twenty-five years that learning never stops—not a new or earth-shattering thought, but a lesson best learned by experience. Everything changes. Every day is new.

Yale College began teaching me this. I realized there, perhaps later than my classmates, that I would not directly use the history I studied. I realized that if I could use Yale to learn to read and write, and use reading and writing as a framework for thinking, I could learn anything I needed later on. More important, I realized that learning is never-ending and perhaps one of the finer things life has to offer.

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When I start to tell where I've been since Yale, the first question people ask is: "What were you doing in Bangladesh?" I asked myself the same—repeatedly. A Cook's Tour itinerary of stops along the way would be an evasion. The closest I come to an answer is to remember sitting on the veranda at night's end, waiting for some greying of the light. I needed reassurance, and sunrise was a reasonable bet. I'd been knocked flat for a couple days by scarlet fever, with temperatures in the hallucinatory range. Good drugs brought the fever down, but my inflamed joints ached against sleep. So, feeling like an arthritic centenarian, I hobbled out to sit in the night air and drench in the scent of Ranni Rattray (Queen of the Night).

I couldn't see what rustled just beyond the veranda screen. There was no wind in the blossoms of the sisal plant. They call those cabbagy big aloes "century plants"—once in a hundred years (or so) they send up a five-foot spike. The blossoms turn to fruits that go to earth as plantlet progeny while the parent dies. "What's this rustling?" I had to know.

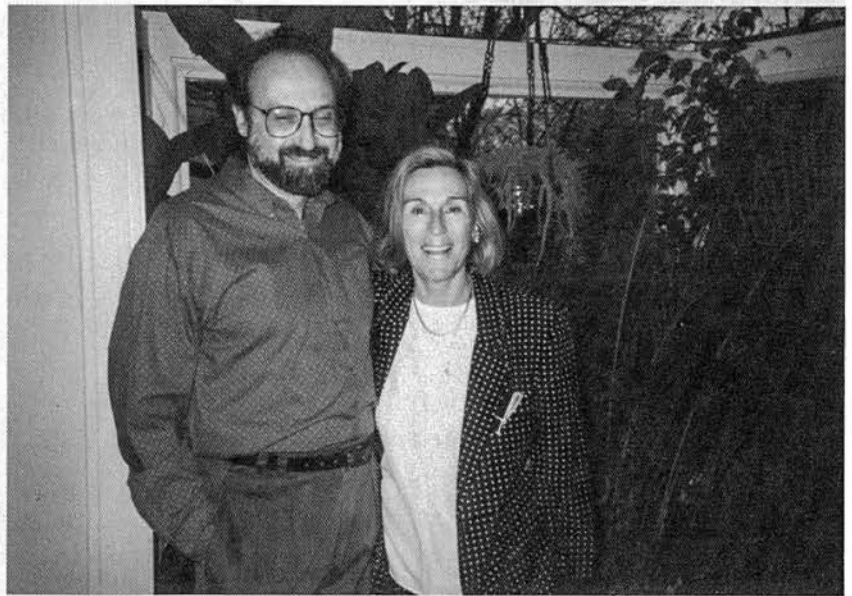
The greying light seeped in, and I saw. The size of a furry crow, a fruit bat in the blossoms. *Angel of Death*, I thought. (That's the Yale showing through.) These bats have the bad luck just to bridge the parallel lines strung on power poles around Dhaka. They light on the top one like a bird, but swing down to roost and make a terminal connection. The skeletons weather there, fall apart and drop. So the thought of death wasn't a gratuitous conceit. The day before, my own death loomed. The blooming sisal was doomed. In Bangladesh, death is much more in your face.

"What am I doing here?" Perfumed Ranni Rattray, greying night, dying blossoms, bat. And an ivy-covered brain trying to make it all fit. I had the overwhelming sensation it all did fit. Even me, arthritic mess that I was, ludicrously pondering the great unknowables. And it wasn't me making it fit. With me or without, it just did. A great burden was lifted from me! It was not my responsibility to make sense of all this. The rest of the world was asleep—not ringing me up for answers. If I was sitting there enrapt in the vision of this flying rodent nestled like furry death in pendulous blossoms...well, it loosened up my joints as much as the good drugs did, and I loved it for that.

Now that I've told you what I was doing in Bangladesh, you'll probably be asking, "Well, what are you doing now in Washington?" I could tell you about my acting and my carpentry work—but that would be an evasion. Frankly, I still don't know what I'm doing. But so long as I keep asking the question, I'm having fun.



Daniel W. Gottlieb



Dimitri and Ioanna Gutas



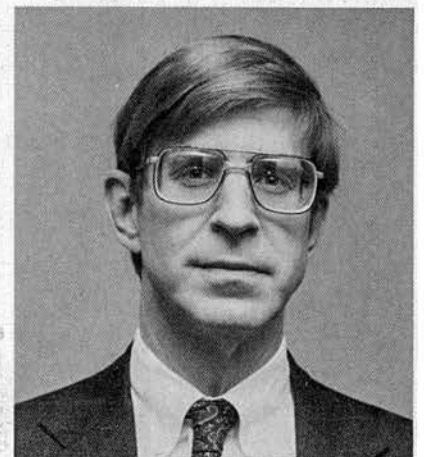
James H. Grew



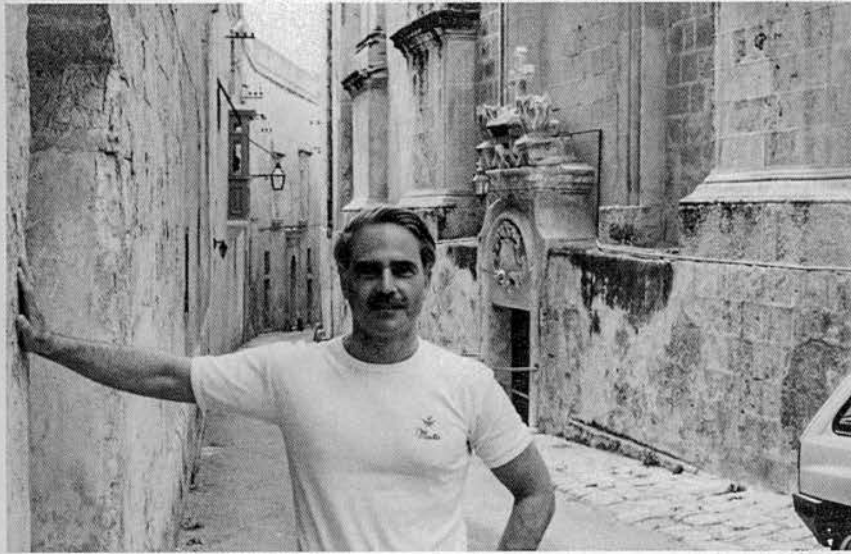
James M. Hallett



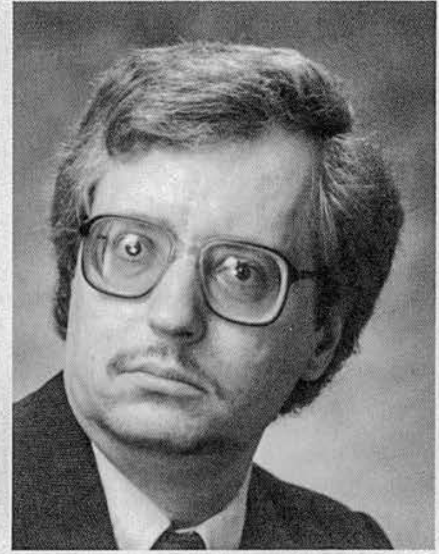
C. Michael Harrington



Frederick K. Heller, Jr.



Seth Earl Herbert



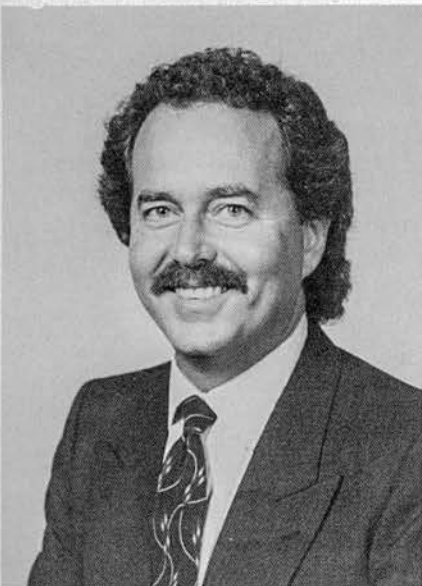
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The Christopher C. Hoffman family

PAUL W. HENRY

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Upon graduation from Yale I spent three years as a teacher of math and French, athletic coach, and dormitory master at the Westminster School in Simsbury, Connecticut, which my two brothers had attended a few years earlier. In my third year there I received an induction notice and had to leave, but ultimately had the good fortune not be drafted.

I spent a few months in France and then moved to Boston, where I worked briefly in the commercial lending area at Bank of Boston. I had too much of the sixties still in me at that time to be content there and decided to move into the nonprofit sector. For almost a decade I worked in the charitable giving area as a planned (deferred) giving consultant, primarily for the American Cancer Society but also for several schools and even E.F. Hutton.

In 1974 I married Tanya Contos (Smith '71), a writer, and we were divorced in 1991. We live near each other in Brookline and share custody of our one son, Alexander, who has just turned thirteen as I write this.

In the early 1980s I decided I could no longer afford to work for nonprofits, and, in any event, wanted to return to business in a more entrepreneurial way than as a banker. I formed a part-time affiliation (which has lasted to this day) with Jim Bishop of Caithness Corporation, a private natural resource development company in New York. My first project with Caithness, which was to last for much of the eighties, was to help put together the funding to develop geothermal leases and build power plants in Southern California. I have also worked as a consultant to an investment management firm and various small companies, the most recent of which is installing the first domestic airline reservations system in China and has contracts to develop power plants, provide telephone lines, and perform various services related to Chinese infrastructure projects.

I have seen only three of our classmates with any frequency over the years: George Strong (and his wife Annsley and their four children) in Los Angeles; David Friend (and his wife Margaret Shepherd and their four kids) here in Boston; and Mac Godley in beautiful Lyme (until recently, Guilford), Connecticut, who has been a frequent visitor to my family's camp on the Upper Ausable Lake in New York State's Adirondack Mountains.

I am now happily ensconced in Brookline, Massachusetts, with Susan Hackley (and much of the time, her two children and my son). Susan has worked as a writer, photographer, and political consultant, and is taking a mid-career year away from work to study at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government.

What now? I am healthy and happy in my personal life. I have enjoyed my independent work life, but would be willing to give it up for the right affiliation. The Boston area has proven very livable, and I am fortunate to retain close ties as well to my boyhood home in Middlebury, Connecticut. And I'm looking forward to our twenty-fifth!

HERBERT T. HENSGEN

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As a former hopeless mental case who recovered miraculously when he stopped believing in Jesus Christ, I feel I have a unique story to tell.

The story really begins in the fourth grade, when my family moved to the Village of Indian Hill in Cincinnati, Ohio. Socially, I went over like a lead balloon. Ostracism lasted throughout high school. During the summer before Yale began, I did some soul searching and came to believe in Christianity.

I had only been at Yale about a month when I was contacted by the God Squad (remember them?). At last, I had friends! Surely this must be the work of the Lord. Or so I thought until I spent the summer of '66 with them in New York City. These people didn't want me to eat. I kept asking for more, they kept refusing it, and by September my weight had dropped from 150 to 130. Back at Yale, I took full advantage of the dining halls and gained back the lost weight to 160. (I'm six feet tall.) Well, this was grounds for excommunication. In the spring of '67, the God Squad and I went our separate ways.

Changes came to my religious thinking. At first I was just disgusted with these Christians and their odd beliefs. Later, though, I turned to God again in earnest. And, of course, the first religious thought that came to mind was, "You must fast." I decided to follow their advice when they had told me to "eat and drink as unto the Lord." To make a long story short, I went on a starvation diet three times. Each time, in 1968, 1970, and 1974, I was admitted to a mental institution. This is why I did not graduate with our class.

In the third hospital there seemed to be no hope. My diagnosis was paranoid schizophrenia, the most serious mental illness there is, and three psychiatrists predicted that I would be in and out of the hospital the rest of my life. But something important happened in that hospital. I lost my faith in Christ. Thinking on my own, I realized that the most straightforward explanation for a lot of human suffering is that Jesus is dead. If the Bible isn't true, why should I share my faith with others? Why should I fear the devil? Why should I fast?

As I ceased the stressful religious behaviors, started believing in the medicine, and rejected Christ as lord of my life, I got in control of my illness. It became clear that the illness had been using Christian dogma to get in control of me. The words of Christ, actually, are so useful to paranoid schizophrenia that I really think he had it, too.

Things have quieted down a lot since I lost my faith. I've lived nineteen years since then and have never been back to the hospital. If you count the eighteen years before I became a Christian, I've lived thirty-seven years as a nonbeliever and have never been in the mental hospital. The nine years I was a Christian I was in three times. It reminds me of the words of Kingman Brewster as he addressed us in Woolsey Hall: "Never lose your ability to doubt!"

I went back to graduate school at the University of Cincinnati and got an M.S. in biology. A tight job market forced me to attend technical school (Cincinnati Technical College) to get an A.A.S. in medical laboratory technology. I am now a registered medical technologist with seven years of experience, and I have been a research assistant at Children's Hospital here in Cincinnati

since 1986. I'd like to get married, but have no one in particular in mind at the moment. All in all, though, I'm certainly coping much better without Jesus than with him. Although I still believe in God, my feelings toward Christianity can be summed up by the words I shouted when a would-be exorcist tried to make a believer of me again: "Jesus is dead!"

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Surveying the past two decades through the lens of the present inevitably risks distortion, exaggeration, and putting critical accents in all the wrong places. Nevertheless, some things are clear. Twenty-odd years have done little to change the self-absorbed, brittle undergraduate who transferred to Yale in 1966. There's still much humility to be learned and patience to be practiced. I should be grateful for the many blessings which have made these years enviable by any standard: good health, interesting work, the opportunity to live and travel abroad, and the means to enjoy the benefits of all of these. What clouds have cast a shadow over my life were not unique, however dark it may at times have seemed.

It's hard to remember how I used to see things when I didn't see them as clearly or completely. As a Yale undergraduate, with more future than past to contend with, I had assumed that the very passage of time would bring with it peace and contentment. To my middle-aged regret, I find I am still seeking comfort and confidence in who I am and acceptance of who I'm not. It was at Yale that I first appreciated the many vagaries which would confound the humblest of ambitions. Now, a quarter of a century later, these same vagaries seem far less threatening though no less real.

In brief: Harvard M.A. 1972 (Chinese history); Harvard J.D. 1974; currently, International Counsel, Tambrands, Inc.

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JOHN POTTER HERNDON

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Twenty-four years and one month since June 9, 1969, the day I joined Mory's and graduated—both just barely! Nothing like waiting till the last minute for that lifetime membership. Some things don't change much—I still procrastinate expertly.

I have slightly more than doubled my age since then, and another doubling is pretty unlikely, which is sobering because the last twenty-four-plus years

have been superb all around. I have been happily married now for the last ten years to the former Terry Hodgson of Silver Spring, Maryland. I got marriage right, but it did take two tries. By choice, no kids either time, but three great nephews.

As it happens, Terry and I did go to different junior highs together, but we didn't know it at the time even though the schools were both in the Montgomery County, Maryland, public school system and just five miles apart. It took a blind date twenty years later to close the gap. She was so devoted to that school system that she taught kindergarten and first grade there for eleven years. That turned out to be enough. She saw the kids become more undisciplined every year—a trend that coincided with the rising divorce rate and the growing tendency in unbroken families for both parents to work full-time. Terry is much happier now gardening at home and doing volunteer work, mostly for seniors. She could be a pro in the botanical field, what with her yard-of-the-month honors and constant requests for gardening advice from neighbors and friends, many of whom are natives, but who marvel at what the new Yankee on the block does with the mid-south flora. I don't share her enthusiasm or expertise in botanical matters, but then she doesn't share mine in culinary affairs. We do reverse roles occasionally, but she really does cook better than I prune, so she lets me attempt the latter very sparingly.

As the only member of our class, I'm pretty sure, who graduated calling himself a chemical engineer, I am pleased to report that I began practicing chemical engineering right after graduation and continue to do so today. Sure, I got an M.B.A. (at night from Rutgers) during my early working years, but I really never have capitalized on it. I guess I still find UNIFAC parameters more intriguing than gross margins. Having the same job title, "process engineer," for all this time has not been boring, nor has it been stressless. To begin with, even though Yale gave me a fine education in science fundamentals and *some* engineering particulars, it took me quite a bit of homework on the job to become a viable engineering practitioner. My first employer, American Cyanamid, must have been very indulgent and/or oblivious! The learning continues, ever more rapidly it seems, with each new plant I design and start up and each new technology that threatens to render me obsolete. On second thought, maybe AmCy wasn't so oblivious—I was the only engineer the company failed to get a job deferment for in '69/70 (my luck in the first draft lottery was good enough by just ten places). And the company did lay me off in the downturn of '82; I wonder how many of my classmates can claim that experience.

The move from huge, diversified, public Cyanamid to minute, specialized, private Velsicol Chemical was good for a low-profiler like me. Yes, I've maintained the low profile I cultivated at Yale (very sane in '69 for someone aspiring to work for the likes of Dow Chemical and whose father was a Foreign Service Officer at the time?), but in this small, 500-employee firm I can't help but be noticed. That has worked to my favor and to that of the company, I like to think.

By the way, for those who have forgotten, Velsicol is the one and only company that brought planet Earth such pesticide classics as chlordane and endrin. We still make the former, right here in Memphis, but sell it only overseas where the termites are more voracious than ours. Australia is our biggest chlor-

dane customer. Take heart, those of you wearying of having Dursban (sorry, Dow and Greenpeace) termiticide treatments on your home foundation over and over again, we may again offer chlordane in the U.S. After forty-five years it's still the best defense against termites. By way of extremes, Velsicol also brings the world the benzoic acid used to make food preservatives found in such classics as Diet Coke and many other edibles. Hmmm, with that M.B.A. maybe I should look into the marketing field.

There have been career highs and other lows: plants that worked better than expected, a fatal explosion I survived, strike duty. I feel I've gotten good at my profession and would like to keep at it for another fifteen years or so. I do wish I had more time for things other than work. Our company is too spread out geographically so that I have been averaging three-and-a-half nights away from home each week for the last five years. Doesn't leave much time for enjoying Terry's gardening triumphs or the considerable (seriously) cultural wealth of Memphis, cooking, playing tennis, or giving back. The latter took the form of tutoring inner-city kids in my AmCy days, when the work pace was far less frenetic. Maybe my next Velsicol project will actually take place at our Memphis plant so I can commute by car instead of by plane and sleep at home instead of at Holiday Inn. Frequent flyer miles and Priority Club points are nice, but...

Although I haven't become more outspoken since graduation, the years certainly haven't made me more conservative on the social issues either. Maybe it's just where I live now that makes it seem that way. But I contribute to ACLU, NARAL, and the Southern Poverty Law Center, put up the flag on Martin Luther King's birthday, support gun control and drug abuse decriminalization, see nothing wrong with women and gays taking part in military combat (on those rare occasions when combat is justified), and oppose tax deductions for private school tuition. If I'm contrarian in this regard, perhaps my childlessness is to blame. Anyway, isn't a liberal just someone whose enlightenment comes a little earlier? Society as a whole *eventually* sees the same light.

On the other hand, I am still fiscally conservative. Don't blame me for the soaring national debt. I voted for John Anderson in 1980, and the fifty cent per gallon federal gasoline tax he proposed then still makes sense. I suspect a lot of our society's shortcomings stem from the federal government's fiscal liberalism. That's a subject for another occasion.

Classmates? At least I exchange Christmas cards with Peter Amershadian and Mike Sabloff's father, but what's become of Wayne Van Devender, Scott Cunningham, Scott McLanahan, Carl Pierce, Bill Alper, Jim Biltekoff, Tom Orum, Jerry Rosenbaum, and Howie Newman, to name a few? Some serious catching up to do. And it's about time Terry and I finally made it to Mory's—1994 might just be the year.

JAMES HERRINGTON

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Never married, but have wonderful seven-year-old son. Live in Maui. Work for County of Maui as a Fiscal Control Analyst. Most interesting part of

my life was traveling, especially in Africa. No challenge, little stress, no problem. Have B.A. in mathematics from University of California, Berkeley. Not much else to tell.

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Harvard Law School, 1973; divorced; two children: Emily (nine) and Timothy (seven); partner in small law firm since 1975.

Memories: Fence Club; George of the Jungle; Darst being outrageous; N.Y., N.H. and H. R.R.; Dean Fischelis; bridge with Schweitzer, Goldberg and Gallagher; Haunt Club; Darst not being outrageous; funeral for John Hutchens' son.

ROBERT D. HIGH

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I want to tell my friends from the Class of 1969 how important your friendship has been, and is, to me.

JOHN R. HIGHAM

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Twenty-five years ago our bright college years were over, but the future

promised to be no less bright—the possibilities were endless, the central questions of our lives had apparently been answered.

Almost immediately, however, life began to challenge those answers and cloud the vision of the future. The chosen path—corporate law, marriage and family—has been marked with the outward milestones of success and happiness, but the true fulfillment that renews the spirit has eluded me. The answers of my youth had been too shallow; the assumptions had not been adequately challenged; the experiences had been too limited.

Now I search for new answers but find only more questions.

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After playing in the NFL for thirteen years, I retired and became an independent consultant. I have been Vice President of the Baltimore Orioles since 1987. After a life in football, the game and pace is entirely different in baseball, but I like it.

Janet and I have spent the last four years watching our only child, Grant, soar at Duke. I thought winning a Super Bowl with the Cowboys was a crowning achievement for me personally, but watching Grant and his team win back-to-back basketball championships was by far the greatest thrill of my life. Grant decided to follow my lead and major in history. I hope it is a lifetime source of enrichment and learning for him.

LEONARD F. HILL

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After Yale I went to Stanford; then to CBS in New York. Returned to MCA in Los Angeles; wrote for TV; produced for MTM. Went to NBC as Director of MOW's; then to ABC as Vice President. Left to form Hill Films. Made a bunch of TV movies, a handful of minis, a few series. Founder and Chairman of ACI, international video company.

Eventually married Ann Daniel. No kids. Two German Shepherd dogs. Restored an old house and built a new office. Collected stuff, mainly American plein-air paintings and old pocket watches. Active LATC, ATAS, MOCA, LAC, APLA, etc.

Generally, I've worked a lot and seen a little. But then, Yale was like that for me, too. Rewarding, if not relaxing. Enriching, if not enlightening. Balance could be just around the bend.

Which reminds me of my first impression of Yale. The orientation at Woolsey Hall. The upper deck filled with alums waving handkerchiefs while recalling bright college years...I didn't know the words then. And I can't quite relate to them now. I still feel that the sweetest (and the shortest) years lie ahead.

THOMAS L. HINE

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My most unlikely yet impressive achievement since I graduated from Yale was to make up a word that made it into the dictionary. The word is *populuxe*, a handy term to describe the fighter-plane-influenced, tailfinned automobiles, family rooms, living stereo, the New Frontier, and other phenomena of the fifties and early sixties. It has made it into only one dictionary so far—the Random House Webster's Collegiate, and I fear that it is not going to last unless use of the word picks up. Even so, though I remember myself as a freshman intoxicated by Yale's promise that I could engage and help shape the culture, I still could not have imagined invading the dictionary at forty-five.

The word came from my 1986 book *Populuxe*, an essay in social history exploring the achievements and insecurities of the America of our childhood. I will probably never again write anything that came so easily or is so loved. (Still, when I heard it had been assigned in a class at Yale, I couldn't help getting that old-fogey feeling that standards have really fallen since our time.)

Aside from a brief stint as a teacher and a weekly newspaper editor in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, my professional career has been based at the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, where—with the exception of some lengthy leaves for a traveling fellowship and a couple of books—I have been the architecture and design critic since 1974. This is not a high-power position in the field; Philadelphia is not a place for becoming famous. But it is a good place to write about, and the *Inquirer* has allowed me enormous latitude in pursuing what interests me.

I live in a house a couple of blocks south of Rittenhouse Square with my lover James Chan. We've been together since 1979, improvising a life of bourgeois respectability. I didn't begin to understand, let alone act on my sexuality until several years after graduation. But when Charles Reich talked about the fragility of personal achievement, and about how just one thing could "make the bottom fall out," I know I understood the fear he was expressing. For gay people, the last twenty-five years have brought ecstatic liberation, plague and backlash. Nevertheless, I am happy and relieved to report that Reich was wrong.

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Nature, particularly rocks and fossils, was a passion for me as a child. I majored in geology at Yale, and since graduation have made my living exploring for oil and gas in the United States, Canada, and many other places around the world. I guess you could say that I have been focused on natural resources all my life.

After graduation I worked three-and-a-half years as a petroleum geologist for Texaco in Quito, Ecuador. About half of my time was a fairly routine nine-to-five job in a business suit at the Quito office. However, the other half of my time was straight out of *National Geographic*, with a bit of Indiana Jones thrown in for excitement. For periods as long as six weeks I did geological field work along the remote Eastern slopes of the Andes mountains in the headwaters of the Amazon Basin, sometimes with a contingent of Ecuadorian soldiers to guard against indian attacks; and also served time as a wellsite geologist on helicopter-supported jungle locations. It was really high adventure—and I was getting paid for it! Once, I had to check to see whether an erupting volcano would endanger the newly built pipeline. This expedition necessitated hovering in a helicopter a few feet above an active lava flow at an elevation 11,000 feet in the cloud forest. On another occasion, I had to take on five bandits at gun point; I won (they only had knives!). For relaxation on weekends, when not in the rain forests, I often climbed 17,000- to 20,000-foot snowcapped Ecuadorian peaks in the company of other mountain climbing expatriate buddies.

Ecuador was followed by a year stint at the Royal School of Mines, Imperial College, London, where I received a master's degree in petroleum geology. What I had thought would be an easy year off with occasional meetings with a tutor turned out to be more rigorous than Yale. Imperial College is the M.I.T. of Britain. There were classes all day, lots of lab work, and regular quizzes, on top of a thesis requirement! After receiving my degree I resumed working for Texaco in London, where, from 1974 through 1977, I was involved with oil exploration in the North Sea. While based in the United Kingdom, I

also had exciting assignments in Indonesia and Portugal.

In late 1977 I moved from London to New York to work for the Amerada Hess Corporation, again doing international oil exploration. The job was terrific, as it included not only the geological appraisal of new ventures, but, additionally, the economic, legal, and political issues of the international oil business. The high point of my job with Hess was a six-week project in Abu Dhabi.

In 1980 the oil industry began to boom. As I had always had an entrepreneurial desire to have my own oil company some day, I decided the timing was right to make a break from the corporate world. With financial backing from a group of small Canadian companies, I formed the Ammonite Corporation for the purpose of originating frontier exploration prospects. We had five geologists at offices in Dallas, Texas, and in Connecticut. Unfortunately, the Canadians were the first to fall when the oil boom ended in 1982, so in late 1982 I formed Ammonite Resources, a petroleum consulting company. The consulting venture has grown to twenty-five professional geological, engineering, and finance associates scattered around the U.S.A. and foreign oil patches. We advise financial institutions, utilities, oil companies, the United States Government, and individual investors on oil and gas matters. Ammonite is also an energy investment banker, representing clients in the structuring of transactions and the purchase and divestiture of energy assets. Lately, much of our work has been in Poland, the Czech Republic, and the Ukraine.

When not working on client matters, I write articles on energy economics for oil industry trade journals, lecture extensively, and try to be as active as possible in professional societies. I was recently elected Secretary of the 34,000-member American Association of Petroleum Geologists, one of the world's largest purely scientific organizations.

I have been lucky in being able to do and accomplish much of what I had always wanted to do. However, one has to make luck happen. You do this by knowing what you want, believing you can achieve whatever you want, by being attuned to opportunities and risk, by being forthright and decisive, and by not being detoured by challenges to your goals. My two personal mottos have been "aim high and shoot straight," and "don't let the bastards grind you down!" They have served me well. It has been particularly interesting to be able to work internationally and understand how other cultures perceive life, the world, and the United States. My early work in South America and Indonesia exposed me to aborigine cultures whose entire world was the forest around them. My current activity in Central Europe is fascinating, as it has allowed me to witness firsthand the difficult political and economic transition of former communist cultures to free market economies.

On the home front, I was not so lucky in a first marriage, but am now very happily married to Breeze McMennamin Hobbs, an attorney, who has produced two great little boys, Gus the Fifth, and Alexander, now ages four and two. We live in New Canaan, Connecticut, love to garden and putter around the house on weekends, and when time permits, go adventuring. I can't wait until the boys are old enough to visit the Amazon or the steppes of the Ukraine with their daddy. Will my sons go to old Eli? That will be for them and the admissions committee to decide. Yale was right for me, and I will be forever

grateful for the “Yale experience.” Boola! Boola! 1969!

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The night I received the letter about the class book I had this dream: I was back at Yale in some dining hall having one of those rich conversations that always seemed to cover everything important. I was telling about my life since Yale. I said that the most important thing for me was my relationship with my wife and my son. So that's how I'll begin.

I'm curious about what everyone else has been through in the past twenty-five years. For me the flow went something like this: Graduation. B.A. stands for “Begin Again.” A couple of months in VISTA in a rural ghetto in western New York State. Reclassified 1-A. Dealing with the draft. Conscientious objector status. Life in a commune and working in a hospital in Boston, while also working at a store-front counseling agency for in-service objectors. Demonstrations. Futile attempts to find the woman of my dreams. Work in a state mental hospital for adolescents—great job and eventual burnout. Hitchhiking out west. Wilderness institute in the Cascades. Master's program in counseling psychology at Northeastern University. Stumbled upon a Zen master, began Zen practice. First job after master's very depressing, left eye temporarily blinded at a New Year's party, lonely, the pits. Met woman while jogging. Began relationship. Trek to Everest base camp. Work at residential treatment program for adolescents. Married. Rejected for second time by Ph.D. programs. Confused. “I should act grown up by now.” Stumbled into organizational psych class at friend's M.B.A. program. Moved to Colorado for M.B.A. program and mostly the mountains. Very depressed. “What am I doing with these M.B.A.'s?” First job at Andersen Consultants doing computer work. Learned a lot. Very painful. “Successful.” Met Robert Bly. Divorced. Began to allow myself to be the artist I always wanted to marry. Long-distance relationship with woman in San Francisco. Had to quit Arthur Andersen or die. Went to San Francisco to study acupuncture. Ecstatic time. Relationship broke up. No job, no relationship. The nadir. Unemployment and confusion. Friend took me rafting down the Grand

Canyon. Began work in the field of organization development. Continued zen practice. Published first book of poems. Things getting better. Met the woman of my dreams. Married. Continued work, writing, traveling, performing dance and poetry. Having fun now. Son born. Parents getting older. Life pretty rich.

For years I've been sending out a more-or-less Annual Card to connect with family and friends. Recently my intuitive calendar told me it was time to send another one. Here's what I said:

I arrange small sticks for a fire;
but the flame arrives
on an unseen hand
from out of the clouds.

“I'm enjoying being a family man. Life with Susan and Ben is full of delights and surprises. I work at my bardic craft and am hoping to put together a fourth book of poems soon, and perhaps get another song recorded (ask for *Monkey Siren*, Resounding Records No. RRCD 706). I continue to work for Public Service Company of Colorado four days a week as an internal consultant in organization development. This involves helping people resolve conflicts and work together to make their work lives more satisfying and productive. I also do some one-on-one counseling. It's interesting work, and sometimes I think I'm actually helping people. This past year I also obtained a state license as a professional counselor.

“I get out into the wilderness as much as I can (not often enough), sometimes with Susan and sometimes solo—camping, cross-country skiing, white-water rafting, *etc.* I feel blessed with where we live, and more than that, with my family and family-as-extended-by-marriages, and friends, all of whom I appreciate more and more as the years go by.”

I guess this is pretty blabby for someone who didn't show up for his class picture. Hope you're all well and happy.

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Work, loves, losses, achievements, disappointments, education, honors, offices, awards, publications, peeves, dreams, memories:

Tough but interesting twenty-five years. Tough because architects make one-third of what plumbers make and poets find a job twice as easy. Otherwise,

it seems too short and full of happenings. Yale is like yesterday, but at the same time it seems like it was on another planet. There is nothing like Yale. The concentration of brilliance and hopes, largely unfulfilled, is nowhere else duplicated in the real world.

The list of achievements and publications, honors, offices, and awards is too long to bother with here. They are not important. What is important is the final realization of relevance and permanent values. And it boils down to doing something that is also useful to someone else and having enough time and money for one's family and those one loves.

The twenty-five years brought me to Boston, New Haven, Tokyo, New York, Chicago, Denver, Vienna and Salzburg, Taos, Albuquerque, and finally Las Cruces. A few years and a few buildings in each location. New friends, new types of food, and new car license plates. I found New Mexico to suit me best, the desert and open land and the sky. I also found the job I now have to be the best an architect can have. Now I am responsible for a university with five campuses. It is much more exciting than putting just one building together at one time, or to run an architectural firm.

The personal contentment I achieved in New Mexico allowed me to settle down, finally, buy a house, marry and have a little girl. Each type of life has its rewards and limitations. My annual sojourns around the globe are over, but I have someone to take care of and share life with. Most of my classmates have this period of life long behind them, but for me now was the right time and place.

I had some hardships but no great disappointments. The greatest disappointment was, perhaps, when I realized that most people do not pursue excellence and do not derive the thrill from the chase. For me it is one of the reasons for living, to do things always better and finally well. As a manager I tried to inspire this drive in people, but only a few self-motivated ones responded.

There was one other disappointment. Particularly lately I have been involved in public life and had to deal with media. On television one cannot be misquoted, unless someone cites you, but in papers, whatever I said was usually twisted to serve some purpose. What happened to the truth? Is "truth" just somebody's plaything?

And that's about it. Will there be another twenty-five years and another reunion for some of us?

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Married for twenty-plus years to Bernadette (Albertus Magnus '70, née Plunkett). We have three sons: Matthew (fourteen), Rick (twelve), and Evan (nine). All are into sports (none hockey!). Rick is a swimmer and in the top ten for backstroke in his age group in Connecticut. They are great guys, but require huge quantities of patience and energy to keep up with and gas for the cars.

Loves beyond the family are hockey—play once a week year round, no longer as a goalie, but as a forward, in the graceful tradition of Nick Fotiu or Eddie Shack. Other love is sailing; when we lived on Long Island, did lots of big boat racing—three Bermuda races. Recently have scaled down to a wind surfer, tons of fun, and a real thrill.

Work is banking. Have been with Shawmut National Corporation since 1985; before that three years in Minneapolis with Norwest Corporation. Started in New York City with Manufacturers Hanover (eight years).

The past five years have been a real challenging time: work stress is high, due to economy in Northeast; boys are entering “the teenage years”; and my health—I have Parkinson’s disease. Obviously my case is still relatively mild (I can still skate and wind surf, not as well), but it is a progressive illness. While this clouds the future to some degree, it also has helped me to focus and pay more attention to the here and now.

As I look back to Yale, much of what I am and how I think and look at things can be traced to those wild years in the late sixties. It was a great place because it made you think and question, and it taught me to write.

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Work: In 1993 I finished a public service stint at Treasury/IRS, having been lured to D.C. from private law practice by classmate Fred Goldberg. I have returned to practice in New York (Mayer, Brown & Platt), coming full circle to reside in Connecticut after twenty-five years away from Yale (Connecticut, Omaha, Minneapolis, D.C., New York, Omaha, D.C., Connecticut).

Serious Yale-Years Memory: On a Europe trip in the summer of 1968 I visited Czechoslovakia and befriended a number of youth active in the anti-Russian movement. (This was the “Prague spring” period of liberalization under Dubcek.) Several days after we left the country, the Russians invaded. The intensity of the movement there and gravity of the situation placed in perspective for me the sociopolitical climate at the time at Yale and on other U.S. campuses.

Less Serious Yale-Years Memory: I wonder how many members of our class recall that, on the same weekend as the Yale 29-29 “loss” to Harvard, Yale decisively defeated Harvard (doubling or tripling Harvard’s score, as I remember it) in a specially arranged and televised College Bowl match. Two of my best Yale friends, Mike Medved and Mark Howson, anchored the team. From this I learned the historical derivation of the term “Hobson’s choice” (meaning no choice) when Mark answered that Hobson was a seventeenth century (or was it

sixteenth, or eighteenth?) stablekeeper on an estate who always automatically assigned a particular horse to a new rider.

Greatest disappointment: Only after leaving Yale did I (along with my wife Maren and my sons, Philip, Richard, and Charles) take up small sailboat racing (as well as larger boat cruising in the Caribbean and Chesapeake), and I deeply regret not having taken advantage of Yale's sailing program while an undergraduate.

Dream: Skipping a sailboat transatlantic crossing (cf. William Buckley's *Airborne*), although my wife is not yet on board.

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JEFFREY P. HORTON

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After fifteen years of hard labor as an English teacher at Crenshaw High School in Los Angeles, I was elected to the Los Angeles Board of Education in 1991—just in time to deal with the worst fiscal crisis in recent memory, which necessitated a brutal pay cut and plunged the school district even further into turmoil. This entry into electoral politics fulfills ambitions of mine (and predictions of many) from high school which had lain dormant during my years at Yale. Notwithstanding the rocky beginning, I expect to pursue energetically my political goals which remain steadfastly left-wing.

I am also the only openly gay member of the school board and one of only a few openly gay elected officials in the Los Angeles area. I live with my lover of ten years in the Echo Park district of Los Angeles. We have too many dogs and a great view of the city.

I have almost no contact with my Yale classmates and so look forward to this book and the reunion. I remain proud of my Yale degree. I even boasted of it on my campaign literature (although I admit that's mildly contradictory with left-wing views).

I feel stronger, smarter, and surer of myself than ever as I lope towards fifty, but I am also heavier by far and a recovering smoker. My only regret is that I have no children of my own; in compensation I've devoted my life to looking after other people's children—hundreds of thousands of them. Good luck to us all!

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SCOTT PIKE HOWARD

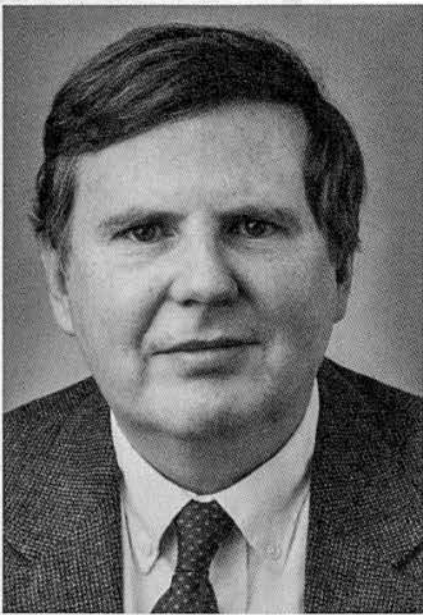
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I fell into banking after five years of casting about as a fifth grade teacher, student of urban planning, city hall staffer in New Orleans (my hometown), and sole salesman in a little leasing company. I left New Orleans in 1974 to join J.P. Morgan, where I spent sixteen mostly happy years. My first marriage fell apart shortly after our arrival in New York and the birth of our child. I was pretty miserable about that for a long time, but bachelorhood in New York proved a pleasant antidote.

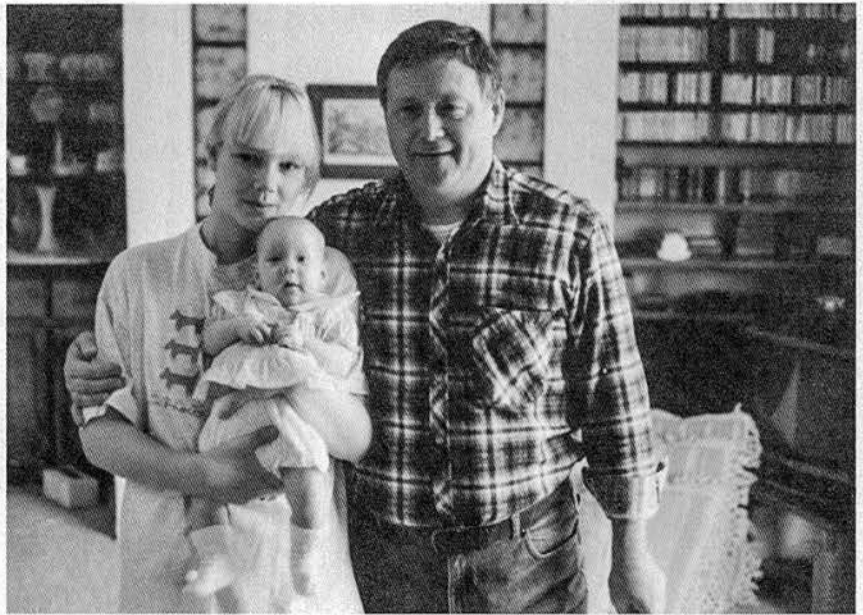
In 1990 Morgan had the poor judgment to let me go during a restructuring, or so they called it. I decided to try my hand at entrepreneurship. Over the next two years, long on enthusiasm and short on capital, I got involved in three ventures. I quit each for different reasons, which I suppose boiled down to my not having the staying power to see them through to profitability.

I was hard at work on the third venture (a computer-based network using color images to market high-end residential properties globally) when I received a call in early '92 from one of my former Morgan clients, Steve Hansel, who had just been tapped as Chief Executive Officer of Hibernia National Bank in New Orleans. He invited me to join his executive management team. Janet, my second wife, was tired of practicing law, tired of Manhattan, tired of the angst of being the only breadwinner, tired of my pie-in-the-sky hopes to succeed at making something out of nothing (though I must say she was very tolerant of me during that two-year period), and tired of seeing our boys, ages five and two, confined to a 1500-square-foot apartment near South Harlem. For my part, I was ready to get real, not to mention give Janet a much-needed break.

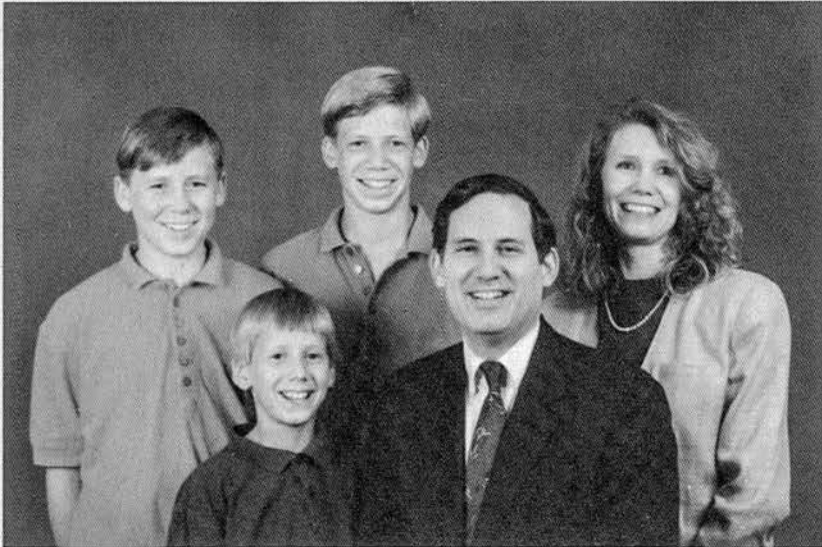
So here we are back in my hometown and just downriver from Janet's, Cincinnati. We've bought and renovated a house in the Garden District. Janet has retired, at least for the time being. Our boys are delirious over the space, inside and out. And I'm enjoying my work. These feel like golden years, as fragile as they are.



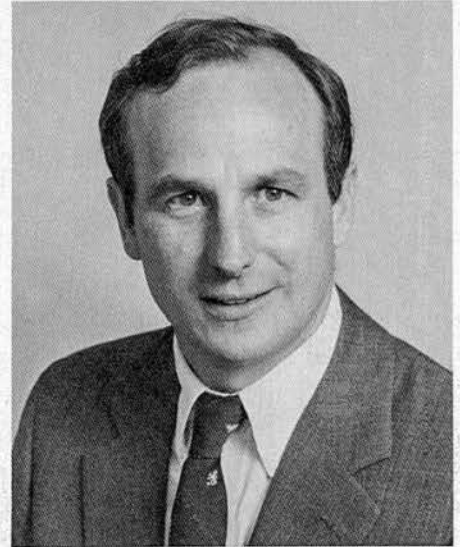
Thomas Hine



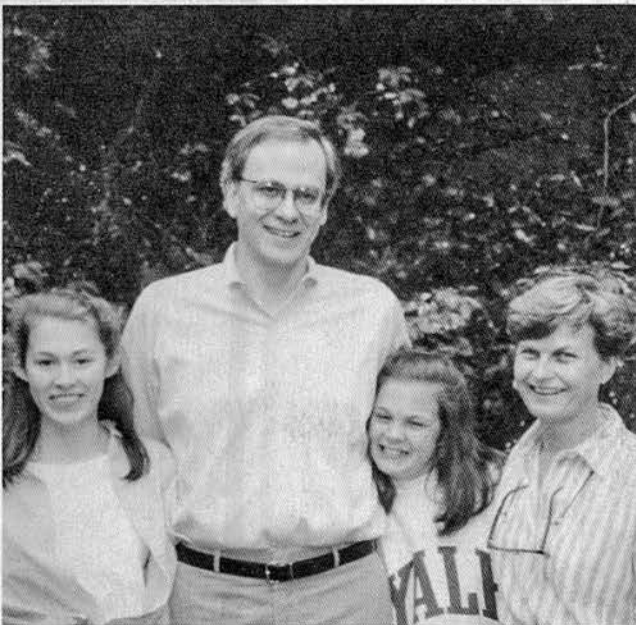
The Martin Hoffmeister family



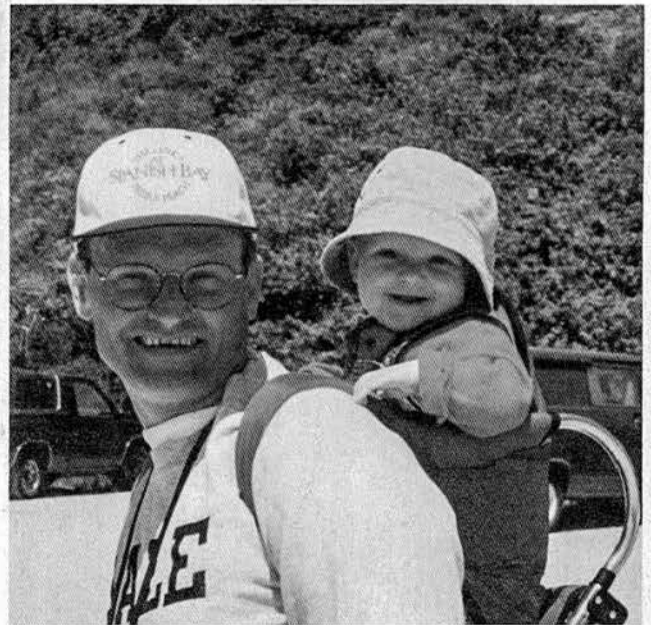
Thomas and Maren Hood and sons



G. Warfield Hobbs IV



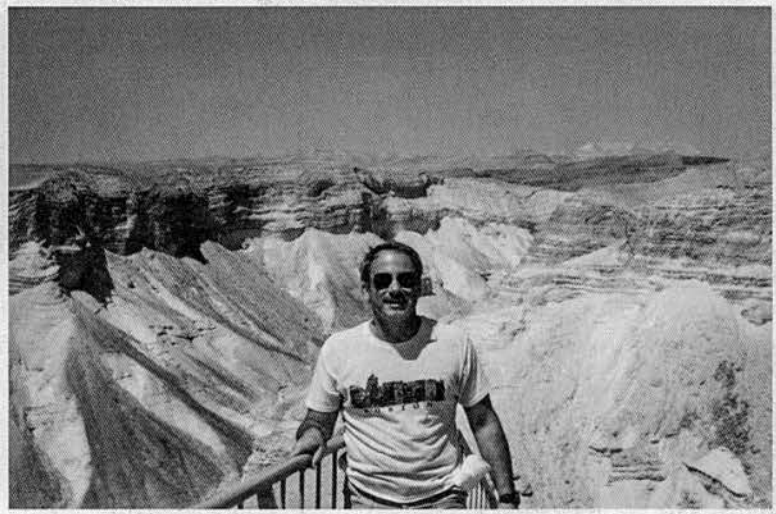
David and Martha Howorth and daughters



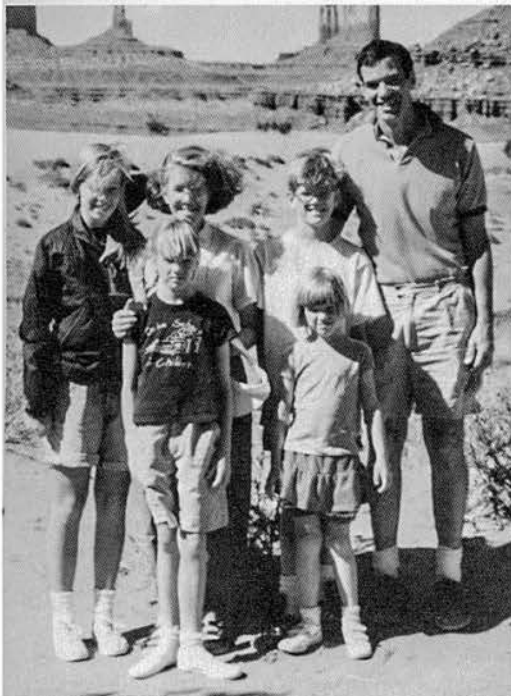
James B. Hudak and happy offspring



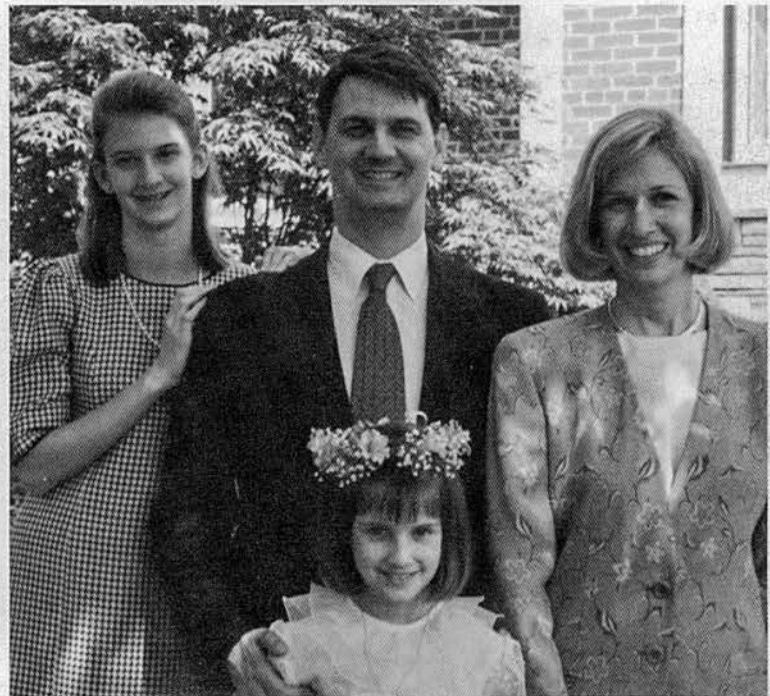
Brian Ibsen



Alan Hurwitz



Peter and Sandra Jacobi and children,
Lauren, Tim, Nina, and Anna



David and Pat Johnson and daughters



Donald and Synthia Joseph at daughter Abby's high school graduation



T. Radey Johnson

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The open-ended invitation to write whatever I choose is too daunting, so I tricked myself by propounding a questionnaire to myself.

1. *First, could you just give us the bare data? What have you done since 1969?* I married Martha, whom many classmates will remember from her occasional weekend visits. We have now been married twenty-three years. We have two bright and beautiful daughters, Katherine, born in 1977, and Emily, born in 1981. On the professional side, I practiced law in New York for fifteen years with Dewey Ballantine, doing commercial litigation. A few years ago Martha and I finally came to the conclusion that, for a variety of reasons, New York simply didn't suit us any longer, and after a couple of years spent figuring out what part of the country we would be happiest in (Martha wanted to return to the South; I didn't), we moved to Portland, Oregon. I head up the litigation department of the Portland branch office of Foster Pepper & Shefelman, a Seattle firm.

2. *What about you has changed the least since college?* My generally skeptical approach to life. That was probably most pronounced in the religious area during college. Back then, I flirted with the notion, now clearly recognizable as nonsense, that political issues might be more amenable to definite answers. Today, I know better and give a wide berth to those who don't.

3. *What interests have survived since college?* Bridge, though I rarely play now. Sleight of hand, although my repertoire has shrunk since college.

4. *Any new interests?* Computers, which provide an outlet for what's left of my mathematical abilities; I am a reasonably proficient, self-taught programmer. Anthony Trollope. Daughters.

5. *What did your wife think was the most hilarious bit of self-deception in your first draft of this piece?* My claim to have grown more tolerant over the last twenty-five years. She says I am profoundly less tolerant. Maybe she's right.

6. *Since this is a twenty-fifth reunion class book, please say something appropriately sentimental about your college years.* Although it's no doubt attributable in part to the charitable selectivity of memory, what they say about one's college years turns out to be true. At that age we are mature enough to be almost indistinguishable from the adult selves we will tend to remain, and yet unformed enough to remain open, willing to expose as much of ourselves to others as we ever will. I am naturally a bit aloof, so the friendships I formed at Yale may not seem particularly strong when measured against the background of human friendship generally. But for me they are the strongest I will ever have. I regret that I have not done a better job of maintaining them.

RONALD D. HUBBARD, JR.

No Address Available

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Ten days before graduation from Yale my first child Jim was born at Yale-New Haven Hospital. Ten months ago my fourth child Casey was born at Stanford University Hospital. Diapers and bottles are much the same, but Barney has replaced Big Bird and California winters are much more pleasant than New Haven summers. The important things in life are much the same as twenty-five years ago, but the context has changed dramatically.

I now have two adult children, Jim (twenty-four) and Bill (twenty-one), and two infants Jacqueline (twenty-seven months) and Charles “Casey” (ten months). Jim, reflecting today’s economy, started his own printer/broker business even before graduating and already makes more than I did after ten years working for cities. Bill is living with us this summer between quarters at the University of California, Davis, and is trying to move up to a Category 2 cycling designation. Jacqueline and Casey are watching Barney and focused on the basics of walking and talking.

I met my wife Mary in 1987 while doing a strategic plan for Detroit. We got married in 1989 and immediately had two children just to provide a little chaos around the house (Mary comes from a family of eight children). The two little ones, and Bill, keep Mary very busy, but she still finds time to be very active in our church, especially on the Rector Search Committee. If anyone in the Class of ’69 knows an Episcopal priest looking for a parish in Palo Alto let Mary know.

At work I’m still pursuing the sixties’ dream of making a difference in the world. After Yale I got a Master of Public Policy at the University of Michigan and then spent ten years working in city government. The seventies took me from Ann Arbor to Palo Alto to San Francisco and from model cities to community policing to the George Moscone assassination. I left government shortly after the passage of Proposition 13 and joined Arthur Andersen. The eighties were the decade of government consulting. I spent my time doing strategic plans for cities around the world: San Francisco, Chicago, Miami, Detroit, Madrid, Petermairitzburg, culminating in a feasibility study for a City of the Future in Australia, jointly sponsored by Australia and Japan.

When I returned to the U.S. in 1990, thirty-seven states were in deficit. No one in government was spending money on consultants, and I luckily stumbled into health care. The nineties so far have been the decade of health care consulting—a fortunate coincidence.

I left Yale twenty-five years ago with small babies, trying to change government. I now find myself with small babies, trying to change health care.

DEAN G. HUFFMAN, M.D.

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- Assistant Professor, Ob/Gyn, Southern Illinois University Medical School, Springfield.
- Two adopted daughters: Mary Rebecca (Becky) Huffman born June 29, 1987 and Katherine Deanna (Annie) Huffman born December 9, 1988.
- One wife, Joanne Thieme Huffman.

GEORGE H. HUME

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Over the twenty-five years since graduation my family has become the most important aspect of my life. I have come to realize that any so-called accomplishments pale by comparison with a good marriage and happy children. I have been blessed with both. Leslie, whom I met at the beginning of freshman year, has been a wonderful mate, giving support when I needed it and criticism when I deserved it. My children, Parker (sixteen) and Lilah (eight), are terrific and have led me to believe that they will be the only lasting thing I will leave behind me when I am gone.

To keep bread on the table, I run a food company whose primary business is the dehydration of vegetables, ranging from onions and garlic to potatoes and beans. While at Yale I vowed that I would never join this company (which my father started), but, for many reasons, I have found the business to be rewarding and challenging.

Like many of us, I worry about the world we are leaving our children. The lack of civility in our society troubles me deeply. People increasingly seem to treat others as objects rather than individuals. While I am not doing enough to change the direction we are heading, I have tried through involvement with education to make a small contribution, first as a trustee of a new private grammar school in San Francisco and also as a trustee of Stanford, where I went to graduate school after Yale.

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REED HUNDT

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My wife Betsy is a clinical psychologist practicing in Rockville, Maryland, and Chevy Chase. Our children are wonderful: Adam (eleven), Nathaniel (eight), and Sara (four).

One of the great and continuing joys of life has been my continuing

friendships and working relationships with Yale friends. For me, Yale has been an ongoing and evolving experience—rich, meaningful, and always current.

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This is a strange and perhaps at the same time a very appropriate time to be writing this kind of autobiographical piece. It has been a time of transition and some reflection about the course and meaning of it all. I would call it “midlife crisis” if I could admit really being in that very advanced-sounding part of my life. Whatever it is, this reflection is a very real part of day-to-day existence. I spend a large part of my professional life helping leaders and management groups to think more systemically and strategically about what they do. When I reflect on the lack of long-range thinking in my own life and life decisions, it sometimes seems ironic to me that I make a good portion of my living helping management teams and organizations to think and act in ways that are more focused on long-range end results.

I have recently moved from the Boston area to western Massachusetts to share a house and a life with a wonderful woman with whom I have been involved for several years. It’s a big move for a forty-six-year-old single guy. We live in the country, opposite a very user-friendly lake, and near a large academic community. The community includes five colleges, one or two of which were targets of weekend road trips so many years ago. Those institutions and their students look very different now.

I’ve had a successful management consulting practice for some years, working with companies and a range of other organizations, helping them to strengthen and refurbish their cultures, structures, and systems. This work sometimes takes the form of strategic planning, sometimes of development of their management team. In some situations we focus directly on changing the culture or structure for the long term. I’ve been able to create a good balance between large corporations, government, and nonprofits, and between situations in the U.S. and other parts of the world. I recall when I was at Yale not really being able to conceive of a job or career that would really fit my desires for creativity, independence, variety, and the chance for real impact. I guess I have created it, albeit in my own unsystematic way. I have a particular interest in exploring ways to apply what we know about strengthening organizations and organizational systems to resolving some of the seemingly intractable problems of large social conflicts. I’ve been doing more in that direction over the past few years. Once a political science major, I guess, always a political science major.

International activities have been a big part of my life since choosing

Spanish many years ago as the easiest way to fulfill the current language requirement. What a primitive and rigid time it was! I went from being youth director on a cruise ship one summer to most of a year in South America as a Yale exchange student, to a year in Israel as a Peace Corps-style volunteer, to consulting over the last ten years in many countries. I have had exciting opportunities to train the top managers of the government of Malawi, to help those involved to review the direction of our AID program in South Africa in the face of many changes, to support companies in their efforts to think and act more globally—international activities have been a big part of my personal and professional life. It also seems quite ironic, as I look back, for a guy who had been only to New York (once) before college, and whose big foreign trip had before junior year been spring break in Nassau, and that by car to Miami. I will never forget Bruce Volpe, Nick Price, and me, and Nick's brother Phil, crashing in on Arthur Klebanoff and his brother at the Fontainebleau in Miami on the way. I must admit he handled it well.

Life has been good to me in many ways, if confusing at times. It has become a nice balance between having impact in some important areas and fulfilling a sixties' ideal of keeping independent and out of the line of fire (back at the lake and the woods); and of stimulation and peace. I confess, as time moves on, I find myself coming down more and more on the side of peace and woods.

At this point in my life I do regret the failure to make some decisions over the years, particularly regarding family. I know I couldn't have tried harder to find the girl of my dreams on those many mixer nights at Pierson College. It still seems unfair to cast inordinate blame on the Pierson social chairman for unfulfilled visions at this point in life. Those little day-to-day decisions can add up to major life choices before one is even aware it is happening, if one is not careful, or has trouble thinking about these kinds of issues in bigger chunks. With regard to many aspects of my college experience and the years thereafter, I can easily get into an "if I only knew then what I think I know now" mode. Then of course I try to convey my great learning to a worthy teenager, who of course pays no attention (what do I know?), and the cycle begins again for a new generation.

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I'm thinking about all the things I haven't done that I'd like to be able to tell about when our fiftieth reunion comes around: *work*: to start my own school for the incorrigible children of the incredibly rich; *loves*: to live in peace and harmony with my true love; *achievements*: to sell something I've written; *disappointments*: to realize the Van Gogh canvas I acquired through incredible timing, slyness, and luck was in fact a fake; *education*: to learn poetics; *honors*: to receive an honorary degree from Yale; *offices*: to chair a fund drive; *awards*: to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor despite my bad temper, inarticulate pacifism, and advanced age; *publications*: to publish an article in Scientific American; *peeves*: to have to publicly complain about paying too many taxes; *dreams*: to be able to fully imagine what it would be to be eighteen and a freshman at Yale as it will be in 2015; *memories*: to be able to remember what it was to be twenty-two and a senior at Yale in 1969.

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As I approach the task of my entry in the Class Book, I muse on the events of my past days. Having just returned from a fishing trip in the North Carolina mountains, I attended an Elton John concert with one daughter, went to a performance of the *Mikado* with another, cheered for the first efforts at soccer by yet another, observed a marathon lacrosse jamboree of my son's, and discussed revision of our wills with my wife of twenty years. This about summarizes the place at which I find myself, although it does not do justice to the warm and productive relationship I have enjoyed with my bride. It seems a long way from New Haven.

Having finished an American Studies paper on Fiorello La Guardia as a senior, ready to start law school, I would not have conceived that twenty-five years later I would be a physician in family practice, cheering during off-hours with other "Cameron Crazy's" for hometown Duke basketball.

Much of what has happened to me was influenced by Sam Chauncey,

who helped me to remain at Yale in 1969–70 as an intern for both himself and President Brewster. My office in Woodbridge Hall was a converted coatroom, which overlooked the plaza and the now long-gone, but not unloved, Lipstick sculpture by Claes Oldenburg. That year was a cacophony of protests, sit-ins, and demonstrations, which often led to stepping over students camped out on the steps, but the major lesson was one which I have never forgotten—the overwhelming decency of the President, the administration, and Yale's faculty during what must have been incredibly trying times.

Some years later, having returned to New Haven to complete premed courses (as an undergraduate I had initially zipped out on rocks and stars distributional requirements) after being drafted (low lottery number) and serving as a field medic in the Special Forces, I was again impressed by Yale College as a place that would welcome the return of her former students to study for new careers. With some occasional propping up by premed advisor Woody Ewell, I did matriculate to medical school and then to a career that I have relished ever since, not having lost much for the detours.

I have few, if any, disappointments. I enjoy a fair strike by an honest fish in cold, clear water. Of achievements, I continue to be most refreshed by my family and sense of contribution to community. I have a more profound sense that we are all in this together; that the success of the whole is more important than the achievement of any part. We must understand that our generation, to whom so much has been given throughout our lives, has an obligation to wear the mantle of our responsibility actively and with wisdom. My personal goal is to live each day as a unity between what I believe and what I do.

I confess that, except for rare contacts with classmates and the lifeline of the local Yale Club, I have had little contact with the University. Perhaps others will agree that there is an element of denial in seeing oneself with a potbelly in a class photograph with a fat twenty-fifth reunion check to Yale. But I have heard from others that those anxieties pass quickly enough, mid-life having its advantages, and look forward with anticipation to joining classmates next summer.

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The years following graduation for me merged into an extended Yale stay. I stretched Yale Medical School out over five years by adding an Oxford rotation, followed by an intermission for a motorcycle odyssey through Europe. Early grounding in goal orientation eventually kicked in, as I moved on to an internal medicine internship in Providence and then again returned to Yale for three years of psychiatry residency.

The most profound personal development during these transition years was meeting Lorna in New Haven and subsequently launching our ongoing family adventure. Our first of three daughters, Becky (seventeen), was born in Yale-New Haven Hospital during the first year of residency. We had gradually migrated up the Sound through East Haven and Branford to Guilford, where we liked the sailing the best. Still, after many years around New Haven, exploring an alternative became important. Finally the impulse clarified, and I negotiated a modified dropout to Vermont in 1978.

After initially homesteading at the base of Mount Mansfield, we moved to our current country home in Charlotte, just south of Burlington. Early years in Vermont were powered by a significant granola crunch, and with a familiar emphasis for counterculture holdouts on connection with land and community. Over the ensuing years I have fenced multiple pastures for our sheep, goats, horses, and the occasional wandering turkey. Battles with howling coyotes have at points added a frontier flavor. While milking the goats proved ephemeral, working the hardwood forest has nourished a more philosophic sense of time. Recreation passions have included mogul skiing, Mad River Glen's ungroomed descents, windsurfing Lake Champlain's capricious waters, basic tennis, and Ben & Jerry's festivals and ice cream. Our favorite family excursions have been rafting the Grand Canyon, followed closely by a summer in France.

Meanwhile, pursuing psychiatry in Vermont has actually made sense and offered significant satisfaction. After first pursuing a primarily psychotherapeutic practice in the crossroads of New England consciousness that was happening in Burlington over the early years here, I have progressively focused more of my work in community mental health. Developing alternatives to hospitalization, more intensive networks of services for children and families, and even the quixotic quest for prevention are areas of current engagement. I am presently centering these pursuits as medical director of a unique center in Middlebury.

And now, having just returned from a New England college tour with my daughter Becky, a rising high school senior, college is again a remarkably immediate prospect. While my role shift is obvious in this next college round, the college experience on some reflection offers even more possibility.

DAVID C. JOHNSON, M.D.

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A quarter century is a very long time. In geologic terms, however, it's just a nanosecond—so I must be turning into a fossil, because for me the last twenty-five years have just gone p-f-f-f-t!

I'm currently practicing orthopaedic surgery in Washington, D.C., but that's just my day job. At night, I write star-quality, incipient Academy Award-

winning screenplays. I can't exactly call myself a screenwriter yet, not until I sell one of the damn things (any of my producer classmates out there listening?). If you're supposed to suffer as a writer, then I'm definitely in trouble because I'm having too much of a good time.

During medical school I met and married my best friend Pat and have been having the time of my life since. We have the "gaps"—she considers my opera a bunch of caterwauling, and I sit at her Bruce Springsteen concerts with earplugs while she dances in the aisle. We have two daughters, Emily (the homebody, scholar, and swimmer, born 1980) and Katie (the chance taker, Thespian, and dancer, born 1984). They also have the "gaps" and they're best friends. So far, life has been good and all is well.

I went back to Yale this year to see the Yale-Harvard-Princeton swimming meet, and to see my old coach, Phil Moriarty. I had expected much to have changed, but the only thing that had were the hairs on Phil's head. Everything, the sights, sounds, even the smells, seemed as if preserved in amber. It's as if leaving Yale is just an illusion, that after twenty-five years you become part of the walnut paneling. Kingman Brewster once said (and I now believe it true) that you can leave Yale, but Yale never leaves you. And that, I think, is a comforting thought.

I wish all the best to my classmates, and I hope to see some of you at our twenty-fifth reunion.

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Twenty-five years ago in the Yale Dramat green room I dreamt of living in New York City with a nice wife and children, working in the theater, and reading *Variety* on the job.

I now enjoy an approximation of that dream. I live in New York City (after a brief unhappy attempt at suburban living) with a nice wife, Kathy, and two kids, William (eight) and Thomas (four), and work as the general counsel of Sony Music (a major worldwide record company) while reading *Billboard* at my desk every week.

My addictions to opera, theater, and ballet remain unabated. One of my favorite memories is working with George Balanchine on a business deal two years before he died.

I'm surprised and disappointed at how seldom I see good friends from Yale. The demands of work and family are to blame I suppose.

I've played more rounds (twelve) of golf at Yale in the past four years than I did as an undergraduate (one). If I had it to do over again, I'd have cut more classes and played more golf.

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T. RADEY JOHNSON

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Military Service: Avoided service during a war I thought morally wrong, without having to pay the price of taking a moral stance against it. Taught seventh grade English in a Boston public school for one year, then got a medical deferment with a little help from a sympathetic doctor.

Further Education: Received M.Phil. (the degree no one ever heard of) in comparative literature from Yale in 1973. Bugged down in a dissertation on literary theory, the tempting topic I should have known to avoid, and finally abandoned the effort. Attended a six-week New York University program to “retread” academics from the humanities for “careers in business.” Went on to teach myself a fair amount of securities analysis, finance (became a Chartered Financial Analyst in 1990), statistics, personal computing, and mandolin (surprise!).

Love Life: Lived with and eventually married (1973) Jane Platt, the Bennington student I met at a freshman-year Pierson mixer. Still married after all these years, and happy to be, most of the time anyway.

Real Estate: Survived scare tactics of the Brooklyn landlord who wanted to co-op our building. Bought the apartment cheap, renovated it beautifully, and sold it soon thereafter. Bought a Brooklyn row house at the top of the market with the gains from the apartment. Still renovating after six years. Do not plan to sell, ever.

Employment: After eleven years of unemployment and underemployment, went to work as a junior securities analyst at Value Line. Learned to say everything you need to know about a stock in fifty-six lines, with occasional puns and lots of numbers. Advanced to supervisory roles, then moved to portfolio management, in charge of small-cap stock portfolios. Quit after seven years. Spent a year-and-a-half at the U.S. investment arm of the Dresdner Bank. Had fun surprising prospects by delivering my pitch in near-perfect German. Joined Rothschild Asset Management in 1988 with former Value Line boss. In charge of small-cap portfolios and development of quantitative stock selection models. The

perfect job, given that I still have to work for a living.

Summary: A convincing example of the value of a Yale B.A. in English.

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Went from reclusive lost soul at Yale to less reclusive, classes-be-damned wandering soul at Harvard Law School. Joined major Chicago law firm and fought through success maze by unconventional mixes of talent, luck, and anti-authoritarianism. Now head of own twenty-five-lawyer firm in Phoenix, and after twenty years of self-apprenticeship am quite good at what I do. Married beautiful, talented, hometown girl and have three mysterious but wonderful children. Separated for last year. Recovering alcoholic last two years. Regaining the wonder and spiritualism that were submerged since school. Reality seemed grim for quite a while; now it is an increasing variety of experience to be savored with optimism. May send one son to Yale!

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Kathy and I have been married twenty-two years. She continues to be my greatest joy and affection and adventure. We have four children. My oldest is a Jonathan Edwards rising sophomore at Yale. Kate had a great first year. Dana, Ali, and Pete will follow quickly behind, but to other colleges, I'm sure. I'm the Senior Pastor of the Maxwell Street Presbyterian Church in Lexington, Kentucky. This is a wonderful place to live. I am in the embrace daily of very special people who care well for me and my family. The work I do has meaning and purpose. I am entirely persuaded it is the work I must be doing. We have good

health, fun every day with each other, and steady opportunities to share love and do justice. All of this renders me the most thankful and humble of Yale '69 alums.

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PROF. THOMAS M. JORDE

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My professional career has been more rewarding and successful than I could possibly have imagined. After Yale undergraduate years I continued my stay in New Haven and graduated from Yale Law School in 1972. After clerking for Justice William Brennan, Jr. and practicing law for five years, I began my teaching career as Professor of Law at University of California, Berkeley (Boalt Hall). I specialize in antitrust and intellectual property. I have written extensively in these fields and have recently coauthored three books: *Antitrust, Innovation and Competitiveness* (Oxford Press, 1992); *Cases and Materials on Trade Regulation* (Foundation Press, forthcoming 1993); *Technology and the Law: An Introduction to the Economics of Innovation, the Law of Intellectual Property and Competition Policy* (Foundation Press, forthcoming 1994).

Five years ago I cofounded the Law & Economics Consulting Group, Inc., an economics and finance consulting firm, with offices now in Berkeley, Chicago, and Washington, D.C. LECG has permitted me to marry business and legal interests and fulfill a fantasy of being president of a thriving, energetic enterprise.

On the family front, I am the very proud daddy of Kevin (six) and Christopher (four). Children came late in my life, and only when I remarried, to the most wonderful partner in the world, Mary Anne. As I gaze into my sons' eyes, or listen to their laughter, or marvel at their daily growth, I wonder how on earth I could have contemplated, as I did during my Yale undergraduate days, not having children. I think the Vietnam War and ZPG caused many of us to lose focus on what is most important in life.

DAVID A. JOSEPH, M.D.

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Twenty-five years seem a long time...life has been good to me. Pam and I married soon after graduation. We now have four children, Daniel, Jordana, Gabriel, and Benjamin. I got my M.D. and Pam got her Ph.D. The children, work, and play all are in competition for the limited amount of time. It's a balancing act that I see most clearly when I can see what Pam does to try to make things work out. I play my part, but it is not as easy to observe oneself.

We spent 1969 through 1991 in the north shore area of Chicago. I had my psychiatric practice in Evanston, and Pam worked at National-Louis University. We then got our middle-age crazies. Instead of divorcing like other couples, we moved to Seattle, Washington. I started a new practice in the south end of Seattle (near Seatac Airport), and Pam got work at Antioch University of Seattle.

I went to our tenth reunion and found very few people I knew. Jonathan Edwards was small and only a few of us showed up. Yale was a strange and foreign place on the tenth reunion. The Yale I knew was not the buildings, it was the people whom I had known and grown up with for four incredible years. They are all in my heart, and the reality of any reunion cannot match. I think of those years often.

During my years in the practice of psychiatry, I worked in various areas and with all sorts of people. My patients led me into areas that I never thought I would go when I took "Psych 101." I worked for five years on a unit at Rush-Presbyterian-St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago that dealt with dissociative disorders and multiple personality. I am now firmly convinced that Normal is only a setting on a washing machine. Those five years altered my view of the world almost as much as my four years at Yale. I am still dealing with the repercussions of both.

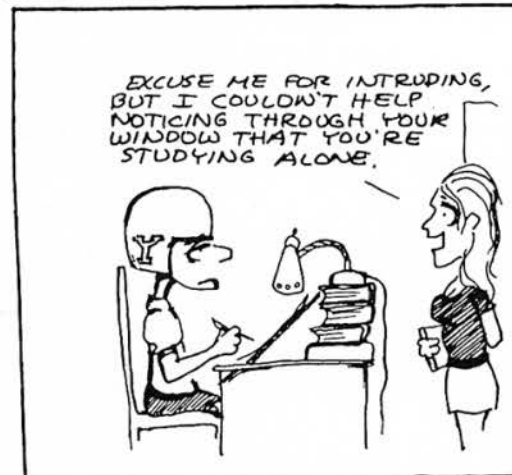
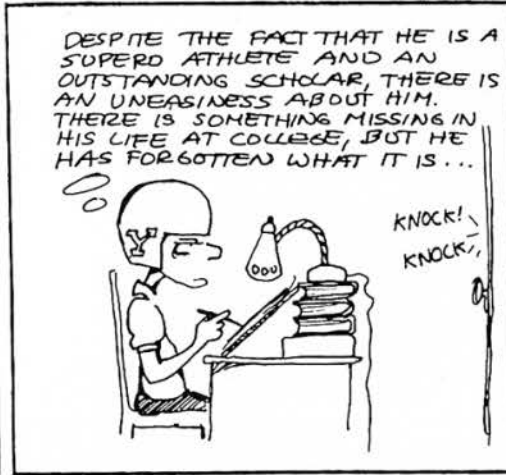
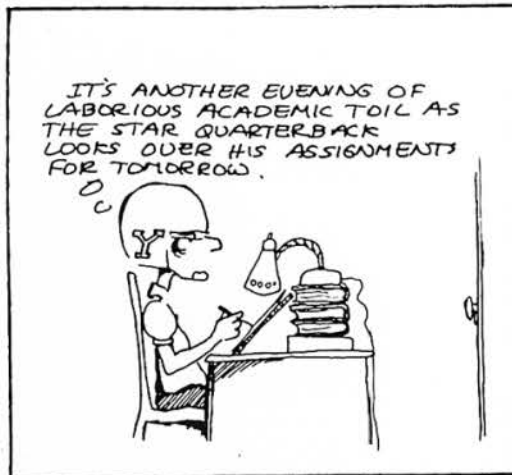
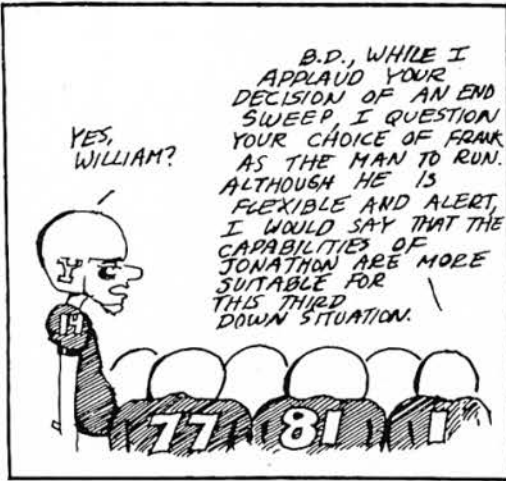
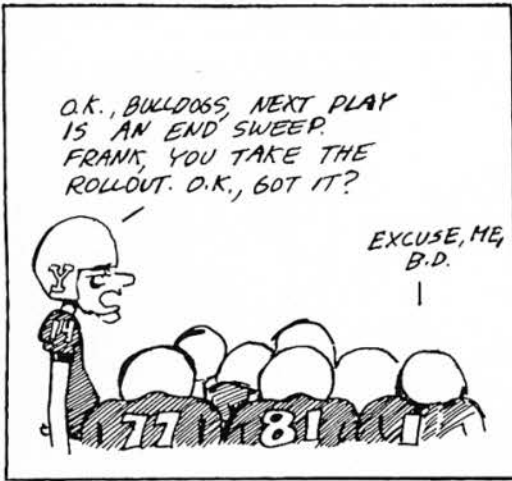
I used to measure my life in terms of four-year intervals. The days and years seem to accelerate now, and four years are but the blink of an eye. The images and memories of the years at Yale will remain.

DONALD R. JOSEPH

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Synthia and I, married the last semester at Yale, recently celebrated our twenty-fourth anniversary. The picture (submitted for publication) is of our oldest daughter Abby at high school graduation, now a sophomore at Emory. Nora is a high school senior and James a freshman. After bouncing about with a stint in the Peace Corps, career decisions, many years of volunteer coaching in soccer and wrestling programs, I am focusing my energies on two passions—running and fishing. Family affairs, running with friends most every day, and playing hooky on the Great Lakes or smaller lakes of Northern Wisconsin is about as far from the ideals and ambitions of twenty-five years ago as I can imagine!

I also find it hard to imagine how the Yale administration can abruptly terminate the wrestling program and summarily dismiss Bert Waterman after more than two decades of dedicated service.



WELL, HERE I AM
ON A TRAIN TO
CAMBRIDGE AFTER MY
RELEASE ON BAIL. OH,
WOW, DO I HATE FUZZ!



4-16

BUT I'LL MAKE THEM PAY! RIGHT
NOW I'M ON MY WAY TO
HARVARD TO HELP OUT MY
SDS BRETHEREN... I'M GOING
TO BE AN OUTSIDE AGITATOR!



WAIT'LL THE BOSTON GLOBE GETS
THE STORY: "MEGAPHONE MARK
ARRIVES AT HARVARD TO AID
REBELS' CAUSE!" OH, MAN,
WHEN THEY SEE THE HAND I'LL
CAUSE, THE FUZZ WILL REGRET
THE DAY THEY RELEASED ME FROM
JAIL!



OF COURSE,
THEY MAY
ALREADY BE
ON TO ME...



G.B. Trudeau

IT'S ANOTHER AFTERNOON AT
THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE AS
ALAN THE AMAZING ADMISSIONS
OFFICER CONTINUES WITH HIS
CONTROVERSIAL NEW
SCREENING PROCESS
THAT ALLOWS US TO
ACCEPT OR REJECT
BORDERLINE CASES..



4-7

AH, MRS. WASSERMAN...
IF THE NEXT CANDIDATE
IS READY, COULD YOU
PLEASE SEND HER IN.



HI! I WANT TO
COME TO YALE.



ACCEPT.



G.B. Trudeau

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“What do you expect?” she says. “The reason you’ve never recognized anyone in the class notes is because those you might recognize are all like you. They never write either.” Juanita has a point. She has had a point since we met freshman year on the Old Campus when she asked to borrow my library card. I think we’ve gotten officially married along the way, if the clandestine Keys ceremony the day after graduation counts as official. We since have been West where I received a doctorate at the University of New Mexico and joined the academic guild. Spent eighteen years at Purdue professing comparative literature, writing a few books, serving in academic diplomatic missions (the most difficult kind) as administrator. Since 1991 we have been at the University of Oklahoma (wonderful place), where I serve as the Distinguished Professor in Literature and serve as Editor for the country’s oldest international literary quarterly, *World Literature Today*. Juanita, who recently completed her doctorate, is also on the faculty, in the Classics Department. This May (1993), on the twenty-fourth anniversary of our cryptic marriage ceremony, our daughter graduated from Reed College in Oregon. “So, why are you finally writing?” she asks. “Wouldn’t it be something if someone I could recall might also be writing on this occasion?” She is amused, but then she has been amused since freshman year, this muse. Is anybody really out there? Or does somebody make up all those names for each alumni magazine issue?

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As of April 10, 1993: occupational physician/internist, employed by Manchester Memorial Hospital; Medical Director for J.C. Penney Catalog Division, Manchester. Wife: née Donna J. Nahmais, married November 25, 1970. Children: Lowell A., twenty, sophomore at Brown University, majoring in computer science; Jennifer O., seventeen, high school senior, most interested in creative writing and boys, not in that order.

Best memory of Yale: meeting Donna at a Trumbull College mixer.

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As an attorney in Morgantown, West Virginia, I specialize in representing employees in discrimination, wrongful discharge, injury, and other claims against their employers. I am also involved in personal injury, criminal, and domestic relations cases. Prior to starting my own law practice in 1981, I was an

attorney and, later, Director of the North Central West Virginia Legal Aid Society, where I served from September 1974 through November 1981. Between Yale and law school in Berkeley (Boalt Hall, 1974), I was a VISTA volunteer in Texarkana, Arkansas.

In my law practice I spend a substantial amount of time in pro bono cases and am committed to the principle that high-quality legal representation should not be the monopoly of corporate America. Since entering private practice in 1981 I have worked to ensure that my law practice is consistent with the commitments and ideals that were nurtured in the political struggles of the sixties. For me, the result has been a satisfying and meaningful career.

My wife, Millie Cooper Karlin, and I have been married since 1971. We have two children, Jenna Lee (born 12/10/79) and Samuel Harris (born 6/10/83). While law and my involvement in community and other activities have kept me running, there has also been time to share with my family, to coach little league, to play softball, to travel, to throw frisbees to our dog Sadie, to watch a film or read a book, and to laugh and smile as much as one can on this strange and difficult planet.

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DAVID E. KATZ

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You may remember me as the guy who, in the fall of our sophomore year, brought Maharishi Mahesh Yogi to Woolsey Hall. Much of my Yale career and, in fact, much of my life thereafter, has revolved around Transcendental Meditation. Right after graduation I went to Rishikesh, India, in the Himalayan foothills for several months of long meditation and study. The inner experiences were sublime and intense, impossible to describe, and yet remain clearly in memory. I came back to travel around the U.S., lecturing and teaching T.M. at various universities, including Yale. In those days the T.M. organization held advanced programs for teachers in towns around Lake Lucerne and some Mediterranean resorts. At one of these on Majorca, I met my wife, Joey. We were involved in the creation of Maharishi International University, an institution developed to explore the relationship of western academic disciplines with the inner realities experienced in meditation and described in the ancient literature of India. I served for a while as Dean of Planning and Development and

participated in gaining accreditation and purchasing the seventy-building campus of the former Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa.

Quite a large group of Yalies have gravitated to Fairfield, either to teach or study at the university, or in more recent years, to build businesses in the creative entrepreneurial community that has grown up around it. About ten years ago Joey and I bought a house in the country just outside of town. Since then, we have lived a surprisingly conventional life, considering our esoteric beginnings. I have started and run several businesses: a wholesale bakery, an agricultural biotechnology company, and, currently, a marketing and consulting company.

We have two boys. Benjamin (twelve), at 6'2", is the star center on his school's basketball team. Dylan (ten) is a serious naturalist and has converted his room into a rain forest, complete with walk-in glass tropical lizard enclosure.

I am writing this sitting on our deck looking over our gardens and pond, where I practice flycasting.

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On graduation day I was twenty-one years old and convinced that I knew how I wanted to spend the rest of my life. I wanted to marry Reid, become a clinical psychologist, have children, and live near Boston. My course was laid out, and all I needed to do in order to live happily ever after was to follow it.

When I left New Haven in 1969, Reid still had her senior year at Smith to complete. I moved to Massachusetts, where I worked at a variety of non-career-type jobs while waiting for June of '70. The Saturday after her graduation Reid and I were married at St. Andrew's in Wellesley.

College behind us, it was time for us to return to school. Reid began work which led to her master's in social work from Smith, while I entered the clinical psychology program at Boston University. Having learned the hard way as an undergraduate that the goal of classes was not to see how many you could cut, I worked very hard and finished my Ph.D. in under four years.

In those years the direction of much of my professional future was set. My dissertation was about hypnosis and its interaction with drugs. Since then, most of my professional writing has been in the field of hypnosis. I did my internship at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, which developed into a staff position with an appointment at Harvard Medical School, both of which I still keep.

Finishing my degree opened the possibility of earning more than a National Institute of Mental Health fellowship, so Reid and I were at last able to

begin a family. In June of 1975, one year after finishing graduate school, our daughter, Amy Bond Kelly, was born. In August of 1977 we had our son, Ian Young Kelly. Two weeks earlier we had moved into our present home in Newton Highlands.

We have very much built our life together around family. I am chiefly in private practice, with my office in our house. This allows me to come upstairs between patients and be involved in whatever is happening and to work with Reid. She and I have written two books about clinical hypnosis. (The second, a self-help book, will be published by Plenum in September of '94.) We are currently working on a murder mystery set in a music school, drawing upon Reid's continuing study of music.

Throughout the years we have stayed busy in a variety of mostly local ways. We have been active on local boards such as the Youth Soccer League and been active Episcopalians (including terms on the Vestry). Reid sings in the choir and studies piano and music theory. We garden and raise cats and dogs, work on school functions, and generally participate in life.

We have been fortunate in being able to arrange our lives to spend a lot of time with Amy and Ian. Through them we have learned to cheer and occasionally to coach their sports, even new ones like soccer and lacrosse. Watching and interacting as they have grown up has been a joy.

Within the boundaries of a settled existence, life has its natural course of changes. My hair is not only grey but short. My joints are even less limber, and I can no longer beat the kids at sports, or at least not always. And they are growing, too. After seven great years at the Winsor School in Boston, Amy will graduate next week. In September (1993) she will be a freshman at Colgate. Ian is finishing his fourth year at the Roxbury Latin School, and we have just had his first "applying to college" meeting.

I graduated full of high hopes and expectations for the future. I wanted to marry Reid, become a psychologist, have two kids and a nice life. I did just what I wanted to do, and it has been more wonderful than I ever dreamed it could be.

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CHRISTOPHER J. KEMP

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Frankly, I've never really considered myself part of the Yale class of '69, since I left Yale in my junior year on a medical leave, never to return. It has only been in the past few years, in fact, that I've been able to look back on my Yale days with some fondness (this two-and-a-half-year period of my life was not particularly enjoyable for many reasons, both internal and external). I am amazed that Yale still "keeps in touch" after so many years of almost no response (or

funds) from me. I guess that once you attend Yale, you're "part of the family," no matter what!

In spite of the fact that I left Yale as an anthropology major, my career since has been electronics engineering—a field which I continue to *love*. For the past ten to twelve years I have been designing integrated circuits (popular term: microchips). Right now I work for Ford Microelectronics in Colorado Springs where I design next-generation automotive electronics chips. Fun!

I've been married to Stephanie Gerrard Kemp for eighteen years and we have three sons (eleven, thirteen, and fifteen years of age). We love the scenic beauty of Colorado and have set as a goal the climbing of all her 14,000-plus foot mountains (have "bagged" twenty-one of the fifty-four so far).

Sorry guys—my life has been and is pretty conventional—nothing "juicy" or impressive to report. By the way, did you see my Cincinnati (the school where I got my B.S. and M.S. degrees) Bearcats in the NCAA tournament? I'm considering them de facto number two in nation since they took North Carolina into overtime!

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"But the course is set, temporarily as History hurtles on, for us to grow up fast, work hard while we are strong, and then die in a premature limbo. I cannot do anything to stop this," writes one of my favorite authors, M.F.K. Fisher, in *Sister Age*. To echo M.F.K., I am working hard while I am strong, but still taking time out to smell the roses now and then. After law school at University of California, Los Angeles, and a number of years in private practice, I have settled down as Senior Counsel with Bank of America. I am in the litigation department and handle cases that arise from business deals going sour. I find it rewarding and challenging and can honestly say that I still enjoy being a lawyer even if it isn't as glamorous as portrayed in the movies.

I live in a quiet canyon next to a year-round stream and I am within walking distance of the Pacific Ocean and a stretch of white sand. My wife, Kathryn A. Smith, is an architecture historian, who teaches at a local architectural school, SCI-Arc. Her specialty is Frank Lloyd Wright, and she recently wrote a monograph on his Hollyhock House which was published by Rizzoli International. In 1992 we celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary in our new house, which was designed by Charles W. Moore (the former dean of Yale School of Architecture) and his partner, William Turnbull, Jr. This project, which began when we purchased land in 1983, proceeded in fits and starts through one of the most dizzying financial climates in recent times and accelerated with the onset of construction in 1987 and, two contractors later, culminated with our move into the new house in 1989. During these years my favorite movie was *Mr. Blandings*

Builds His Dream House, which we watched repeatedly. Many of our experiences surpassed the movie, and the last time I saw it I thought it was tame. Although my wife has sworn off construction, I found the whole experience fascinating and would gladly take on another building project if the opportunity presented itself.

Living in the opposite corner of the country, I do not return to Yale very often. In my garage I have cardboard cartons of dog-eared paperbacks and old photos that remind me of those days, but my greatest memories are not captured in print or pictures.

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Still employed. Work as an investment banker at Oppenheimer & Company in New York City. Married to same wife of twenty-one years, Betty Brown from New Haven. Live in The Big Apple and somehow survive. Somehow have raised three great kids. The oldest is entering Princeton (!) next fall. The middle one is a girl who attends Groton and plays ice hockey (how things change!). The youngest is still at home for two more years. Then we'll be empty nesters. (That's a frightening thought.) When not working, we like *vacation*—lots of skiing in Vermont and tennis in Florida. I remember Yale with great affection and am looking forward to the twenty-fifth reunion.

CAGLAR KEYDER

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I think we have missed your deadline, but I just found your letter under a heap of papers, read it, and was so horrified at the thought of an empty space under the name Caglar Keyder, Class of '69 (Ezra Stiles), that I felt compelled to try to remedy this as best I could. Caglar would let it go and all would be lost. It will be brief. After he completed his stint at Yale, he went off to do a Ph.D. at Berkeley, where he met me, the undersigned. He finished his degree some time in the seventies and then returned to Turkey to teach at Middle East Technical University until 1983. He then transferred his academic allegiance to State University of New York, Binghamton, where he became a sociologist and where he resides for half of every year, the other half being spent in Istanbul. Of course, a lot more occurred over the years, but I note you don't want a cv. We have pro-

duced two offspring, boys, Emil (born 1983) and Murat (born 1986), securing our admission to that select group of overaged parents.

If this isn't enough, I am enclosing a photograph which is guaranteed to send you reeling—five Yalies on the Mediterranean, including your esteemed classmate in the subtle grey t-shirt (second from left). The others are (from left): Sefik Buyukyuksel, '67; Halil Berkday, '68; Sevket Pamuk, '72; and Yesim Arat, '78 (seated and married to above mentioned Sevket Pamuk). The little fellow is Murat, number two son. This was taken in late May of 1993 on the occasion of a sort of reunion.

Caglar declines the opportunity to “look back” on his time at Yale, or to declare what he generally thinks, but I trust this is better than nothing.

Ed. Note: The above was written by Virginia Brown (Keyder), Caglar's wife.

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After Yale came medical school; and after medical school there was residency in diagnostic radiology. These activities of perpetual adolescence took place in my home town of Oklahoma City. Many good things came of this endeavor, the best of which has been my marriage to Mary. She already had two sons, Christopher and Tim. Together, after residency, we made our home in Hawaii for three years before returning to Oklahoma.

Now our home is Durant, Oklahoma. It is a distant suburb of Dallas, Texas, if you think of it in the right way. You can turn left on Main Street and leave your car doors unlocked—until you take your car to Dallas to be serviced.

Life is far too busy here, but we can relax in our garden with its rock terraces, koi ponds, and small waterfall. With the kids grown, we now get the joy of occasional evenings with our granddaughter, Khrystina, who has just turned five. She and I play on the Macintosh, create masterpieces with crayons, and hunt bugs under rocks.

Achievement(s): I have amassed the biggest (read: only) collection of subtitled foreign films in Durant, Oklahoma (to say nothing of music by Bob Marley, the Grateful Dead and Leonard Cohen).

Goal(s): When Mary and I retire to Hawaii, we would like to be unofficial tour guides for friends and acquaintances who show up at our doorstep.

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The greatest surprise twenty-five years later is the importance of spouse, children, and home, when the perspective then was career, career, and career. I married Susan Hirschhorn (Connecticut College, 1971; Columbia, M.B.A. 1974). My son Alexander was born in 1982 and Jonathan in 1985. For the past ten years we have spent usually happy family weekends, the summer, and holidays in Litchfield County, Connecticut, in a two hundred-year-old house we have paid others to fix piece by piece. For fifteen years we have lived and worked during the week in Manhattan and enjoyed the contrasts of the big city and the "country."

Our Yale years have entered and reentered my life. Professionally, my Yale mentor, Bill Lilley, became my client in his CBS years; I was able for a short time to help George Chopivsky in the early days of his own business; and William Russell-Shapiro has, in his latest venture, asked me to help with publishing advice. I was even asked to recruit John Hersey to sign leatherbound copies of one of his books for Easton Press, a step removed from his years at Pierson College and mine. My Yale experience, with its elements of history, politics, and the business board at the *Yale Daily News*, has been part of my subsequent activities in politics, a bit of writing, and the business of being a literary agent. And my modest experience in Yale governance and student governance has come in handy in institutional encounters with the Vatican Library, Mayo Clinic, and the Library of Congress.

After graduation I gave up a fellowship to Cambridge to join Pat Moynihan's staff in Nixon's White House and found myself coordinating White House communication with the Yale student-faculty group during the Bobby Seale trial. Even though the federal troops did not shoot up the campus, the experience helped me decide to cut short my White House time after Kent State and the Cambodia "incursion." Meanwhile, twenty-five years later, I have sold a few of Pat Moynihan's books and represent the publishing life of Richard Nixon.

Another surprise is the gratification of nonprofit work. After ten years'

effort for the ArtsConnection, a New York City based organization that is one of the finest arts-in-education groups in the country, I enjoyed the opening of a fully renovated High School of Performing Arts (home of the movie *Fame*). In August 1993, after about eight years on the Board, the Roger Tory Peterson Institute for Natural History will open its Robert Stern-designed building in Jamestown, New York, and the Institute will take another step toward its national mission as a nature-in-education organization. To the arts and nature, I am adding science through a nonprofit organization created by the inventor, Dean Kamen. I have also watched proudly as my wife, a professional fund-raiser, helped Evelyn Lauder raise \$16 million for a breast cancer center at Memorial Sloan-Kettering.

There are regrets. My political interests have been largely dormant, at least in part due to lack of motivation. My plans to enjoy archaeology have been limited to a string of great trips. My writing plans have been largely limited to memos. And my interest in playing the piano somehow stayed behind in New Haven.

Ours was a great time of change at Yale; living and working at the process helped me to adapt and develop a certain patience. Our Yale years started me on a continuing curve of cynical optimism. My Harvard law years convinced me more than ever of how great an undergraduate institution Yale was (and, I hope, still is). To paraphrase JFK, I have a Yale education, but a Harvard degree.

With the passage of time, I feel more strongly than ever the intersection of events and people from yesterday and today, and the need to mix the events and people on my path. Hopefully, that path will cross more often with yours, and for those in need of a literary agent, please call.

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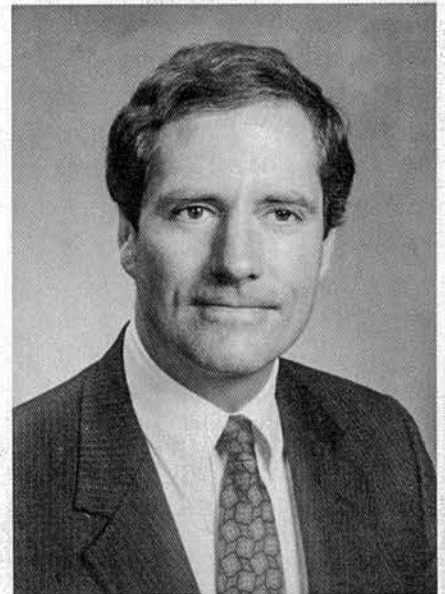
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The Robert C. Jimerson family



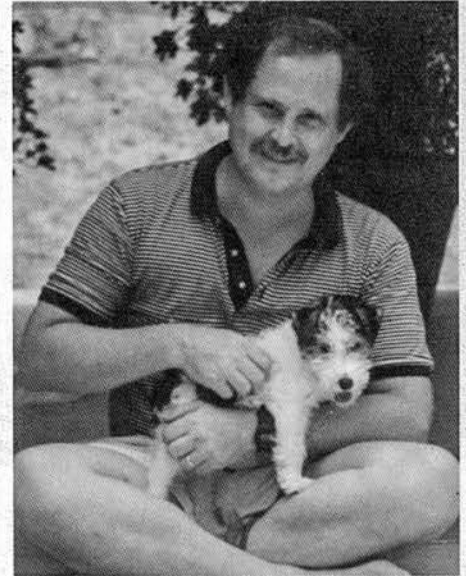
Logan T. Johnston



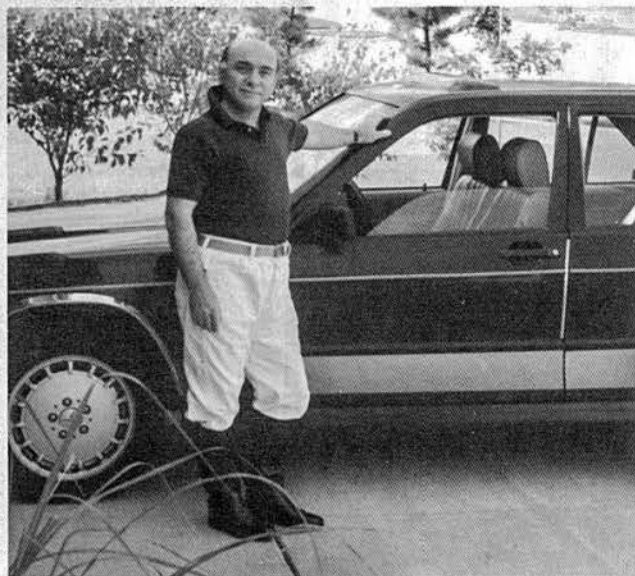
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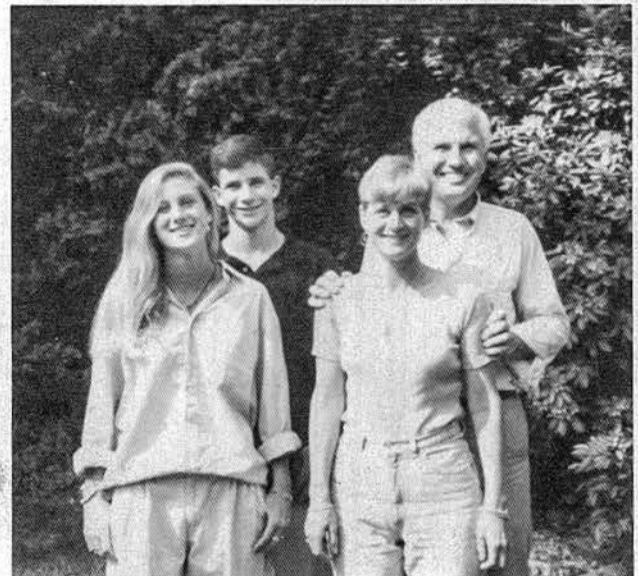
David A. Joseph



Randall H. Kennon



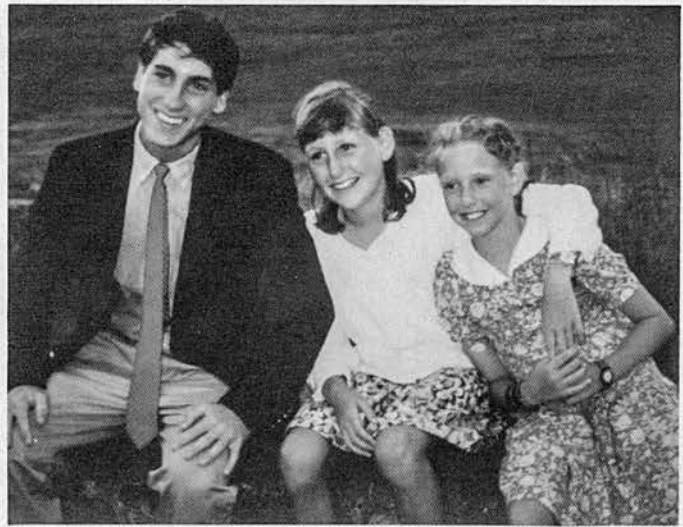
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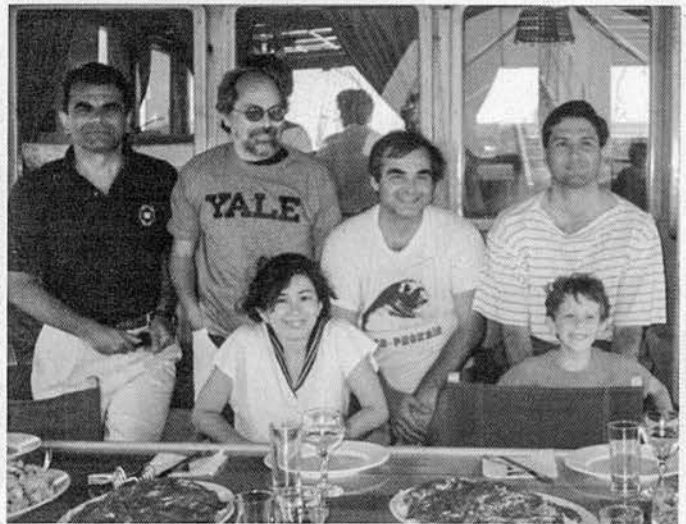
Sean and Reid Kelly and children



The Arthur Klebanoff family



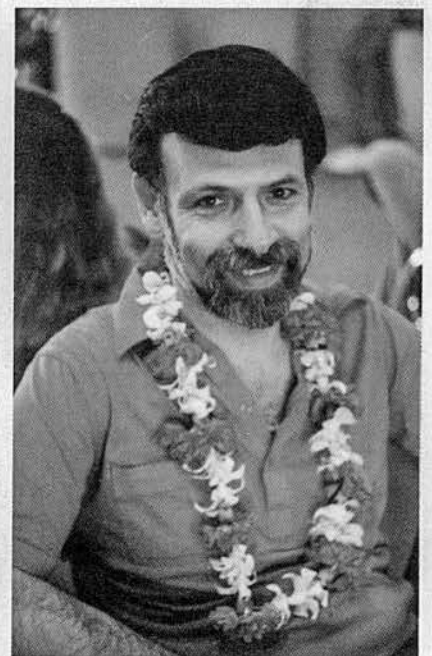
Scott, Buffy, and Wendy Ketner
(children of Scott and Betty)



Cağlar Keyder and son Murat with Yale friends



Peter, Marnie, Gretchen, Andy, Katie, and Peter Lacouture



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The request for information for the twenty-fifth reunion class book has been sitting on my desk for several months now, and, on the eve of our summer vacation, I feel I can put off responding no longer. (I really appreciate the extension from June 15 to July 15.)

You ask what I've been doing for the past twenty-four-plus years but you don't want a cv. (Who writes these instructions?)

Family: Marnie and I have four kids. Our oldest, Katie (Yale '89, the first legacy of our class to graduate from Yale) is no longer a kid and is about to start her third year of landscape architecture at University of Virginia. Number two, Andy, was in a serious auto accident the week before Christmas of his senior year in high school (1987) and spent two-plus months in a coma and seven months in hospitals. He now (still) lives with us, has bad short-term memory, a great sense of humor, and works two mornings a week in my office. Peter has finished his first year at the University of Vermont. Our youngest, Gretchen, is a sophomore at our new Exeter-West Greenwich Regional High School.

Home: After spending five years living on the "East Side" of Providence, we decided to move to the country and in 1977 bought a 250-year-old farm in Exeter, which is thirty minutes southwest of Providence (and ninety minutes up I-95 from New Haven). We have forty-five acres which we use for large gardens (through Marnie's efforts we are now certified organic), cutting wood, walking, and enjoyment. We have raised pigs, chickens, goats, bees, and a horse. (Only the first two species were eaten on the premises.)

Work: After graduating from University of Virginia Law School in 1972, I accepted an offer from Tillinghast Collins & Graham in Providence and became a partner in 1978. My work for a number of years has been concentrated in energy facility licensing—transmission lines, power plants, and a natural gas pipeline. In my spare time at work I look for new ways to use computers in my work. (Yale taught me to program in 1966 and gave me my first programming job.) I have argued many utility cases before the Rhode Island Supreme Court; however, my best argument was while representing parents and students (pro bono) in our school district against the school committee which had refused to honor the teachers' contract because the voters had cut the budget at the financial town meeting. The Court held that the voters must honor the obligations, and if they did not do so, the courts could impose a special tax to support the schools. The general assembly created a process for reviewing school budgets at the time, but the issue has recently become hot again in Rhode Island.

Offices: (Now this is starting to sound like a cv. Sorry.) Shortly after we moved to Exeter, I was asked to represent the volunteer fire company in the financing of a new fire truck. After the closing I innocently offered nonlegal assistance to the chief and now find myself the President and Deputy Chief of the company. Of all the activities in which I am involved, the fire company (Exeter No. 2) shows the most appreciation for volunteer help. Exeter is a rural town with few commercial or industrial occupancies, so our work is primarily residential and wildland fires (the town includes a 15,000 acre state park).

I helped found and was the second President of the Wood-Pawcatuck Watershed Association (the Wood River is our west boundary). I served as volunteer counsel to the ethics committee of the 1986 Rhode Island Constitutional Convention (after an unsuccessful run for delegate) and served on the Exeter Home Rule Charter Commission last year. Last fall I was elected Town Moderator and have now presided at my first financial town meeting. (The position requires a night or two of work per year—just about the right commitment.)

Other Stuff: (Loves, losses, disappointments and dreams) I have a great life with a nice mix of a sophisticated law practice and a rural home life. Occasionally we think that perhaps we are missing something by living in the country (it is

hard on teenagers, especially before they drive), but on the whole it is great. Andy's accident was a tremendous loss and will cause continuing challenges to us and the other children in the future.

It is probably foolhardy to mix politics with this document (especially when no one will read it for eleven months) but I was thrilled to see Bill Clinton elected last fall. Now if he can get his administration and the country back on track...

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WILFRED LAM

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After four years in New Haven I left Yale to start medical school at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. My main rationale for moving on to Philadelphia was that the city at least had a Chinatown, although it was smaller than I had imagined. Medical school was grueling primarily because of the eight hours of class each day, unlike the few hours daily at Yale. It became clear that I would never experience the close collegial atmosphere of Silliman and Yale College again. I was particularly shocked to see Yale lose to Penn in football while I was in Philadelphia. I don't think Yale football has ever been the same since we left. Perhaps the 29-29 loss at Cambridge our senior year was a harbinger of the future. I was glad, however, to see Yale crews succeed a decade after we left, especially after losing to Harvard so many years while I was on the crew (when I only got one Harvard shirt in four years).

I spent nine years at Penn for medical school, medical residency, and cardiology fellowship. A few Yalies were in my class in med school. I distinctly remember my quantum mechanics professor returning my last problem set to me after starting medical school for some ungodly reason. Frankly, after just a few months, I could no longer fathom what I was doing or how to do the problems.

I met my wife, Esther Tam, in Philadelphia, and we married in 1972. Subsequently, we were blessed with a daughter, Cynthia (1974) and two sons, Andrew (1976) and Philip (1979). Cynthia is currently an undergraduate at Penn.

I directed the cardiac cath lab at the University of Illinois in Chicago for four years after finishing training. Afterward, we moved to Springfield, Illinois, in 1982, and I have been in private practice as a cardiologist since. My practice has been increasingly busy, especially with the advent of coronary angioplasty. It has been a very professionally gratifying period in view of the great strides in cardiology seen in the last twenty years.

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CHARLIE LAMSON

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Since leaving New Haven in June of 1969, I completed a three-year Navy career on board a destroyer in the Pacific as we wound down our involvement in Vietnam, and I am just completing a twenty-one-year career in Lamson Products Company, the jobbing machine shop business which my father started in 1945. He committed suicide in 1972, and after many years I have finally come to terms with his impact on my life. For the first time since I left home for Yale, I feel like big opportunities and challenges that I am very excited about developing are opening up for me.

Alberta Wangeman and I were married in June 1970 in New York, and we have had a very solid and productive marriage. We share many of the joys and pleasures of life and also its difficulties and challenges. We have two wonderful children. Armene, our daughter, starts as a freshman at Vassar next month (August 1993), and our son David starts Roosevelt high school as a freshman in September. They are both good students, involved in many sports and activities, have great friends, and love the mountains and water. It has been a great pleasure to see them grow up and become independent.

My greatest satisfaction and success in business has been in building and developing several small manufacturing businesses in the Seattle area. The most successful and far-reaching is Lamson U.S.A., which manufactures and distributes precision machined fly-fishing reels throughout the world. These reels are used on every continent except the Antarctic where fly-fishing has not yet caught on. It is quite a thrill to have a product appreciated by people throughout the world in an activity which gives as much pleasure as fly-fishing can and does do.

My current interests are career change and development, world change, revolutionary technology, and transcending wisdom. Greetings to all my friends and classmates! Come to Seattle; we'd love to have you visit and catch up on our lives together.

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As this is being both written and read at two different chronological loci, I'll write this from inside my Temporal Elongation Mercator Projection Universal Simporter FUGIT both now (May 1993), and a year from now (May 1994).

(Perhaps it's a year late, but isn't that what College Deans are for?)

My portable data input device sits on the dining room table, surrounded by the refugees from the kitchen remodeling and refinishing project that has yet to be much of anything. This is the result of the relatively recent relocation to and a refinancing of our present residence in a semiremote suburb of San Francisco, the region I left for New Haven nearly twenty-nine years ago now (May 1994).

History is about to repeat itself. Now (May 1993), my elder daughter is tying up the final threads of her high school education and thinking about what threads she will need to take to New Haven with her for next fall. It is made somewhat more difficult by the fact that the Macy's card I got in 1967 is no longer worth much in New Haven. It is made somewhat easier by the hospitality extended to her by Silliman Dean Hugh Flick and three freshwomen this (May 1993) spring when difficult choices had to be made.

We're back in California again, again. We are a family—Pat keeps the books and the calendar, the PTA and the garden club, and the dog and the roofer, painter, decorator, plumber, electrician, gardener, and carpenter organized. (Many of the above bear an amazing family resemblance to her, a few to me.) She's been doing an outstanding job for twenty-three years now (May 1994), from Cambridge (Massachusetts), to Palo Alto (California), to Houston (Texas), to Washington (D.C.), to Moraga (California).

Heather, our older daughter, organizes junior proms, senior balls, and class treasuries; interscholastic debate teams; expeditions to Berkeley (California), San Francisco and raves; her closet, and occasionally her desk and floor. Michelle, our younger daughter, is from the same mold—with award-winning notebook and desk organization. On the side, she devours books, math tests, biology projects, English essays, German skits, and swimming pools with equal gusto.

My desk is a mess—Yale, Harvard, and Stanford educations combined have not helped me dispose of paper as fast as it arrives. Perhaps if I spent more time at it? But life's too short. It's more interesting to tackle the challenges of converting new ideas into the new products that build a business—working with engineers, bio-tech researchers, marketing, sales and finance; reading science (bio- and -fiction), business and physics (and an occasional Steven King or le Carré); and trying to read the customer's mind. Moving from academe (grad student, postdoc, medical school assistant professor) to the bio-tech industry (bench scientist, manager, now [May 1993] R&D Director, now [May 1994] ask me) has reinforced the value of the liberal arts education a chemistry major received at Yale in the late '60s. Now (May 1993 and 1994), if only we could develop a liberal science curriculum for the future marketing, advertising, and finance people I'll be working with for another twenty-plus years...

Life: As measured by the column inch, my family is at the center of my life. There have been some losses—my sister years before her time, my father before he could introduce his granddaughters to the pleasures of Sierra backpacking, my mother-in-law-to-be after I had met her only once. *Work:* Job changes haven't always been at the time of *my* choosing, but have always worked out to the better in the end. *Health:* It's amazing what progress has been made, and it's rewarding to know my work is contributing to it in some small way.

Dreams: Two happy, well-adjusted girls will become independent, productive Yale alumnae (though in a nightmare, Michelle threatens to defect to the H school).

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At the age of forty-six I am impressed at the significant impact my Yale experience has had on my life and career. Each spring I am reminded of its potency as I enjoy performing six to eight Alumni Schools Committee interviews of prospective Yale candidates. For me, Yale consisted of many grand times and a few bland times, as for all of us. I cannot say there were any truly bad times (other than the 1968 Harvard game). The four years of exchanging ideas and sharing with friends and roommates, music activities, classroom learning, and extra-university experiences, all combined to help mold me into what I am today—perhaps more than I realize.... But the Yale dictum of educating citizens of the world and all that is implied is as valid an educational goal today as twenty-five years ago.

What have I done? Innumerable experiences fill twenty-five years, but the salient ones include being happily married to my wife, Paulette, for eighteen-plus years; being President and Chief Executive Officer of Unitek Equipment, Inc.; using my musical education as leader of the Jack Lantz Big Band (unfortunately I could not think of a more creative name); serving as Director of Music at our church; and serving in many other board positions and appointments. Following Yale I spent eight years in the ammunition business in Asia for the U.S. Army. When the ammunition business slowed, I resigned my commission and made the transition to civilian life via an M.B.A. at Harvard Business School. Since then I have worked for several businesses in Southern California leading to my current position at Unitek Equipment, Inc., the leading manufacturer of precision resistance welding and reflow soldering equipment for electronics assembly. Despite being a product of the sixties, my life and career have been in the more traditional mode. My job takes me (and often Paulette)

around the world. Thanks to my U.S. Army experiences, I spent sufficient time in several Asian countries to gain a broad understanding of Asian cultures and languages and can now use that in pursuing business opportunities. In at least a small way, I am working on broadening U.S. business appreciation of, and success in, international cultures and trade.

In summary, life has been good, healthy, happy, and prosperous. Yale has contributed to it, and I look back with fondness to my experiences and growth at Yale.

RICHARD R. LARKIN

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Living happily ever after in sunny, sunny, sunny Southern California, having barely survived the “Massachusetts Miracle” and a three-year stint at the Harvard Art Museums. I am a fund-raiser by choice, deed, and professional calling. What else can an English major do?

I left the restaurant business in the early seventies and jumped jobs more rapidly than anyone would want, except to accelerate the learning curve: the Yale Alumni Fund, The Robert Louis Stevenson School, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center Fund, National Gallery of Art, Mystic Seaport Museum, the aforementioned nonprofit in Cambridge, and now The Webb Schools in Claremont.

I live under the bowers of connubial bliss with wife Laurie Cameron (Connecticut College '69; continues to dance her heart out at Pomona College, teaching modern and choreography) and son Jamie (his erstwhile God Dog being our classmate James J. Schweitzer), born in 1980 on my father's birthday, April 13. Both continue to demonstrate a remarkable tolerance for the personal shortcomings and lack of social grace that somehow, despite four years of earnest debauchery, draft ducking and despair, even Yale, Morse College, Fence Club, Mory's, Wolf's Head, and, yes, even the God Squad, could never efface and properly reform. Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da.

Discovered Del Marting is working a few miles down the road from me; Herb Wright a few more miles away; discovered at lunch last week that a freshman from our girls' school—Jennifer Buck—is the daughter of our classmate Charles Buck; I wonder at our ever-incredible, shrinking planet.

Summer of '90 I suffered severe *déjà vu* all over again when walking into a bait shop in Holderness, New Hampshire. I stared at the left breast of an attractive female stranger and read the “From Motown to Meltdown” inscription on her faded white T-shirt. Whose date/mate? I vaguely think I can recall watching her run from the Morse dining hall senior year after Mike Hertz won the sundae eating contest.

I find that I miss my Yale friends more and more as I am able to recall less and less about them—except for Bogaty and Schweitzer.

Hey B.D.? Is it true that in a reverse parallel universe, we won that Harvard Game? Say it's so.

I can't wait for our twenty-fifth! May the good Lord bless the Class of 1969, our impending reunion, and all the innocent bystanders.

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LINWOOD G. LAWRENCE III

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Upon the occasion of our five-year class reunion (the only prior alumni sighting of your heretofore not so faithful correspondent), the silver-tongued Mac Thompson reported that "Lin Lawrence had come to New Haven from New York with his attractive wife, Cheryl, and their handsome young son and looks forward to being in Charlottesville next year, where he will be attending law school." I am pleased to report that Cheryl is younger and more attractive (also blonder) than ever, Grant is older and more handsome, and we all look backward to surviving with relative grace and style—and even a modicum of success—the law school experience and my subsequent three years of Wall Street and Park Avenue apprenticeship with Shearman & Sterling. For the past dozen years I have been plying my trade in Westchester County with the law department of PepsiCo, Inc., which for many of those years also harbored the many-tongued Dick Williams. During much of the eighties I principally served the parent company as mergers and acquisitions counsel in connection with the expansion of PepsiCo's beverage and restaurant businesses. In recent years my practice has been characterized by a far more diverse array of clients and professional challenges as vice president and division counsel to various successive operating divisions of Pepsi-Cola Company at an even more bucolic office site. I shore do miss that subway when I'm wingin' past them cows.

After two decades of gainful employment in radiology and sonography, Cheryl was kidnapped last year by the local chapter of the Junior League to run its "nearly new" clothing shop. Although Cheryl's efforts have produced record profits to support many worthy eleemosynary community projects, her League and other volunteer activities have diverted her attention from her historical

nurturing of the backyard birds and flowers and have supplanted a household profit center at a time when Grant has been seeking family funding to pursue a (hopefully not oxymoronic) aviation career. Last week (July 1993) he completed his first solo flight and will be enroute later this summer to a private pilot's license and enrollment in Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University (touted recently in the press as "Aviation's Ivy League," an appellation far more palatable than the oft-used "Harvard of Aviation"). Grant assures us that the school's location in Daytona Beach adjacent to the speedway and a short drive from the beachfront will offer no distractions.

In the "soft news" department, Cheryl (when on parole from the League) and I have been exploiting our location on the Hudson River through a nearby sailing facility whose convenience evokes fond memories of the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club. Unfortunately, the patina of YCYC "union" dip which encrusts my vintage vinyl rock music collection has visited upon me and mine a compact disc plague that has now evolved well beyond Neil, Lou, Warren, Southside, and the like to encompass such afflictions as Irish harp and environmental discs. Most troubling is the spread of the holiday pestilence that requires me each year to play Christmas music continuously throughout the season, commencing promptly at 12:19 p.m. Thanksgiving Day immediately after the traditional noontime airing of *Alice's Restaurant*. In partial response to my father's inevitable Christmas morning question ("What would you people give each other if you didn't own a record [sic] player?"), the music inventory competes for household space with a growing gallery of eighteenth and nineteenth century prints and maps, three dogs, two cats, and our family photo collection. Although bitterly disappointed that Steve Dunwell did not see fit to include in his recently published Yale pictorial any of his shots of our wedding, Cheryl and I continue to fantasize that he will one day appear on our doorstep to organize our pictures, absent which I may be forced to consider seriously the photo cd option. Hmm.

For a balanced perspective on our days at and after Yale, I respectfully refer you to my son's enthusiastic announcement one afternoon during his early adolescence: "Dad, I just heard a song by a great new group—The Doors!"

Long may you run.

JOEL S. LAWSON III

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Work: Yup, quite a lot—but I love it! Since I'm Managing General Partner of Howard, Lawson & Company (a private investment banking firm), I spend most of my time helping entrepreneurs. As a result, I meet the most interesting, crazy, smart, weird people in the business world. Corporate finance for the "upscale middle market" is where it's at. We finance 'em, help them "M&A," and advise on nearly everything....

Family: The best! Married eighteen years to Mary Ann Benone Lawson, also my best friend. Three of the best resulted—Elizabeth (born 1980), Joel (1981), and Victoria (1984). Watch out Yale!

Civic Stuff: Cochair of Mayor Ed Rendell's \$200 million Productivity

Bank here in Philadelphia. We're really trying to "reinvent government" since Philly's government was both broke and broken. How do we motivate city employees to bring us cost-saving projects to fund when we can't reward them financially—and we want to *shrink* empires? Okay, Mr. Parkinson, now what? Also other city projects, vice chair of the occasional charity fund drive, and... (Hope my Howard, Lawson partners continue to indulge me!).

General stuff: Okay, now, let's tax and regulate our way to prosperity in the 1990s. Pet peeve—a society of "victims" (No *fue culpa mia* as a national attitude?). Will *someone* please stand up?

Happy twenty-fifth!

QUENTIN A. LAWSON

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CARL B. LAZARUS

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I have a wonderful wife, Joyce, who is a Professor of French and a published textbook author. We have a son Michael (eleven) and a daughter Suzanne (fourteen)—ages as of the reunion.

I am a vice president at IDX, a moderately large (nine hundred employees) computer software company specializing in health care applications. My several hats include responsibility for R&D and for providing the network and computer systems that serve our company, as well as running a national data communications network serving many of our customers.

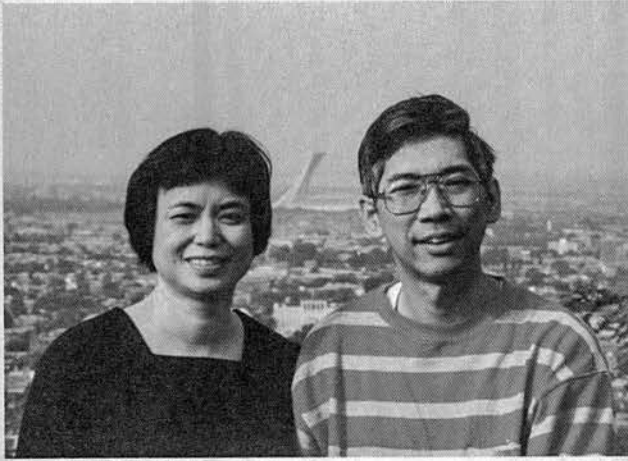
I have been active in a standardization body for a computer language called "M" and have authored parts of the national standard.

Joyce and I met while folk dancing and are both still avid international folk dancers. (We do dances from around the world, but our favorites are from the Balkans, and we know the dances of all the ethnic groups that are busy killing each other.)

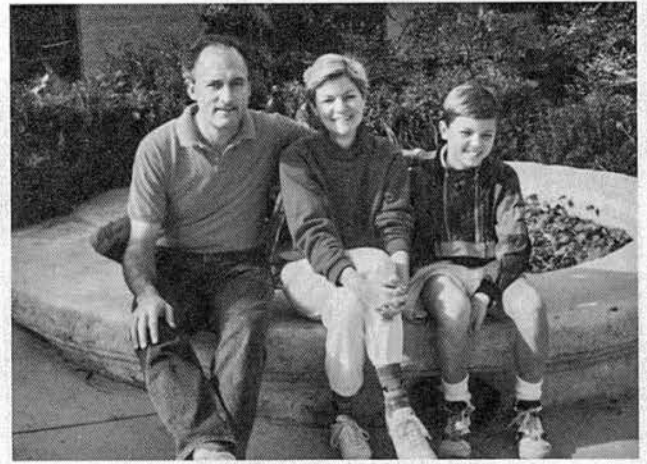
One of my proudest accomplishments is learning to play the piano. I started from scratch as an adult about twelve years ago and can now turn out some decent classical works. We are a musical family: my wife and daughter also study piano, and my son studies violin.

We are active in a small Jewish congregation, and I have served two terms as president of the congregation. I also have led services from time to time. (I was not at all active in my youth or at Yale and acquired these skills in recent years.)

Our family loves to travel. The press of work limits this, but we have been abroad several times and have hiked in a number of our national parks.



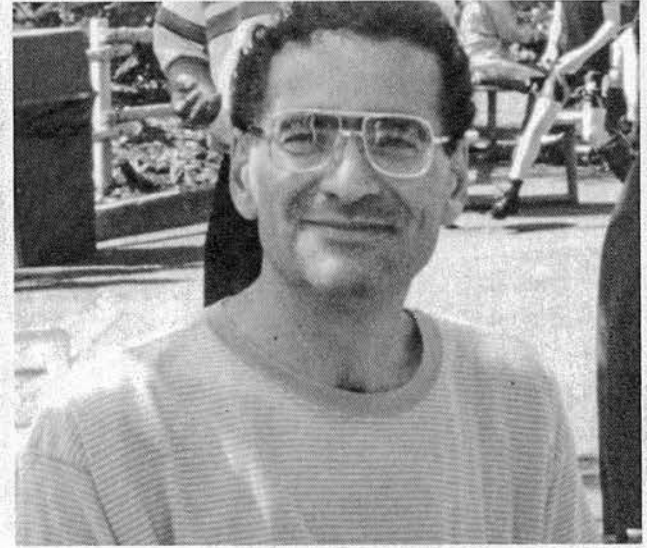
Wilfred and Esther Lam



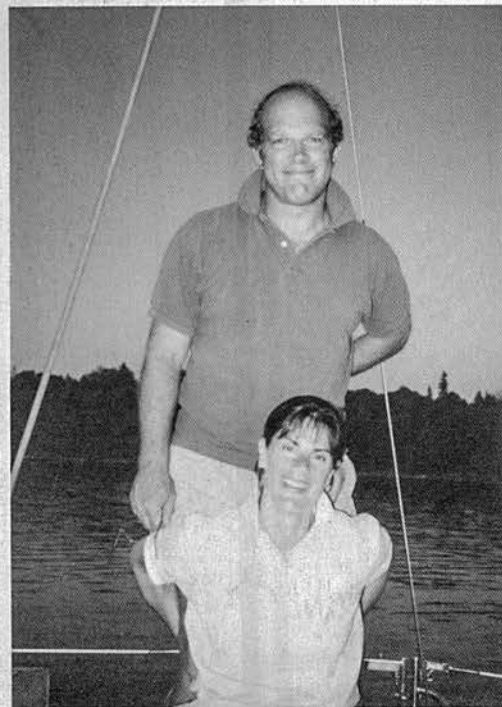
Richard Larkin, wife Laurie Cameron, and son



Terry, Heather, Michelle, and Pat Landers



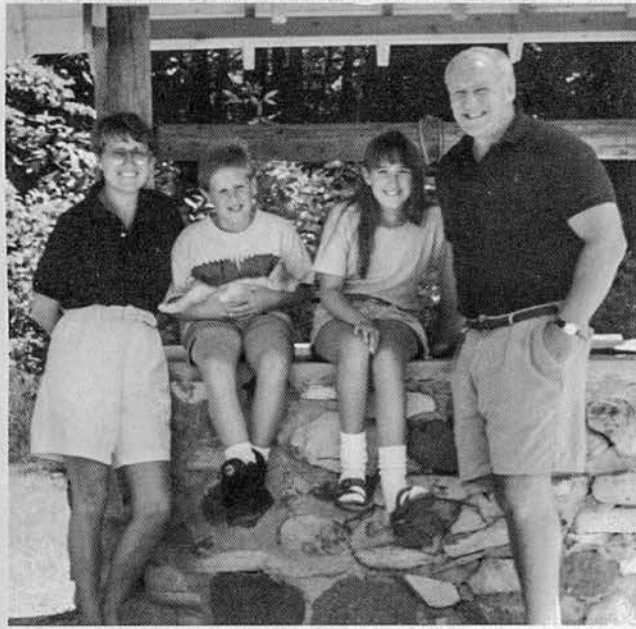
Charles L. Lerman



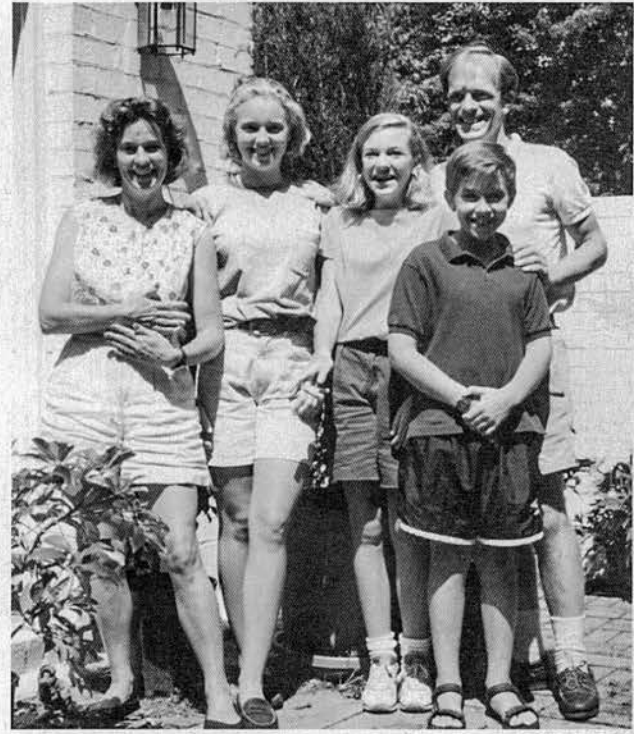
Frederick and Karen Livingston



John R. Lehr and friends



Karen, Andrew, Amelia, and Robert Levin



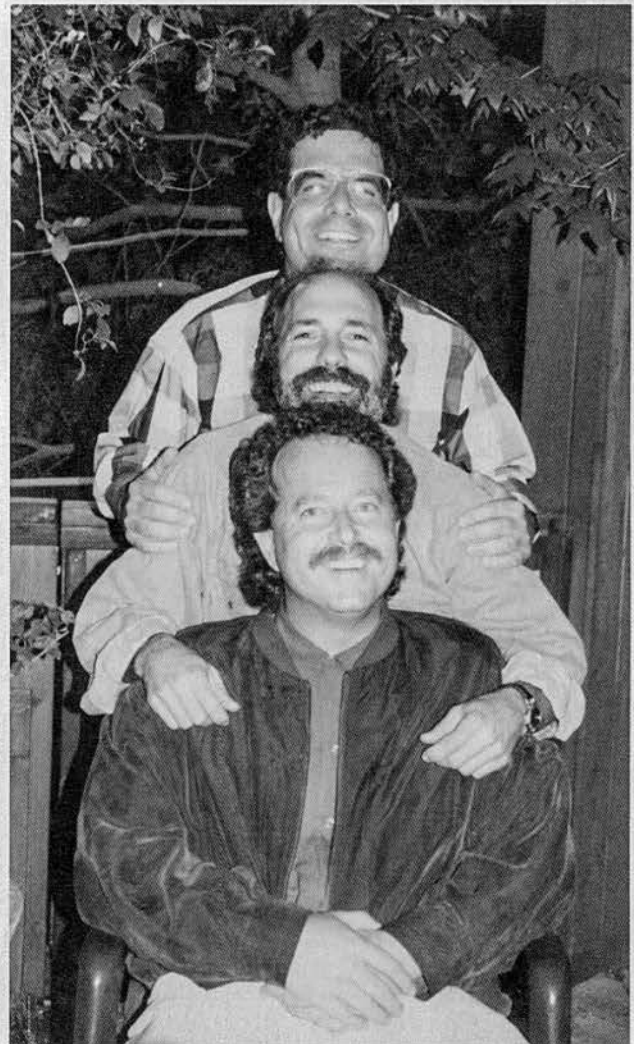
The David B.H. Martin, Jr. family



Scott, Louise, and Laura London "bearing their normal burdens" (family of Fredric)



Ken Loveday and Ellen Hoffman



Barnie Brawer, Scott May, and Len Hill

RAYMOND M. LEBOV

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I had a sixteen-year career as legal counsel in the California Legislature, the last twelve as counsel to the Assembly Committee on Judiciary. For the past two years I have been an attorney/legislative advocate for the state Judicial Council. Recently I was named the Director of the Judicial Council/Administrative Office of the Court's Legislative Office.

I married Shelley Rouillard in October of 1989. The accompanying photo was taken in Hawaii during our honeymoon (which was delayed for a few days because the earthquake closed San Francisco airport).

WILLIAM S. LEE

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PROF. JOHN R. LEHR

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When I left Yale I went directly to graduate school at the University of Toronto, after a summer of weddings and one excursion with Ken Knight in my aunt's car to Perth, Ontario, or rather to a vaguely placed cottage (with no telephone) inhabited by Charlie Buck who didn't know we were coming; the cottage, it turned out, was on a small island in Rideau Lake, and I had one of the great times of my life there—my first earful of loons, my first sight of a bald eagle. By the time of my first seminars at University of Toronto, I had my own car, which I used to escape Toronto; I generally escaped to New York to visit Ken.

The following year I was conscientiously objectified by the Selective Service System, so instead of going to boot camp I stayed with Dave and Roz Raish in Boston and looked for a menial hospital job, which was surprisingly difficult to find until I lied about my education. I worked at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital for two years in the male medical ward and learned that death is not necessarily the worst part of life. Meanwhile, Raish and I were doing a certain amount of singing for the same groups: the choir at the Episcopal cathedral (which looked like a bank and smelled like a candy factory) and another group full of people who were socially dysfunctional, but very earnest about esoteric modern music.

When the hospital stint came to an end, I moved to New York, lived in a basement in the Bronx, and spent the winter and spring of '73 working as a free-lance choral singer. Ken Knight was still there, as well as Ralph Penner, Geoff Anderson and Bo Riehle.

In the fall I was back in Toronto studying medieval literature and singing for St. Paul's Anglican Church, the Massey College Chapel, the Tallis Choir, CBC, and sundry others. Time lengthened out into a routine of study and

singing and teaching, punctuated by Whiff reunions. Some times were more memorable than others: I remember, for example, very moving coaching sessions for the part of the Evangelist in Bach's *St. John Passion* with Charles Peaker, a patriarch of Canadian music and the charmingest of wise old men; or a humiliating audition for Peter Pears during which my knees wobbled isorhythmically to my terror-stricken rendition of one of his favorite Schubert songs, or the frustrating time when a visiting choir from the States sang evensong at St. Paul's and I took the evening off and thus missed seeing the choir's director, who, it turned out, was George Chu!—I've been missing George ever since.

To everybody's surprise, I finished my dissertation on figures of old age in medieval English literature on time. As you can imagine, the jokes about how I would grow old myself before completing my degree were becoming pretty tiresome. I then boarded a westbound train and got off a few days later in Edmonton, where I began my first real job at the University of Alberta. I also began singing there with a church choir, the Opera Chorus, and another professional group. The true north, however, was what most distinguished Edmonton from other memories: the northern lights, ice fog in the North Saskatchewan valley, eyelashes stuck together with ice crystals after my morning walk across the High-Level Bridge, the overwhelming vastness of the Canadian Rockies. There were more human memories as well: one of the great friendships of my life began at the university; I discovered how much I liked classrooms and despised academic journals; and I found that lecturing and singing were not compatible. The final triumph of my semicareer as a singer came when I sang the role of Doc in *The Most Happy Fella* for the Edmonton Opera Company; Doc spent most of his time heaving the sonorous bulk of Louis Quilico around stage in an ungainly, antique wheelchair, with unending anxiety about losing control and rolling Quilico over the edge and onto the cellists in the orchestra.

In 1983, to continue teaching without the fear and loathing of publishing frenzy and to nurture the possibility of learning something new, I came to Korea to teach at Hanshin University. I quickly developed a tolerance for tear gas and an ironic detachment from the politically vitalizing self-delusions of the authoritarian right and the authoritarian left (Hanshin was the latter). When one can, in good conscience, say nothing but "a plague on both your houses," one risks being left out in the cold, one does. Fortunately, I found congenial shelter with the family of Cho Jung-soo, whom I lived with for two crucial years. I remember Cho's grandmother, in particular, as one of the most naturally graceful people I've known.

Cho Jung-soo is a high school teacher, and I was going to combine his experience with mine in a jeremiad on the Korean educational system (which is much like the Japanese system) and deliver a stern warning against looking East, Lester Thurow-like, for balms to cure the ills of U.S. education—but I'll skip it.

I took a break from Korean education in 1991 when I spent a year back at Victoria College, University of Toronto, as a visiting scholar at the Northrop Frye Centre. It was a relief to be free of exams and grades and a delight to be swimming freely in my native element—the English language! Ah! In inadequate compensation for these pleasures, I wrote and delivered a paper on the fifteenth century poet, Thomas Hoccleve. W.K. Wimsatt, I remember, in an English 25 lecture on the eighteenth century, said apropos of James Thomson (1700-1748),

“I urge you to read Thomson—a much mali-i-igned poet!” My paper on Hoccleve, *mutatis mutandis*, was a longish paraphrase of that comment.

I urge anyone with a wanderlust to visit Korea, a much maligned country. I sometimes malign it myself, but I do so lovingly. It is really very beautiful, and we have an almost-deserved reputation for hospitality. It would be good to see old friends, for a change, on this side of the great, calm waters.

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BRIAN W. LERICH

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It is a daunting and formidable task to commit to writing reflections on the first half of one's adult life, especially when it is to be recorded in print for posterity. I sit here, in my camper, on a point of land in Nova Scotia, looking out toward the water, a cool and windy July day, my dog Tessa (Newfoundland and Labrador) by my side.

The journey has been fitful, a search to find meaning and role in this great mystery of existence. It has taken me north and south in search of a more rural environment—south to Duke University for a master's degree; north to Maine and Vermont for employment and lifestyle.

I have found a niche as a teacher in Vermont Mensa, around which many social activities revolve. My jobs have involved mostly educating people in areas of my expertise, teaching children and adults. My most faithful companions have been my dogs, although there have been friends and lovers, too.

Having established roots in a community, owner of a rental property, I tend the garden, but also need to spread my wings. Travel to places new and old beckons several times a year.

I have been an investor, homebrewer/winemaker, golfer, gardener, walker, and sailor; but always a seeker. Perhaps the call to spiritual renewal, nascent, will be important in my future. Do the answers lie ahead?

DR. CHARLES L. LERMAN

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After graduation I went off to Harvard to study more chemistry. Those years were not nearly as enjoyable or as fulfilling as my undergraduate experience at Yale, but I did get a Ph.D. I also discovered in myself a strong penchant and some talent for teaching undergraduate science, which I then pursued in faculty positions at Juniata and Haverford College.

In 1981, after a productive year of research leave, I decided I wanted a more research-intensive career and took a job with ICI Pharmaceuticals, which has now become Zeneca. I find that the academic and industrial research environments both have their satisfactions, disappointments, and compromises. Just as there was a scientist in me who was not completely fulfilled in teaching, there is now a teacher in me who is frustrated with his inactivity. And now and then there's the occasional stray thought about becoming a therapist or a rabbi...

I married Judy in 1971, and some of you met her at our twentieth reunion. I am sorry to report our divorce in 1989. I now have our son Michael (born 1981) with me half the time, and he is really the emotional centerpiece of my life at the moment. As I write this, I'm currently going through the first pains of seeing his life become really separate from mine, while he's having a ball at his first summer away at camp.

My memories of Yale are still prominent in my thoughts. Despite the obvious internal diversity of the student body, it was a place where each of us could easily find a community of relatively like-minded and compatible people with whom to share our growth experiences. At the same time, that very diversity guaranteed that we were exposed to a wider variety of these experiences. The years of my life between ages seventeen and twenty-one had a special quality that cannot be repeated, and I feel that I probably could not have made better use of them than I did here.

I have a fondness for nostalgia, and particularly enjoy reunions of the people who share my positive memories. I even spent a good deal of my own time and energy organizing a reunion of some four hundred people from my childhood summer camp! (This may say more about me than all of the above.) Sometimes we realize too late that we should have worked harder to keep old, true friends. I have discovered that it may never be too late. I greatly enjoyed our twentieth, expect to enjoy our twenty-fifth, and certainly hope to be at more beyond that.

ROBERT E. LEVIN

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For the past twenty-five years I've been working with kids as a psychologist and teacher. I did my graduate work at Harvard and the University of

Chicago, but I learned most about myself and what I do at the Bettelheim Orthogenic School at the University of Chicago. My wanderings have taken me far and wide: two years in Chapel Hill; establishing the first child care center/preschool at Radcliffe; three years in working-class Boston; three years at Beverly Hills High School; and, finally, Chicago. I have been at the Winnetka Public Schools for the last ten years. I also have a private practice and am an Adjunct Professor of Behavioral Science at National-Louis University in Evanston. I try to instill in these kids the hope that somewhere out there, “even for them,” there is the possibility of something better, of someone who is good to them. It’s to create the hope; whether they are rich or poor, black, brown, or white.

My adult life really began when I met Karen Anderson, some eighteen years ago. Karen is a prominent cookbook author and food consultant to major food companies. She is kind, caring, creative, and beautiful. And so, we have two wonderful kids who take after their mother. Amelia is thirteen, a superb student, athlete, and violinist. Andrew is eleven, an honor student, a fine athlete, and an absolute moralist. I lose many arguments.

I have always appreciated my days at Yale. In many ways it was a gift. Kingman said that Yale engenders a “noblesse oblige.” I see it more as a “humane oblige,” an imperative to contribute to all. Mostly, I’m grateful to those friends whose lives touched mine and continue to do so. Thanks.

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I’m still married after twenty-four tumultuous years to Terri (nee Chotiner) and have two kids—Anya (fourteen) and Gabe (twelve). The children have led me into new middle-age hobbies—gymnastics, ballet, and hockey. Started playing hockey for the first time at age forty-two in a men’s league. I figure I have four more years to prepare for the Over-Fifty World Championships to be held in Tampa in 1997. All other participants will likely be over-the-hill former pros and college players whose knees and ankles are shot. I’ll still be a fresh newcomer.

After architecture school at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Terri and I moved to Bangor in 1973 for (we thought) a few years of adventure, camping, and canoeing. Most of our back-to-the-land friends have moved on from those cut-your-own-firewood, draw-your-own-water, grow-your-own-food days, but twenty years later we are still firmly rooted in the community, although we have metamorphosed into stolid, middle-class scions with microwave and cable TV.

My architectural firm of ten works statewide and has designed numerous schools, health care facilities, etc. This year I spoke and taught at the Harvard Graduate School of Design on the topic of school design. Serves them right for not admitting me as an undergraduate.

Terri has had numerous careers as English teacher, librarian, production potter, and now is getting another degree in social work to further her work in women's shelters.

I'm also continuing my interest since high school in poetry, philosophy, religion. Continue to write and have published poetry in a few small magazines. Am also learning about archetypes, soul, and gender in Jungian study groups.

My other successes are too numerous to mention, and my tragedies too horrible to tell here. But I'd enjoy sharing them with past friends visiting Maine.

TERRY R. LIGHT, M.D.

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A quarter century ago I struggled to decide between life as a private practice eye surgeon (my late father's profession) or as an urban studies academic (a very sixties concept). I chose medicine. A senior medical student rotation on the orthopaedic surgery service at Yale-New Haven Hospital under Wayne Southwick, M.D. (Branford College Acting Master) led to an internship, residency, and full-time faculty appointment in orthopaedic surgery at Yale. When I read in the faculty bulletin that the Urban Studies major and department had been abolished, I knew I'd made a wise choice.

My wife Holly and I met at the Yale-New Haven Hospital, where she worked as a physical therapist. Our first date, July 4, 1976, was marked by fireworks that continue and have led to two beautiful daughters, Rebecca (born in 1989) and Jennie (born in 1989). Holly is an avid equestrian who competes in dressage and eventing.

We moved to my native Chicago in 1980. I now hold the Dr. William M. Scholl Professorship and am Chairman of the Department of Orthopaedic Surgery at Loyola Medical School. My practice is limited to surgery of the hand with an emphasis on children's hand problems. I cherish the opportunity to interact with medical students and residents—and try to broaden their education by playing music of the sixties during surgery.

My interest in architecture, nurtured by Vincent Scully, has been satisfied by involvement in the Frank Lloyd Wright Home and Studio Foundation, a National Trust property near our home in Oak Park. I've served as a volunteer tour guide, a board member, and foundation president.

My disappointment over the abrupt elimination of the Yale Wrestling Team was heightened by the insensitive manner in which Coach Waterman (hired in 1967) was dismissed, the assets of the alumni association frozen, and concerned alumni dealt with by form letters. Let us hope that the new university administration demonstrates greater sensitivity in effecting future change.

EUGENE LINDEN

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As a writer for more than two decades, I would like to look back and see the traces of inevitability or design. Instead, I see a series of accidents and fragile encouragements that at crucial moments kept me going when I might just as easily have turned towards some other, presumably more lucrative career. At one point in 1971, for instance, I vowed to get a real job if I did not get a check for an article within the following six weeks.

The Los Angeles *Times* came through with a commission, and not long thereafter I assembled a shaky package of grants, loans, and commissions that got me to Vietnam. There I wrote an investigative article about fragging and other symptoms of the demoralization of our fighting forces which *Saturday Review* published as a cover story in January 1972. I took on this project in part because I needed to know whether my opposition to the war was well-founded—I left for Vietnam only a few weeks after receiving an honorable discharge from the Navy by reason of conscientious objection. The trip had its ironies: In Quang Nai Province I was asked whether I wanted an M-16 for self-defense. I declined the well-intentioned offer on the logic that I had not argued successfully against shooting Vietnamese as a soldier only to find myself gunning them down as a journalist.

If there is continuity in my career it is that I continue to explore ideas and interests developed while at Yale. My work in Vietnam sparked a few letters and calls from publishers. Instead of writing a book about Vietnam, however, I chose to explore the implications of experiments attempting to teach language to apes, following an interest in concepts of human nature that I first began thinking about as an undergraduate. In fact the series of books I wrote during my twenties and early thirties—*Apes, Men and Language*, *The Alms Race*, *Affluence & Discontent*—all grew out of the seeds of ideas planted in the late 1960s.

I have continued to explore the same broad questions throughout my writing career: How do we fit in the natural order; what drives consumer societies? In the mid-1980s I wrote *Silent Partners*, which examined the ways in which conflicting attitudes towards animal and human nature buffeted the lives of captive apes in years following the language experiments. While working on books I also wrote articles and commentary for a wide variety of publications including the *Atlantic*, the *National Geographic*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *New York Times*.

My struggle continues at *Time* which I joined in 1987 with the responsibility to report and write stories on the environment, nature, and science. *Time* has given me the opportunity to write for a mass audience—it's amazing how many "authentic" messiahs I hear from, readers eager to share messages received directly from God. *Time* also has the resources that enable me to report and write global stories about the fate of the world's megacities, for instance, or the impoverishment of the world's knowledge base as tribes abandon their ways.

If there is any other leitmotif to my career since Yale, it is that I am just as clueless about managing my career as I was back then. As I write this brief biography, I am also beginning research on a new book offering my thoughts about what life will be like in the middle of the next century. My entire writing career has been an apprenticeship to write this book, but I feel much as I did when I first left Yale: haphazardly prepared to deal with daunting subject matter, but still hopeful that I might offer useful insights into who we are and where we

are going. If anything has changed it is that as the father of an eleven-year-old daughter, Gillian, I feel an urgent need to understand the world she will inherit.

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I'm married to Crispin. We have a three-year-old granddaughter named Chloe. We recently moved to Mill Valley. For the past four years I've worked at San Francisco Art Institute as the Facility Operations Manager. It's never boring. We spend as much time as possible at our cottage at Stinson Beach. I don't remember the name of my freshman English lit class, but I still remember how to recite *Beowulf* in Middle English.

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As Yogi said, "It's déjà vu all over again." As a member of the Yale Class of 1968, as well as 1969, I just attended my first twenty-fifth reunion, at which I reread my contribution to the Class Book. I hope I can avoid totally repeating myself.

I have spent virtually my whole life in Southern New England and find most everything that is important to me here. Five years ago I was able to convince a confirmed Chicagoan (transplanted to New York) to join me here and become my wife. Karen and I live in Brookline with our sons, Kirby, who will be three in October 1993, and Jack, who will be one in January 1994. Jack is my sixth child (four from a previous marriage) with his oldest sibling being twenty-four. I have truly enjoyed being a father and hopefully, if "practice makes perfect," I will continue to get better at it. I sometimes wonder if anyone in the class can match the twenty-three-and-a-half-year age range of my children.

My job and avocations also have a New England slant. For thirteen years I've had a terrific job with a great company, Continental Cablevision. I am the Senior Vice President of Marketing at the corporate headquarters in Boston, and the job suits me well. I enjoy sailing and the salt water, which I try to get my fill of in Rhode Island, where I grew up, and Maine. And I like being close to Yale and its football team.

A while back I saw a quote attributed to Lloyd Richards, former Dean of the Yale School of Drama. "When I look in the mirror, the person I see surprises me at times, because the person inside me is much younger." That pretty much says it for me. Being the father of young children, involved in a "young" industry, participating on the Yale Club of Boston alumni softball team, etc., are things most people do in their twenties and thirties. I hope and expect to be doing them in my fifties.

Speaking of Yale alumni softball—as I write this, we have just played this year's (1993) game against Harvard. Bottom of the seventh, one run down, two out, two on, and I got the game-winning hit. It certainly doesn't make up for 29-29, but every little bit helps "ease the pain."

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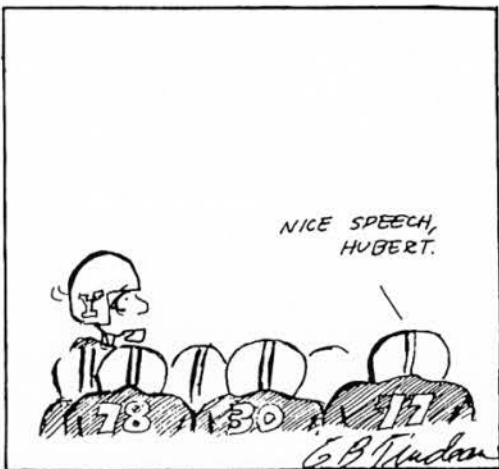
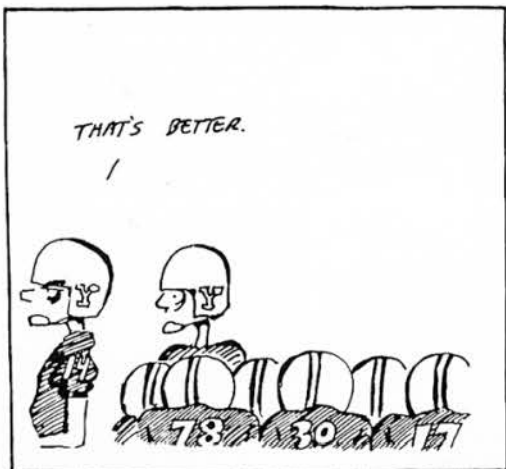
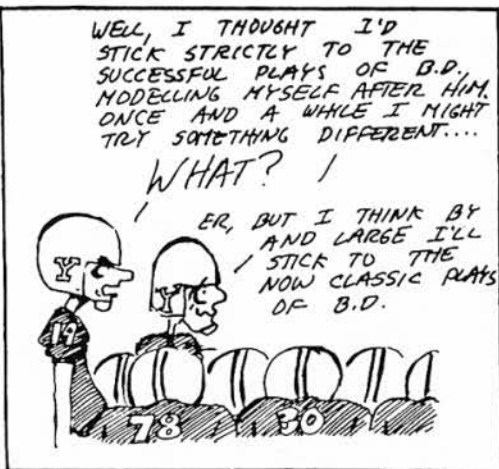
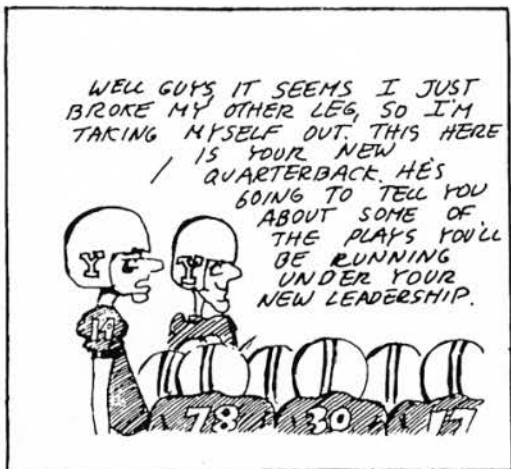
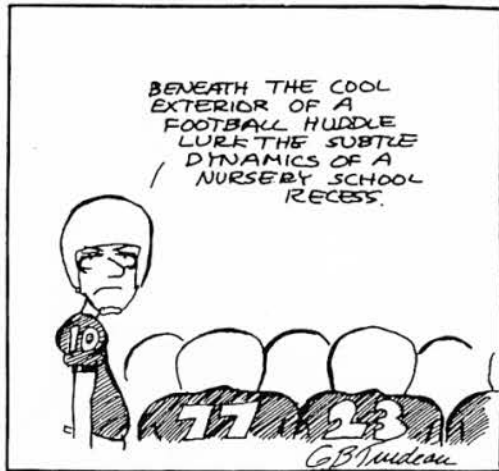
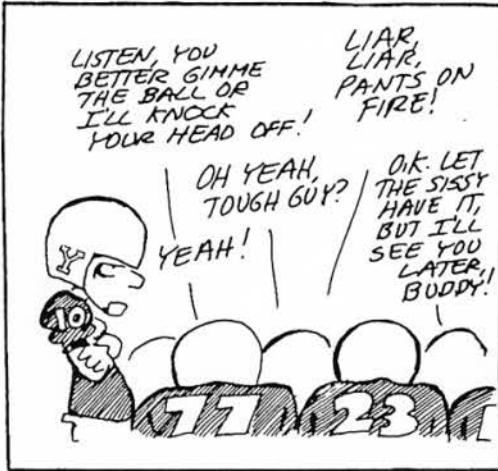
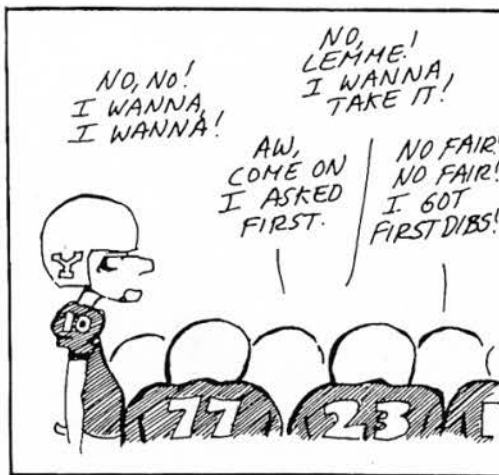
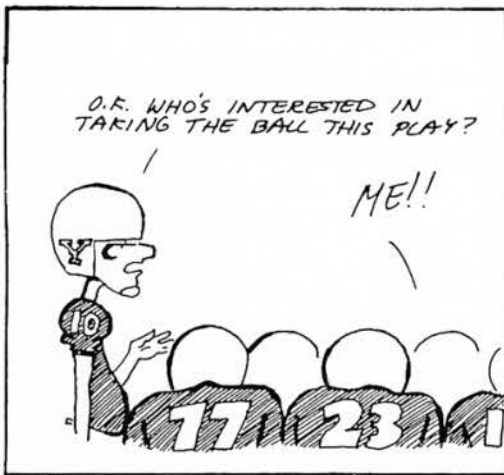
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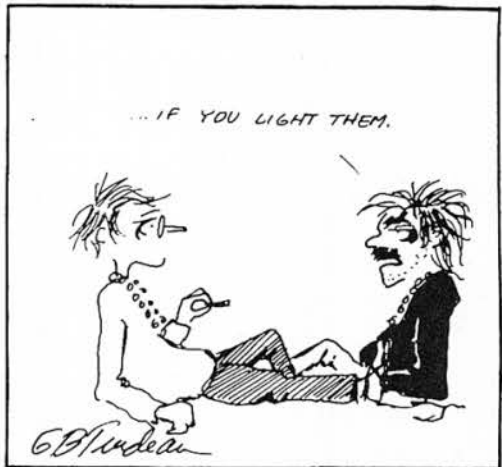
Life has been a great pleasure for me since Yale, perhaps as great a pleasure as was Yale. Louise, my wife of seventeen years (eighteen by reunion time), is as much fun to be with as when we met and helps to make me socially acceptable. Our children, Scott (ten) and Laura (five), have provided only those problems necessary to make parenthood interesting. Other family members have included four Shetland sheepdogs, two of whom are current members.

My work is as general counsel to a large, publicly traded shipowner, which is full of talented, ethical, and friendly persons. Hiding my law degree and pretending I am a businessman helps me coexist with them as well as outside organizations. I have carefully avoided being a litigator, preferring instead to work with persons while they are happy.

Our Yale connections remain: Louise and I married at Dwight Chapel, our first Sheltie was named Boola, we have had season tickets at the Bowl forever, and I am currently Vice President of the Yale Club of New York City (please join!), where I get to play squash with the likes of Charlie Stevenson and John Beinecke. Finally, I have been able to maintain contact with a number of classmates, who continue as the best friends I have ever had.

My wish is that the next twenty-five years be almost as good as the last twenty-five!





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I have two specific pictures from my years at Yale—one of the Freshman golf team in 1966 in which I seem somewhat out of place with a crewcut and a shy grin. The second is of the senior golf team, 1969, in which I seem somewhat cocky and have longer hair and a mustache (one of the few for our class in that year). Why I seem cocky is beyond me since I was only the substitute on the team! Those two pictures have always represented to me the value of my Yale education—to gain confidence, whatever the occasion.

My career has taken a number of twists, which in retrospect seem logical, but weren't at the time. The logical trend was from the abstract to the practical. I entered Yale studying physics and mathematics, earned a Ph.D. in microbiology from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and have worked in applied biological research and toxicology ever since. I recently received certification as a toxicologist which seems a long way from someone who loved mathematics and never studied biology in college. However, since I wanted to be a scientist ever since I was eight years old, I guess the actual field never mattered that much.

By the end of our junior year I was seriously reconsidering my potential career in physics. Although psychologists might call it the standard student identity crisis, the reasons were several and very specific. Willie Lam and Chris Floyd stand out—they were beyond me in both love and knowledge of physics. Also, my personality demanded shorter-term goals than research in physics could provide, and I absorbed all the talk about “relevance” which permeated our college years. Disclaimer—this brief comment about relevance is the only reference I will make to the tensions that racked our college years (civil rights and the Vietnam War), not from lack of importance, but because they were too important and permeated everything.

What to do? My sister was in graduate school at Yale in microbiology and persuaded me to give it a try. Bacteria grow in a day, so experiments can be performed constantly—this solved the short-term personality problem. Even after receiving my Ph.D. in 1976, relevance was still a problem, as most of my training was directed towards basic biological research; I was ahead of my time since the biotechnology revolution had not yet started.

I then moved up the evolutionary ladder, from bacteria to humans, and

researched problems in human genetics for my postdoctoral years. By this time the biotechnology revolution was full-blown, and I was torn between another postdoc to learn cloning and become a genetic engineer or get my first job. I was overwhelmed with a desire to pay real income taxes before I turned thirty, so I started working in toxicology in contract research. I am currently in a consulting company, and my time is focused almost exclusively providing services to companies for development of pharmaceuticals.

Too squeamish to give blood in college and with no real interest in medical school, I now find myself fascinated by medicine and the challenges of developing new pharmaceuticals. My roommates, Dan Moore and Frank Demaree, forced me to try to give blood during our freshman year, but I became woozy and fainted after the pinprick. The second time, they alerted the nurse to me, and I was rushed from the pinprick station to the donation coach before I could faint.

A football fanatic while at Yale, I was a member of Football 10A and remember the thrill of watching the trashing of Dartmouth in 1967 (56-15?) again on the screen. I also stayed up late one August night to watch Brian Dowling finally play in an exhibition game with the Minneapolis Vikings (1972?). I think I have the best story for the 29-29 tie in 1968. As organizer for my roommates, at one time I had eighteen tickets to the Game in my hand (you figure out the scalping value for the Yale Club in New York in 1968 dollars!). After handing them all out, my ticket was stolen the morning of the game while I played soccer for Calhoun against Kirkland House. Thanks to Gary Fauth and the Yale Marching Band, I was able to carry coats and instrument cases as the band entered Harvard Stadium; I discharged my obligations to the band members and finally took my seat in time for the kickoff.

I met Ellen Hoffman during my graduate school days, and we have been “married” in the sixties sense for twenty years. The official wedding will take place in 2001 (naturally) in Lake Tahoe—we are still discussing the relevance of an Elvis impersonator. Lake Tahoe was chosen for its natural beauty and skiing (we love California) and the chance to play casino poker and earn the entry fee for the World Series of Poker (a dream of both of ours).

For some reason, at Yale, I was part of a group which disparaged California—I think we were trying to beat on Mark Lorell who constantly talked about University of Southern California and University of California, Los Angeles. Ha—the joke is on us, California is beautiful. Ellen and I constantly play “what if”—what if we had gone to California when we had chances. However, we love Boston, so vacations in California seem the next best thing.

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I am not at all surprised to discover that I have been out of Yale for almost twenty-five years now, although at the same time I find many of the memories and attitudes still crisply etched in a deteriorating forty-five-year-old consciousness. In these past twenty-five years I have adopted an unexpectedly conventional approach to my life. Having rejected the standard material assumptions of a job in the business world for a teaching lifestyle, I find myself seeking the standard material rewards. A little joke on myself, I'm sure.

I have developed little in the way of fortune or wisdom, although as I get older I am beginning to get a better idea about what it is that I have not accomplished. I have much to learn about spiritual matters, for example. The religion I so thoroughly rejected back in college interests me now, not in its old Episcopal form, but in a mishmash of Native American, Quaker, Unitarian, and Buddhist impulses. I go to church, I meditate, and I spend a lot of time in the woods as I move slowly toward some kind of resolution.

I am also looking for a new professional direction as I move into the next twenty years of my life. Teaching has been an enjoyable way for me to keep my head in the sand, yet it has given me a sense that I have served some sort of larger purpose on the globe. As of this writing, I have taught for twenty-one years, interrupted only by a three-year tour of duty in the advertising business as an account executive in New York. My next career will have something to do with geography, a long-lost love that is eclectic enough for my very strong generalist tendencies. I hope to use an upcoming sabbatical as a springboard for this endeavor; I want this next part of my life to serve the planet in the most useful way I can think of.

I look pretty much the same as I did a while back—I'm still 6'3" tall and I still weigh about two hundred pounds. I run, bike, play basketball, and kayak to keep in shape; I read, root for the Red Sox and the Indians (two noble exercises in futility), fish, garden, hunt a little, and travel as much as I can; I still make my yearly pilgrimage to Tim Briney's Kentucky Derby Party for the spiritual refreshment that only a Calcutta can provide.

My daughter Katharine goes to Yale, which makes me prouder than I would have thought and much more inclined to give money if I had any to

give. She is a third-generation Davenport and jock looking towards medicine at this point. My son Andrew is twelve, entering junior high with a passion for baseball, geography, and reading. I have endured a divorce and a banal but taxing child support difficulty from which I am only now recovering after five years of court-sanctioned thievery.

I am remarried to a woman of great imagination and personal energy, who has been an inspiration and a catalyst for movement away from the stasis of my early adulthood. Laurel and I live together in Northfield, Massachusetts, with the youngest three of our combined five children.

While not so innocent as I was back in June of 1969, I still look at the world with an optimism that has wearied somewhat but that remains at the core of my being. I look forward to the next phase of my professional life with hope and enthusiasm, and I look forward to seeing and being inspired by my classmates at the twenty-fifth.

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Look back with great affection on our years at Yale. Some regrets that the last couple of years were riddled with conflict and confusion, but all in all, they were "Bright College Years."

Happily/luckily married to Jan and have three growing kids—Alex (seventeen), Johnny (twelve), and Jamie (nine). We are settled into St. Louis after a tour through Philadelphia in the late seventies. Yale has not been part of our lives except through some contact with Phil and Dottie Laughlin in Chicago. Phil and I are very poor correspondents, so updates come at Christmas time.

Family work, friends, tennis, wannabe golfer, sidebars of reading, art,

sailing, skiing, volunteering on school boards, etc., fill hours amply. Too much to do. Too little time. Ever heard that before?

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After graduation I stayed at Yale and received a Ph.D. in anthropology. After several years living in Nicaragua doing archaeological research, I returned to Chicago to a family export business. I have been there ever since. As time has passed, I have been able to appreciate the value of a Yale education and the advantage it has given me. Yale taught me to think logically and to act accordingly, something very lacking in today's world. I look forward to continuing in business and spending more time in Europe as the years go by.

PAUL F. MALAMUD

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After leaving Yale, I moved to New York where I worked, variously, as a typist at *The New Yorker* magazine, a research assistant on PBS's "Dick Cavett Show," and in various other nonexecutive, nonestablishmentarian positions while feverishly writing poetry and attempting to finish a dissertation in the English department of Columbia University. I got my Ph.D., but ended up going into the foreign service rather than a university. In 1980 I served, briefly, in India, where I came down with enough tropical diseases to necessitate a premature departure. Since then I've been working as a writer with the U.S. Information Agency in Washington, D.C., penning paeans to democracy for foreign audiences while drinking clean water. Having won the cold war, I'm not

sure what I'm going to do for an encore, but still enjoy trying to be creative. I have two talented nephews who may break the mold and become scientists. I was very lucky at Yale—and I've never regretted for a minute my English/French major. Long live the humanities. And the time at the Dramat was wonderful. Thank you, teachers and friends.

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Beaumont, Texas, 1993. New Jersey by birth; Texas by choice. Finally settled down, maybe: New Haven 1965-76, Los Angeles 1976-77, Detroit 1977-79, Galveston 1979-82, Houston 1982-86, Denver 1986-88, Albuquerque 1988-90, Beaumont 1990-present. Happy (quite content, actually), doing what I set out to do (sort of), arriving by a circuitous route beyond my imagination June 9, 1969. My life's ambition, even before college, was to be a doctor, like my father (Class of '40), as had twelve generations before him. Yale School of Medicine followed Yale College and inspired a career in academic medicine, specifically in plastic surgery. I stayed that course for about twenty years; and, in the process, married my college sweetheart (Carol Caruso, 1970); sired two children (Harold Themistocles, 1979, and Marianna, 1982), divorced, left the ex behind in Texas, and married again (Susan Brittain Jackson, 1988). By 1990 I had achieved my academic goal: Associate Professor and Chief, Division of Plastic Surgery, The University of New Mexico. I was in charge of a teaching program preparing others to follow their inspirations. As in the song, the question begged, "Is that all there is?" So, here I am back in Texas, in private practice, doing "bread-and-butter" (some "steak-and champagne") general plastic surgery, and enjoying it. Patients come to me because of who I am—not where I am or whom I may represent. I am proud of what I have accomplished, reflective of where I have failed, content with what I have done, and glad I do what I am doing. I should wish the same for my two children: a goal and a direction, success with few failures, their own circuitous route to life's ambition.

Twenty-five years after graduation, another song resounds, "Bright College Years...." Time does, indeed, quickly fly.

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DAVID B.H. MARTIN, JR.

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Work: 1969-73, U.S. Navy—from English major to Chief Engineer on a 1945 destroyer—you figure; 1976-80, private law practice (litigation) with two firms in Washington, D.C.; 1980-85, Securities and Exchange Commission (1984-85, Special Counsel to the Chairman); 1985-present, Partner, Hogan & Hartson, Washington, D.C. (corporate and securities).

Loves: Martha Bacon, seemingly forever but certainly since our wedding on June 21, 1969; Charlotte since 1975; Jessica since 1978; and Benjamin since 1981; and many more.

Losses, Disappointments, Peeves, etc.: Harvard-Yale, 1968; my hair; a front tooth; some beloved pets; computers, television, call waiting, car phones, and faxes. The rest are either too significant or insignificant to cover here.

Achievements: Stayin' alive.

Education: Law degree from University of Virginia in 1976 (Managing Editor, University of Virginia Law Review).

Honors, Offices, Awards, Publications, etc.: What a bore.

Dreams and Memories: I still dream of traveling many more places, skiing in New Zealand, figuring out how to use our computer and VCR, teaching school, writing something clever, ironing out my backhand, and taking up golf. I still remember Bingham Hall, Freshman Commons, and the wonder and excitement of our first days on campus. So too, burgers from the Buttery, Enoch White's, Dewey Faulkner's generous handling of my senior thesis on Beaumont and Fletcher, Kingman Brewster visiting a postgame party in our 1905-06 suite in Silliman, and many friends and hours in the Silliman dining hall and Ingalls Rink.

Fun and Games: Martha, singing with the Washington Revels, some local politics, tennis, a Kenyan camping safari, skiing, Squam Lake (New Hampshire), and my children's assemblies, recitals, and athletic events.

Whatever you want to tell: For those whom I don't see at reunion, particularly any of my roommates, this sends very best wishes and hopes that we can get together soon. For those whom I visit with, it was great getting together again. For everyone else, I can't believe you had nothing better to do than read this, but thank you.

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After Yale I joined the Navy and spent almost four years with Seal Team

Two in Little Creek, Virginia. Working with the Seals was a great experience. I learned early on how much can be accomplished by a group if everyone in the group shares motivation and objectives.

At the end of my tour with the Seals I considered a full-time Navy career, but instead ended up at Harvard Business School. There I roomed with Dick Livingston ('69) and Mike Bouscaren ('69). Harvard was unique because, among other things, it was the first time since the fourth grade that I had been in class with women.

After Harvard I went to work in an underground molybdenum mine in Colorado owned by AMAX, Inc. I lived in Vail at the time and would often see classmates during their skiing trips, notably Hal Valeche. My time underground eventually led to time in Greenwich, Connecticut, AMAX's headquarters—where I met and married my ex-wife Nina Wemyss.

AMAX transferred me to Paris (after I had just built a house in Greenwich) and we had two really educational years in France, where I ended up as Vice President of Finance, Europe in 1984.

The desire to move outside of the corporate walls and run my own company became stronger in 1984. At the end of that year I left AMAX to run a small gold mining company in Reno, Nevada. That step led to a divorce, a stretching of my financial resources and some enlightenment. In Reno, I met my fiancée, Marja Reichardt. Together we purchased a ranch outside Reno and that is where I have settled. After selling the gold properties, I began commuting to Los Angeles to work with an investment banking firm, L.J. Kaufman and Company, on some joint venture capital projects. That led to my association with Hughes Aircraft Company-Los Angeles, for whom I am now a full-time consultant. I commute to Reno on weekends.

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I've learned that certain steps taken in life can lead down unexpectedly long paths. While working as an investment portfolio manager in 1977, I was given the "opportunity" to act as an investment adviser to a major bank in Saudi Arabia. This secondment was to last two years, after which I was to return to the United States and resume my career.

There were major changes in the script. Sixteen years later I'm still involved with a Middle East institution. The two-year stint in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, stretched to four years. This was followed by two years in Bahrain, where I faced the challenge of starting up a newly-formed bank.

For the last five years I've been back in Connecticut, running the U.S. office of the Bahraini bank I helped start in the early eighties. As one of my former roommates, Steve Ellis, once told me, "there is a thin line between terror and excitement." Sitting in Bahrain in December of 1990 provided at least a whiff of the terror. Mostly, it has been fun.

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After leaving Yale I went directly into graduate school at the University of Illinois to study metallurgical engineering. During this time I married Laurie and dragged her to the midwestern cornfields from Connecticut. While she began a teaching career, I worked in the lab to complete my Ph.D. I was in the process of becoming a professional student when she convinced me that it was time to get a real job that had a real salary.

My job search ended with Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, where my work involved the study of radiation damage in materials that might be used in advanced nuclear reactors. Fairly early in my professional career I was introduced to the possibility of developing fusion power as a long-term energy source, and I have been involved in this area ever since. (For the uninitiated, fusion is what powers the sun.) In the 1970s there was hope that we would quickly design and construct a first test reactor, but the problem has proved more difficult than imagined (partly because of the funding needed), and in 1993 we are still planning the first test reactor. The difference now is that the reactor project is international, with Europe, Russia, and Japan as full partners. On paper it sounds like a good idea to spread the costs over several countries, but coordinating such a project is extremely difficult with differences in culture and politics, not to mention time zones. Communications is a major problem, and I have been travelling much more than I would like to meetings at many different locations. On the positive side, I have had the opportunity to travel to Europe, Russia, Japan, and China over the years to see firsthand the changes that are taking place. I also had the dubious distinction of being in China during the student demonstration in Tianaman Square. In a way I felt like I was back in the sixties, but the outcome in China was more devastating then our own experience.

Closer to home, Laurie and I still reside in the Chicago area. Laurie, after running her own travel business for several years, is back to teaching, but now the subjects include travel and geography rather than Spanish and French. In the spare time we have, we are at our vacation home near Galena, Illinois. Galena has a couple of items of interest: It was the onetime home of U.S. Grant; it had lead mines that in the 1800s brought prosperity to the town; and it is located in the only area of Illinois that is not flat. When I can, I devote time to photography, oil painting, and fishing, none of which I'm particularly good at doing.

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Sporadic effort at blending the better aspects of the sixties (being in the moment, ecological consciousness, quality along with quantity, compassion linked to bottom-line consideration) with hard-core realities of adult life folded into a partial grasp of holistic thinking (Buddhist in essence) rather than the typical dualistic split common to Western European life/thought.

Many inward (psychotherapy, groups) and outward (Nepal, Sierras, Rockies) journeys have led to a pretty good synthesis of life/work/pleasure. The main manifestations have been as child psychiatrist, modest reformer of medical education and children's television, and a strong advocate of integrating yin (feminine) and yang (masculine) life force in politics, medicine, relationship, media, and windsurfing. There is something brewing but still in the ether about working with Native Americans, developing rites of passage for this society with few viable rituals or elders, having and raising children, and possibly a leap into writing, film and/or painting.

On the recollection front: I spent five additional years in New Haven teaching second grade, and I remain in touch with some of those kids who are now parents of their own. Later, I took patients from Yale Psychiatric Institute on hikes (I still know some delicious hidden hikes in Connecticut), and I occasionally hear about their psychological growth. The evolution into medicine and psychiatry partly flowed from my old antiwar/antidraft efforts utilizing voluntary control over physiologic functionings of the body and moved into biofeedback research and eventually into psychoneuro immunology.

Who knows what is next?

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BRUCE A. MAZO

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Due credit should go to one of my roommates and friends—Dick Olsen—for bringing to my attention what I consider an extremely appropriate quote: “The unexamined life is not worth living.” Thanks, Dick!

I’m also reminded of that bad joke by Mark Twain about the person who, at the age of fifteen, felt his father was an idiot, but, at the age of twenty-five, was amazed at how much his father had learned in ten years.

Although the opposite was true in my personal case, it is clear to me that we do get more conservative as we get older. However, from a strongly liberal base (at least where human values are concerned), and just as strong a probusiness base (I haven’t *totally* deserted my M.B.A.), I am still proud, as I write this in August of 1993, to have voted for the “boomer” Yale (albeit Law) alumnus as President.

That’s just a long introduction to say that I find that most of the values I was taught—both at Yale and before—are becoming *more* important in my life, as opposed to less.

I certainly flirted with, and in some cases strongly embraced, some of the nontraditional ideas that bombarded us in the sixties and seventies. And I would certainly like to think that the “tell it like it is” value of intolerance to hypocrisy is still with me—perhaps even more so!

And, although I get less sure of things in general as time goes on, I’m pretty sure that being a parent of a teenage girl and boy has made me embrace the traditional values of integrity and honesty, hard work, thrift, the golden rule, courtesy, good manners, and even faith more than ever. That pleasantly brings to mind another incited quotation (we get to get away with murder, here!)—Hillel, I believe—who, when asked to explain Judaism while standing on one foot, said: “That which is hateful to you, do not do unto your neighbor. The rest is commentary—go and study!”

One of my clients quoted his mother, saying, “Man plans and God laughs.” Since I am now in the “planning” business, that clearly was not meant positively, but I take it as such, because it has been an excellent description of my life up until this point.

In 1989, after twenty years in a somewhat traditional career path, I made a pretty dramatic career change. Little did I know that in order to be successful (which is still to be determined!), I would also have to undergo a personality transplant.

That could sound like bragging, except that Pat, my wife of twenty-three-plus years (*That’s bragging!*), who is undeniably my harshest critic, feels that the changes were significant and positive.

I have enclosed a picture of our recent vacation. Perhaps that seems to be extremely prosaic, but this picture represents, frankly, my proudest “accomplishment,” even though I do feel that I am honoring the “no vitae, please” request. I love my family, they love me, we were able to drive from Minnesota to the Grand Canyon and points nearby over a two-week period without killing each other and actually had a great time. The accomplishment, just to be explicit, is the relationship—not the trip.

I am happier and more hopeful than I have ever been, and I hope you are the same!



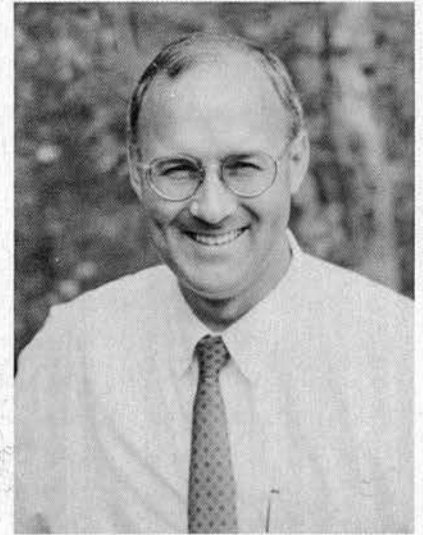
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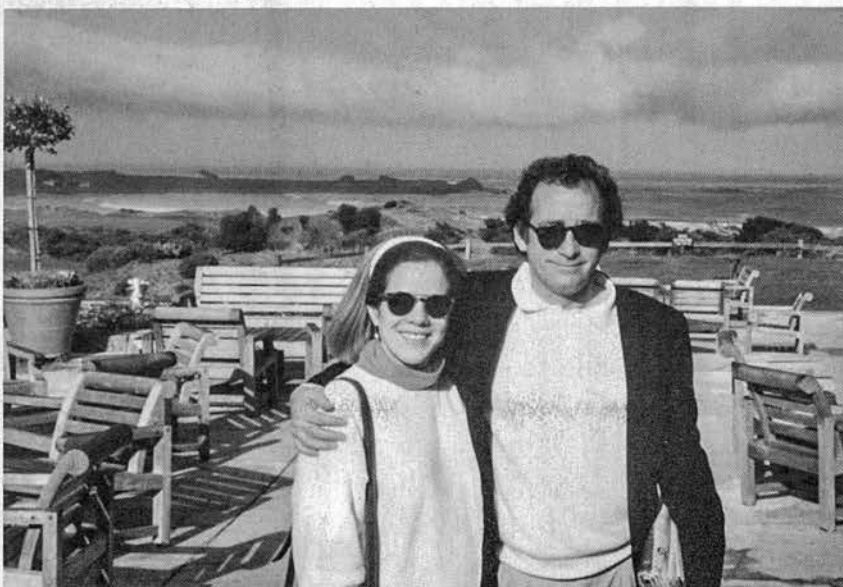
The Bruce A. Mazo family



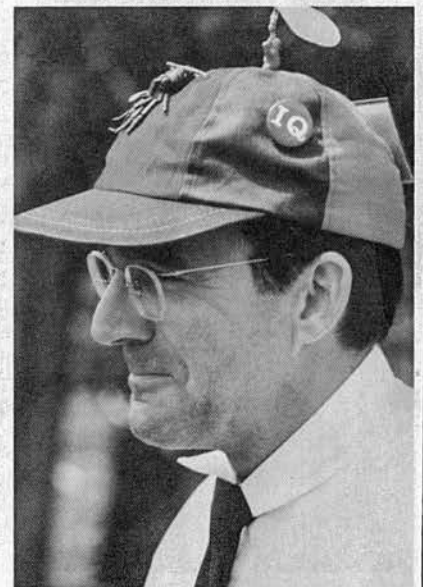
Thomas K. McCaughey and daughters



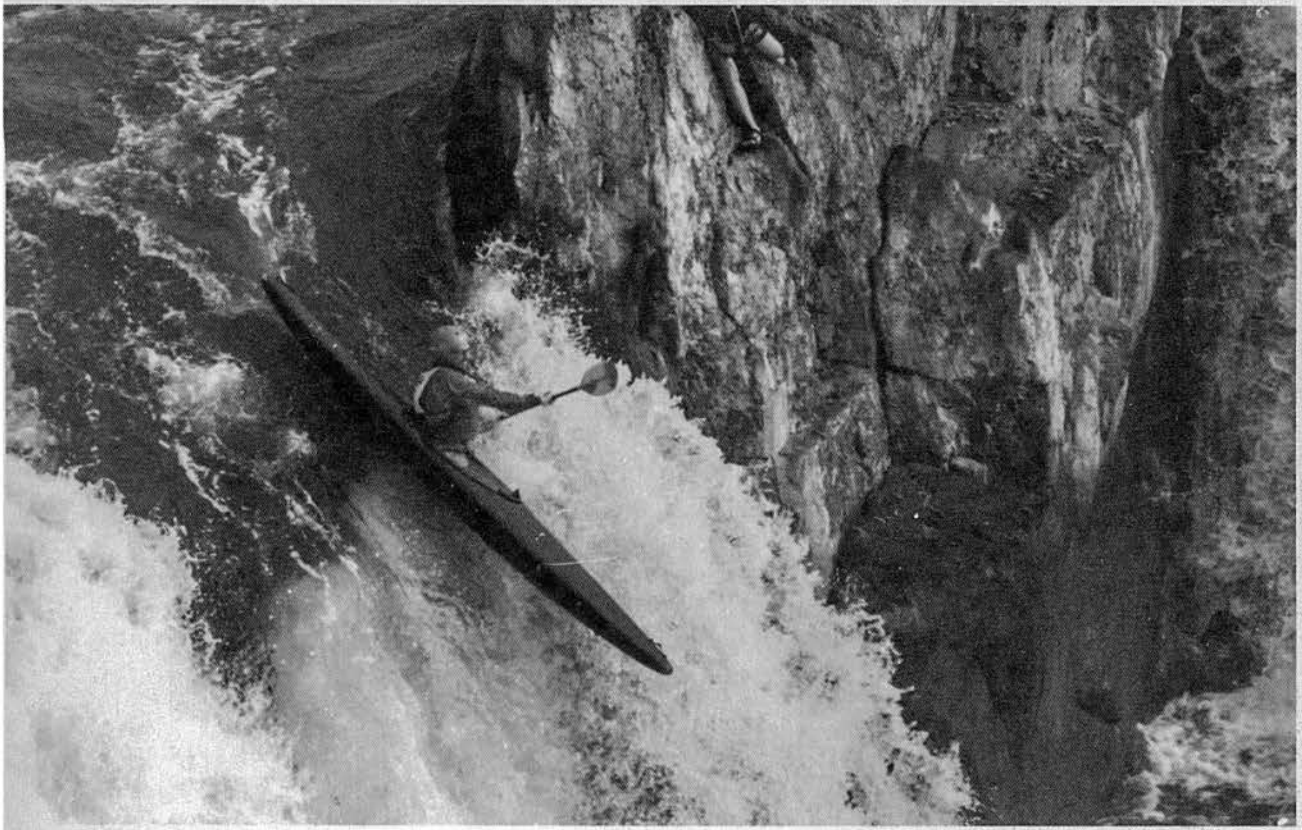
John F. McQuade III



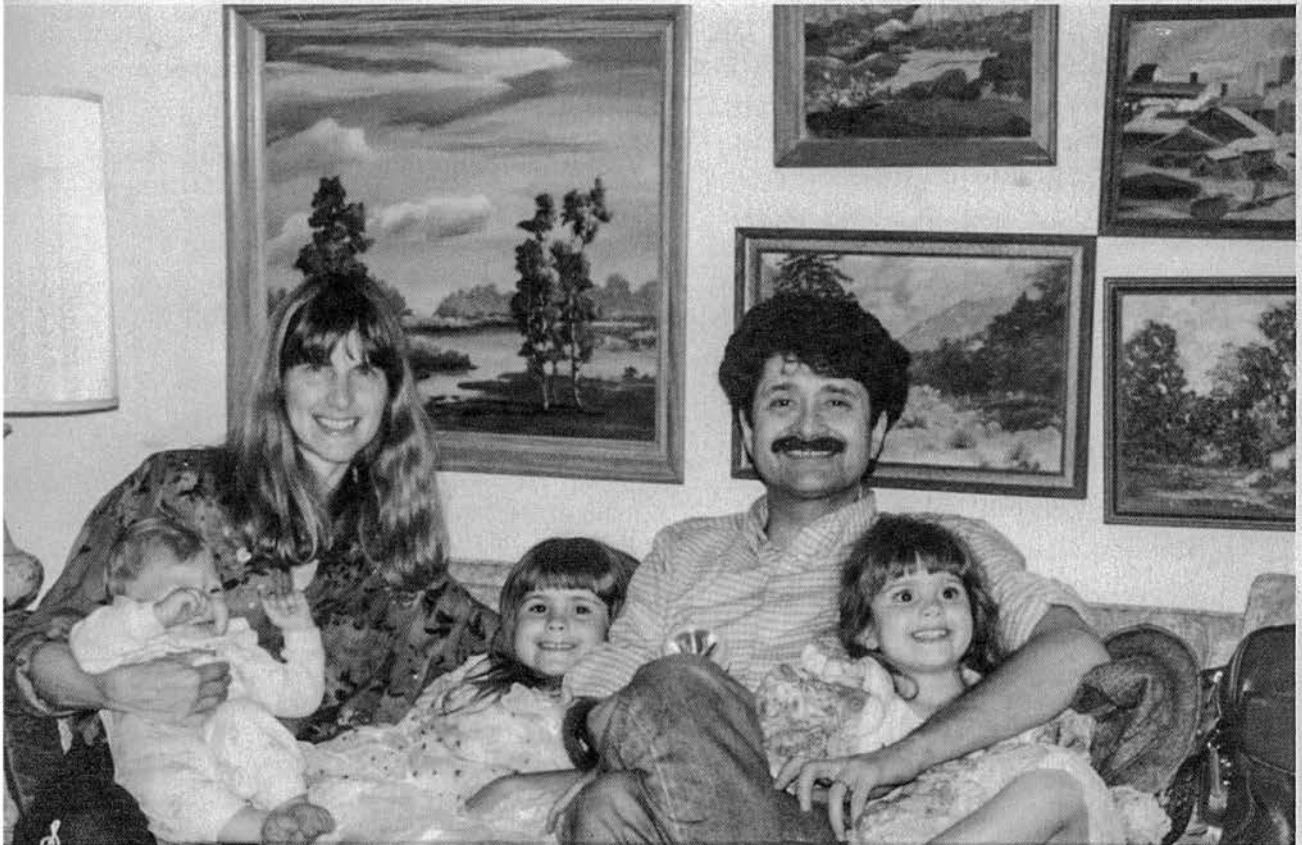
George C. McNamee and wife Kathleen



Tom McNamee



Thomas E. McEwan



Daniel, Diane, Sarah, Michael, and Shayna Medved

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JOSEPH S. McCARTY

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Am engaged to be married to Cindy Johnson on July 17, 1993. Have two children, Jasper (sixteen) and Amber (fourteen), from a formerly successful marriage that ended almost a decade ago. Cindy has three daughters of her own, so there are often lots of kids around competing for space with the two dogs and two cats. We all enjoy playing baseball/softball and basketball, ski occasionally, and have just acquired a cruising sailboat (50-50 partnership with a Yale roommate) for family exploring along the Maine coast.

All of my work history is yacht industry related, a case of avocation turned vocation. In 1971, with various partners (including a Yale '68 best friend), we found and purchased "Alice," a wooden, Maine-built 40-foot sloop about our age. Intending to sail her around the world, we found Haiti to be about far enough. While owning "Alice" for nearly a decade, I worked for several boatyards and became a boat builder/repairer craftsman of some note. I think I took a lot of pleasure in not "using" my Yale degree to earn my keep.

By the time I reached thirty, two babies and a mortgage had driven me into a three year stint as a yacht captain, followed by an equal stint managing a yacht yard in the Chesapeake. And for the last eight years I've been managing a yacht yard/marina/restaurant/yacht sales business at Robinhood, Maine.

And I did finally make *some* use of my American Studies Yale B.A. I was twice elected to serve on the Town Council and spearheaded the rewriting of the Town's Comprehensive Plan.

THOMAS K. McCAUGHEY

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Twenty-five year career in banking in New York: four years at Chase Manhattan; eighteen years at Salomon Brothers where I was a Managing Director; now at Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette.

Divorced after twenty years of marriage. Have three beautiful daughters who are fifteen, thirteen, and ten years old.

Keep fit doing triathlons, bike races, and playing ice hockey. Have developed a passion for the opera over the past decade.

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PAUL E. McLAUGHLIN

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Partner, Bogle & Gates, Attorneys (transaction lawyer). Married in 1981 to Nancy "Ned" Duhnkrack, an environmental lawyer turned law professor. Have two girls, Ellie (six) and Maddie (two). Own five historic brick apartment buildings and am very involved in historic preservation. Started Portland's Cascade Run-Off in 1978 and am still an active runner and bicyclist.

GEORGE C. McNAMEE

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The summer after college I went to Woodstock. I don't remember seeing any of you there.

After Woodstock I went right to Wall Street and thence to the family business and eventually a battlefield promotion. Boss's son to Chief Executive Officer. So, for seventeen years, I've been running a small business, First Albany, a regional investment bank. My work allows me to dabble in things I like—markets, software, technology, public policy, even ski areas. I always thought I'd have a family eventually, and in the meantime it's been easy staying busy.

Along the way, I coauthored a book on the Chicago conspiracy trial, worked on a few political campaigns, bought another old Lotus, become a Killington ski instructor, chaired a commission on reforming the State's debt, and bought a new pair of roller blades.

In the summer of '90, after an exhaustive nationwide search, spanning three decades, I met Kathleen Lasch. We were married in February of '92. The big news: I'm finally going to be a father. Our first child is due this fall (1993).

So now I'm reviewing my list of Boards with family leave in mind: Albany Medical Center, Home Shopping Network, MapInfo, National Stock Clearing Corp., and New York State Science and Technology Foundation.

TOM McNAMEE

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My first job I lose before I've even started it. Staring out into an air shaft from a twelve-dollar room at the Biltmore, I wait day after day for my new boss to return my call so I can take up the glamorous Manhattan life of Yale Man, professional lyricist, rock and roll talent scout, and apprentice record producer for Columbia Records, till at last the guy's secretary calls and says, Well, hmm, there's been a problem.

My roommate Rick Platt's dad, Frank, a lawyer (and ultimately one of the best friends I've ever had), has said please call when I'm settled. I'm as thoroughly *unsettled* as I've ever been, but I call anyhow. Frank says meet him on the 5:15 club car to Greenwich. By six-thirty we have martinis and a plan in hand. Two days later, never having raised his voice, he's got me reinstated.

Next thing (1970), I get married. Childhood sweetheart, inevitable as springtime.

I produce my first and only record, a polytonal polyrhythmic Dadaist caterwaul, one of the worst-selling albums in Columbia's history—for which I am fired (1971). I write poems and publish a few. I go back to work for Columbia, now reduced to writing ad copy. Afternoons, I shut my office door, smoke half a dozen cheap cigars, and write, my own stuff.

Years pass. I write a play—a musical (my composer-partner a kid fresh out of Harvard)—and quit my job in assurance of Broadway bucks and glory (1976). Our producer is arrested, convicted, and imprisoned for fraud relating to a previous production. I'm writing long strange stories that nobody will publish.

Writing slows. Depression sets in. I watch a lot of Johnny Carson and smoke too much pot. Frank Platt has taught me fly-fishing, and that has led me back into Arcadia—from which I'd been cast out ages back when my childhood Tennessee woods were clear-cut on behalf of residential subdivision—and I have rediscovered nature and begun to learn ecology and written a thing or two about animals, and a couple of the pieces have been published and even admired.

One piece (1982) grows into a book proposal about grizzly bears, and that becomes a book, *The Grizzly Bear* (Knopf, 1984).

My bride, meanwhile, after her boss quit to run the Reagan campaign's advertising, has become the youngest female ad agency president ever and is hauling home money in boxcars, so I remain free to root around Yellowstone amid bear scat, glaciers, and silence while she rides to power breakfasts in limousines and grows accustomed to Armani, the Concorde, and the company of moguls.

Can you see what's coming? I couldn't.

Conservation, especially of the grizzly's last great redoubts, becomes my heart's love. I publish another book, of conservation philosophy, *Nature First: Keeping Our Wild Places and Wild Creatures Wild* (Roberts Rinehart, 1987). I join the board of an innovative and tough-minded startup conservation group called the Greater Yellowstone Coalition, and in time I become its president. Two partners and I buy a ranch on the edge of the Absaroka-Beartooth wilderness

(1989), and from now on it's all I can do to yank myself loose and come back to New York.

I have immersed myself in questions of changes in the land and how they affect history, culture, and the identity of individuals. The pangs of longing and loss which wild landscapes have reawakened in me become the birth-pangs of a natural-historical novel, *A Story of Deep Delight* (Viking, 1990). *SDD* is my too-late thanks to my mentor, Robert Penn Warren, who was the main reason I had come to Yale and who taught me the stubbornness I have needed to keep writing against so much discouragement, and the book is dedicated to the woman who gave me the long time and the patient support I needed to write it; but by the time it's published Warren is dead, and my bride, though still in the house, is, in her mind, already elsewhere.

Darkness comes, and in due time divorce. Then a slow dawning. A half-done novel struggles back to life. A book on the return of the Yellowstone wolf, and more largely on the restoration of damage to nature, takes shape, and finds a publisher. I discover (always slow to see what's most obvious) that a not-too-old guy, undiseased and of the faithful sort, is rather quickly scented in the burgeoning single-female community. The New York house is sold. I get a Montana driver's license, resident fishing license, and organ-donor card.

I used to think that adulthood was a steady state.

JOHN F. McQUADE III, M.D.

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For most of us it is exceedingly hard to believe that twenty-five years have elapsed since graduating from Yale. I have been remiss in communicating through the class notes, but wanted to wait until enough time had transpired to make an entry just the least bit interesting. This upcoming reunion seems to be an appropriate occasion for me to bring my classmates up-to-date on what has been going on in the McQuade family.

After leaving Yale College I entered and graduated from Yale Medical School and decided to enter the field of internal medicine. With mixed feelings of nostalgia for leaving New Haven and excitement about continuing my education elsewhere, I moved to the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, where I completed my internship and residency in internal medicine and, subsequently, a cardiology fellowship. After much reflection, I decided in 1978 to leave the world of academia and enter private practice in rural North Carolina. Though I still very much miss the intellectual excitement of the university, these past fifteen years of practice in New Bern, North Carolina, have been rewarding beyond my wildest expectations. It has been most gratifying to have had the privilege and responsibility of caring for so many fine people in this area and to have known that in a very measurable way I have positively influenced their lives. This is what our days at Yale were preparing us for; and it is rewarding to see how all that studying, the formal and informal seminars, and my close associ-

ations with a great faculty and good friends have come to fruition.

Perhaps the best move that I made while at Yale Med was to marry a local girl, Diane Roche, from West Haven, who at that time was an emergency room nurse at Yale-New Haven Hospital. We have been blessed with a truly wonderful marriage, now about to celebrate our twenty-second anniversary. Diane and I have three daughters, ages thirteen, seventeen, and twenty. Our oldest is now a sophomore at the University of North Carolina. And, no, we did not encourage her to go there just to get basketball tickets.

Outside of medicine, I have nurtured several interests. These include a twelve-year love affair with black and white large-format photography. Also, I have satisfied a childhood ambition of becoming an amateur radio operator and enjoy conversing with others the world over. Finally, and as a holdover from my college years, I continue to maintain a driving interest in molecular biology and immunology—thanks to my association with Dr. Byron Waksman, whom many of you will remember as a fellow of Branford College.

The years at Yale are still freshly fixed in my memory. As time proceeds I realize more than ever how vital this experience was. Only at an institution such as this can one have an opportunity to be with individuals who have achieved the height of excellence in their various fields of study. Their intellectual zest and enthusiasm were infectious for me and engendered an enduring love of learning which I continue to nurture. This gift, along with the love of my wife and daughters, is truly the source of my happiness.

MICHAEL MEDVED

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The best I can offer here is stream of consciousness, not some carefully structured presentation. In this context, my family comes first in my thoughts. In 1985 I was fortunate enough to marry Diane, a Ph.D. in psychology (from University of California, Los Angeles) and the author of three books, including the recent bestseller *The Case Against Divorce*. We've been blessed with three children, two girls and a boy, born in 1986, 1989, and 1992, respectively. Diane and I are both active in our synagogue, Pacific Jewish Center, which I cofounded fifteen years ago, and we are proud to follow Jewish tradition concerning Sabbath observance, dietary laws, and other aspects of daily life.

In terms of my career, I bounced around considerably between 1969 and 1976. I attended Yale Law School in '69 and '70, just long enough to say I rubbed shoulders with Bill and Hillary. I left law school for a series of jobs as a speechwriter for a number of professional politicians—all very liberal Democrats. My politics have changed, of course; I would now describe myself as a “raging moderate,” but I'll confess I'm registered GOP.

In 1976 my first book, *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?*, hit the bestseller lists; it's been followed by six other books, including volumes about the White House staff (*The Shadow Presidents*, 1979), the psychiatric problems of medical professionals (*Hospital*, 1983), bad movies (*The Golden Turkey Awards*,

1980), and other significant topics. My most recent book, *Hollywood vs. America*, appeared in November 1992, generated enormous publicity and, according to some accounts, made me “the man Hollywood loves to hate.” Nonetheless, I continue to cohost the TV movie review show “Sneak Previews,” which now airs on 209 stations on PBS. I’ve been hosting “Sneak” (with Jeffrey Lyons) since 1985. Then in March of 1993, I was appointed the new movie critic for the *New York Post*. I’m responsible for two reviews and one political piece each week—which I should be doing now instead of indulging these ramblings.

MARK A. MELAMED, M.D.

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It is difficult to believe that a quarter century separates us from our Bright (or Not So Bright) College Years. I still feel closer in spirit to the twenty-one-year-old Yale undergraduate I once was than to the fifty-year-old man I will soon become.

The intervening twenty-five years have been placid and enjoyable, if somewhat uneventful. I practice medicine, do a little teaching, and generally try to enjoy life here in the sadly declining metropolis of New York City. I am a recent enlistee in the world of marriage and parenthood, which together have lent a much-needed sense of stability and purpose to my life. I do feel slightly out of step with most of my contemporaries and classmates who are contemplating the cost of college tuition while I am more concerned with the price of Pampers.

Yale itself has left relatively little impression on my life (probably more my fault than Yale’s). The best thing about a Yale education, as far as I can see, is being able to go through life saying you went there. It almost justifies spending four years in New Haven. But as for college being the “Best Years of Your Life,” I don’t think so. I’d say I am in those right now.

SAMUEL E. MENAGED

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What a long, strange trip it’s been! And fun! Since graduation from Yale I went to New York University Law School, graduated in 1972, but decided to defer the practice until I saw more of the world. Spent some time in India and points east, met my British wife-to-be, Pamela, in Bombay, and eventually came back to try to practice law. Did so in Boston, Miami, then in Philadelphia. Criminal law, entertainment law, and corporate law. Eventually I found it much more interesting to be the “client” rather than the lawyer so in 1985, with the help of some friends (including John Beinecke), I started The Renfrew Center, the country’s first residential facilities for the treatment of women with eating disorders. The past eight years have been very fulfilling since I feel like I’ve really made a difference in many people’s lives. Today’s changing health care

environment continues to challenge me to maintain quality yet be cost-effective.

Along the way I've become a father to four wonderful children ranging in age from fifteen to two. I find fatherhood enormously satisfying and never cease to wonder at my children's development and accomplishments.

I have many fond memories of my days at Yale and think of those times as really eye-opening ones for an Orthodox Jew from Brooklyn. I made some good, lifelong friends and am thankful for that. They were years devoid of much responsibility, when anything seemed possible. How unlike the real world, as I later discovered.

I remember the sixties as wonderful, exciting times for me. I think some positive changes have occurred in this country—in the culture, and in society—as a result of those years, and I am unapologetic for being nostalgic.

At this opportunity for reflection, I am thankful for a wonderful twenty-five years and great memories of Yale.

CALVIN M. MEW

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I have had two lives (or careers) since leaving New Haven. I think it would have been unlikely to have had either if I had not attended Yale. Yale opened up many new worlds for me, a provincial from northern California.

The first life was ecclesiastical and scholarly. I attended Union Theological Seminary in New York. A Rockefeller Fellowship took me to Union, and the Seminary was an alternative to the draft. I planned to stay only one year. At Union I was surprised by how compelling the study of religion could be. (No doubt at this time of my life I had a lot of questions and I was looking for some answers.)

I graduated from Union and entered the Ph.D. program in religion at Columbia University and also prepared for ordination (Presbyterian Church).

I subsequently taught for five years at Union Seminary and Hunter College of the City University of New York. Teaching was for the most part an adventure, intellectually stimulating and emotionally rewarding. However, my commitment to being a professional scholar weakened over time. The prospects of getting a "tenure track" job at a "good" school were not great. The demand for New Testament professors (subspecialty, the Gospel of St. Luke) was and is not high.

It was time to make a change. Because my wife and I wanted to stay in New York, I decided to enter a business field that was well represented in Manhattan, advertising. When I made this decision I knew nothing about advertising and no one in advertising, but it seemed to be a more logical choice for someone with my background than, for example, investment banking.

Second life. Advertising.

Very surprisingly, it was not difficult to get a job. I wrote a letter to a fel-

low who was featured in an article in the *New York Times*.

I joined the advertising agency that was responsible for Chrysler Corporation's marketing, advertising, public relations, and other corporate communications. Chrysler at that time was in the midst of major financial difficulties. It was quite a change from the ivory tower of the university to joining a business group that was fully committed to saving the ninth largest company in America.

It was fun. I did a range of things, copywriting, marketing planning, consumer research, strategic planning. Most of the time I thought about a basic problem: how to get consumers to consider buying a car from a company that they thought was going out of business. Since then, with the exceptions of new business work and consulting on some of the agency's other accounts, I have worked primarily on the Chrysler business. I've had one sabbatical during which I attended the Program for Management Development at Harvard Business School.

In the last fourteen years the agency has gone through two dramatic business cycles with Chrysler. Today Chrysler is enjoying strong sales, and prospects for the future are good. The advertising agency has been rewarded for its work for our largest client and there has been some "trickle-down" to me. I am currently Executive Vice President, Managing Director of the agency and am responsible for all of our work for Chrysler outside of North America (about fifty countries).

I continue to enjoy my work.

But I do think regularly about what I am doing in business and ask myself what is it that I really want to do (or should do) with the rest of my life. I expect that I will have another vocation.

I can readily recall how influenced I was by the prophetic and pastoral preaching of Bill Coffin (and others) at Battell Chapel. Another teacher was Davie Napier, former Master of Calhoun College, with whom I spent a year as an assistant chaplain at Stanford University. The experiences and thoughts from my time at Union Seminary are stored in my mind, and they will come out and will need to be manifest more vigorously in my life someday. I keep in tenuous touch with these interests as Vice Chairman of the Board of Directors of Union Seminary, but I will do more of this "something else" in the future.

Personal notes.

I have been married since 1975 to Paula Saint-Amour. She is a remarkable woman who has given me much more than I have given in return.

My health seems good. I ran a New York City Marathon in 1978 and will try to do it again in 1998.

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TERRENCE C. MILLER

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In 1969 I got married and graduated from Yale. In 1977 I got married again and finished another Yale degree (Ph.D.). (I'm not coming back to school to find out if we have a real pattern here.) Both second career (computer science) and second marriage are still doing well. Much else has changed: location: Connecticut to California; religion: Episcopal to pagan.

WENTWORTH MILLER

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Summer '93 in the upscale river town of Sewickley, Pennsylvania (see family photo submitted for this publication). I, the one of distinguished pate, am in the company of those I trust we have all come to place before the vain ambitions harbored once upon a time, you know where. From left to right are Gillian (twelve), Went III (twenty-one), a junior at Princeton (!?!), Leigh (ten), and Joy, still as crazy about her Yalie as she was back in Silliman days (ha, ha).

After what in retrospect was a period of proximity to the future famous and infamous (classmate of Hillary; touch football teammate of Clarence; housemate of a friend of the husband of Zoe; almost the date of Lani), a mercifully brief (six-year) career in law evolved into a near decade-and-a-half now of conducting the Legal Essay Exam Writing Seminar (win with LEEWS!) in some thirty cities around the country. In short, I was able to return to the academic calendar—you know, seasonal work, long vacations—and so far have gotten away with it. To all of you who are, are married to, or may know law school deans and professors, I want to announce the discovery of the bridge between the theoretical and largely incomprehensible teaching that goes on in law school and the goal-oriented practicalities of lawyering. Have seminar, will travel!

After twelve years of bustling, hustling, stimulating, but too often vexing and sometimes dangerous life in Brooklyn and New York, four years ago we escaped to the relative quiet, sanity, and civility (okay, I admit the neighbors are kind of boring) of suburban western Pennsylvania.

No pithy thoughts or reflections. The wisdom I've accumulated thus far (more or less all that is needed to keep family, state, and nation on an even keel—take more from the rest of the world than they take from you, but be nice about it! Do ya hear me, Bill?) is pretty much contained in the foregoing. Here's to still kicking twenty-five years later! On to the next twenty-five! Don't trust anyone under forty!

STEPHEN JAMES MILLNER

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I began my post-Yale life as a professional sculptor and handyman. I rejected the “establishment” and embraced the counterculture “back-to-the-earth” values. I took up residence in northern New Hampshire and absorbed five carefree years working and playing. I emerged from this reality with a realization that the “establishment” was necessary and was potentially even beneficial. I got married (Leanne Poffenberger, July 3, 1973), went to law school (J.D. 1978, University of Maine; LL.M. 1983, Wayne State University), and entered the real world. Although I could get great jobs and do great work, I could not relate to the people who inhabited the corporate and legal establishment.

In 1990 I found my niche—I provide estate planning consultation services to nonlawyer financial and estate planners, and draft documents (wills, trusts, business agreements) for their clients. My clients and professional associates, like me, are individualists and solo practitioners.

My family ended up in Yardley, Pennsylvania, where I have been serving on the Borough Council since 1989 (Vice President in 1993). Leanne and I have brought two children, Anna (September 16, 1984) and Philip (May 23, 1989), into our family, and they are the primary source of joy in our lives.

I still try to get to a Grateful Dead concert every couple of years. The spirit of the sixties endures.

What I wish I had learned at Yale: 1) the vital importance of goal-setting, and how to do it; 2) the need to maintain balance among the various parts of one's life: spiritual, family, occupation, recreation, community service. I think that some intensive career counseling should be done, taking into consideration personality type, aptitudes, and social orientation (like Johnson-O'Connor Foundation).

Every couple of years I have an insight or realization that makes me think that I have finally grown up. It makes me wonder how I ever managed in my prior state of “un-conscious” living. I imagine that in ten years I will look back at 1994 the same way.

I want to thank my classmates who have stood by me during the past

twenty-five years—particularly Bruce Bolnick and Doreen, Pan Van der Laan, and Dave Lawrence. I apologize to those of my classmates and others whom I hurt or offended in my “un-conscious” college days.

Hobbies: psychedelic era poster art; stunt kite competition; photography.

I recently came across the paper banner that was taped to the U-Haul trailer the day I became a resident of Durfee Hall: *Yale '42, '68, '69*. I hope that my Anna and Philip will continue the tradition. My father, Bernard N. Millner, M.D. (Calhoun '42), recently attended his fiftieth reunion. His experience was very positive, as I expect my twenty-fifth to be.

JONATHAN Q. MILLS

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Chronogram:

Yalie Bachelor Hong Kong motorcycle English Teacher; Dylan guitars Whiffenpoofs Penner and Tardino, Chinese Woman, oriental mask, GI's, Angkor, foreign antiwar demonstrations, inhaling, on Hong Kong TV, cinema, Botswana, Sedgewick, and home.

Maine woods lumberjack, Oregon tree planter, the Cascades, country guitars, New Mexico and home.

New York, teacher, Umberto's Clam House, La Puglia, Henning, NYU, and Mary Jo marriage Greenwich-bound. St. Lawrence summers, work reality test, junior highs, daughter '76, working wife, business school, Hartford National Bank ten years in no time. Son '78, coaching, swimmers, building house, making a home, age forty, death of dad, and Uncle Jim, loss of job—is this a breakdown?—friends with AIDS (surprise!), counting blessings, a consultant, 20th reunion, perfect daughter, son with a fastball, back to banking, the Adolescent, Dylan (he's back?), the Band, guitars and kids. Skiing in Maine, reasons to be together, the threats—sex, drugs, guns (!). We have met the enemy and he is us. The valuable: AYA, child psyches, perfect daughter, loving wife, talented son, all on track, counting blessings balanced on the head of a pin precarious and precious; and immutable: ill mother, in-laws, duties, responsibilities, working for tuition. Twenty-six-and-a-half years of writer's block; the life of the mind, the age of the body, wringing what joy you can.

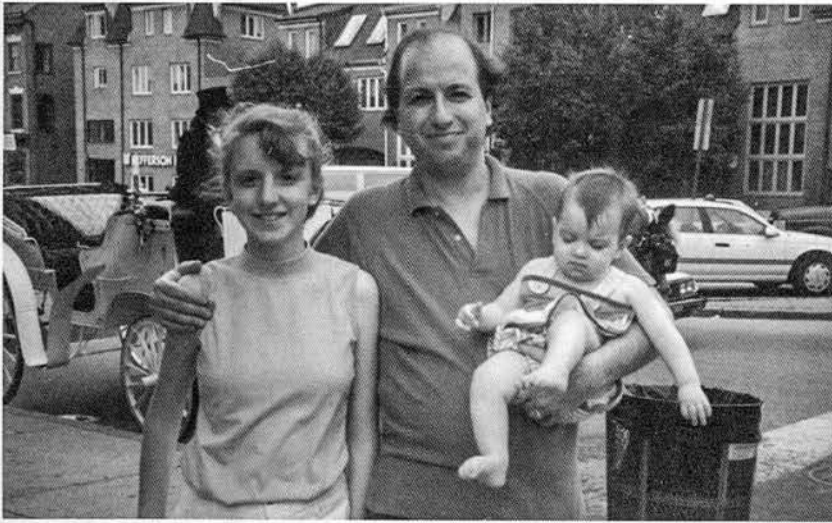
RONALD E. MILLS

200 Maple Avenue, Durham, CT 06422

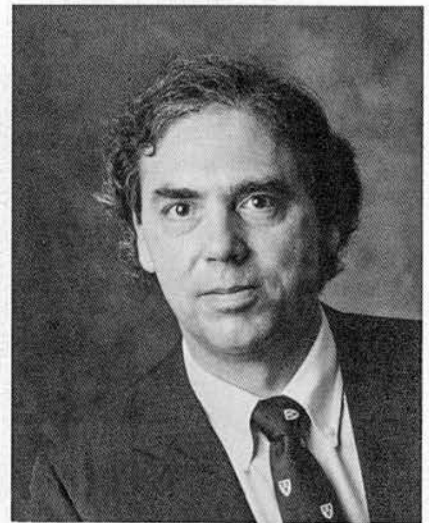
(203) 349-0255

ALAN DAVID MILSTONE

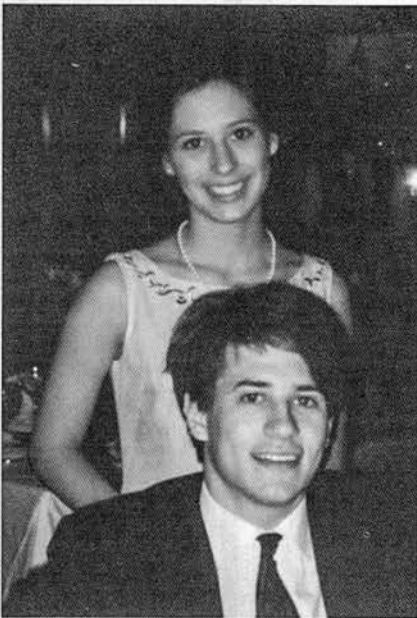
88 Hall Street, New Haven, CT 06512



Samuel E. Menaged and children



Stephen J. Millner



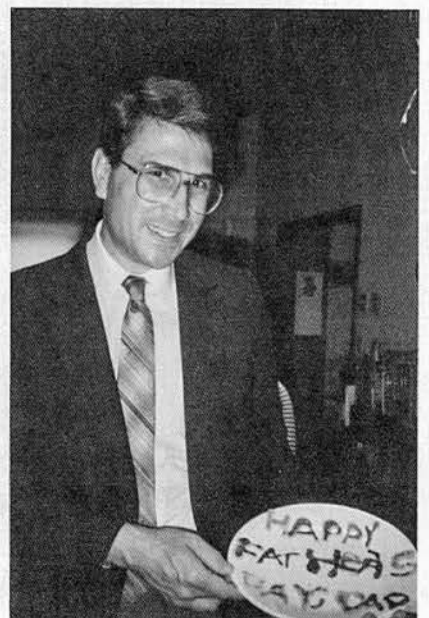
Anna and Aaron Mohrman
(Henry's children)



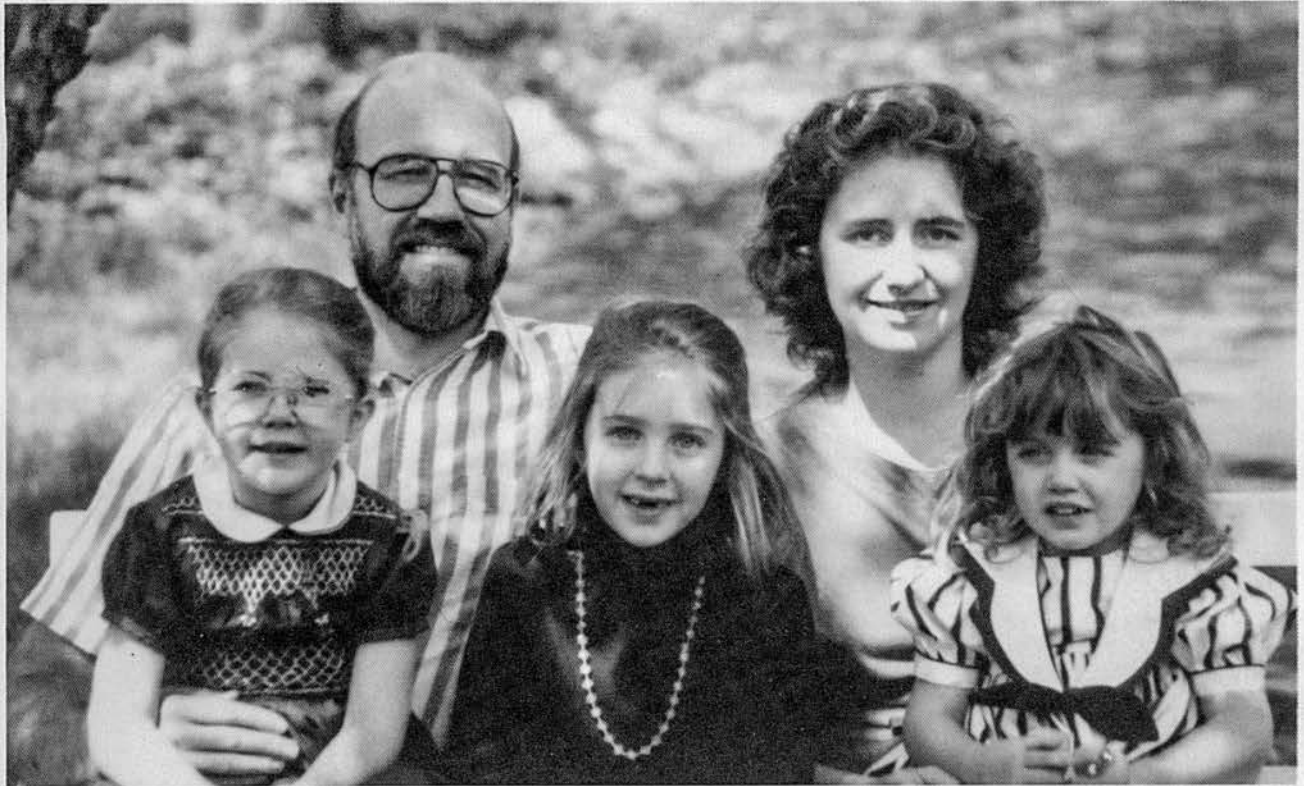
Henry J. Mohrman, Jr.



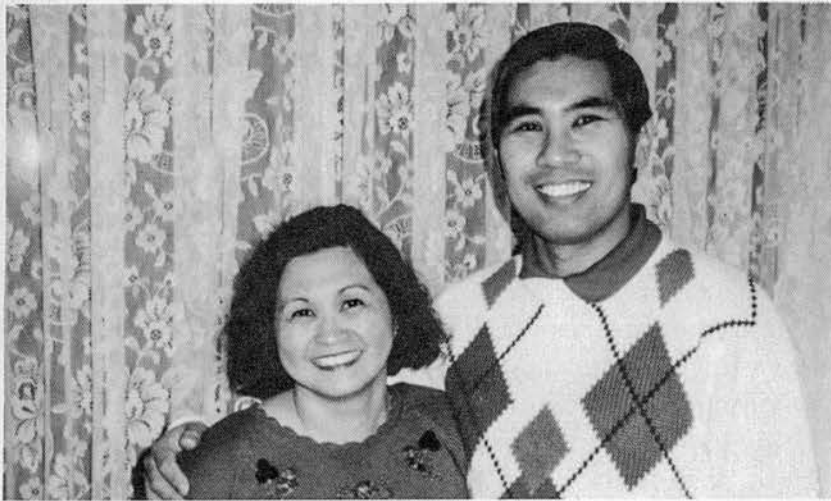
The Wentworth Miller family



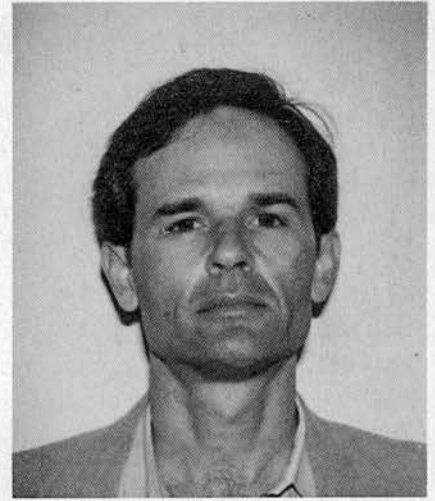
Tom Morgan (holding
pancake message)



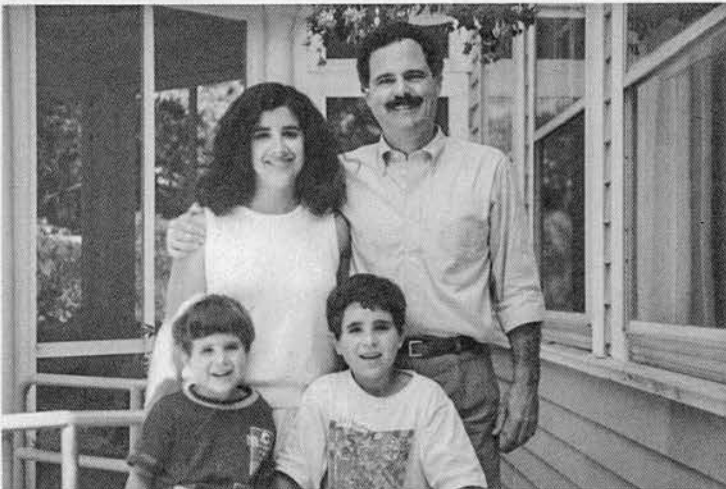
Kenneth and Jenny Mischner and daughters



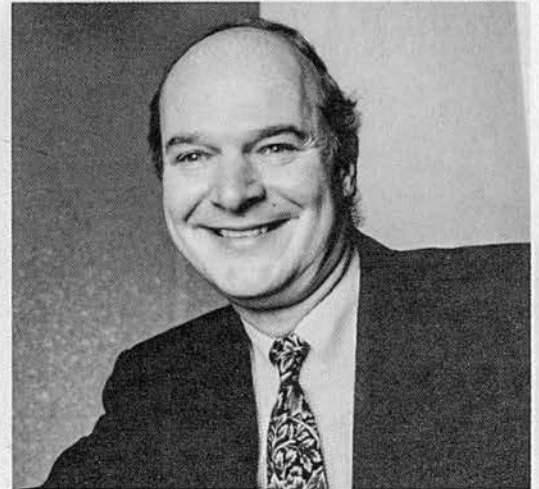
Juan and Susie Monterroso



Paul Moore III



The Daniel Moore family



Cleveland Morris

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KENNETH R. MISCHNER

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Working in New York as international counsel to ASARCO Incorporated. After Yale, went to law school at the University of Chicago and worked for five years at a large Chicago firm. I always loved New York and Greenwich Village, so I relished the seven years spent there, during which I met and married Jenny. There have been some ironic surprises since! I now live in Princeton, having vowed earlier never to return to the area of my boarding school, where we wound up having our wedding. Never thought I would have children and am the delighted father of Lindsey, Sarah, and Kaitlin (ages three, four, and seven). Family and friends continue to be what makes it all worthwhile.

EDWARD F. MITCHELL III

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HENRY J. MOHRMAN, JR.

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Work: tax lawyer, business lawyer, general partner in an investment company, horseman, and restorer of old homes.

Loves: Mary Beth, same girl as in college days; our two wonderful children, Aaron (eighteen) and Anna (fifteen); our sixty-year old house; our beautiful registered Paint mare, Little Money, and her colt, Dakota Many Colors; all the horsemen and horsewomen with whom I ride and their talented animals.

Losses: many dear family members and friends, plus a few legal contests.

Achievements: a solid winning record with the Internal Revenue Service; maintaining a top quality law practice as a solo practitioner; breeding, training, riding, and showing champion Paint horses.

Disappointments: the many articles that I planned to write, but which I never finished.

Education: B.A., Yale; J.D., University of Chicago; postgraduate work in tax, accounting, mathematics, and law and economics.

Memories: an excellent education in the humanities, a lasting benefit in my life.

PATRICK G. MOLTENO

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DR. JUAN P. MONTERMOSO

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In June of 1969, each of us, I suspect, harbored thoughts of fame and fortune. Little did I realize that on the Old Campus, a *Life* magazine photographer would capture some of the newest Yale alumni from Berkeley College at commencement. So in the June 20th issue of *Life*, there was a picture of me, standing with classmates Vinnie Pitts and Bob Shevlin, under the banner proclaiming "We Won't Go!" Not even a month as an Old Blue and I was already "famous!"

As for the "fortune" part, that is still in process. Between a master's degree in computer science and a doctorate in business (both from the "H" school in Massachusetts), I was lucky enough to meet and win the heart of a Filipina named Susie Ramos. We have been blessed with both a son, Juan, Jr. ("Jingo"), who is a member of the Yale class of 1994, and a daughter, Kara, who will be graduating from high school in 1995. After calling Cambridge, Massachusetts and then Quezon City, Philippines "home, sweet home," we finally settled in Sunnyvale, California, where we have lived for the last thirteen years.

Though my interests expanded while I was at Yale, I have remained a "technoid" at heart. The personal computer revolution could not have come too

soon for me! I work in international marketing for a PC company, I have a PC at my desk, and I carry around a palmtop PC when I travel. I desktop publish a newsletter for the Filipino-American Association at my parish, I create PC-based slide presentations for professional society seminars I teach, and I even keep my checkbook on a PC. (Good thing Susie doesn't trade me in for an upgrade!)

Even as the search for "fortune" continues, I have managed to "stop and smell the flowers once in a while." In 1978 I completed my one and only marathon in four hours and thirty-two minutes. (The good news is that I finished; the bad news is that I was beaten out by a guy in a wheelchair!) Periodic business travel has allowed me to sample beaches from Bali to Brazil, to sip coffee in Sydney and in Switzerland.

For the past four years I have also been a Yale Alumni Schools Committee interviewer here in the Silicon Valley of California. It has been meaningful for many reasons. Applicants invariably show a lot of interest in Yale College. I personally enjoy talking about my alma mater. And, most importantly, I feel like I am helping to shape Yale for the next millennium.

Looking back after a quarter century, I still treasure those undergraduate years. As the last class at an all-male undergraduate Yale, we forced Mother Eli to come to terms with coeducation. We learned to think for ourselves and challenged the conventional wisdom. And we fostered lasting bonds with each other. It should be fun reminiscing about the near and distant past. And, as one of the younger (if not youngest) members of the class of '69, I will be looking forward to seeing many of my classmates at the fiftieth reunion in 2019!

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DANIEL C. MOORE, M.D.

29 Huntington Street, New Haven, CT 06511

I have had three different relationships to Yale. When I was an undergraduate, New Haven barely existed beyond Chapel Street and the Green. When I returned from Boston University Medical School to a Yale psychiatric residency, my life was on the other side of the Oak Street Connector, where the

medical school provided a much more expanded view of New Haven life.

After I left the full-time faculty for a private practice of psychiatry, specializing in eating disorders, I began to feel more like a resident of New Haven. I live in a turn-of-the century house only three blocks from the Divinity School with my wife Karen, a clinical social worker, and my two sons, Ari and Nathaniel, who are eight and four respectively. Now I see Yale from the perspective of children, neighborhood, schools and friendships. At times I have “townie” feelings and wonder why Yale is not doing more for New Haven, a town that badly needs the leadership and knowledge that Yale could offer.

As a Yalie, I have hopes that Rick Levin, our new president and a long-time resident of New Haven, will find a way to bring the two closer together to solve the pressing problems that both have in common.

PROF. GENE M. MOORE

Van Breestraat 190/II, 1071 ZZ Amsterdam, Netherlands

From Yale to Berlin and Paris, a second false start at Yale, a year in London, graduate school in Texas and New York, six years in Virginia, and the last nine years in Amsterdam like a perpetual summer holiday complete with rain and necessary repairs. I'm paid to teach what I would read for free: Conrad and Henry James, Faulkner and Ford Madox Ford, still chasing questions set adrift in seminars with Kuehn and Thorburn a quarter century ago. Two bright, multilingual daughters and a wife who's a better man than I am. The moral of the story? This much at least: a) things happen by chance; and b) chance is never wholly accidental.

JOHN J.C. MOORE, JR., M.D.

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PROF. MARK H. MOORE

331 Waverley Street, Belmont, MA 02178

I was sitting on the outskirts of the crowd of excited parents and friends jammed into the Old Campus for the Class Day exercises. My oldest daughter, Phoebe, was graduating with the Class of 1993. Jodie Foster was scheduled to speak. Initially, I was only mildly interested in what she had to say. What could I learn from a young movie actress? As she began to talk, however, and to rouse my daughter and her classmates to careers that used their individual talents and passions in the cause of social justice, I was drawn back to the heady days of the late sixties when we, too, were galvanized by the challenge, and the dream, of making a more just society.

Towards the end of her talk, Ms. Foster introduced an arresting image. “The challenge,” she said, “was to load up all of one's talent and commitment in

the tip of an arrow, and fire that arrow as straight and as hard as one could at something that was worth doing.” That’s a high standard to meet. Most of us, looking back, see that our arrow has wobbled in flight, or landed well before it hit the target—the victim of crosswinds, or lack of talent, or, most damningly, a lapsed commitment, or blurred focus.

Yet, I felt, sitting there on the Old Campus, and thinking about the path that my arrow had flown, that I had tried to stay true to the aim first taken at Yale and that I had been very lucky in the way that fate had chosen to use me. I had been lucky in work and love.

At Yale it became clear what kind of work I loved to do: design solutions to public sector problems. I also loved to talk, to write, and to teach. Much to my great good fortune, the year that I graduated from Yale was the year that Harvard’s Kennedy School of Government established its Public Policy Program. I joined the Kennedy School as a student, got my Ph.D., and joined the faculty.

Being a Kennedy School faculty member in the seventies and eighties was “not just a job, but an adventure.” (The quote is from a button prepared in 1987 to commemorate Graham Allison’s retirement as Dean of the Kennedy School.) The challenge was to build a new kind of professional school that could enhance the quality of government we all enjoyed. The result, so far, is admittedly far from perfect. We have made many mistakes. Yet, we have succeeded in building the premier professional school of government in the United States. I am proud of the institution (though I find I can’t help but keep attacking it for various failures) and of my role in shaping it. Indeed, I don’t know what I would have been if not a Kennedy School professor. It is hard to imagine anything that could have matched my interests, aspirations, and talents more perfectly.

My friends will recall that I married my prep school girlfriend, Martha Church, at the end of my junior year at Yale. We have since had three children together: Phoebe, twenty-one (Yale Class of ’93); Toby, eighteen (Yale Class of ’96); and Gaylen, fourteen. I say “together,” but in all honesty, the “togetherness” has been Martha’s work. Martha made our family the central focus of her exceptional talent, energy, and judgment. (In this respect, I think I am the last lucky man in America.) As part of this work she has patiently and skillfully taught me how to be a good husband and father. The rewards are deeply satisfying; I am safely swaddled in close family ties, shielded from loneliness and despair.

Shortly after Phoebe’s recent graduation from Yale, Martha and I celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary. And Martha did another extraordinary thing. She gave me a new Mazda Miata! It is hard to explain how much this meant to me. It was at once a sign that Martha recognized and appreciated the fact that I had worked hard for a long time, and made important sacrifices for the family; and a buoyant invitation not only to spend the next twenty-five years together, but also to have fun doing it! So, I’m travelling down the road—great good fortune in the past, wild optimism about the future, and a steady partner at my side. The color of the car? Why blue, of course!

PAUL MOORE III

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Well! When I graduated from Yale, I had tuberculosis—not diagnosed until the following spring when I was hospitalized for five months. I came out of that experience a different guy—suddenly I was interested in questions of life and death. My intensive study of cross-cultural views of psychology, religion, and meditation continues to this day, and I can actually say it was fortunate that I was so ill in 1969. I never recovered my full energies, so I have to pick and choose what I do, but I now enjoy working as a clinical psychologist, an eighteen-year marriage (!), three wild sons (one named Eli), daily meditation, and weekly in-your-face basketball.

Education: M.A. in creative writing, Ph.D. in clinical psychology.

Disappointments: easily my greatest disappointment was spending ten years writing three novels and never finding a publisher. I realize many writers have this experience, but it was a bitter pill. I longed for the days when I could publish whatever I wanted in the *Yale Daily News*.

As part of our generation, I'm disappointed we haven't made more progress in resolving problems of race conflict and poverty. I'm pleased we supported movements to demilitarize America.

At Yale I found out I loved to write for the *News*, and I still write articles and reports. I enjoyed knowing so many bright and bizarre friends. If I did it over, I wouldn't put so much pressure on myself and, instead, would play more tennis and basketball. Also, how did we survive without the ladies? What a stupid concept!

My work is clinical psychology with children and adults—I'm quite satisfied with it, although in general, I think work is overrated. I've found I have a way with children—surprising myself.

I've enjoyed traveling (research and pleasure) to Africa, India, and downtown Berkeley, where there's a greater variety of foreign immigrants and local weirdos than anywhere I've been.

I love my wife and children most of the time.

I think the Class of 1969 was the most spectacular class ever to appear on the face of the earth. But I'm not sorry I never learned those idiotic Yale songs.

THOMAS R. MOORE, M.D.

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San Diego, CA 92103

(619) 543-5400

Pluses: tenured at University of California, San Diego; published a textbook; made Captain in the Navy; eldest daughter graduated from Yale College '93; still very happily married to Peggy; three children still at home.

Minuses: work-centered lifestyle; not sailing enough; not running enough.

Concerns: our environmental legacy; our “values” legacy.

Best memories: the 1905-06 gang; study breaks in the Silliman “Butt”; Cleopatra and the Seizures; Tang Cup practices.

JESSE A. MOORMAN III

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KENYON M. MORGAN

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THOMAS C. MORGAN

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I’ve been wrestling with this for weeks—not wanting to miss this opportunity to communicate something through this book, but not really comfortable with the witty things I could think of. Frequently I’ve reflected on the fact that *I’ve* never read anything any other Yale graduate has written in his (or her—there have been some) twenty-fifth reunion books. Faced with the deadline, clarity arrived: what a great scheme to sell these books! I can only hope that the chief purveyors of guilt about not contributing, Brian Dowling and Tom McNamee, have worked out a cut for themselves—thus showing what *they’ve* learned in twenty-five years.

I can’t say for sure if it was Yale or just age, but I think that during the last twenty-five years I’ve seen some light shed and some truth revealed. The virtue and curse of being at Yale was to understand one’s own abilities and situation, and gain a view of the possibilities. Often the result is a lingering dissatisfaction, and lifelong prods for “driven men” such as we to accomplish much, but be satisfied by little.

So in the spirit of light and truth, I try to recognize and describe what life has so far provided me. It’s best summed up as “great good fortune.”

First and foremost, during this part of my life I’ve enjoyed a marriage with Donna Nyiri, in whom I have immense faith and trust. We’ve worked hard at the task of raising our three children, Dale, Meredith and Glen; and we’re cautiously optimistic about their futures. We hope they have children just like them.

At this writing we’ve been in Westborough, Massachusetts, for nearly sixteen years and have become quite active in the local Congregational Church and in school activities. We continue close friendships with some of those we’ve met from Yale days, Army service, my time teaching in the New Haven schools, and through our life in Westborough—with them all, the years melt away.

During most of the time since graduating I’ve worked for Data General, a small and pugnacious computer manufacturer. By and large my roles have

involved helping others be successful using the company's products. Along the way, with Donna's support, I completed an M.B.A. at Babson College.

Well, a quick close. Brian/Tom: put me down to help with the fiftieth reunion book. If nothing else, count on me for another page—I'm going to try to be around.

CLEVELAND M. MORRIS

1903 West Street, Wilmington, DE 19802

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(302) 594-1104 (ofc.)

Following our graduation I attended graduate school in England at the University of Manchester and the Bristol Old Vic Theatre School, receiving diplomas in stage directing. My first job, on returning to the U.S., was as Visiting Artist in Residence at the University of Missouri/Kansas City.

Finding that I would far rather pursue a more hazardous career in the professional theatre than languish in the cushier berth of academia, I moved to New York in 1972 and followed a convoluted, usually uphill path in "the business." This course involved some stage managing, producing, and directing, as well as work at WNYC-TV and in magazine journalism. I continued teaching, which helped foot many a rent bill and provided a growing level of satisfaction too.

In 1978 I set out to pursue my brightest dream: founding my own regional theatre company. This brought me back—with more pointed irony than I can express, but for a variety of irrefutably practical reasons—to my hometown of Wilmington, Delaware. The Delaware Theatre Company is going strong, preparing to launch its fifteenth season, and has brought me more fulfillment than I ever imagined.

Being Artistic Director of even a relatively small company is a completely absorbing job. Hours unoccupied by its responsibilities are spent in a variety of community service activities. Current and recent board memberships include: Delaware Humanities Forum, Town and Country Concerts, Arts Curriculum Steering Committee for the State of Delaware, Preservation Delaware, and Delaware Theatre Association. Additionally, I host a weekly interview program on WILM News Radio; serve frequently as a narrator for the Delaware Symphony and other musical ensembles throughout the state; and write occasional Opinion pieces for the local newspaper.

I have received a modest number of awards, including Philadelphia Drama Critics Award (twice) and was recently named "Most Influential Arts Leader in the State" in *Delaware Today* magazine's "Best of Delaware - 1993" issue.

I am increasingly interested in returning to the creative wellspring that got me started in this way of life in the first place. A six-month sabbatical in 1991 restored my flagging confidence that I might be able to do so. I now believe that even in the middle years new beginnings are possible. It is simply harder to come by the courage to make them happen.

Although I have returned to New Haven only twice since 1969, my four

years at Yale College have travelled with me everywhere. I am constantly grateful for the resources Yale provided me.

FREDERICK W. MORRIS

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My wife is Connie Noterman. We have two boys: Zachary will be seven on August 29th (1993) and Andy was five on March 7th. My family is my love and the leveling force in my life. I work as a lawyer, but regard so many other jobs as more useful and socially beneficial. While I don't hate trying lawsuits or being a lawyer, I would not hope for either Zach or Andy to do it. The longer I do it, the more certain I am that it is a bullshit game. Fortunately for me, I have been well adapted to it. The only serious question left is how long I will do it.

I didn't marry until I was thirty-eight. I just never met anyone before Connie with whom I felt I wanted to spend the rest of my life. I had many loves, but none I wanted to age with. Connie is probably the most evenly balanced person I've ever met. And I love the fact that she does not have an Eastern, privately educated background.

The "guys" are my good friends, although small ones. I cannot imagine that they one day will be grown. It has been so sweet and comforting to have them as little guys who can climb around on me without risk of breaking one of my ribs.

I came to Minnesota in 1975 simply because I liked it. I knew no one here. I love the outdoors and have annually canoed in the BWCA along the Canadian border. We built a log cabin on a lake in the woods not far from the BWCA, and I find great peace and comfort there. I saw my first timber wolf a few weeks ago, after nearly twenty years of canoeing and packing in the woods. It was one of the biggest thrills of my life. It was all the more special because Connie, Zach, and Andy saw it as well. Give me a canoe, a fishing pole, and six cold beers, and I am as close to my version of heaven as I am likely to get.

I appreciate Yale as I get more distance from it. Until only a few years ago I had no Yale logo hats, sweatshirts, etc., because it seemed too much to wear that stuff. Now I have a baseball cap I wear out while running. I look back with great fondness on my football experience at Yale and have affection for the members of our teams in 1967 and 1968. I was too shy, in a way, to get to know any of them very well while I was there. Yale was pretty intimidating for a kid from a small Indiana town who had not been East of Dayton, Ohio, before 1965. I now look back with respect and emotion at Yale. It was a crucible of great change for me.

Anyway, I plan to be there next year for the reunion.

P.S. The most important single year of my life, and the one about which I feel the most proud, was my year as a VISTA volunteer in 1969-70 in the inner city in Kansas City, Missouri.

KIMBALL H. MORSMAN

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PROF. GARY SAUL MORSON

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Personal: married (for second time, Jane) happily, to a woman with whom I read novels aloud in good old nineteenth century style; have a three-year-old daughter, Emily, who loves words and delights her parents.

Professional: named to an endowed chair, and have published several books on Russian literature and the theory of literature. Have profited and suffered from being the intellectual taboo breaker; now challenging the governing theories and the tide of politically correct conformism on campus.

Wishes: to hear from my old Yale friends, whom I miss.

STEPHEN L. MOSKO

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E. ERIC MUIRHEAD, JR.

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STEVEN H. MULLEN

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Married attorney Nancy L. Gulish of Worcester, Massachusetts, February 4, 1978, in Beverly Hills; son Maxwell Conrad (in honor of Joseph Conrad) born November 18, 1985; son "unnamed" as of this writing, expected November 12, 1993. Wrote and directed feature film with coproducer/alumnus Nick

Paindiris, June 1971; wrote several paperbacks under a variety of pseudonyms. Currently building a copywriting/editing service into full-fledged P.R. firm here in West Los Angeles, while seeking new opportunities in books and movies.

LEE C. MUNDELL

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In response to your request for information...

I have given up my nomad heritage and have become a permanent resident of Savannah, Georgia. My first real life job training was with the U.S. Air Force, which allowed me to take an all expenses paid extended tour of the country and skies of Vietnam.

Upon grateful return to the U.S. of A., I completed an M.B.A. and then went to law school at the University of Georgia in Athens. There I met my lovely classmate and bride, Melissa. After marriage and graduation we moved to Savannah where I practiced law with forty-something other lawyers (primarily medical malpractice defense and other forms of defensive law), while Melissa does the same for the United States in the U.S. Attorney's Office. Living and working in Savannah's historic district brings with it a one-mile commute to the office.

Five years ago we were joined by the twins, Sarah and Carter, whose arrival definitely altered our view of life and made us highly proficient in Sesame Street-speak and Barney lore. I am now learning T-Ball, ballet, Tae Kwon Do, and all sorts of things I never even dreamt of. For adult amusement, we are still involved in the historic preservation effort in Savannah and other (more usual) battles against time.

The message I take from all this is that nothing turns out the way you expect it to and, in large part, that is the fun of it.

DAVID T. MURRAY, M.D.

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Current work: Managing Director of the Washington, D.C., office for the Pearlman Group, a Los Angeles-based marketing communications firm specializing in “cause-related marketing,” serving large companies like G.M., Chevrolet, Pepsico, Discovery Channel, Seagram’s, etc.; partner in the Washington, D.C., Enterprise Strategy Group, a company development firm serving new companies and established ones creating new ventures.

Loves: married twenty years to Kim Ballard (Wellesley ’69) whom many Jonathan Edwards friends will remember, a mezzo soprano in the Washington Opera; daughter Bergen (seventeen) and son Eric (thirteen).

Education: master’s in history/psych from University of Michigan (’74).

Offices: elected to citizen councils in Muir Beach, California, and Reston, Virginia.

Unusual: ten years a member of San Francisco Zen Center including two years in Tassajara Zen monastery with wife and young daughter.

Playful: play tennis and more recently squash almost every morning.

Honors: self-proclaimed President of the “Grant Hill Fan Club” based on his play in Reston and my admiration of his parents Calvin and Janet (a Wellesley buddy of my wife).

Dreams: to win some 45, 50, 60, 70, 80 and 90 age group tennis and/or squash tournaments over the next half-century; to invest in and promote a new kind of decathlon for the aging country club athlete (swim, golf, tennis, run, lift, throw, etc.); to raise a venture fund for new companies featuring environment services/products and sole proprietorships/community-owned businesses that help empower low income populations; to promote a multiculturally tolerant, freedom loving world society that learns how to live within its means financially, environmentally, and psychologically in a sustainable political/legal framework; to build bridges among companies, communities, cultures; to extend awareness in myself and of the wonders of the universe; to help create community-based production/residential centers featuring shared equity, beautiful surroundings, lots of music, fun, meditation and sports—a place to grow old with others and die with dignity and peace and lots of money to pass on.

KEITH D. NELSON

2490 Exton Road, Hatboro, PA 19040

(215) 674-8683

Biopoem At 25

Science teacher,
 Marriage featured,
 Lutheran preacher,
 We called Virginia home.

Husband, father,
 Looking forward,
 Moving Northward,
 More of life to come.

Production venture,
 Patent pending,
 Sales and travel,
 Plans unravel,
 Found a partner,
 Built a business,
 That was it for then.

Had some profits,
 Added partners,
 Sold the business,
 Now I could return.

Studies featured,
 Psychology creature,
 Back to teacher,
 Onward, Ph.D.

Father, mother,
 Daughter, older,
 Looking forward,
 Growing closer,
 That's the life for us.

SCOTT M. NELSON, M.D.

8281 Windham Drive, Mentor, OH 44060
 (216) 974-8616

Rolling Stone Begins to Gather Moss: I recently tallied up all my various home addresses since college and counted sixteen. The current one has been home, however, for seven years, and will likely remain home for seventeen more. So friends, please write the address in ink this time. The journey has included medical school in Cincinnati, residencies in Indianapolis and Denver, and four years in the Indian Health Service in Arizona. Then a brief detour

through Portland, Maine, to my present (and boyhood) home in Mentor, Ohio.

I may have once feared being stifled by a return, but have in fact found the experience liberating. Almost-forgotten connections with people from my past become reborn. One can view one's roots with an outsider's perspective.

Standard American Family, Without Apologies: Jean and I met in Denver in 1978, married in 1983, and now have a son Patrick (seven) and a daughter Susan (six). Jean is an accountant who accepted a promotion to homemaker a few years back. The kids are warm, fun-loving, unique creatures who keep us good company. Perhaps the greatest blessing of all is that they *actually get along* with each other. We continually give thanks for this and hope it lasts. So far, so good! My wife and parents have also developed a strong friendship, another blessing to count.

The Mission, Part II: Somewhere back as a bright, overly self-conscious kid, I developed the notion that I had a Mission in life that would have a major effect on the world. As time has gone by, this Mission has been progressively scaled back to reality, a welcome transition. It was such a burden and so abstract. My goal now is to learn about life piece by piece, and to do some small, but tangible worthwhile things along the way. No midlife crisis appears to be imminent.

Brag Sheet: A sweet wife and two lovable children are not to be taken for granted. Joining twelve other doctors and erecting a large medical office building has been an education in business and real estate, which hopefully will remain painless. Simply having friends and neighbors as patients in my ENT practice, and being on occasion able to do something significant for them, makes it all make sense.

Boola Boola: Yale, to me, was sort of a gigantic hot tub, bubbling with opposing ideas—an exciting place, liberating, in that one could balance oneself between competing arguments without being swept away by any. Yalies have always been an intense lot, going very far in very many different directions. I loved my time at Yale and find the reunions almost as amazing.

VALENTINE JORDAN NESBIT II

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(813) 931-0537

Three children, two grandchildren. Owner with wife, Eleanor, of A Choice Nanny, a nanny referral agency. Love to travel. Best trip—Kenya. We hope to go to Tanzania in the next few years. This year, May 1993, Vancouver, Victoria, and British Columbia.

Enjoy theater. My wife and I are volunteer ushers at the Tampa Bay Performing Arts Center. Best show—*Les Mis*.

RONALD A. NETTER

108 Huntington Street, New Haven, CT 06511

MARK W. NEWHOUSE

Newark Star-Ledger, Star Ledger Plaza, Newark, NJ 07101

For the past twenty-five years I've been mainly occupied with raising a family and working hard in my business.

I married Lorry Whitehead, whom I met in New Haven as a senior, in 1974. We have two children: Jesse (seventeen), a senior at Morristown-Beard, and Charlotte (fifteen), who is a tenth-grader at Andover.

We lived in New York City for a while and then moved to Short Hills and then Summit in New Jersey, where we live now.

Since graduating from Yale I've worked in my family's newspaper business at various newspapers, from Staten Island to Pascagoula, Mississippi, to Portland, Oregon, and in various positions from reporter and pressman on up.

I'm now based at *The Star-Ledger* in Newark, New Jersey, with responsibilities in several other states. It's a family business—an anachronism in a corporate world—and that makes it very rewarding. Newspapering is frantic, chaotic, and full of feedback. I wouldn't trade it for anything.

When I'm not working, you'll probably find me fly-fishing, traveling, skiing, or listening to music. I'm also presently Vice President of Far Brook School in Short Hills, New Jersey, and President of the New York City Opera.

STEPHAN F. NEWHOUSE

74 Whittredge Road, Summit, NJ 07901
(908) 522-0429

Managing Director of Morgan Stanley & Company, Inc. in New York City, currently responsible for new issue bond business in noninvestment grade sector and emerging countries.

Married to Judith Wynn Newhouse in 1970. Three sons: Jamie (seventeen); Chris (fourteen); and Steve (eleven).

HOWARD HERMAN NEWMAN

80 Central Park West, Apartment 12F, New York, NY 10023
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SCOTT D. NEWMAN

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(914) 946-7651

WILLIAM A. NEWMAN

30 East 85th Street, Apartment 4B, New York, NY 10028

I am eagerly looking forward to the second half of my life. During the first half I was blessed with two wonderful children: my daughter, Romy, who enters Yale as a freshman in September 1993; and my son, Ted, who is in the sixth grade at St. Bernard's School in New York City. Although my father died in the summer of 1991, my mother is hale and hearty, and we are the closest of friends.

The first half of my life also afforded me considerable career satisfaction. Since leaving Yale and completing law school at Ann Arbor, I have worked at three New York law firms. I served my apprenticeship with the venerable firm of Debevoise & Plimpton for three years and then moved on to the entrepreneurial setting of Richards & O'Neil. Nine lawyers at the start, the firm had grown to twelve when I became a partner in 1979 and to ninety on my departure in 1990. For three years I have been a partner at Blumenthal & Lynne. We are a small firm (five lawyers in New York and five in Los Angeles). Most of my work involves the financing of motion pictures or long-form television programming, as well as those companies that produce and distribute these forms of entertainment, and includes merger and acquisition work in that industry. My clients include both New Line Cinema Corporation and Miramax Film Corporation. These organizations are filled with enthusiastic, intelligent, and demanding people, making my work dynamic and challenging. I also get to see a dozen movies a month, which provides steady satisfaction for a lifelong passion.

Recently I have spent a fair amount of time in Southern California. New York remains attractive, and Los Angeles has its allure as well. Both cities have people filled with energy and intelligence, but the somewhat slower pace, the climate, the natural setting, and the raw newness of Los Angeles captivate me. I would not be surprised were I to move there.

I look to even greater satisfaction in the years ahead with personal relationships with my family and friends and am hopeful that I will also realize some career achievements. The accomplishments I want are those that can stay with me wherever and whatever happens. I would prefer to stay away from those that can be spent or squandered or that evaporate as surely as most things seem to do.

WING-CHIU NG

No Address Available

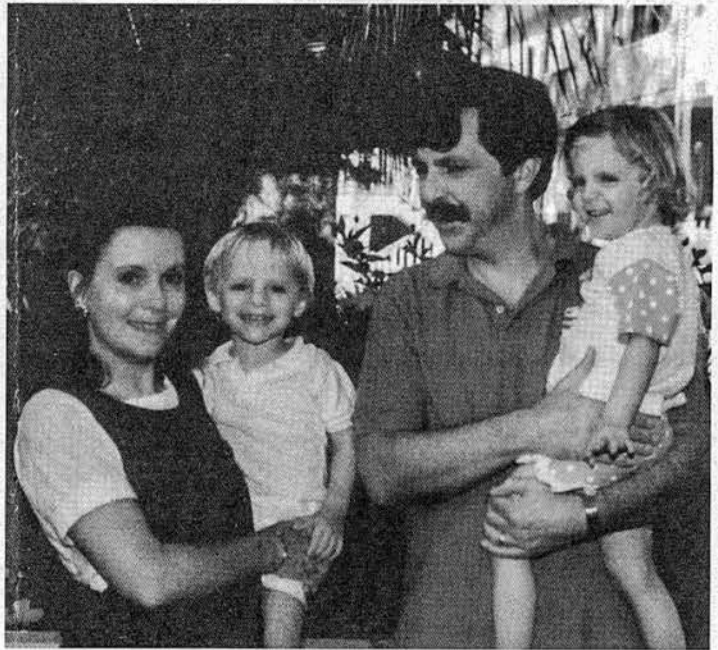
ROY I. NIEDERMAYER

Shawn, Mann & Niedermayer, 1850 M Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036

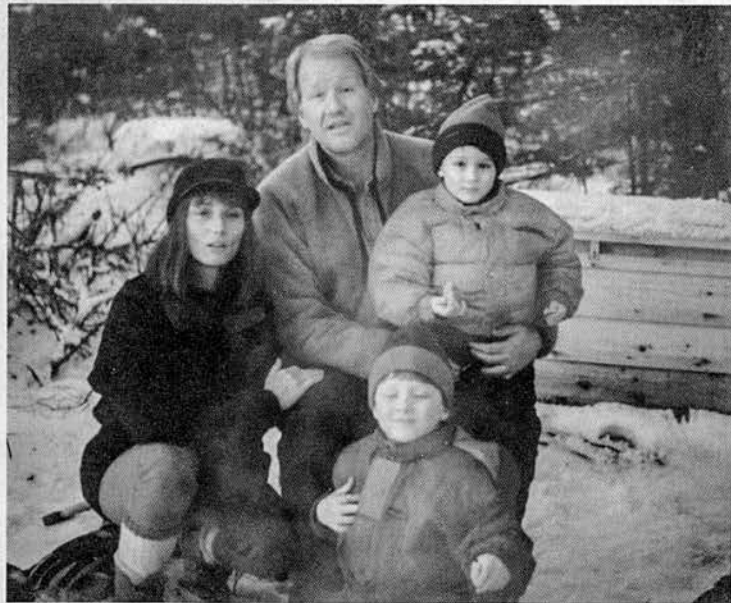
(202) 778-0680



Mark and Martha Moore and children



The Lee C. Mundell family, "a typical work day in Savannah"



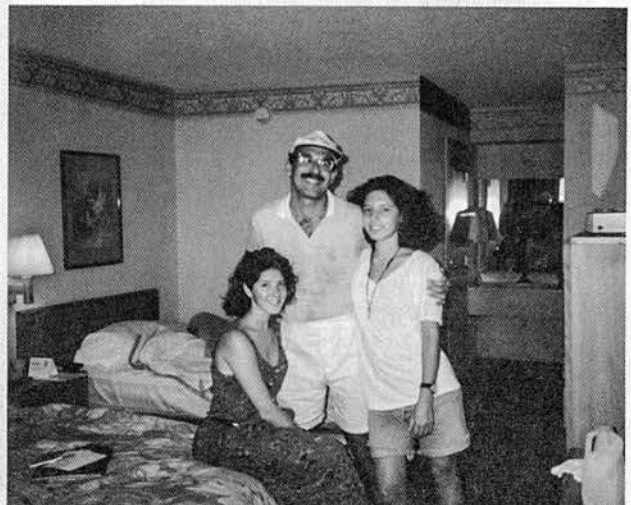
Fred Morris, Connie Noterman, and sons Andy and Zachary



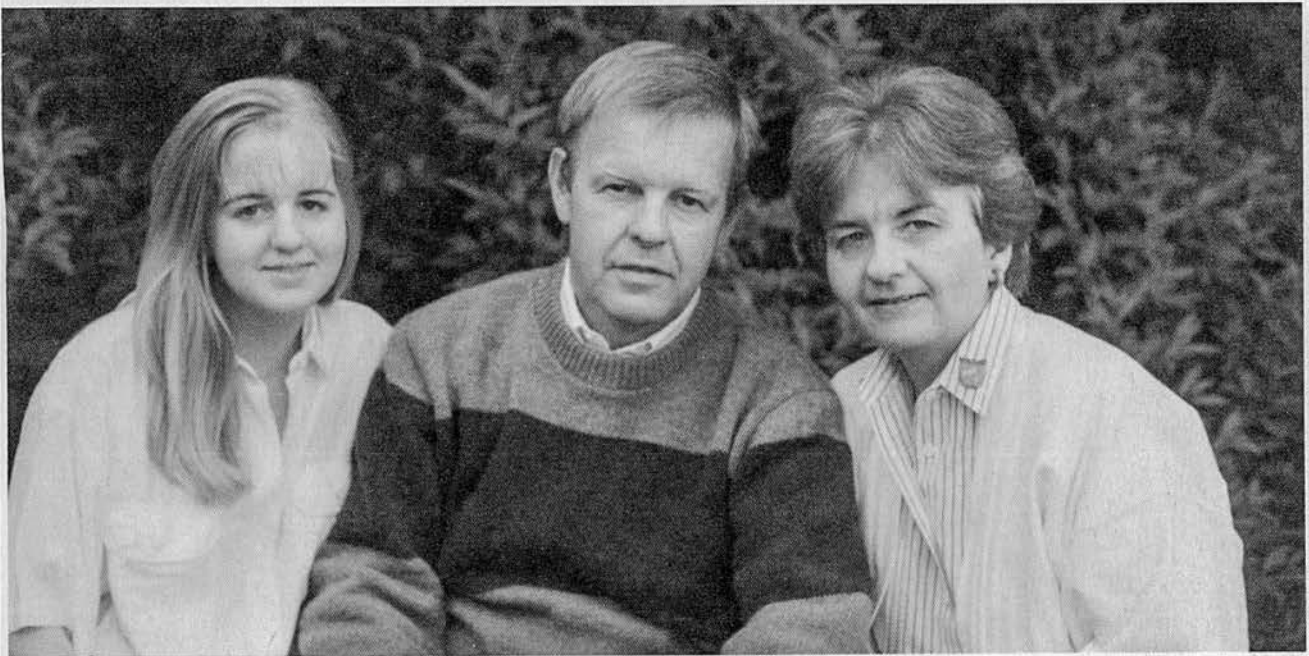
Mark W. Newhouse



Eliot and Annette Norman



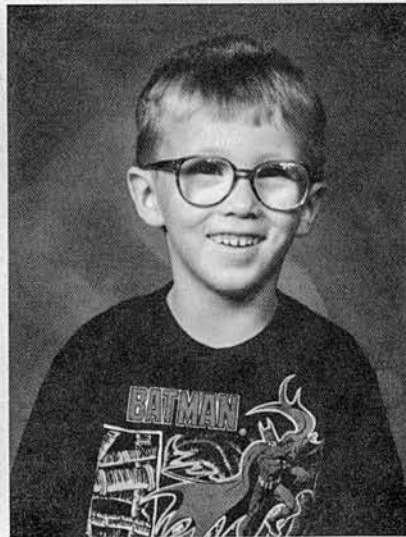
Eliot Norman and daughters



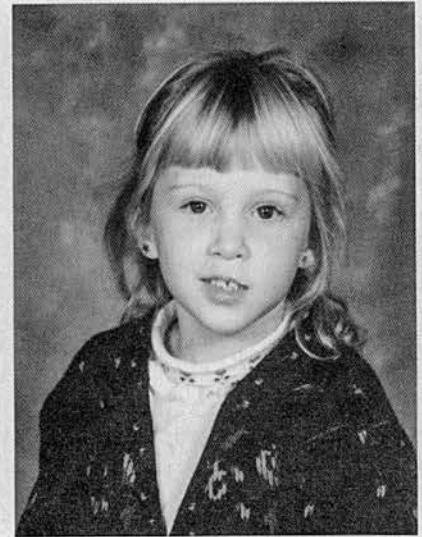
Melissa, Keith, and Polly Nelson



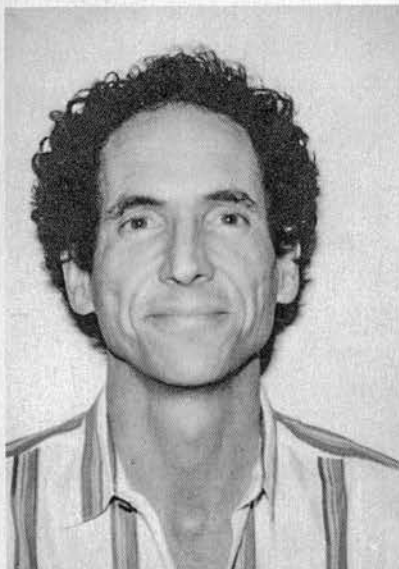
Scott and Jean Nelson



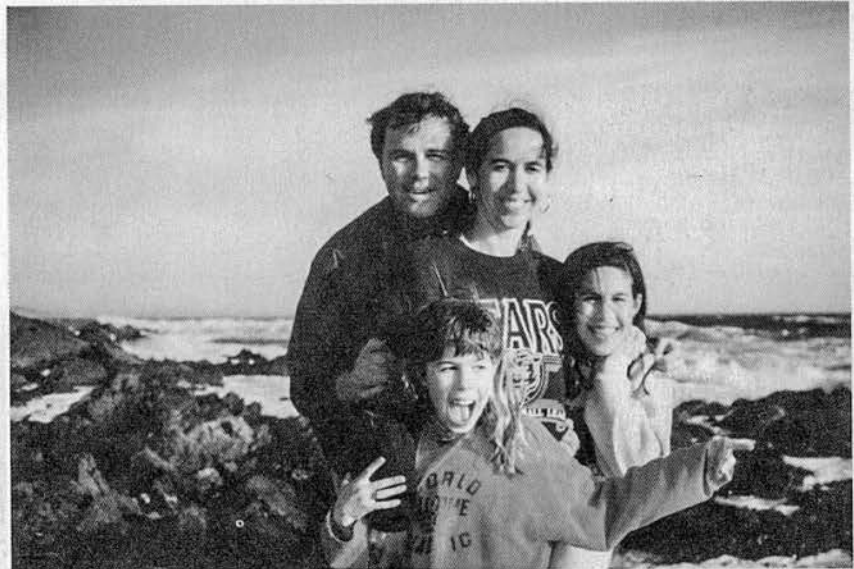
Patrick Nelson (Scott's son)



Susan Nelson (Scott's daughter)



John G. O'Leary



John J. O'Leary, Patricia Cepeda, and daughters Alejandra and Gabriela

CLAES M. NILSSON, M.D.

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BRADLEY NITKIN

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From the day we arrived at Yale and heard Kingman Brewster tell us we were selected as a thousand future leaders, I always assumed that my Yale education would direct me into public service. I studied political science, involved myself in public service, and assumed that after graduation I would spend my career in diplomatic or governmental service. After graduation I joined the staffs of Congressman Ogden Reid and then mayor John Lindsay to try to experience government from the top down and spent a year working with VISTA in Los Angeles to see the world from the bottom up. Then I went to law school with the assumption that the law was the best vehicle to change and improve the world.

To my surprise law school led me to a job with a major New York City law firm. After practicing law for about five years, I broke away with four other young associates and formed my own law firm, where I practiced real estate and tax law as a senior partner. During this time my wife, who had her own career in real estate, and I began to acquire and develop commercial real estate for our own account in New York and Connecticut. About five years ago, when the first of our two children was born, my wife left the full-time real estate business to devote her full time to raising our two children, and I left the practice of law to devote my full time to the development and management of our real estate. I work hard, my business has thrived, and I get great satisfaction from controlling my own business.

My greatest happiness, however, comes closest to home. I am happily married and am very involved in raising our two young children, Sophie (six) and Andrew (five). Instead of looking outward to find happiness through changing the world, I feel today that my greatest satisfaction comes from the time I spend with my family when we share common experiences and feelings.

Although I no longer aspire to a career in government or politics, I have found a role in helping others through my involvement with the United Jewish Appeal. I have been very involved over the years with its National Young Leadership Cabinet and now serve as Chairman of the Greenwich Jewish Federation. I have made numerous trips to Israel and to the Soviet Union on behalf of UJA and have shared wonderful times, experiences and feelings with other UJA lead-

ers and the people we have served.

ELIOT NORMAN

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Going back to Yale '69 goes back a long ways. I started off really young at seventeen, did the PoliSci Seminar thing Freshman year; played a lot of piano, and hung out with Hazelton and Newhouse sophomore year; spent my junior year in Paris rooming with Steve Dauer; came back with Annette senior year; ducked my draft notice by teaching school; did Boston College Law School after every other law school rejected me; went to Washington, D.C., to be a trust-buster for Justice, then the U.S. Attorney's Office in Virginia; and here I am, forty-five, and typing these notes. Over the years I have treasured the friendship of the few classmates with whom I have kept in touch, particularly Harry Wise, Marc Klein, and Dick Tucker. And I have felt some pride in reading about the many others who have done some significant things or found some happiness or both.

It's interesting that the questionnaire puts "work" ahead of "loves" and puts "loves" in plural; meaning "work" is always just "work" although still No. 1, but "loves" has a rainbow of meanings and personae even if it rates No. 2. Then it goes on to "achievements," the softer word "disappointments" instead of failures, "education, honors, offices, awards" but then says "no curriculum vitae please." But my thanks to Brian and Tom for making a big effort in getting our asses in gear for this yearbook. Most of us, including me, barely make the effort to reconnect and hardly contribute \$\$\$ while wistfully reading Doonesbury to see how much the characters still look like the people we knew. And true to form I will have to find the fax number to get these notes in on time, being typed on the night of July 12th.

On the whole, the Stones' "I Can't Get No Satisfaction," while one of the strong songs of our sixties, looks only playful now, nothing lyric-wise next to what our teenagers listen to, and hardly threatening or an anthem for something. I heard it on the radio last night driving home from sailing on Chesapeake Bay in Virginia and Jagger sounds so young and innocent. More important, from the folks from '69 I have run into, I think we got satisfaction, especially in the last five years or so.

For me, "love" ahead of "work" became the defining thing, although it took a long time for me to let No. 2 pull ahead of No. 1 in my head. My true love of college days, Annette, whom I met in Naples on my twentieth birthday and who came over from Belgium to help coeduate Yale senior year, is still taking care of me as I go through forty-five years plus. With Annette I got to spend a couple of crazy summers canal barging through France, got adopted by her French-speaking family, and spend a lot of time scheming how to get over there for our golden years. I needed the backdrop of a waterfall on a beach in Greece

to get this beautiful person to fall in love with me. Amazingly, she still loves me as we share the ups and downs.

Of course while I was chasing the goals of “work” Annette largely raised my other loves, Corine (seventeen) and Valerie (nineteen). Valerie is a modern dancer at Connecticut College, and Corine is great company and all-around fun while finishing up high school. They give me a lot of “love ya” and very little grief.

Another love is piano, which I am playing more than ever due to getting asked to play for the choir at the Unitarian Church. All of which has led to a lot of Schubert and Rachmaninoff of late and listening to Corine play my old pieces.

For the last dozen years or so I have practiced law with a compatible bunch of guys in a town which has not gotten too big to not know each other and where we try to take interesting cases. The result is a sixteen-person firm where the work atmosphere is collegial, there is a sense of justice in what we do, but the money is just okay. I only knock myself for trying to do too much, too long, working too hard and weekends like I was running scared (of what??), particularly in the thirty-something years. Friends claim the girls and Annette have caused me to slow down and mellow, as hard as that can be to believe for those who knew me back in New Haven. Lately, I have gotten halfway out of litigation and into immigration work, where I have met some fascinating people while encouraging foreign businesses to relocate to Virginia.

About ten years ago Annette and I wrote in to the *Yale Alumni Magazine* inviting any acquaintances to come by, get reacquainted, or share a new adventure together. That invite still is out there and we would love to see any classmate passing through Virginia.

PROF. VICTOR D. NORMAN

Saudalen 18, N-5085 Morvik, Norway

FRANK M. NORTHAM II

5930 Wilton Road, Alexandria, VA 22310

On a very pleasant Sunday afternoon I would much rather read a good book and listen to good music (it could be baroque, classical, jazz, or sixties rock and roll—they are all good to me) than write some autobiographical or soul-searching sketch for our class secretaries and taskmasters. But they claim that the class directory will not be complete without a short dissertation concerning my life and times.

I would prefer settling down by the fireplace with a bottle of wine and engaging in one of those bull sessions that we so much enjoyed at Yale. That’s the atmosphere for sharing life experiences. Since I cannot do that with you all right now, here is a little bit of background for when next we get together.

As many of you did, I chose law school as the entryway to a fulfilling career and, after a brief interruption (courtesy of Uncle Sam), I found that the

law was my forte. I moved to Washington, D.C., in 1974 and have been in private practice there ever since. Two divorces interfered with my total enjoyment of life, but I am now content with my dog, my friends, my work, and the constant stimulus that life “inside the Beltway” provides. “Content” is the key term. I do not have the fame or riches of Edward Bennett Williams, F. Lee Bailey, or Alan Dershowitz, but I enjoy what I do and I have the leisure time to pursue “life after work.”

Speaking of which, I want to get back to that good book and good music and to luxuriate in this fine Sunday afternoon. But, the next time you are in the Washington area, stop by—I can always forego a good book for good conversation.

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REV. WILLIAM D. OBALIL

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ARMEN M. ODABASHIAN

No Address Available

ODUNAYO OLAGUNDOYE

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JOHN G. O'LEARY

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(617) 739-9772

Well, I haven't quite gotten around to raising a family yet (I think I was engaged once though). I figure at my age I shouldn't rush into these things.

What have I been up to? After leaving academia for Hollywood twenty-five years ago, I spent the seventies playing in a variety of bands, or solo, doing concerts and club dates with folks like Joni Mitchell, Muddy Waters, Eric Clap-

ton, and the Grateful Dead. But it was all too much for one Irish Catholic kid to handle, and after a series of metanoic experiences (precipitated by megadoses of TM, est, yoga, and macrobiotics), I retreated from the worldly concerns of my peers and, in the spirit of “doing my own thing,” pursued a perhaps less practical lifestyle appropriate to the times. Yes, that’s right: I became a corporate trainer and consultant. I’ve spent much of the last eight years coaching executives and senior managers of Fortune 100 companies to shift their epistemological paradigm, operate from transcendent values, and thereby pummel their competitors. (Recently I have resumed my musical activity on weekends, with the wild fantasy of putting out an album of original tunes on my own label.)

I probably should mention that I ran for Governor of Connecticut in 1978 (I lost) and for U.S. President in 1984 (I lost) as a neo-independent candidate in a shameless ploy to advance my artistic projects. But I did manage to appear on over fifty TV and radio interviews and release a book about my campaign experiences, *The Running Game*, which has sold in triple digits already.

My happiest memories of Yale? They all seem related to music: hearing “Rubber Soul” at ear-bleeding volume from every third window on the Old Campus; dancing with Annelyse to the Chiffons’ in-person rendition of “He’s So Fine” (or was it “My Sweet Lord”!); opening the show for Cream at Woolsey Hall with my band, the Morning; singing at the folk-rock masses at Thomas More Chapel (“Say the Word and you’ll be free”); studying recreational pharmaceuticals in darkened Silliman rooms to the tune of “White Rabbit.”

My biggest challenge? Overcoming procrastination. I’ve been meaning to come back and finish that last year and get my philosophy B.A. Well, maybe after raising the family.

JOHN J. O’LEARY, JR.

125 Chadwick Street, Portland, ME 04102

(207) 773-8054

Looking back over twenty-five years, one clear, moonlit night on Little Diamond Island, three days have shone most brightly and have most shaped my life since Yale.

On August 20, 1977, under a blue Maine sky filled with the sounds of Dvorak’s *New World*, Patricia Cepeda, Yale ’77, of Barranquilla, Colombia, said “Yes” when Uncle Sid Lovett, Yale ’13, asked if she would marry me. On February 2, 1981, on a wet winter evening when I was scheduled to preside over the Portland City Council, Alejandra Cepeda O’Leary was born. On September 24, 1984, with just the slightest hint of autumn in the air, the three of us celebrated the birth of Gabriela Joyce O’Leary.

Uncle Sid blessed us that summer morning with a prayer for family. It is a blessing I have counted every day of our lives together.

Patricia and I have climbed Macchu Picchu and Delphi. We have trekked with Jandra and Gabita through the rain forests of Costa Rica, the Mayan ruins of the Yucatan, and all the places Pablo Neruda called home in Chile. We have shared ski slopes from Sunday River to Snowmass, we have

caught Bart Giamatti's beloved game (his image as a sophomore-year guide through Homer's ancient games as vivid as ever) from Fenway to Candlestick, and we made a clearing into the woods and built our summer cottage on Casco Bay.

We have watched with joy as our daughters have shot hoops, scored goals, snared foul balls, or otherwise danced, skated, or sung their way through their magic years. We have listened with satisfaction and sheer nostalgia as Eleanor Rigby joined Bach on youthful violins.

We have grieved with each other at the loss of a vital brother and caring uncle to cancer, as we each had done on our own when our fathers died in the same October week in 1972.

And, throughout our lives together, we have realized and appreciated that Yale had something, something at the core, to do with it all. It is a feeling you know when playing with your own children on a tire swing in the Branford College courtyard at a class reunion or when hearing them break into Cole Porter verses with a classmate's kids on their first visit to your home. You find it in the warmth and depth of friendships formed long ago and renewed easily and happily, no matter how many days or months or years have intervened. In the end, I suppose, it is the keener sense of the possibilities of the human spirit Yale leaves with you, whatever your subsequent endeavors in life.

But for me the heart of the matter, looking back, is that Yale is where Patricia and I first met. From the vantage point of forty-something, I see that but for Paul Mellon's debt to his alma mater, I would not have been privileged to spend two years at Cambridge after leaving Davenport in 1969. If not for the years that followed at Yale Law School, I know my perspective on private practice, and my understanding of the law's integrity and broader public purposes, would not have been the same. Still, it is those three singular days, with their roots in New Haven, that have made all the difference.

JOHN M. OLEYER

27 Birch Road, West Hartford, CT 06119
(203) 523-8449

DICK OLSEN

1551 Penny Road, Topanga, CA 90290
(310) 455-1023
University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA 90089
(213) 740-1216

Adam: handsome, intelligent son, sophomore at University of Southern California, plays trumpet in the band, majoring in biological sciences, great kid.

Amber: beautiful, intelligent daughter, junior in high school, plays flute and piccolo, softball star, great kid.

Work: Director of Foundation Relations, University of Southern California, helping faculty find money for their ideas, stimulating and rewarding.

Home: large, secluded house in the hills of Topanga Canyon, rural and peaceful.

Many memories, few regrets.

J. POTTER ORR III

6232 Caribou Court, Cincinnati, OH 45243
(513) 271-6318

THOMAS V. ORUM

2018 West Los Reales Road, Tucson, AZ 85746

Married to Nancy Ferguson; no children.

Work as a research technician, Department of Plant Pathology, University of Arizona.

Interested in gardening, Sonoran Desert Ecology, and a broad range of issues related to conservation.

RICHARD E. OSGOOD, JR.

No Address Available

PROF. RUSSELL K. OSGOOD

7 Essex Court, Ithaca, NY 14850
(607) 257-0045

I am the Dean and a Professor at Cornell Law School. I teach taxation, legal history, and jurisprudence. I am married to Paula whom I dated in college and have four children: Mary (Tufts '93); Josiah (Yale '96); Micah (fifteen); and Iain (twelve).

DR. A. LEE OSTERMAN, JR.

1444 Old Gulph Road, Villanova, PA 19085
(215) 527-0904

Since my leaving Yale the bright college years have become brighter family years. Three daughters—Meredith (twelve), Alexis (ten), and Zoe (four)—keep Elissa and me young despite “time’s winged chariot.”

Professionally, the life of an academic hand surgeon stays hectic as I juggle patient care, teaching responsibilities, and research activities across a busy travel schedule. After a meeting in Australia last year, found time to hike the Milford Trek in Southern New Zealand. I would recommend this to anyone

who feels middle-aged, jaded, or the effects of a twenty-fifth reunion.

RICHARD A.F. OTTO

3815 Northrop Place, Bowie, MD 20716

REV. J. DOUGLAS OUSLEY

Church of the Incarnation, 209 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016

I have been married for twenty-two years to the same person, with two sons to show for it. I was ordained an Episcopal Priest in 1973; I have worked thirteen years in New York City and seven years in the mission fields of Paris and Rome. My feeling upon looking back to Yale and the succeeding years is gratitude.

I am presently working at the Church of the Incarnation at 35th and Madison Avenue. Stop by and see me.

WILLIAM G. OWENS

89 Waddell Street, NE, Atlanta, GA 30307
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HOWARD OZER, M.D.

103 Wild Turkey Trail, Chapel Hill, NC 27516
(919) 929-8056

FELICE PACE

4326 Hurds Gulch Road, Fort Jones, CA 96032
(916) 468-5256

Upon graduation I set off to save the world. First stop was Trenton High School, an inner-city school complete with race riots, guards on the doors, and a lot of kids in need of direction. At Trenton High I hooked up with the final years of a Ford Foundation funded project to bring Outward Bound to an urban school. Along with two other fellows, I founded Project USE, a nonprofit organization which today continues to provide adventure-based outdoor education to schools, programs, families, and young people throughout the Northeast. During this time I also picked up an M.A. in teaching from Montclair State University in New Jersey.

Outward Bound provided an outlet for my athletic interests as well as an opportunity to serve people. It also introduced me, a city boy, to the outdoors. In the early seventies I joined the back-to-the-land movement, helping to found

a rural commune on a farm in Oxford, Connecticut. At this time I was working for Yale School of Psychology, providing alcohol and drug abuse treatment, prevention and education training to community teams from throughout New England.

The East, however, was feeling too crowded. Late in 1974 I moved to San Francisco as a base from which to search for a rural home on the West Coast. I spent the summer of '75 in Alaska, reaching the summit of Denali (Mount McKinley) on July 3d, and remaining to work at a camp "in the bush." When I returned to San Francisco, I bought an old Chevy pickup, loaded my gear in back, and headed out to find a home. I had already narrowed the search to South Central Oregon/North Central California. A friend had a relief map of California on his wall. He pointed to a green valley surrounded by mountains. I said I'd check it out. I did and I've lived here, in the Scott River Valley, ever since.

It was not easy making a home in a totally new place. Many new skills were required, like the carpentry I needed to learn to complete a small cabin on land where I became caretaker. At first I worked as a substitute teacher and then landed my first job as a counsellor with a program for native Americans. I went on to become an associate in a native American consulting firm providing training and technical assistance to tribes throughout California. I specialized in housing, education, drug abuse, and alternative energy program development and funding.

During this time I met my wife and partner Diana while on a visit to San Francisco. She moved up in 1977 and in 1978 we were married. We bought a home in the Scott Valley. In 1979-80 we took a year off to travel, intending to go around the world. We got as far as Crete where we came down with viral hepatitis. After a month in a Greek hospital, we were still too weak to travel. Fortunately we had access to a friend's house on the island of Skiathos. We spent five months in Greece, recovering and exploring, and then returned to the U.S.A. via Morocco.

Upon returning we helped found Marble Mountain Audubon Society (MMA), the first environmental group in an area where logging dominated the economy and "environmentalist" was a bad word. Diana went to work as a special education teacher and I coordinating drug and alcohol prevention programs for Siskiyou County. I started an adventure-based outdoor program for troubled teenagers. Diana and I began a family. Jacob is now twelve and Miranda Rose nine. We joined a land cooperative and built our "dream home" with solar power, a wood-fired sauna in the basement that provides central heat, two cats, a dog, and lots of nature all around.

By the late 1980s Diana had returned to work and I was deep into house husbanding. My environmental volunteer work was also expanding significantly. Management of federal forests, from the beginning the major focus of my environmental concerns, was becoming a national issue. In that year I joined with other activists to found the Klamath Forest Alliance. In 1990 I became KFA's first employee; today I work full time for KFA, overseeing a small staff of four part-time employees. In 1991 MMA and KFA won a landmark decision in the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals which for the first time required consideration of biological diversity and biological corridors in management decisions affecting

national forests. Intensive study of the biological significance of the Klamath Mountains (Southwest Oregon and Northwest California) resulted in publication of several articles and studies in books and periodicals. Late in 1988 I helped found the Ancient Forest Alliance and have continued to work through that organization for protection of ancient forests in the Northwest and California. Recently that work was recognized by President Clinton when I was invited to be a panelist at the Forest Conference in Portland, Oregon. The work has provided an opportunity to put to use the economics training I received at Yale. Analysis of the economic problems resulting from overdependence on timber cutting and processing has led to formulation of policies and programs to diversify rural economies in the Northwest and California. Recently I have also become deeply involved in the issue of Pacific salmon, including the status of wild stocks, watershed rehabilitation, water use and reallocation, etc.

What drew me to far Northern California (I live thirty miles south of the Oregon border) was the mountains. Since coming, I've made many trips into the nearby Marble Mountain, Trinity Alps, Russian, Siskiyou, and Red Buttes Wilderness Areas. For the past ten years I've ski camped in the mountains each spring. Telemark, backcountry skiing has become a major passion. Each summer my son Jacob and I backpack together and we take a week-long family mountain trip too. Hiking, climbing, fishing, nature study, and photography (especially flowers) are among our mountain activities. Down at home we're involved in the typical activities of the modern American family—soccer, little league, dance school activities, movies, etc. For the past five years I've coached soccer in the fall. At home we like to read books, garden, go for walks, and watch birds.

After my sophomore year I became disillusioned not only with the government (the War) but also with Yale. In my senior year I was an organizer of "Yale?", a conference to look at the institution. Some of my criticisms were confirmed by my post-Yale experiences. For example, when I set out to teach inner-city kids, I quickly found that, despite having received the "best education available," I did not understand learning or teaching. Over the years I've gained a more balanced perspective. I now recognize the pluses and minuses of my Yale education—the skills I developed and those which were lacking. Somewhere along the line I recognized that I had not formed any lasting friendships while at Yale. In the past I "blamed" the institution for that too, but I now see that I bear some responsibility in that area as well. At this point I would like to "connect" to some of my classmates. I'd welcome calls, letters, and visits.

One last thing. When I left the East Coast, I changed my name to Felice (pronounced fe-lee-che). It is the Italian form of "Felix." I also stopped using my middle initial.

BILL PALMER

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One of the great things about Yale is spending four years with an incredibly talented and interesting group of fellow students. This is a thought I often

share with Yale applicants when I interview each year. The good news is that I still believe it to be very true and accurate. Our lives in Colorado are very full and satisfying, but I miss the old friends!

After a short stay in the U.S. Army, I finished Denver University Law School in 1975. I have practiced law as an assistant district attorney, a city prosecutor, general practitioner (domestic relations [divorce]), insurance defense litigator, municipal judge, and city attorney for the City of Fountain, Colorado. Although not exactly “in love” with a legal career, it has allowed us the opportunity to enjoy Colorado. We live on eight acres in the country, go skiing, play squash, sail our boat, and have managed to take our children for a three-week Chevy Chase “sabbatical” to Europe.

I am trying to relearn a little about playing golf, and our dream is to spend a year traveling around the world in 1997/98.

My eldest daughter, Heather, was elected homecoming queen, and she is headed to the University of Puget Sound next fall. Her younger sister, Liz, is an honor student who just can't decide which sport she really want to concentrate on.

My wonderful better-half, Tammy, is enjoying substantial success leasing hospital beds for Support Systems International. Her children include two grandchildren; an artist who is actually on contract and selling work through a gallery in Los Angeles; a professional snowboarder on contract with Kemper; and a senior at Fort Collins who recently received national press coverage for his painting of some cartoon characters in a compromising posture.

We wish you all well, and hope you are healthy and happy!

STEWART L. PALMER

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GERARD A. PAQUIN

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After much shilly-shallying around, life has become a family with two girls aged six and eight years, a bicycle shop in the Happy Valley (Northampton), and a consuming interest in Oriental rugs and Turkic culture. I wish there was room for more!

W. HEARNE PARDEE

No Address Available

PROF. WILLIAM W. PARK

Boston University Law School, 765 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215
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Following Yale and three years at Columbia Law School, my first full-time job was with a law firm in Paris. During this time in France I met interesting people, learned a great deal, and even had some fun. A longing for New England brought me home to Boston, where I now teach, write, and practice in the areas of international arbitration, banking, and tax. In addition to being a Professor at Boston University and Counsel to Ropes & Gray, I have been lucky enough to visit at law faculties in Cambridge, Geneva, and Dijon, and to spend several years consulting for a commercial bank in Switzerland. The religious pilgrimage begun during freshman year has continued without too much backtracking. A house in the little coastal town south of Boston where I grew up provides excellent shelter. Great friends and family have been a blessing on both sides of the Atlantic.

THOMAS R. PARKER II

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JOHN M. PARKS

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STEVE PARKS

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Since graduation I have been a theater technician in professional and educational drama, dance, and opera.

I am proud to have a wonderful family and hopeful that our treatment of the young may yet change the world.

WILLIAM E. PATTON

No Address Available

PRES. HARRY C. PAYNE

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I have had much good fortune since graduation in 1969. There has been more than my just share of good luck involved, and a fair amount of hard work.

Deborah Laipson, whom many from Trumbull College will remember, and I were married soon after graduation. Deborah received her degree from Simmons College in 1971 and later her master of arts in teaching from Colgate University. During graduate school years at Yale she taught mathematics at Amity Regional High School and later, after our move to Hamilton, New York, at Morrisville-Eaton Central School. With the advent of children, Deborah has taught part time in a number of capacities at Colgate, private schools in the Philadelphia area, and most recently at Hamilton College. She has also directed tutoring services and has done a good deal of private tutoring.

Two wonderful children have enriched our lives. Jonathan was born in 1975 and will be going off to Williams College, where he was accepted early decision this past fall. Samuel was born in 1978 and will be off to Milton Academy in the fall.

My own trajectory has been a bit more complex than I intended, having long presumed that I would teach and write history for a lifetime. I stayed at Yale Graduate School, studying mostly with Peter Gay, doing work in various aspects of European Intellectual History.

I left Yale in 1973 to become an Assistant Professor of History at Colgate University, where we stayed for twelve years. At some point during that time, while I taught many aspects of European History and wrote a fair amount about eighteenth and nineteenth century cultural history, I discovered a vocation for that suspect activity called "administration." A stint as Acting Dean of the Faculty in 1980 convinced me that I might want to move in that direction at some point. That point arrived in 1985 when I became Provost of Haverford College, where I served for three years before leaving in 1988 to become President of Hamilton College.

The writing of this note catches me once again in transition. I will be leaving Hamilton College in June, taking a wonderfully inviting sabbatical, and then will be moving to Williamstown to become President of Williams College on January 1.

Somewhere during that first year in Directed Studies at Yale, I discovered a passion for learning and ideas, and at some later point I discovered a yen for public affairs and activity. It has been my great good fortune to be able to combine these yearnings on beautiful campuses, surrounded by bright people, in companionship with the woman I have loved for thirty years.

DAVID E. PEACH, M.D.

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After Yale (B.A. in chemistry) I spent four more years at Yale—the School of Medicine. Compared to college, med school seemed technical, authoritarian, and dogmatic, rewarding rote more than originality. Worse yet, though I graduated from college *summa cum laude*, many of my new classmates were even smarter and more studious than I! Despite the ideals of a budding scientist and humanist, I developed doubts about absorbing and adopting the role of a Yale physician.

Medical school was stressful, but a great support group of friends helped me cope. We lived in a house in the suburbs and shared meals, outings, and dialogue. One person who was particularly supportive was Patty, whom I lived with for three years (an innovative approach at the time, remember?), then married two days before graduation. (Thanks to strength and stubbornness, we're still together.)

I enjoyed internal medicine residency (at the University of Oregon, 1973-76) and started to feel like a real doctor. In 1976 I passed internal medicine boards, my daughter was born, and my mother died. I read a book about living alone in a cabin in the Alaskan wilderness and took off on a month-long canoe trip through Labrador.

Restlessness and an urge for wilderness adventure brought us to Alaska in 1977. More clinician than academician, I went into private practice rather than fellowship, again veering from the favored Yale track. A friend and I started an internal medicine practice, did well during the “pipeline boom,” and bought into tax shelters and partnerships I would have been better off without. My subsequent career achievements don't make much copy for *Who's Who*, but I have devoted special study to heartburn, ulcers and colon cancer and was elected to the American Society for Gastrointestinal Endoscopy.

Alaska, as I hoped, provides plenty of outdoor adventure. Summers are short but intense. “Work hard, play hard” is my *modus operandi*. Hike, fish, canoe, sail, camp, build a log cabin, soak up the sun while it's there, but don't waste a day of summer. Then quick, get back and take a turn working double shifts to cover the practice and night call at the hospital.

Each winter gets longer and darker than the preceding. Winter reverses summer's mania and pushes me toward a depressive cycle. To fend that off I play hockey, ski, play Dixieland on the clarinet and jazz on the baritone sax. A trip to a sunny locale, when we can afford it, is a welcome respite.

I've got a great family, composed of a supermom and super kids. The kids each excel in school and on two musical instruments, are fine fishermen and avid athletes. Dolly, seventeen, is spending a semester of high school as an American Field Service exchange student in Costa Rica. Chuck, fifteen, just won two hundred dollars in a piano competition, casts like Paul in *A River Runs Through It*, and caught a five-pound rainbow trout on a fly he tied. Joe, twelve, is the youngest computer nerd on our local Macintosh bulletin board, beats me at chess, and just reinvented black powder using grocery store ingredients. My wife Patty is a devoted mother and hard-working school nurse. She has lots of spunk, a beautiful smile, and almost no wrinkles (at least as close as I can see).

At Yale College I thrived on challenging courses in both science and liberal arts. The disciplined logic of one approach was contrapuntal to the poetic essence of the other. I learned I wanted a lot out of life. To accept a physician's

role yet not be just a physician, to sharpen my skills and scientific knowledge yet soften a harsh judgmental edge toward self and others, to nurture a family and a wiser idealism: these intentions have been my life's challenge. I've become a doctor after all; and a fly-fisherman, an entrepreneur, a backwoods cabin builder, a sailor, a musician, a hockey player, and "Dad." The future—medical practice in the midst of a price/cost squeeze, bureaucratic bedlam, and malpractice free-for-all—is uncertain, but to me the great personal rewards of medicine, scientific and human, tempered with all the other joys of life, are sweeter than ever.

CHARLES S. PECK

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Los Angeles, CA 90017
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I am alive and well and living in Pasadena, California, with lots of opportunity to travel and stay in touch with old Yale friends. For the past fifteen years I have been part of building a commercial real estate business in Los Angeles (Cushman Realty Corporation), which still seems to dominate my life.

I feel very fortunate with what twenty-five years has provided, and the process of getting here has included far more happy experiences than not. I have a lovely and vibrant wife, Shawn, three wonderful sons who all seem to be progressing safely through the minefield of being young today (Chris, college junior; Taylor, high school senior; Steve, high school freshman), plenty of challenge in business life (sometimes too much with the drop in the California economy!), good health, and some cash in the bank. On top of that, I have enjoyed the flexibility to pursue business and other activities to minimize looking back to say "if only I had done...." A few highlights have been: moving to California and starting a new life; several years in the creative department of The Walt Disney Company; being part of starting a successful real estate company and growing with it; swinging a few big deals that made the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*; traveling worldwide for business and pleasure; pursuing a dream in major league mountaineering by co-organizing a successful Everest expedition; recently purchasing a home in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, which I hope comes in handy some day...and many "normal" things as well.

The future is what I focus on most of the time. The world has changed a lot in the past few years, and I am running hard to keep up with it. Somehow I had the mistaken idea that things would be easy now, and I could coast a little bit.

I look forward to updating everyone a year from now.

RALPH PENNER

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I left Yale, as most of us did, in 1969. I went to Hong Kong with the

Yale-in-China program and taught English at the Chinese University of Hong Kong for two years. I went to Vietnam, Thailand, Laos, and Cambodia during the Christmas holidays, 1969-70. I sang folk songs in cabarets in Hong Kong, played roles in dramatic productions, acted as the drama critic for a local radio station, and became the first nonlocal regular on a local television variety series.

During the summer of 1971 I went to Europe, via Thailand and Pakistan. I made an unscheduled stop in Pakistan because a part of the airplane malfunctioned—I was in Karachi illegally for five days. In Europe I traveled to Ostend, Brussels, Paris, London, and assorted small towns and villages in England and France.

Then, in 1971, I came back to the United States because of the draft. As it turned out I did not go into the army.

In 1974, on the upper west side of Manhattan, I met Ty McConnell, who became my lifetime companion. We are still living together, as of July 1993, in Manhattan Plaza, a federally subsidized housing project for people in the performing arts, on West 43d Street.

My sister Karen moved to Longmont, Colorado, in 1982. I stay in close touch with her, her daughter, and her son. We are a support system for one another.

I have written advertising copy, acted in summer stock, taught college students, worked as a waiter, performed in off-Broadway and off-off-Broadway shows, and typed and edited teleprompter scripts (for soap operas and for Mike Wallace on "Sixty Minutes").

In 1983 I fell into what seems to have become my *métier*: editing and writing textbooks. Yes, textbooks—from kindergarten through twelfth grade and beyond. Think about that: I may be responsible for what your children are studying in school.

As I write this, in July 1993, I am pleased to say that the educational publishing business has, so far, been quite good to me.

I have, as so many of us have, lost my mother, my father, one of my companion's brothers, a beloved pet of fifteen years, and my much-loved step-mother. Such losses take a toll, but so go the steps of life.

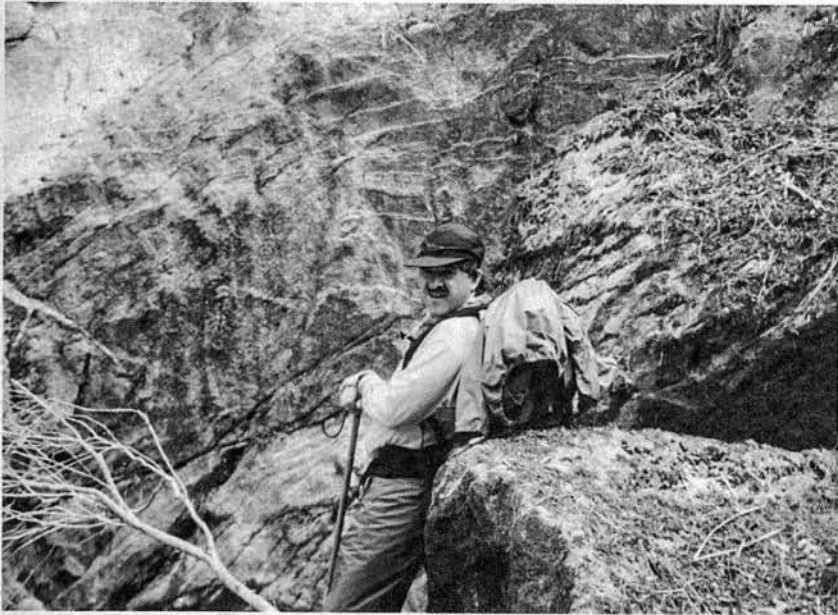
I am waiting for the next step.

WILLIAM C. PENNINGTON

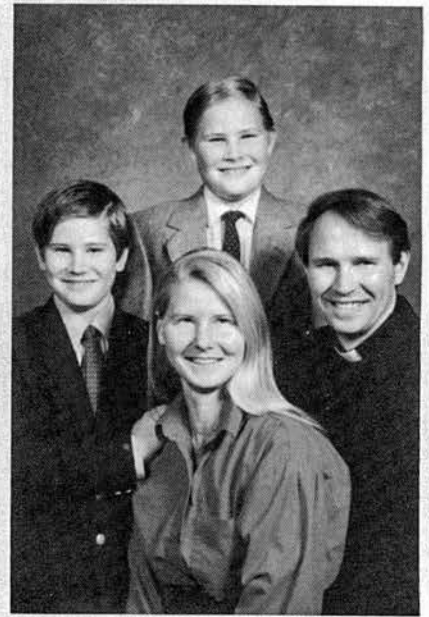
321 Sutton Place, Richardson, TX 75080
(214) 235-1671

GEORGE W. PENNY III

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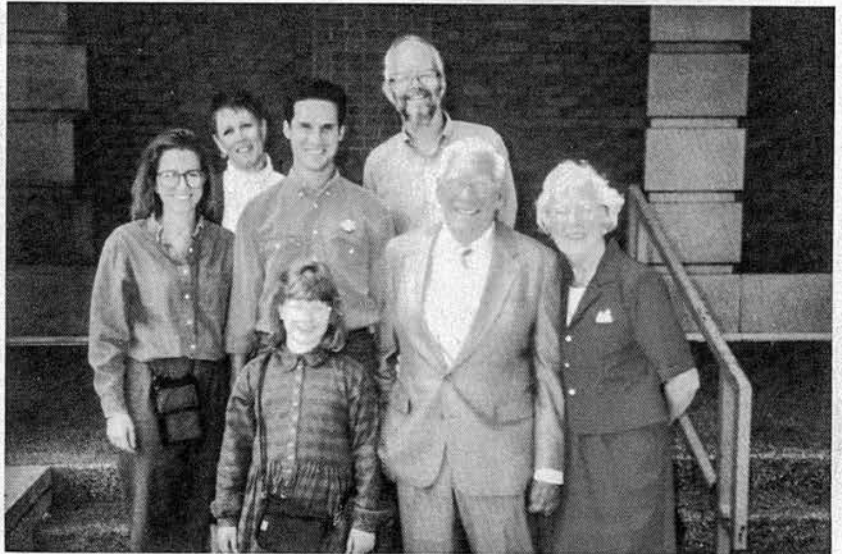
A. Lee Osterman "climbing the Milford Trek"



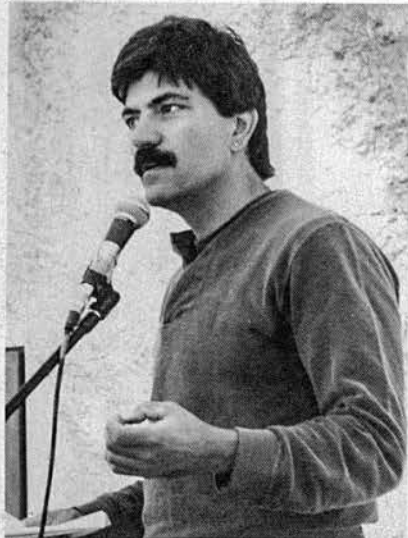
The J. Douglas Ousley family



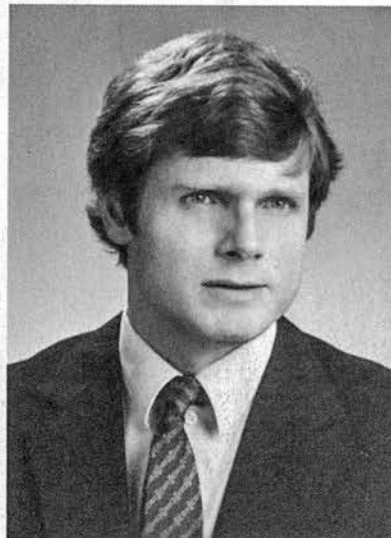
Dick, Adam, and Amber Olsen
"on Bill Shuman's sailboat last
year at Dana Point. Thanks, Wink."



Steve Parks with wife, daughters, son-in-law, and parents



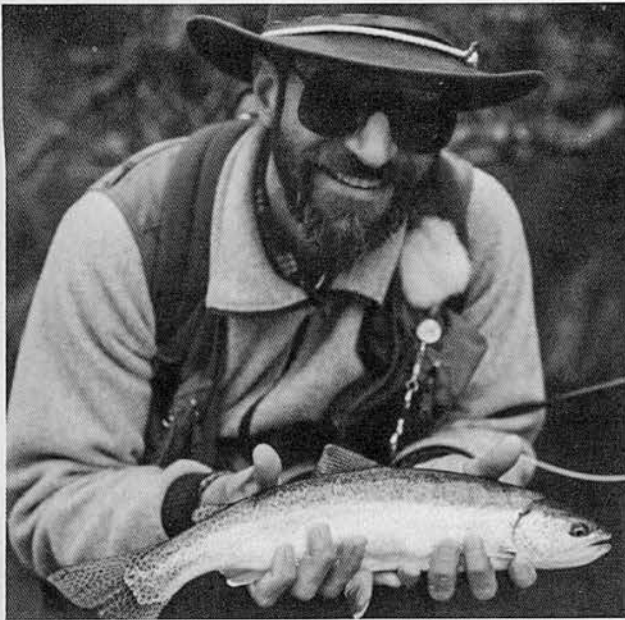
Felice Pace



William W. Park



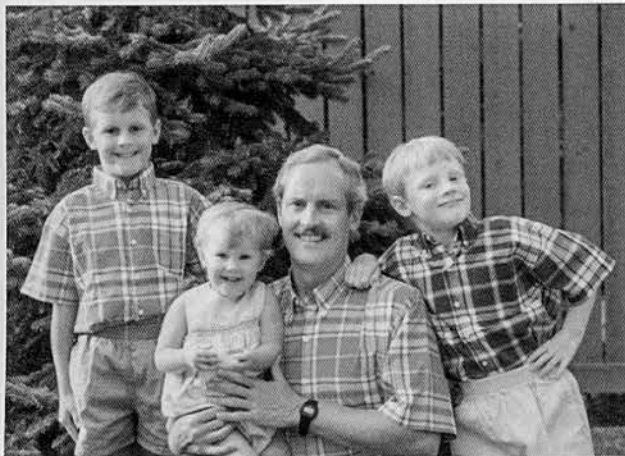
Harry C. Payne



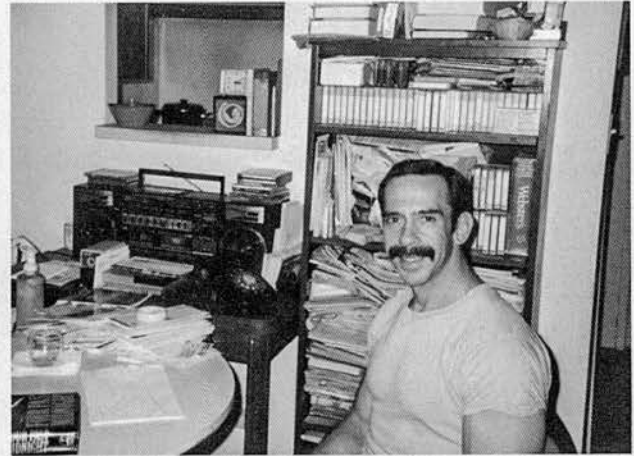
David E. Peach: "I caught bigger ones but the pictures didn't turn out"



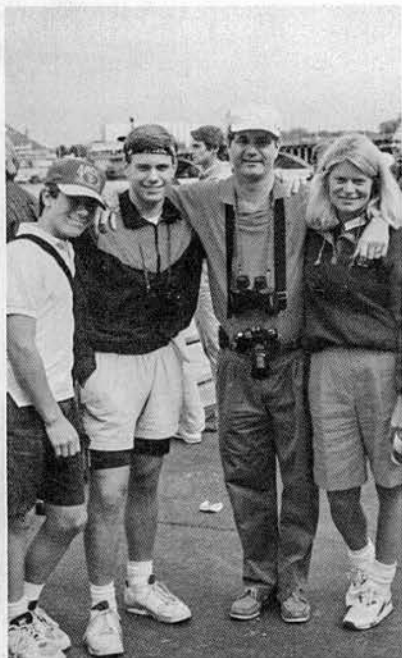
The Charles S. Peck family



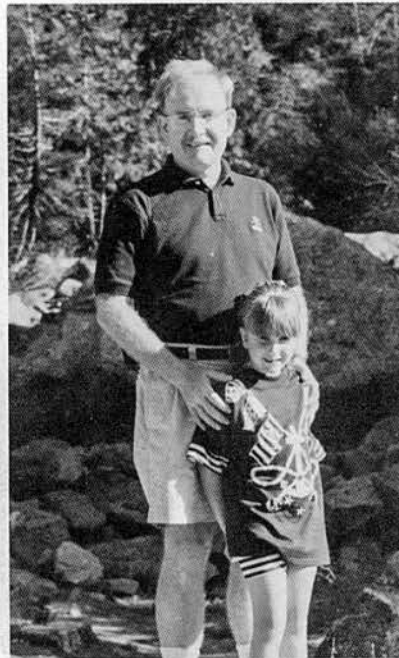
Mikey, Alice, Michael, and Charlie Pfeifer



Ralph Penner



The Ross K. Peterson family



Malcolm S. Pond and daughter Lauren



The James W. Porter family

STEVE PENROD

444 Law Center, University of Minnesota, 229 19th Avenue South,
Minneapolis, MN 55455

After completing a law degree and a Ph.D. in psychology, I joined the psychology faculty at the University of Wisconsin in 1979. In 1988 I joined the law faculty at the University of Minnesota. My research and writing have focused on jury decision making, eyewitness reliability, and media violence.

My wife is completing her Ph.D. in health care policy, and our eleven-year-old daughter is looking forward to sixth grade. The cat and the dog are looking forward to their next meals.

PETER Z. PERAULT, M.D.

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I'm a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst in Chapel Hill, mostly in private practice, but also teaching at Duke and at the University of North Carolina-Duke Psychoanalytic Institute. My wife, Nancy (a clinical social worker), and I have two wonderful kids—Matthew (thirteen) and Julia (ten). I've been especially interested in self-psychology, which is the study of narcissism and self-esteem development. I wish I could find more time and energy for professional writing, but right now family life comes first for me. I bike and swim almost every day but miss the cross-country skiing in New England.

JOEL L. PETERSON

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MAINERT J. PETERSON

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(203) 333-1480 (ofc.)

Work: Fairfield Teacher's Agency, Fairfield, Connecticut, 1970-present, teacher placement director.

Married: Carol Lynn Davis Johnston, 6/29/81 (both are second marriages). She has been an English teacher at Morgan High School, Clinton, Connecticut, for twenty years. I have three children by my first marriage: Laurie (twenty-eight), Matthew (twenty-three), Lindsey (twelve).

We live in a 150-year-old farmhouse with two-and-a-half acres, barn, and forty gardens. We are avid gardeners (mostly flowers), tennis players, and skiers.

My hobbies include stamp collecting, fossil collecting, scuba diving, and reading. I love games and play chess, bridge, hearts, and scrabble.

We take a one-week ski trip every February (teachers' vacation) and take our youngest (Lindsey), who now skis the black diamonds better than we do. We have been to Park City, Utah; Steamboat Springs, Colorado; and Vail, Colorado, and look forward to going to Copper Mountain, Colorado, this coming February.

Some of my fondest memories of Yale are setting the standing broad jump record as a freshman, playing varsity soccer as a sophomore, and skiing through New Haven after a heavy snow storm.

DR. ROSS K. PETERSON

547 Westford Street, Carlisle, MA 01741

After Yale I went on to Tufts Medical School and remained there to do training in adult and child psychiatry. I stayed for five years to teach psychiatry at one of the affiliated hospitals. During that time I coauthored a paper on anorexia nervosa, began a family, and moved out of Cambridge beyond the fringes of suburbia to Carlisle, twenty-five miles northwest of Boston.

I have two sons: Ned (sixteen) is in his second year at the Groton School, and Clayton (thirteen) is in a local day school.

Over the years I've done some writing. I'm currently engaged in preparing a text on psychiatric evaluation with colleagues and have been dabbling with an essay on Lizzie Borden. She had left behind her volumes of Shakespeare with personal notes that may reveal aspects of her character.

In my spare time I enjoy sculling on the Concord River near my home and sailing when I get the time. Joan has recently taken up golf and is nudging me to join her.

Over the years I have been back to Yale occasionally—usually with the family for a football game. It seems smaller to me than I remember it as an eighteen-year-old. We certainly rode the crest of the wave between cultural generations. I remember the bittersweet quality of being torn between intellectual excitement and the frightening despondency of the times.

ROSS A. PETITJEAN

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CHARLES J. PETRE

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The twenty-five years since graduation have been spent seeking out and responding to challenges, mostly business and career challenges, but lately, with three teenage boys, the challenges have turned more toward family issues; guid-

ing these boys through the philosophical, moral, and intellectual conundrums of the nineties. Interestingly, I also have a seven-year-old daughter who gets to share in the problems of teenagers in the nineties as well as becoming a teenager after the millennium—who can even begin to imagine what challenges she will face!

Having survived the round of weddings that occurred immediately after graduation, I was off to New York City to work for Citibank. During the next two years of living in Manhattan, I shared apartments with Tom McNamee and then Jeff Wheelwright. The fun ran out one evening when, returning from the grocery store, I became another mugging victim. Fortunately, that was in the days when they only took money and not your life. I pressured Citibank for a more interesting locale and ended up in Manila, Philippines, where I lived for the next five years. I used that time to travel extensively in Asia, India, and the Mid-East, and in 1973 to marry Eileen Toner, who had just finished her B.F.A. degree at University of Denver. Many of my Silliman roommates and Yale friends attended our wedding, and of course it was good to see them again. Eileen and I spent three delightful years in Manila, working on our golf, tennis, and squash games. I was able to get back into rowing and learned to love one-man sculls. Unfortunately, the only place to row was on the Pasig River, which while traveling through the bowels of Manila, collected the kinds of refuse that bowels tend to produce. The Manila Boat Club was an international refuge of rowing and squash enthusiasts, and so something as mundane as tainted water did not slow us down.

In 1976 we moved to Taipei, Taiwan, where first Nate (January 4, 1977), then Ben (May 16, 1978), and finally Luke (June 23, 1979) were born. (It rained a lot and the autumns were cold!) While in Taiwan and previously in Manila, I was chief executive officer of a joint-venture investment bank in which Citibank had a minority interest, but a management contract to operate the venture. It was an exciting time to be in Asia, with the syndicated lending market booming and the local capital markets maturing.

Having struggled back to the U.S. a couple of times with three screaming toddlers, we decided that it was time to move back and get into this thing called home ownership. With mortgage rates in the midteens, and with what would become generally known as “creative financing,” we bought our first house in 1980. Thus we moved into toney New Cannan, Connecticut, and I started my second of what would become three stints working in Manhattan. Two years later I had been talked into moving out to Los Angeles to open up the west coast investment banking office for Citibank. After struggling with snowsuits on the three boys, that didn't seem like such a bad idea for a while. That stint lasted only two years, and it ended my association with Citibank. During that time, however, I was able to renew my friendship with Walt Rose, and with Tom Moore and Mike Anderson who had been roommates of ours during senior year. All had delightful families and it was fun being together in Southern California.

Anxious to return to the east coast, I signed on with the First National Bank of Chicago which wanted to open an investment banking office in New York. So in 1984 we returned to our house in Connecticut, and I began commuting to Manhattan once more. Only this time I also had responsibilities in

London and frequently traveled to Geneva. What a life! Never home till nine p.m., on the train by 6:30 a.m., I wasn't getting to see any of my kids, couldn't participate in their activities, nor did I see much of Eileen. In addition, Martha (November 3, 1985) had arrived to enliven our lives—change was needed.

Thus in 1987, when a colleague from Citibank asked me to join him in Chicago as a partner in his fledgling leverage buyout firm, I jumped at the chance. Putting our house up for sale the week before the October 1987 stock market crash didn't discourage us, only delayed us until the next summer. In August 1988 we moved to Winnetka, Illinois, and were introduced to the mystique of the New Trier School District. It was a challenging time for all of us. The banks were practically giving money away to leveraged buyout investors, and within two years we had purchased six companies, with only our own capital as equity.

Most such bubbles burst, and the banks, forced by losses and regulatory tightening, stopped financing these acquisitions right in the middle of one of our deals. We started consolidating and cutting back. The net result was a portfolio of businesses that didn't require both of us full time. Having been the Chief Financial Officer of our venture, I had grown to like the challenge of working with small businesses. Thus, last year I broke away and started my own consulting firm through which I work with smaller companies as a part-time chief financial officer.

In August of 1992 we moved again to Fredonia, New York, about an hour south of Buffalo, where I am actively conducting business, where our kids can ski every weekend in the winter, where my wife has her own painting studio, where our view extends over 150 miles from east to west, and where the local vineyards continue to win gold medals for their Chardonnay. Child rearing has become our highest priority, but who says that we shouldn't be able to enjoy life while our kids invent new ways to challenge us intellectually, test our moral strength, and generally try to put us through hell.

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What to make of a life? Facing the big five-O (not a threat if "I won't grow up" is one of your favorite songs). Four jobs (and, as I write this, probably more to come). Three children—seven-and-a-half, six (both boys) and two ("Daddy's girl")—easily the greatest "things" that ever happened to me! Two marriages (both in double digits—maybe we were meant to change partners every ten years or so?), and possibly more to come (it's a terrific institution, but why do I want to be institutionalized?). One heart/mind (because I'm still

enthusiastic about life—consider the alternative; it's hard to believe that either will ever give out—certainly not willingly!). Life has been (almost) everything I might have wished for in September 1965—and frequently much more. Besides the foregoing: eleven years in London (the Queen took so many oaths in 1992 that I took an oath to her); six in New York City (haven't we all?); six months in Hong Kong; negotiated and signed a treaty for the U.S.; had a character named after me in a best selling novel (the author said he [I?] was an “asshole,” but that it was a “good and substantial part”); struck by lightning (a “come from behind” golf victory that I wouldn't recommend); and lawyer to the rich and famous (including someone who once said “I used to be different; now I'm the same”—which got me going again when the sky fell on me in 1992). I like children, golf, softball, theater, music (almost anything, thank you), alcohol (ditto), food/cooking (ditto again, thank you), traveling, reading, running, skiing, London, Washington, D.C. (where I have just moved), and Yale. (I didn't know where to put “women” in this list but hope I find room for them again, too.) I have worked for Yale (Vice President, Yale Club of London; U.K. Alumni Schools Committee Chairman; presented cheque from Bart, the Corporation, and faculty/students for organ restoration to the church in Wrexham, North Wales, where Elihu Yale is buried), and hope to continue to do so. While I can't say that Yale made me what I am (I wouldn't wish to blame anyone for that), I know that it presented me with the opportunity to become what I am. I have kept up with many friends from Yale and am much the richer for them. They are diverse; they are talented; and they are constant—they have never let me down, no matter how infrequently we have seen each other over the last twenty-five years. All of which is to say: If I had it all to do over again—the good, the bad and the indifferent—there's not a hell of a lot I'd change. Life is indeed stranger and infinitely more beautiful than fiction.

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After working for New Haven City Hall and other nonprofit institutions, I had the good fortune of getting laid off, so I could discover that I really like being a free-lance writer/publicist/cable television writer and producer.

My motto is “Nothing is obvious to the uninformed.”

My son Dave turns twenty-five in July 1993 and lives in New Haven near Southern Connecticut (my final alma mater!). My seven-year-old son Jeffrey loves kittens, swimming and super soakers—and “Star Trek: The Next Generation”.

My wife Dianna is an electron microscopist, but would really rather work with animals. It will happen someday!

PROF. CARL A. PIERCE

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After marrying Peggy Sawin at the end of my first year in law school and graduating from Yale Law School in 1972, I began teaching law at the University of Tennessee College of Law in Knoxville. I'm still happily married to Peggy and still teaching law at the University of Tennessee College of Law. We have two great daughters, Emily (eighteen) and Katie (thirteen). Emily will be a freshman at Princeton—telling Yale in response to their inquiry that she did not apply to Yale “because her father went there.” Nothing negative about Yale, Emily's just not one to follow footsteps.

Special memories from Yale are about cross-country and track, many miles running with good friends. Special pleasure today is running with Emily and Katie, both of whom have endurance and speed which must have been inherited from their mom. I'm still running but have added biking and swimming to save the knees. Triathlons are fun.

The Pierces are a two-career (Peggy's a nursing professor at University of Tennessee), two-kid, two-dog family in which everybody's too busy but loves everything they are doing (except, on occasion, being too busy). It's sort of the way it was for me at Yale—except for the wife, her career, the two kids, and the dogs!

Major regret is that I have never attended a Yale reunion—always thought we were too busy. That was a mistake. Have lost contact with some valued friends. That was a mistake. Am President of Yale Club of Knoxville—that probably is a mistake, but I especially enjoys visits to Knoxville of Yale singers (the Glee Club and Mixed Company) and Yale athletes (volleyball).

My academic “passions” are American legal history, professional responsibility, and corporate law. While I enjoy research and publication, I prefer working with students—as did some of my best professors at Yale. Helping students to learn is a real joy. I hope Yale does not lose sight of teaching undergraduates as its primary mission.

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THOMAS E. PITTS, JR.

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In 1990 I switched from doing New York bankruptcy work with a Providence firm to doing nationwide bankruptcy work from New York for a Chicago-based firm. I now head the New York contingent of the national bankruptcy practice of 650-lawyer Sidley & Austin.

By the time this is published Sondra (Ahlijian) Pitts and I will be approaching our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. She has had to put up with a husband who can't sit still and can't settle for a "normal" existence. I don't know how she does it.

And then there is Shanna, our only child and a member of the Smith College Class of 1995. She has raised us both as she has confronted the challenges at every age to the progress of women through life. Having a daughter was the best thing that ever happened to us.

VINCENT J. PITTS

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FREDERICK J. PLATT III

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I have spent most of my time since '69 as a general contractor, construction manager, and construction litigation consultant. Spent the last year-and-a-half designing and building a home on land in Lyme, Connecticut.

RICHARD B. PLATT

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Rick was hired by Ford Motor Company in his senior year. At Ford he worked for the director of marketing staff, and he resigned the following year when he concluded that he did not covet his superiors' jobs.

A few months later he founded Polyproducts Corporation ("many products," providing himself plenty of leeway), which supplied materials to sculptors who wished to work with hard-to-obtain industrial plastics materials.

On October 10, 1970, in Lake Forest, Illinois, Rick married Anna Wilson Dickinson (St. Timothy's '66 and Smith College '70), whom he had dated throughout his Yale years, and whose father William (Yale '34) had been friends with Rick's father Frank (Yale '35). They have two children: Richard Booth Platt, Jr., born May 9, 1977, and Anne Dickinson Platt, born January 17, 1979, both in Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan. In fall '93 Booth will enter Proctor Academy ('96) and Anne will enter Andover ('97).

Polyproducts customers needed weighing scales to use its products, and in the late seventies Rick directed the company into the scale business, first as a distributor of mechanical scales, then as a manufacturer of mechanical scales, and later as a manufacturer of electronic scales, with its products subcontracted from captive suppliers in Taiwan and Hong Kong. The company's scales are used pri-

marily by jewelers, laboratories, schools, and reloaders of target-shooting ammunition.

In 1984 Rick founded Specialty Auto Parts U.S.A. to supply chrome hot-rod engine parts to Ford, Chrysler, and General Motors. More recently this company has diversified into high-performance automotive starters, alternators, and engine-adjustment tools.

In the course of pursuing these businesses Rick has developed business relationships in Taiwan, Hong Kong, and mainland China.

Rick has served on the boards of the Detroit Artists Market, an organization which supports fledgling artists; the Grosse Pointe Club (Chairman 1985-86); the Detroit Zoological Society; and the Andover Development Board. He is a member of the Grosse Pointe Club and the Yondotega Club in Detroit; the Belvedere Golf Club in Charlevoix, Michigan; and the Yale Club of New York.

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November 11, 1989

A very few moments define our lives. For me, one of those moments came on November 11, 1989.

Twenty years after graduation I was typical of many in our class: I had gone on to Yale Law School and then left for the West. I had married my high school sweetheart, Rosalind. We had had three bright, talented boys—Aaron (then fifteen) and twins Alex and Elias (thirteen). Roz had spent ten years caring for the boys full time and was now back to a tough, demanding job as a school principal. I had become a litigation partner at a 300-lawyer San Francisco firm. At forty I was on the firm's executive committee and acted as its chief financial officer. I spent most of my waking hours pursuing my professional goal—to be the best lawyer I could be and eventually to run the firm. I had everything I could possibly want, a terrific wife, three great kids, two houses, my career.

In the fall of 1989 my son Aaron was a high school junior. I recalled myself at that age—I had one goal, to go to Yale. At dinner that Saturday night in November Aaron told us, for the first time, that he wanted to apply to Yale the next year, early admissions. I thought of myself at fifteen, and I felt great. After dinner Aaron went out with his friends. I didn't get to say goodbye to him. Before midnight we were awakened by a knock at the door. There had been a car accident. Aaron was at the hospital. I never saw him alive again.

In that horrible moment, my life changed forever. Nothing would ever be the same. What had seemed terribly important the day before became utterly irrelevant—and in many ways it still is, now, four years later. Aaron's death gave me a perspective on life I had never had before. What mattered most was not careers or successes, but people—the people close to me, my wife and especially the twins. Since then I have spent more time teaching, nurturing, and enjoying the company of my other two sons than I had with all three boys in the fifteen years before. I suddenly knew what really was important to me.

Life goes by all too quickly. In my zeal to become the best that I could be, to achieve professionally, to be the youngest this and the fastest that, I missed much of Aaron's short life. I always thought we could catch up tomorrow, just as we all do. In my case there would be no tomorrow for Aaron. Aaron taught me what we all forget—tomorrow may never come. Aaron taught me that we must live each day to the fullest and that every event in our children's lives is important. There will always be time to become president of our company, or managing partner of my law firm. But the fast track has its costs. Our kids need us now, not when they're old enough to be presidents of their own companies. Aaron's death also taught me that we must relish what our children are, not expect them to live up to some ideal—an ideal we thought we met (but probably never did). As long as they try, they are perfect. That's all that matters.

Yale never taught me these things. Aaron did.

BRUCE A. PLYER

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I'm now one divorce, two automobiles, three careers, and twenty-five years from dear old Yale. It has been a continuing evolution of character, personal and professional development and serendipity. Yale was my high school counselor's idea, and a visit with the recruiter did spare me a boring class period. Yale and crew will always be synonymous for me; my most lasting friendships are from there.

After graduation, the Navy. Not for a career—I was going on to architecture graduate school—but to serve my country and take a breather between studies. Destroyers, gunboats, Vietnam, responsibility, excitement, travel. The world was expanding for me, architecture receded. Then one day the thrill of the Navy life was gone, and in Hong Kong I ran into a classmate who mentioned Harvard Business School. Hmmm, time for a change. Harvard Business School and a chance interview in New York, building on a facet of my Navy days, brought me into the military-industrial complex, where I traveled the world for aerospace. After advancing all the way up the marketing ladder (only to realize the engineers were determined to keep control), time for a change, back to my graduate school focus and the world of finance. Now I'm happily doing what I wanted for a long time—as a financial consultant. I'm an expert advisor, confidant, teacher, counselor, manager, and friend, all rolled into one, as well as a leader in my continuing Navy Reserve association in the grade of Captain. It's been a convoluted continual evolution, to be sure.

I can't say pre-coed Yale did much for building more than the manly man. Interpersonal relationships was a journey all its own. I look back wincingly at how I handled many of life's situations. If I could only reach back and make the other choice, take the other path, right that slight, be kinder and more understanding, tougher at other times.

We may be what we eat (what's a Yogurt?), but emotionally we're where we've been and whom we've known. I've been a lot of places, known a lot of people, done a lot of things, and played various roles, and if I'm better than I've been it's because of that journey.

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As I sit here at the keyboard awaiting inspiration to surge forth, I realize the impossibility of putting into print my ambivalent feelings about Yale. On the one hand, I remember myself as a wide-eyed young man awed by the mystique and tradition of the place as we arrived in 1965. On the other hand, I recall the sense of frustration and disappointment those last days in June 1969, as I set forth on my career track so little prepared for the coming years. In fact, my real preparation for life did not begin until much later, perhaps after completion of my medical training, when I faced my secret demons and accepted who I am and where I am going. Did I enjoy my few years at Yale? You bet. Do I remember it fondly? Well, let's say that it is not that high on the list of the Top Ten Things That Shape Your Life.

Enough of this banter. And now for the obligatory autobiographical sketch.

After I graduated from Yale I split up with my Turkish girlfriend, sold the Corvette, and trashed around Europe for the summer, eventually running out of cash and facing up to the impending grind of medical school. I went through Johns Hopkins and appended an M.D. to my name by 1973. I liked the crabs and oysters too much to leave Baltimore and stayed put for the next few years at the Hopkins, where I went through the medical residency program and cardiology fellowship. I killed a few dogs in the name of medical research, wrote a few papers and abstracts, and realized that academic medicine was not my cup of tea.

I met my cup of tea and married Charis in 1977, packed up the second-hand furniture, dogs, books, and wall ornaments, and headed southwest to California, the promised land of private enterprise and alternative medicine, far from the tradition-laden megahospital establishment.

The practice has matured; I now have a partner, a lot of employees, a lot of bills, and a lot of fun. I love what I am doing, i.e., clinical cardiology including interventional procedures. My handwriting has deteriorated to the point of illegibility, but I guess that goes with the territory.

Our daughter Lauren came along in 1986, then more dogs, more cats, a few horses, fish and birds, a new house, more cars, and a couple of airplanes, the

trappings of suburbia. I think I have kept my sanity in all this, but when time permits, I take off for the desert and fly my sailplane as high and far as I can. Beats mowing the lawn.

So here I am, comfortably middle-aged (man, that sounds bad!) and getting serious about those things middle-aged people get serious about...money, retirement planning, hair loss, memory loss, weight gain, and avoiding the Big One. Yale seems every bit of twenty-five years ago, but it sure would be nice to hear from Larry, Pete, John, Duke, and the others from Davenport College. You know, I think I still have some of those notebooks and test papers stuck away in the attic. Good grief, we looked like stiffs back in those days!

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I drifted from Yale through Woodstock into New York and the world of photojournalism. Witnessed some of the fall of Communism and some of the Gulf War. Since 1991 I've lived in Washington, D.C., where I'm International Photo Editor of *U.S. News and World Report*. My personal life is still under development.

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After graduation my well-planned life was supposed to take me to the University of Kansas for a doctorate in entomology. However, the summer after my senior year, I worked for a marine biologist in Panama. During my freshman year at Yale I took scuba on a lark just to get out of calisthenics (we were the last class to suffer that indignity), and I had not looked at the water since. However, once in Panama, I went scuba diving and emerged from that first open-water dive (as opposed to all of my previous scuba experiences scraping the bottom of the Yale pool) with the rather reckless notion that, since I had absolutely no knowledge of anything I had just seen, I should devote the rest of my professional life to studying it. It also did not bother me that the oceans are the one environment on earth that has no insects. Yale was the only graduate school that I had been admitted to that also had a marine program—after all, Plan A was to study insects, not marine animals. Although I had already turned down my Yale admissions offer (thinking I would go to Kansas instead), I called the Graduate School from Panama and got them to reinstate me. I received my Ph.D. in biol-

ogy from Yale in 1973. I distinctly remember arriving back at Yale in the fall in 1969, after having graduated from there in the spring of the same year, and wondering what contorted logic had led me to face four more New Haven winters. "Toto, this isn't Kansas."

I married a Vassarite, Karen Glaus, who also got her Ph.D. in biology from Yale. We defended our dissertations on the same day, and on special occasions she reminds me that she has had her doctorate for one hour longer than I have! She also admits that, while at Vassar, she voted against the proposed merger with Yale (cruel irony that she too had to spend the next four years in New Haven!).

We both received academic positions at the University of Michigan (yes, it's a long way from the ocean). Michigan provided two good jobs at a time when landing almost any job was something of a hat trick. We left Michigan in 1977 and both received positions at our present posts as Professors of Ecology at the University of Georgia. Our daughter Delene was born in 1979 and took her first scuba dive with me last summer (Cousteau family, look out).

Increasingly, I am less of a pure academician and more of an environmental activist. How many of you really comprehend what it means that within the next fifty years, humans will exterminate half of all plant and animal species on earth? Last year I testified before a joint U.S. Senate/House of Representatives session on the environment. I have used up most of my Warholian fifteen minutes of fame with an on-camera interview on the "ABC Nightly News" with Peter Jennings. As an environmentalist, I voted for Gore and pray for Clinton. We have so precious little time to get it right.

As I think about Yale and what she gave to me, it is as much the breadth of the liberal arts exposure as the depth of scientific training that prepared me to be effective in my current role as a researcher and educator. Bill Sacco, who was in our class but did not graduate with us, and I created a course on Scientific Photography, offered as a residential college course in Silliman. The course was taught by the best photographers on the staff of *Life* Magazine. Bill currently heads the photographic department at Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History. Since I teach by showing, I thought of this course as I accepted the University of Georgia's outstanding teacher award several years ago. Through the lens of my camera, the concept of *Lux et Veritas* is very real.

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He was seduced by Matthew Arnold, they'll say. A silly fate, to be a gypsy scholar, and the damn tree keeps slipping out of sight.

Once, at a quiet inn, they thought they saw him, not brooding, just talking to the innkeeper's little children (or the buxom waitress), telling lies that he knew they could see right through. He pulled out a book that he had written for children. Not Glanvil's book, this one was a history of the movies, and it began with a warning: don't be suckered, kids. Out here, when truth become legend, we print the legend.

Another time, they saw him crossing on a ferry, slipping into the fog on the far side of the water. Istanbul, Nairobi, Dubrovnik, Beijing, Havana, just ports of call, photo opportunities, but always photos of peoples' faces, head-on, searching for traces of a shared situation or maybe a spark from heaven.

A few times he pitched his tent with kindred spirits, and he felt those moments close to the core. Leaving college had been like leaving home: the small courtyard, surrounded by friends, late-night dirtball games, long dinners followed by endless cigarettes and a bottomless cup of coffee. Good coffee became the hallmark of a good stopping point; he lost years at the Caffè Roma in North Beach, playing foosbol and dreaming movies with a few good friends.

Leaving home itself had been less difficult, an ultimatum refused (get a job or get a haircut). It was then that he hit the road for good, searching for the old embrace of friendship and a shared purpose. When he found it, he never wanted to leave. Long, long years among the scholars of Iowa and San Francisco were followed by short, sharp bursts of community at a half-dozen college posts. But the world moved on, and he slipped out the back door.

Down the road he found true love and glimpses of mortality, one good dog who liked to crisscross the country, some old vices to be sloughed off (legacy of the courtyard days), a workable rap in lieu of a career, and an unwavering jumpshot. But he worried that the quest was fading like the light.

People still catch glimpses of him here and there, creaky-kneed and hardly a figure spare. Really, he doesn't have a clue, just a stirring inside for curious kids and pretty women (for years now just one, though she wants to change him), for the dream-reel of the movies, and the sharp air of the open road. Sometimes he has to strain to hear the voice, the whisper come to chase fatigue and fear, but it does come and then he knows. What the hell, Clough wandered till he died. Against the night sky he can see the tree still standing on the hillside, and the poems still make him cry.

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WHADDA YA MEAN, ROUGHING?
ONE OF MY PLAYERS,
ROUGHING? ARE YOU
BLIND, REF?!

HE BARELY TOUCHED HIM!
I SAW THE WHOLE THING!
TELL HIM, RONNY, YOU
BARELY TOUCHED HIM,
RIGHT? YOU BARELY LAID
A HAND ON HIM, DID YOU,
RON?

I KICKED HIS ASS IN.

DO YOU THINK
WE COULD SETTLE
ON 25 YARDS?

G.B. Trudeau

bull tales HAVING JUST
HANDLED OFF TO
STAR HALFBACK HILL,
HERE I STAND ON
THE GOAL LINE
TO SEE IF
HE CAN DRIVE
IN FOR THE
SCORE...
SUDDENLY...
INCREDIBLE!
HE
MADE IT!

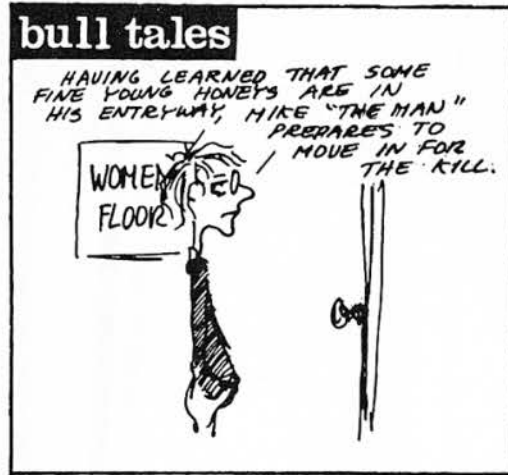
BEAUTIFUL, BABY
JUST BEAUTIFUL!
WHADDA RUN!

OH, HI, B.D.
GLAD YOU LIKED IT.

THAT WAS A GREAT RUN,
BIG FELLA. BUT I HAVE
TO CONFESS IN ALL HONESTY,
I REALLY DIDN'T THINK YOU
WERE GOING TO MAKE
IT THAT TIME.

OH? WHY'S THAT?

G.B. Trudeau



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PAUL P. PRIEBE, M.D.

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Career: full-time academic surgeon at Case Western Reserve University, based at Metrohealth Medical Center. Special interests are in gastrointestinal surgery and G.I. endoscopy. I take great pleasure from both the work and the teaching.

Family: my wife, Debra, and I are enjoying both Christian (six) and Katherine (four). Of my older children, Jennifer is an artist in New York City, after finishing her M.A. at New York University. Natalie is in a graduate Ph.D. fellowship in mathematics at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Mac will be a sophomore at Emory University. All seem to be in good health in all respects. I am, obviously, an extremely proud father, blessed by a wonderful family.

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ERIC H. PROSNITZ, M.D.

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Having never ventured west of New York, I opted for medical school in Los Angeles after graduation from Yale. The four years in Los Angeles were notable for marriage and immersion in the southern California milieu of the early seventies. Thereafter came five years in America's heartland, for internship, residency, and a fellowship in nephrology. In 1978 it was time for me to get a real job, so we moved to Tucson where I signed on as an assistant professor of medicine at the University of Arizona. We were blessed with two children, Debra, born in 1981, and Beth, born in 1985. As my personal life was enriched by my growing family, my professional life revolved around starting, expanding, and eventually being continuously overworked by a private practice in internal

medicine and nephrology.

Sadly, Elaine, my Yale Prom date and wife of twenty-two years, died in 1992. At that time I took leave from my practice and devoted myself to being a full-time father. We are coping with our loss, and I have recently returned to a faculty position at the University of Arizona.

We look forward to the reunion (can it truly be the twenty-fifth?) and extend an invitation to visit us to all classmates who may journey through the dramatic desert southwest.

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Yale was very good to me. Our randomly chosen, geographically diverse, freshman roommate group remained together the entire four years and were the closest thing I'll ever have to brothers. Senior year I lived in Indian Neck with Nina. We married the summer after graduation. I went to the University of California, Los Angeles, for medical school, pediatric internship, and adult and child psychiatry training. In 1974 we had Ariane. Nina died suddenly, unexpectedly, from an infection from having her teeth cleaned, while pregnant in 1978. I wrote in *Parents* magazine about our sorrow and my "Conversations with Ariane." Nina and I had nearly ten great years together, with lots of travel, life on the beach in Los Angeles when it was safe, and many friends. After Nina's death, Ariane and I moved to North San Diego County. In 1980 I married Julie. She had three sons, and together we had another daughter, Carolyn, now twelve. We raised these five children in this blended family, again with lots of fun travel, sports, and memories. Stepfamilies are almost never easy. We had some great highs and terrible lows. Recently Julie and I separated.

I have worked mostly as a child and adolescent psychiatrist. I am medical director of a residential treatment center for teenagers. I like working with the kids, but nowadays most of what one does is argue with "managed care companies" to justify a meager payment for whatever time is left over to treat the children. A few years ago I was elected a Fellow by the American Psychiatric Association. I have been an examiner for the adult and child psychiatry board examinations. I have done some writing and lots of speaking. Right now the topic most in demand is a special interest of mine which is really no joke: *Nerds*. These are kids with mild but pervasive developmental disorders which are only

funny on TV. In “real life” being a nerd can mean misery and lead to attempts at revenge (of the nerds) or depression.

Life’s been very full, and I have a feeling it will stay that way.

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I consider myself one of the fortunate ones. In fact, if I had the chance to relive the past twenty-nine years without change, I would do it in a flash!

Roz and I have had the privilege of watching three terrific kids grow into adults. David is a senior at Emory, Anne a sophomore at Yale, and Julie a junior at Winsor School. We’ve lived in some wonderful places—Paris, San Francisco, Washington, and Boston—and have had good friends and great memories in all of them. Our last ten years have been spent in the 1720 New England farmhouse we had long dreamed of owning.

I went to law school because I wasn’t sure what I wanted to do for a living. Now I have the perfect job for someone who still doesn’t know what he wants to do for a living. Every day is different, and I’m never sure what will come up the next hour. (I am a partner in the law firm of Ropes & Gray, concentrating in tax, employee benefits, and executive compensation.)

I am able to spend most of my time solving puzzles and problems for a variety of clients, most of whom even express their gratitude! Occasionally, I also get to be an academic, writing books, giving lectures, and achieving some modest degree of recognition in my field. Sometimes I am able to perform some public service as well, through bar associations and charitable board memberships. And for a few hours a month I forget the law altogether by singing in the chorus of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

My main concern now is that it is harder and harder to pack everything in. Every year brings additional pressures and demands on time, and life becomes more of a blur. Is there a way to slow this freight train down?

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So here I am in mid-middle age, with time rushing by, trying in vain to capture the moments. How can I sum up twenty-five years that began with going to Woodstock with Richard G. Williams and will end with our twenty-fifth reunion?

Ultimately, everything can be expressed in numbers: one ex-wife; fifteen years of marriage; three children—Yael (sixteen), Daphne (nine), Daniel (eight); seven years of commercial law practice; two books—*Diamond Law*, 1984, and *Diamonds: A Legal Perspective*, 1986; minor roles in three movies; twenty-four years as director of the Israel Yale Alumni Schools Committee (one hundred applicants, eight admitted); active duty during three wars—Yom Kippur, 1973, Lebanon, 1982, the Gulf War, 1991. After twenty-two years I am about to be discharged from the Israeli army reserves at the rank of lieutenant colonel.

I live in Kfar Shmaryahu, a suburb of Tel Aviv. I work in the city, managing my business investments in automobile import and distribution and in real estate.

Reunions are times of reckoning, assessing the past, and comparing oneself with classmates. I do not know how many of us have come to terms with ourselves, with who we are, and who we will never be. At times, I am envious of those who have. For me, life is still a process of trial and error, of constant discovery, of (in the words of E.E. Cummings) “coming back home, and seeing it for the first time.” But, then, I was like that at Yale, and despite the time that has gone by, maybe I have not changed that much.

Or have I? Having lost both my parents suddenly in a car accident, I have learned to cope better with sorrow. I am learning to surrender myself to love, and Dassy, my girlfriend, agrees. I have not written the great Israeli novel, but I may do so yet. Life is beautiful. My time at Yale was undoubtedly one of its highlights. Bulldog, bulldog, bow wow wow, Eli Yale!

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After Yale I went on to Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School for an M.P.A. I then went to work in New York City government, evaluating drug treatment and rehabilitation programs. The rough and tumble of big city politics, social problems, and bureaucracy was a completely different world from that of the Ivy Leagues, and took some getting used to. But I enjoyed the combination of doing fieldwork with an interdisciplinary team, learning about city neighborhoods and health service organizations, and the writing, analysis, and advising that lie at the heart of evaluation work. Those of you who know me know that I always had creative interests as well. I wrote some articles about my evaluation experiences that were published in health journals. In 1979 I wrote and illustrated a children's book, *Melissa on Parade* (Bradbury Press). For awhile I did free-lance editorial and political cartooning. My work appeared in *Foreign Policy Magazine*, the *Nation*, *Ms.*, and *New York Affairs*, and, in 1982, Princeton University Press published a calendar featuring my political cartoons. In a second stint in city government, I again returned to health care service evaluation (at the Department of Health), this time directing an evaluation unit for several years. But my creative interests continued, and I was looking for a new way that I could integrate them. I discovered the Macintosh and set about learning desktop publishing and computer graphics. There was such a need to produce health materials quickly, and the old ways of producing them were so slow and mired in bureaucracy; I saw a need and a service I could provide. Over the last few years I have been Director of Materials Development for a division of the Department of Health, designing and producing a range of promotional, educational, and presentation materials (including posters that have been displayed throughout New York's subway system). Most recently I have also been teaching and training. I now teach desktop publishing and computer graphics (Quark, Illustrator, PhotoShop) at the New School and at the New York Macintosh User Group (NYMUG).

Our upcoming reunions is, I'm sure, bringing back a flood of Yale memories for all of us. I suppose we will always be known as the last male class of Yale, but there were other distinctions as well. I think we already had a sense that Yale was changing demographically when we arrived. Yale was opening up, diversifying in its public/private school mix, its ethnic and geographic representation. And I think we had already, at the beginning, a sense of our generational muscle: we were the boomers coming of age (though probably none of us anticipated fully the tumult of the late sixties). I remember being struck by Yale's historical atmosphere—its turrets, statues, inscriptions, and the pomp of its ceremonies. I had multiple reactions to this. I was awed and more than a little overwhelmed by it. I wondered whether the institution would be responsive to

the present—to *us* and *our* needs. But mostly I felt honored by Yale's history, feeling a sense of privilege, opportunity and access. Somehow it made me feel that our own personal histories and quests for meaning were worthwhile too.

Many things, big and small, changed during our years. Do you remember posture pictures and posture class? We were probably the last to have them! Wearing jackets and ties to Commons gave way. The grading system was reformed. New majors cropped up (Yale, I believe, was the first university to offer an Afro-American Studies major). Garry Trudeau, while we can't claim him for our class, started drawing *Doonesbury* during our years (naming B.D. after our own B.D.!). The cross campus library was put underground, leaving the green intact. And coeducation was set in motion (remember coed week?).

Our campus experience was, of course, colored by the issues at large—the civil rights movement, the escalating Vietnam war, and the schisms that were tearing at the society. Lyndon Johnson's stepping down, the deaths of Martin Luther King and RFK, the election of Nixon, the campus riots across America, the marches on Washington, the draft card burnings, Woodstock—all of this formed the backdrop of our years. The war in particular clamped a pressure cooker lid on Yale. I remember hearing that, before us, a number of students took more than four years to graduate—students took time off to work, find themselves, try things out. Suddenly that was no longer an option. The government's deferment policy kept changing on us. Student deferments were no longer guaranteed. Then they were made dependent on our standing in the class. Professors came to realize that flunking someone could mean sending him to Vietnam. I think this more than anything else brought about the grading reform (unless it was the high marks Margaret Mead gave to her 900-student class that totally skewed the grading curve anyway!). One thing can be said: change came to Yale relatively peacefully (compared to what was happening on other campuses). I think this was in no small part due to the leadership and panache of Kingman Brewster. Both he and William Sloane Coffin emerged from our years as national spokespersons.

My Yale experience is still something I digest all these years later. Getting accepted at Yale was a big deal! I still remember carrying the acceptance letter in my pocket for several months during the summer before freshman year (or rather a copy so the original wouldn't get molded up!). Yale's logo, with its mix of Hebrew and Latin and crisp navy blue ink, suggested a new world for me. I would read the letter with a mix of pride and apprehension, plumbing it for some notion of what was to come.

My parents were German Jewish refugees—lucky ones, who'd gotten out just before the war broke. Both my mother and her family and my father's parents had been aboard the *St. Louis*, the refugee boat Hitler had allowed out in the spring of 1939. The boat had been bound for Cuba, but the Cuban government reversed itself, refusing to let the passengers disembark. The boat meandered around the Gulf of Mexico, its passengers desperately trying to negotiate entrance into the U.S.—to no avail. My mother had memories of being able to see the shores of Florida—they were that close. The captain, sympathetic to the refugees' plight, stalled a return to Germany as long as he could. Eventually four European countries took in the group. My mother and her family weathered the war years in England, my father's parents, more desperately, in

Belgium. The curtain of war descended and several years went by. Most of the *St. Louis* passengers perished. Ultimately, however, both sides of my family did make it to New York, where they regrouped in immigrant neighborhoods—and where my parents first met.

There was drama to the family's exodus story (the *St. Louis* story was eventually made into a movie, *Voyage of the Damned*)—and a certain capriciousness. If events had turned out even slightly differently, I might have been born Cuban, English, Belgian, or not at all. But America was a godsend for my parents, and a new beginning—they tried to minimize the scars of the war and to look forward. Like many, they embraced the postwar optimism and American culture. They wanted to give me as American and apple-pie a boyhood as possible. I was named Tom after *Tom Sawyer*, one of the few American books my father had read. The family joke is that it was a good thing it wasn't *Huckleberry Finn*!

So I had had a fairly typical and happy, modest middle-class childhood and adolescence. I had fun with my brother. My childhood heroes were Topper and Superman, an unlikely combination! I loved my hula hoop, fantasized over Annette Funicello, and took a lively interest in the fate of the Edsel. I grew up in Trenton, New Jersey, carried my girlfriend's books, kissed her on the porch of her house, and navigated my way through Trenton's big public high school. Like all of us, I was old enough to sense the charisma and promise of the Kennedy years and to be touched by the trauma of his death. And when the hormones started to kick in, I tuned in to the libidinal call of the Beatles and Rolling Stones. Still, it was the family saga I wrote about in my application essay to Yale. And my getting in represented something redemptive for the family.

I worked very hard at Yale, particularly during my freshman year when I was more than a little motivated by fear and awe for the place. It was my first introduction to the pursuit of excellence as a kind of ideal, of value in its own right. I responded to Yale's challenge towards excellence with all the energy I could muster, and stretched in terms of achievement. I remember the real highs that came out of mastery and the free management of my own time—the eureka moments of grasping a concept, communing with a great author, writing a paper I was proud of, being lost somewhere in the fourth century B.C. while lounging in a leather chair in Sterling Library. I also remember having a lot of fun with buddies—for example as a member of the Marching Band. Our formations always skirted the edge with their double entendres. I still remember a Yale-Vassar merger formation where the band formed a giant Y whose stem marched vigorously into a receptive V, while playing "I've Got You Under My Skin." I think we were censored after that! I played twenty-second trumpet out of twenty-two, but hey, everybody's important in a formation!

Other free associations—posture pictures! One freshman day we all found a note from Payne Whitney gym in our mailboxes. (In psychology we had learned that intermittent reinforcement was what really worked for creating repeated behaviors. I've always thought that the many trips we took to Yale Station were our responses to our intermittent mail.) We had to get posture pictures. As you will recall, what this amounted to was having a picture taken of us, stripped down, with needles taped all over our bodies. The explanation: somehow the needles' shadows showed how we were standing. I must have

failed. I was informed I needed to take posture class, which amounted to several weeks of being taught how to stand. One of my buddies passed; the trick, he told me belatedly, was to stand as though you were squeezing a dime between your butt cheeks. Useful advice that, but a bit too late. I took posture class, chalking it off as a Yale experience I would relate many years later. So in a way I am making good on that promise! I have often wondered what became of those pictures. We all used to hear apocryphal stories about them being used as place cards at reunions. Could it be true?!

Later on there was Coed Week. It was supposed to be Yale students' demonstration to the administration that life could go on business-as-usual with women around. *Sure*—we who gave the world the Yale-Vassar merger formation! Seven hundred women bussed in from twenty-two surrounding women's schools. Academic life, at least *our* academic life, *stopped* for a week. By the end, we thought we had set *back* the cause of coeducation for a generation!

As was true for all of us in our own ways, my Yale experiences got filtered through a certain amount of adolescent confusion and distortion, and through the multiple crosscurrents of the times. Yale was—is—a Zabar's of the mind. *Everything* was excellent, *every* professor seemed to be a leading figure, a celebrity, *all* the students seemed to have been high school valedictorians or class presidents—it was sometimes intimidating and overwhelming. Looking back now, I realize that growth and learning is lifelong, people grow at their own rates. Back then there was an urgency I felt, perhaps partially self-imposed and partially osmosed, that I had to know all the answers and make all the choices *now*. Part of adolescence (and indeed life) *is* playing and stumbling and nondirected exploring. A lot of this got preempted by the competitive drive of the place and the pressures brought to bear by the threat of the Vietnam war. There was a lot to adjust to. Yale's male environment was a new experience for me, so was its self-assured preppie element. I like many aspects of the intensity, elitism, bravado, and camaraderie that emerged, but it had its double edge, and I also had lingering debts to a different background.

As men, I don't think we fully anticipated the ramifications of the women's lib movement and gender role changes. Generally, testosterone guided our behavior. For most of us, women were pretty much relegated to the weekends. Returning to campus from the fun of a weekend roadtrip, we all suffered occasional Sunday evening *schmerz*—the clatter of a lonely typewriter from a courtyard window calling us back to the work at hand. Still, the overriding feeling for me was of privilege in being there.

During our years, few went on for an M.B.A. About the nearest thing Yale had, I think, was a major in industrial psychology. There was no School of Organization and Management. I read somewhere that when First Boston Corporation came to campus recently, something like nine hundred people signed up for interviews; this would never have happened during our time. There was a distrust, or maybe just a lack of interest, in business. While the Great Society was tottering, it had not yet given way; our yuppiness had yet to surface. We were a contradictory mix: high-minded, community-spirited and idealistic, parochial and self-involved, flower children of peace-and-love wearing army jackets, torchbearers of the moral highground, hip antimaterialists benefiting from many advantages, distrustful of institutions and anyone over thirty. Mix in

old Yale, high expectations, the Vietnam war. Add a touch of Hendrix, Joplin, and the Age of Aquarius. Stir gently over a high flame. That was us.

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Ironically, the last time I looked back at anything like a twenty-five-year stretch of my life with the aim of making some sense of it all was during my last year in New Haven. I was putting together a conscientious objector claim, having been to a Quaker school for six years before going to Yale. The process was arduous throughout—I guess I wasn't prepared to be literally laughed at by my draft board—but it was ultimately successful and life-changing. Both the ordeal with Selective Service and two years working at University of Virginia Hospital gave me my first real, formative chances to accommodate principles and personal interests to practical options and novel social realities. My humming Country Joe and Doors numbers while hospital coworkers tuned in Elvis and Conway Twitty was, though on a trivial level, pretty representative—and not unlike the dopers amidst the drinkers in *Platoon*, come to think of it. In any case, I look back at the exacting decisions and accommodations we were all making then as something which clearly set us apart from subsequent college generations. Is it too far-fetched to think that the current perceptible if not tsunamic national ground swell of interest in public service is, in part, the result of enough of us getting into positions of influence to begin reasserting some heady early ideals, albeit in crusty, old-fart fashion?

Enough quasi-self-celebrating optimism. After spending more time at University of Virginia than John Belushi wasted at Faber College, I finagled a year in Oxford, albeit largely squandering my Fulbright stipend on pub crawls, rock-climbing trips to Snowdonia, and ski vacations to Switzerland. (I was outdone by the Rhodies only because they got bigger allowances.) The experience confirmed for me that Gothic university architecture invariably assures that the housed students will be exceptionally bright, institutionally coddled, and inclined largely to hedonism. I nonetheless managed to get a Ph.D. in English literature from Mr. Jefferson's University and shortly landed a job at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Although I applied on a lark, recognizing the school's name in the M.L.A. Job-List only (I think) because of an undefeated D'son run on the "College Bowl" show, it's been a good place for me. Despite the recent national crunch for qualified and sufficiently heeled applicants to small, private, liberal arts colleges, the students have been consistently engaging. And the college's modest but significant stress on teaching over research and publication has allowed me to subject the scholarly world only to thoughtful and carefully matured blither rather than whimsical and half-formed blather.

Not the least advantage of teaching at Dickinson is that one of its cultural programs introduced me to my wife Dottie, a Bucknell graduate and now a self-employed artist. We have two children, Abigail (six in '94) and Daniel (two), who both delight us and madden us, with the former effect blessedly preponder-

ant. It's true, what someone once said, that the day your children are born you are yourself born into worry and concern that will last as long as you or they survive. Still, we wouldn't give it up. Other great loves? I'm still obsessed by mountains, symptoms varying from running the trip program at my family's summer camp, to treks in the Himalayas, or backcountry skiing in the Rockies. Our stereo system continues to be slowly upgraded, but my subscription to *Rolling Stones* is long since lapsed, and I've stopped keeping track of the personnel of Little Feat. Did Cream, Hendrix, Joplin, B.S.&T., Moby Grape, and the Byrds ever really play in New Haven? Peeves? Like "like" all the time. "Image is everything." People who drive with folding lawn chairs on their roofs. Bob Dole. I look forward to seeing Rourke, Watson/Arndt, Oleyer, Cunningham, et al. Is Burkett really bringing James Brown?

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I'm writing this quite late so it may miss the printing, but here it is, including photo taken yesterday (just as I was thinking of shaving off the increasingly gray beard—no more need to look senior/distinguished). Watched Rabin and Arafat shake hands yesterday and was reminded of the small group of us who had dinner with Rabin in the late 1960s in Brewster's dining room, when Rabin was Ambassador to the U.S. Don't remember specifics of conversation, only that Rabin was terse, tough, knowledgeable and intelligent—the right guy in the right place at the right time, then and now. Also, he looked pretty old then, about our age now.

I wonder if I truly appreciated at the time how unusual it was for us "kids" to rub elbows with some of the world's greats. The recent death of John Hersey (Master of Pierson College during "our time") brought back to mind his wise and gentle leadership and counsel. What a privilege just to sit and chat with him when personal crisis arose, or for no particular reason at all.

For Pierson "Scholar of the House" (how "elitist" it now sounds), Hersey invited W.H. Auden and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. for afternoons of tea and conversation. Like others, I remember the detailed map of Auden's wrinkled brow. Schlesinger's recent pieces on the U.S. vis-à-vis Bosnia brought back my argument with him that afternoon, when I challenged his extreme notions of sovereignty. Directly I asked him if, had Hitler limited his Final Solution to the Jews of Germany, it would have been wrong for the U.S. to intervene. He

answered that it would have been wrong, and I strenuously disagreed, accusing him of deifying national sovereignty. Now with Bosnia he has changed his view. I still hold mine.

Other names flow by: Up-close concerts at Woolsey (organized by Herb Wright) with Hendrix, Joplin, and Donovan, endless hours spent with the “to become famous” at the *Yale Record* (Trudeau, Tartikoff); Margaret Mead’s lecture class (anthropology with a cast of thousands)...

I’d really like to go to college now. I’m sure I would properly appreciate it...and not only in retrospect.

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LEONARD RICHARDS

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Work: real estate development and consulting.

Loves: work, family—one wife, three children, myself.

Losses: a couple of jobs (no self-esteem).

Achievements: alive, healthy, happy, not content.

Disappointments: “I coulda been a contender?”

Education: Yale '69 (Class of November).

Honors: Nobel Peace Prize '72, Oscar '82, Tony '92, Reunion '93.

Offices: I’ve had several.

Publications: I receive several.

Peeves: people who do not listen.

Dreams: sometimes.

Memories: lots, mostly good.

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In brief, after leaving Yale, life has pretty much been “on track.” I married Pokey Watson, whom I was dating during my senior year, and am *still* married (? free agency at twenty-five years!) and now have three children, Andrew (eleven), Anne (nine), and Puna (seven). I went to medical school (University of California, Los Angeles), graduated in the prescribed four years, and followed in my father’s footsteps, completing my residency in orthopedic

surgery in 1978. After a year's fellowship in sports medicine, I joined the University Orthopedic group in Honolulu in 1979 and am now the president of that group, which comprises some thirteen surgeons.

I got very active in the national and international governing bodies for competitive aquatic sports and have been the Chief Medical Officer for United States Swimming for the past fifteen years. I am presently chairman of the medical committee for the International Federation of Aquatic Sports. In that capacity, I have had to do a lot of traveling, which has racked up a lot of Mileage Plus benefits, have been an official of the last three Olympic Games, and will be in Atlanta in 1996. How long I remain in this "voluntary" position, which takes up two to three months a year, is open to question after 1996.

I play a fair amount of golf (with a handicap which is "fixed" between eleven and thirteen), exercise "some," and work the rest of the time. I was elected to the Punahou School Board of Trustees two years ago. Some might recall that Punahou School was founded by Yale Missionaries in 1841 (oldest private prep school west of the Rocky Mountains) for the express purpose of "preparing the sons of Missionaries for Yale College." All three of my children attend Punahou.

All in all, I would say that my life has followed the "track" that was mapped out from my early years, and it has been most enjoyable to date (except I wish I had more control of my short game!). I look back on my experience at Yale as an invaluable part of my life. There is little question in my mind that every high school student from the western United States should consider matriculating in the East for college (and vice versa). The experience is broadening beyond description. My only regret is that I didn't take advantage of as many of the opportunities offered at Yale as were available, which is probably a very common reminiscence.

I am still a Republican at heart, although this seems to be currently out of favor. I watched the movie *The Doors* some time ago and recalled that we were all in school when Jim Morrison was arrested for indecent exposure during his concert in New Haven. I remember thinking, at the time, that the police grossly overreacted to his antics, and that he was really a "heroic" figure, resisting the police. Yet, while watching the movie, I was struck by the depravity of his excesses. This line of thinking was so logical and enlightened in the late 1960s. How can one mind (mine) have changed so much in its evaluation of the same event over what I think is a relatively short period of time (twenty-five years)? Do we have any class members still "making candles" in Sausalito?

I am looking forward to our Twenty-fifth Reunion. I wonder what has become of the members of Desmos (the "Underground"). I wonder how many members of the Yale Swimming Team will attend. There are some great (and perhaps not so great) friends that I am, indeed, hoping to see again after these many years. We had a great time on the second floor at Timothy Dwight; I hope we haven't all forgotten one another. And, finally, I am wondering if the Yale Golf Course will "eat me up" once again!

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Nancy, Christopher, and I landed ten miles north of Albany in 1990 after two decades of the “chase” in New York City. My job as medical director of a 212 bed community hospital is a high-wire act, juggling physicians’ personalities with hospital priorities. Given my interest in health care policy, this turn from academic surgery into management hopefully is on the path toward university medical center leadership. Nancy has managed to combine her advertising/marketing experience and international trade studies into consulting with Eastern European countries. Christopher is a two-year-old delight—confident, congenial, and quite a terror. Though a late starter in the family role, I’m an avid convert!

Luckily, I’ve stayed in touch with lots of ’69ers. Their energies, diverse skills, and now families enliven my own voyage. We click as we always have, speaking in shorthand and punctuating the present with snippets of slightly foggy replays from those happy, golden bygone days. A dinner, a half-hour conversation, or a weekend reunion easily rekindles what we all still share. I am delighted and sustained by our bright, wry community of talents. Time and change shall naught avail to break the many friendships formed at Yale.

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As a professor of computer science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, my research focuses on cryptography and machine learning. The start-up company I founded, RSA Data Security, is doing a wonderful job promoting and selling products based on “public-key cryptography.”

My wife Gail, our kids Alex (fourteen) and Christopher (eleven), and I enjoy traveling and photography. Alex loves basketball and Chris is a great gymnast. I've been enjoying aerobics recently and have become certified as an instructor. Gail has been substitute teaching at the elementary level.

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Like most, I have a family, moved to the suburbs, and am concerned about crabgrass, taxes, and keeping the kids out of trouble. Today's challenge was keeping them out of range of the annual migration of female snapping turtles who bury their eggs in our yard. I have submitted a picture of one of the better looking ladies.

About the most interesting part of my work is flying a single engine plane (a Bonanza) back and forth between Boston and Jackson, Mississippi. I have come to appreciate the cultural power of that small area of our country that gave us Faulkner and the blues. The flying itself has been surprisingly cut and dried, even the pre-instrument "scud running."

It was not always so routine. My first airplane, a two-seat cloth and wood Aeronca Champ, was actually chased by a dog (an aviation first?). On a

trip from New Jersey to Block Island, I was flying low and slow over the beach at East Hampton, due to a monster headwind. A black Labrador came out from between two dunes and gave a spirited pursuit, much to the amusement of my passenger.

Concerning losses and triumphs, an attempt during the early eighties to start a UHF television station on Block Island is perhaps my best example. I found perhaps the last remaining available channel in the packed East Coast TV market—UHF channel 69 on Block Island, and after two years of convincing, got the FCC to make the allocation. I snatched defeat from the jaws of victory by attempting to do the public relations job of getting the station approved by myself. A local newspaper perhaps said it best—“the stack of complaints may be higher than the proposed tower itself.” Even the local chamber of commerce was against it. It was about this time that dog chased my plane.

My hopes for the future, like many, are centered on the kids. One relevant worry is that New Haven has become too dangerous; I even wrote a “Letter to the Editor” in the *YAM* explaining how this might be discouraging alumni giving. I know I’d be a whole lot more interested in the *YAF* if I thought it was safe enough to send my kids there.

PETER H. RODGERS

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After practicing law for more than twenty years, I am now quite sure that I would have been better off as a restaurant critic. But who thinks of such options at age twenty-one? After leaving Yale college I did three years at Stanford Law School, missed the chance to serve in Vietnam and eventually ended up practicing law privately in Washington. I presently comanage the D.C. office of a New York based firm and practice a version of energy law involving mostly the representation of international oil trading companies and financial institutions.

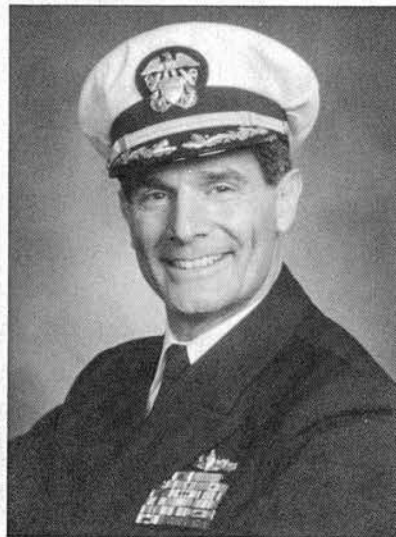
Aside from the practice, I am most happily married to Beverly Rudy (Tufts 1976) who is also my law partner. We live “in the woods” near Annapolis and try our best to control a wild, two-year-old beagle named Sophie. We avidly follow baseball (the Orioles of course), sail, travel (seemingly not nearly enough for pleasure) to Europe (especially France, where we have managed to cover nearly all the great restaurants) and elsewhere, and keep track part time of two children by my prior marriage: Adam (fourteen) and Emma (eleven). Both are good kids who keep asking me what I did at Yale. I refuse to tell!

PABLO RODRIGUEZ

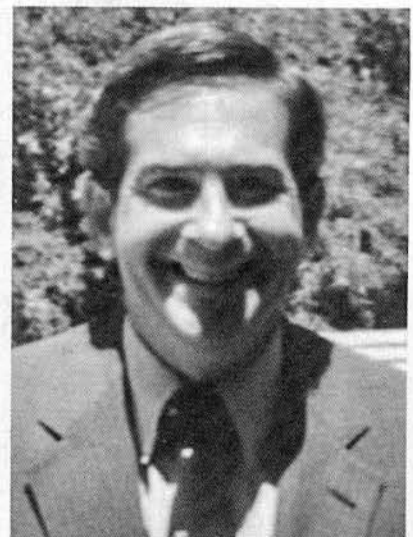
27 Loughran Avenue, Stamford, CT 06902



Thomas E. Pitts, Jr.



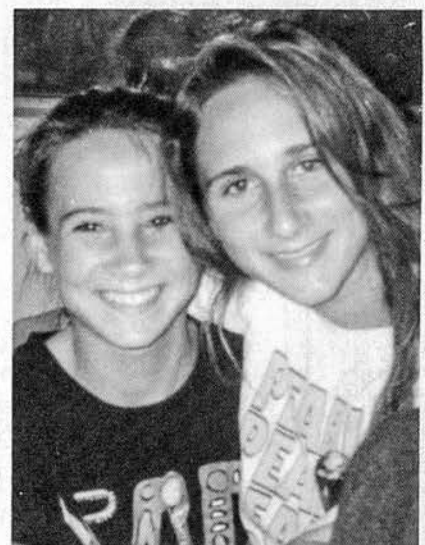
Bruce A. Plyer



Eric H. Prosnitz



Andrew Popper photographing East German spies for a cover story in *U.S. News and World Report*



Carolyn and Ariane Putnam
(children of Nicholas)



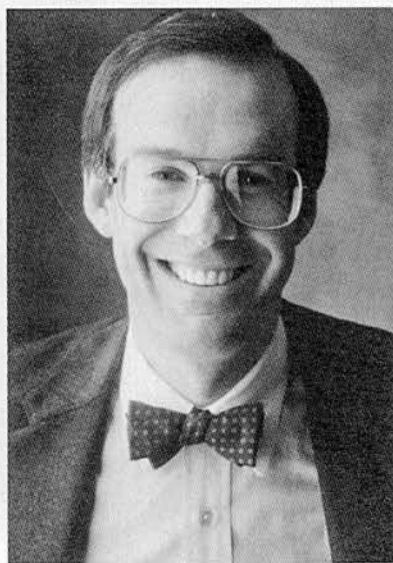
Robert, Nancy, and Christopher Riehle



Snapping turtle laying her eggs in Theodore Robinson's back yard



Roger A. Rahtz



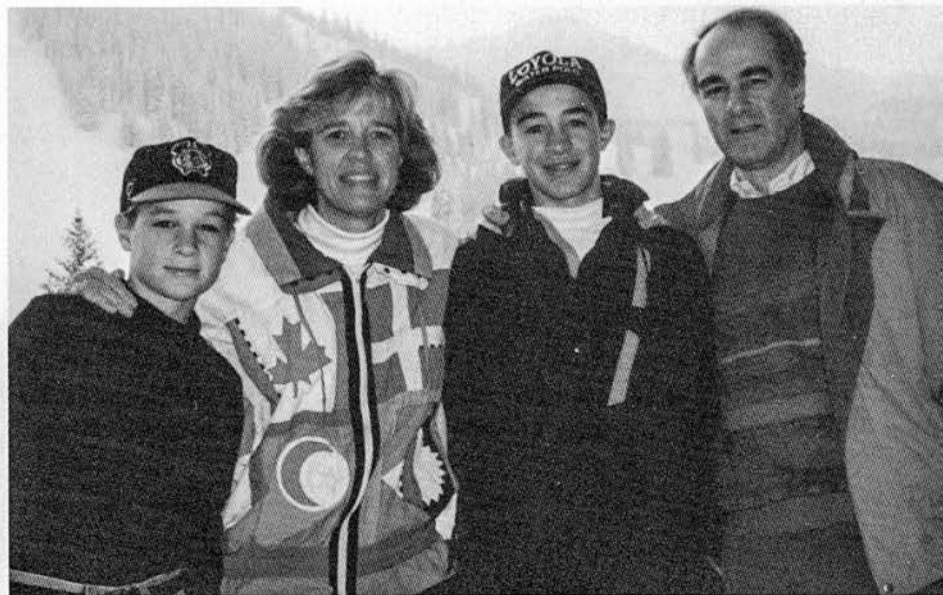
David L. Raish



Alexander Rechter



Thomas J. Reed



The Walter B. Rose family



The Jerrold F. Rosenbaum family



Norman J. Resnicow

DAVID ROE

Environmental Defense Fund, 5655 College Avenue, Suite 304, Oakland, CA 94618

When I first encountered this literary form, maybe a year after graduating, I thought the writers who emphasized family were probably covering for a lack of accomplishment; and if I had ever found one who reported holding the same job without promotion for seventeen straight years, I would have known for sure. Wonderfully, however, these turn out to be the hallmarks of a half-life more successful and creative and happy than anything I could have conceived in the fall of 1969, and certainly than what I would have prescribed for myself back then. After a textbook seven-year start—England; law school in the company of our current President and First Lady among many others; a judicial clerkship; and a year of standard business litigation at high hourly rates—the sky opened, and a job offer fell on me to be the second lawyer in the fledgling West Coast office of the Environmental Defense Fund, job description unavailable but law degree somehow required. I had just enough presence of mind to take it, despite much sage advice from colleagues, and I've been there ever since. Along the way I've been able to make some genuinely confounding arguments, write an ingeniously troublesome law or two, and discover that the business of social change takes thirty seconds of inspiration and then a decade or more of all-out application to get something to happen. It puts a premium on choosing the right issue at the beginning. I've been lucky twice. In all this uncharted territory (there's still no useful job description, seventeen years and four times as many staff members later), family life has come late. After divorce in my twenties, I remarried only six years ago to Sukey Lilienthal, and our children (both adopted, with us in the delivery room both times) are now two-and-three-quarters (Nathan) and six months (Celeste), so only now are we learning what those reunion writers of long ago were talking about, and although we're starting late, we are totally and shamelessly enjoying every part of it. Perhaps the best report I can give is that in the quarter-century to come, I will be discovering what most of my classmates already know. For these various pleasures Yale gets full credit for subliminal education—not for what I thought I'd learned by the time I left (and left again after law school), but for what I'd been prepared to appreciate, once it somehow showed itself to me despite my illusions, Yale, and the example of friends, many of whom Yale offered or suggested. No matter how Apollonian the text, romance has turned out to be the answer so far.

PROF. RICHARD L. ROE

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E. MABRY ROGERS

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(205) 521-8225

American College of Construction Lawyers; Partner, Bradley, Arant, Rose & White; Vestry, Cathedral of the Advent (Episcopal); Chair, Yale Alumni Schools Committee, North Alabama; Secretary, Harvard Law School Class of 1974; husband of Jeanne Edwards; father of Gilbert B. (sixteen), Katie Bee (eleven) and Mary Coleman (seven). Survived commercial plane crash, July 10, 1991, thirteen people died, the captain and I lived.

CAPT. STEPHEN A. ROSE

4501 Biscayne Drive, Virginia Beach, VA 23455

Twenty-five years compressed into a page. An assignment that conjures up memories of the hallucinatory essays we used to crank out for freshman English the midnight before. (If Dostoyevsky had written *Moby Dick*, and Bartleby the Scrivener had been First Mate of the *Pequod*....)

First the facts, then the gloss: no pets, one wife, two kids, three degrees, four stripes, five aircraft, six articles, and about a dozen moves. In short, the Navy. First as a pilot, then as a lawyer.

Just guessing, but I am probably one of a small handful of 1969ers still on active duty in the armed services. Maybe the sole remnant of the tide of Navy OCS commissions that sheltered many in our class from the unpleasantness in Southeast Asia. For me, what began as a temporizing move became a career metamorphosis.

Reported to flight school during graduation summer. Brief tour in Vietnam at the tail end of the war. Played peekaboo with a few tracers, but nothing with my name on it. Realized after another two years of being a stick jockey that flying was a postfraternity avocational interest, not a life's work. Parts is parts, machines are machines.

Eventually talked the Navy into a lateral arabesque from the flight line to the law library. (Exchanging a \$20 million aircraft for a \$200 desk was a tough sell to the brass.) Unable to use my ticket to Yale Law due to the Hebert rule (students on federal scholarships not permitted to attend schools which had defenestrated their ROTC programs), so ended up at University of Virginia Law School in 1974.

Meanwhile, had married my steady girlfriend, Mary Ellen Ciarletto (Albertus Magnus '69). A lot of fun then, a lot of fun now. Doubles as a trophy wife when circumstances suggest. Co-owner of the kids, mortgages, and daily thrash—what Zorba fondly referred to as “the whole catastrophe.” During the past twenty years she has bumped around with me to duty stations in Florida, Rhode Island, Virginia, and Guam. We have come to savor the enduring satisfactions of middle-class middle age.

Am currently plunked down in the Pentagon, as house counsel and a policy planner for the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Special Operations and Low-Intensity Conflict. Translation: We have the Department of Defense portfolio for peacekeeping and what the Marines euphemistically used to call “small

wars.” In a post-Cold War security environment it is often difficult to distinguish the damsel from the dragon. That used to be true at a lot of mixers, too.

Am also part of a team working to counter the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction. Trouble. A regrettable spin-off of the technological diaspora of the last fifty years has been the growing capacity for individuals and small groups to indulge in mass mayhem. We should not expect nuclear weapons to show up in the Penny’s catalog, but the trend is ominous. Even more dangerous is the darkside potential of bioengineering. Our children are the last generation to be safe.

By the time you read this, I will have moved on from the five-sided wind tunnel on the Potomac. Having been to see the wizard, my next duty station will be the Navy’s version of Kansas (Norfolk, Virginia), where I am being posted as the Judge Advocate for the Atlantic Fleet. Analogous to being managing partner for a smallish firm (seventy-five attorneys) with branch offices in Iceland, Bermuda, Key West, the Azores, Quantanamo Bay, Cuba, and other naval installations east of the Mississippi and west of Oz.

My two daughters have wildly different appraisals of my time with the Navy. Eight-year-old Melissa once described me to a playmate as “the Captain of the Pentagon.” Our fourteen-year-old Rebecca has a more realistic slant: “Well, you know, he’s a lawyer who like has to wear this uniform thing, write all this weird secret stuff, travel around to strange places, and talk on the phone more than I get to.” Exactly. A great opening sentence for my retirement resume.

WALTER B. ROSE

McBain, Rose Partners, 355 South Grand Avenue, Suite 4295, Los Angeles, CA 90071
(213) 626-7700

How quickly a quarter century goes by...

Left Yale in an impulsive fit of 1969 idealism. Joined the Peace Corps in Colombia. Assigned to government agricultural agency in Bogota. (Note: this is before Colombia’s “cash crop” export boom.) Most lasting achievement: learned to play polo (it’s a long story!). Returned stateside to finish a few lingering Yale academic requirements. Achieved, in the immortal words of Silliman Dean John “Blinky” Palmer, “an acceptable level of competence.”

Set out in 1971 to seek my fortune:

First stop: Minneapolis. Found a sales/marketing job with Medtronic, a leading manufacturer of heart pacemakers. Great company, great people, great product. Lasted one winter in Minneapolis. Next stop: sunny southern California. Maneuvered a transfer to a job opening in Los Angeles selling pacemakers to surgeons. Kicked upstairs, after a year, to manage the Western Regional Operations.

In 1974 met, courted, and married Kathy Luppen, a fourth-generation Los Angeles native. It all began as a blind date, arranged by a mutual friend who felt remorse in selling me a lame, broken-down polo pony (yes, that Peace Corps experience was coming in handy!). Four months later, found myself at the altar, Impulsive? Very. Successful? Best decision I ever made.

Next stop: Palo Alto to enroll in Stanford M.B.A. program (1975-77). Wife paid the bills while I “studied.” Spent some time perfecting interpersonal dynamic skills on the Stanford Golf Course.

With M.B.A. in hand, returned to Los Angeles. Worked with McKinsey for several years as management consultant. Then entrepreneurial juices started flowing. Formed Venture Consulting Corporation to address needs of smaller firms. Then, in 1984, teamed up with Stanford classmate Angus McBain to form McBain, Rose Partners (MRP) to ride the LBO roller coaster. Timing was good and luck intervened. With operating managers as partners, we bought seven companies. So far, investors happy and lenders relieved. Despite recessions, riots, Reaganomics, Clintonomics, the disappearance of banks, high prices, and a cloudy outlook, MRP is still in business. Midlife course correction may be upcoming!

Pride and joy: sons Tom (fifteen) and Pete (thirteen). Enjoy the usual array of parent involvement: coach (ice hockey, soccer, baseball), chauffeur, and occasional tutor. Quickly learning the “challenges” of the teen years!

Community involvement: Vice Chairman, Childrens Hospital Los Angeles. Intense but rewarding work during this time of uncertainty for hospitals. Anxiously awaiting “solution” from Hillary and the Yale Law School Mafia.

Reflections: Life since New Haven has been full but not without its struggles and disappointments (especially during the early entrepreneurial years). Strong marriage and close family are key to survival. Looking to the future with excitement but with some trepidation. Perhaps our kids may not enjoy the same opportunities we had. We were very lucky to be at Yale in the late sixties. Looking back to twenty-five years ago, it was the best of times...

DAVID B. ROSEN

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JEFFREY A. ROSEN

950 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10028
(212) 744-0734

JERROLD F. ROSENBAUM, M.D.

587 Walnut Street, Newton, MA 02160
(617) 332-0481

Family first. Like two of my roomies from our Saybrook quad, I met the woman I would marry during coed week (shades of mail-order brides), Lidia Visbeek, Mount Holyoke '72. I managed to remain an undergraduate by living in Saybrook during my first three years of Yale Medical School as a resident advisor and later freshman counselor, but graduated to marriage in 1972 and finally moved off campus. We're now married twenty-one years, living in New-

ton, Massachusetts, with our three children (and chocolate Lab puppy), or perhaps, more accurately stated, *for* our three children if not *through* our three children! I'm never so content as when I'm hanging out with these people, a feeling not anticipated during all the years preparing to get here.

My firstborn is Jed, now age thirteen, a handsome and vital kid who talks about going to Yale one day. He's a gifted athlete, having excelled in soccer and baseball, musical with both voice and instrument, and an outstanding student.

Eliza at ten, my "brown-eyed little middle lefty," blond like her brothers and a beauty like her mom, is also a soccer standout, a natural left-winger, a talented pianist, a fine student, and (truth) has published her first book this year, *Friends Afloat*. (Call 1-800-531-5015, Raintree-Steck-Vaughn Publishers, for a copy; kids really love it.)

At three is Blake, the apple of the other eight eyes in the family, a good-natured, funny, and outgoing boy, who meets and charms all in his path. (As I write this, Lidia, looking over my shoulder, notes that this panegyric to our family is "sick," offending her fundamental modesty and tendency to self-effacement. I've always said we're a nice couple, but ninety percent of the variance is accounted for by Lidia.) Lidia, known in the sixties as the "incredible Lid from Madrid," was a Criminal Justice Planner in Denver where I interned, a consultant for a Cambridge consulting firm after our return to the East through Jed's infancy, co-owner of a fancy chocolate confection cottage industry ("A Mere Truffle"), and now a part-time music teacher while assuming the principal homemaking responsibilities.

My own career path has been a surprise to me, ending up in academic medicine when I fully expected to be a small-town clinician. From the emergency ward of the Denver General Hospital (the "knife and gun club") where I interned, I moved to psychiatry residency at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1974; I have been at the MGH since, in large measure due to the mentoring of the former Chief of Service, Tom Hackett. In 1978 I ran a small out-patient clinic, the psychopharmacology clinic, which has grown through the years to be a major center for treatment and research in mood and anxiety disorders. Our research focuses on biological psychiatry, new treatments, etiology of psychiatric illness, longitudinal course and family studies. In addition to research I direct the out-patient psychiatry division of the MGH and have begun the (grindingly slow) process to professorship at Harvard Medical School. I get to travel a great deal, mostly for meetings and lectures, but also for consulting and advisory board service, mainly to the pharmaceutical industry. Our group has been productive and has published extensively, and I've had my fifteen minutes of fame with an appearance on "ABC News Nightline" around the Prozac controversy.

For the foreseeable future my efforts will focus on keeping our clinical and research resources viable through the parallel crises in research and clinical care funding. (It is time for a single payer system in health care and for recognition of severe psychiatric disorders as the major, but effectively treatable, illnesses they are.) Thank goodness for the weekends, for tennis, and for the change to yell to (at) my two wingers from the sidelines.

DR. PAUL A. ROSENBERG

14 Standish Street, Newton, MA 02161
 Department of Neurology, Children's Hospital, 300 Longwood Avenue,
 Boston, MA 02115
 (617) 735-6962

I am a neurologist and neuroscientist working at Children's Hospital and Harvard Medical School and spend about eighty to ninety percent of my time engaged in research, the rest in clinical activities. I am married to Harriet Moss, a lawyer.

JAMES B. ROSENBLOOM

835 Greenwood Avenue, Glencoe, IL 60022
 (708) 835-3596

Although I have little (i.e., nothing) to report which I would characterize as extraordinary or particularly interesting, I can report a wonderful family of whom I am very proud. My wife Linda and our daughters, Jessica (sixteen) and Kate (thirteen), are my pride and joy. A law firm I started with two other guys seventeen years ago has grown to fifty lawyers.

The demands of building a firm and raising a family have diverted my attention from maintaining many of my Yale friendships, something I look back upon and wish I had been more diligent about. I read the Class Notes section of the *Yale Alumni Magazine* with great interest and marvel at the number of my classmates I never met or even heard of. I look forward to seeing everyone at the twenty-fifth.

JAMES B. ROSENBLUM

48 Spring Street, Unit 1, Greenwich, CT 06830
 (203) 622-1408

DARRELL S. ROSS

290 Irving Avenue, Providence, RI 02906
 (401) 274-3225 (res.)
 (401) 463-3100 (ofc.)

My wife Susan and I have been married for sixteen years and have three children, Leslie (fourteen), Meredith (eleven), and Daniel (eight).

After graduating from Harvard Law in 1972 I briefly practiced law before joining my father's retail jewelry business. I transformed the business over the last two decades into primarily a mail-order one—Ross, Simons Jewelers. However, this year we are opening two stores outside our New England base, in Atlanta and Las Vegas. We employ six hundred people.

I am quite active in our community, being very involved in my children's two schools. I love to travel, read, and create. I love kids and every morning drive eight of them to school (my three, plus five others.)

I would love to hear from my old Jonathan Edwards friends.

BENET A. ROTHSTEIN

No Address Available

PHILIP G. ROURKE, Ph.D.

2205 89th Avenue, NE, Clyde Hill, WA 98004
(206) 453-9844

I am writing to quietly break almost twenty-five years of silence with respect to alumni communications. This silence was never elevated to the level of a decision but just sort of grew year by year without any special tending.

Upon graduation all those years ago, I proceeded to Yale Graduate School in clinical psychology. Four years later I emerged with a Ph.D. and spent three pleasant years working for the Yale Department of Psychiatry as an expendable young professor and hospital psychologist.

In 1973 I married Rosalyn Prager, whom I met while we were both interned at the West Haven Veterans Hospital. Our first daughter, Allyson, was born in 1976, just before we left New Haven for Phoenix, Arizona.

In Phoenix I worked for the County Hospital as a psychologist, developing programming for the inpatient facility. The year 1978 saw the birth of our second daughter, Melissa, and a decision to change careers. At the end of that year, Rosalyn and I and our children returned to my hometown, Seattle, Washington, and I joined our family insurance brokerage.

Friends whom I haven't seen since my Yale days may think my change from mental health to insurance a bit incongruous. However, it made a lot of sense and has proved to be a happy decision. Psychology was a better education than a career for me. The insurance brokerage business has been good to me and has allowed me to lead my own enterprise in a way which would have been much more difficult in psychology.

Four years ago I became involved in the politics of our small, suburban town of Clyde Hill to the extent of becoming the Mayor. I have been shepherding storm drainage and street overlay projects since and enjoying the political process.

We have lived for fifteen years in the Seattle area and enjoy the outdoors. Skiing, hiking, boating, and occasional golf mark the seasons. Allyson has recently been accepted at Amherst College and will start there in the fall of 1993. Melissa is busy with high school and rowing crew. So the college cycle has started again, with the opportunity for Rosalyn and me to visit New England again as students' parents.

In spite of the silence with which this note began, I look back fondly on my undergraduate years at Yale. I miss the friends I knew then, now so perma-

nently scattered around our country. I look forward to reading the contributions of other members of the Class of 1969 to the Directory.

JONATHAN RUBIN

No Address Available

MARTIN L. RUBIN

824 Brookhurst Drive, Dallas, TX 75218
(214) 363-0443

PHILLIP H. RUBIN

5901 Chabot Road, Oakland, CA 94618

Phil Rubin sends his regards. He's awfully busy since the arrival of his clone, Jacob Samuel, 4/24/89. Phil has taken on the responsibility for introducing his son and stepdaughter, Sarah, to the joys of Al Jolson, other jazz greats of the first half of the century, and esoteric literature the likes of "Archy and Mehitabel" by Don Marquis. His success is suggested by the fact that Sarah is shocked when her friends do not recognize the Jolson tunes she croons. Jacob has learned the entire medley of Old Blue fight songs, which he sings while he and Dad share a bath. Phil continues to peddle his own software, and his wife, Laurie Leiber, meddles in matters of alcohol policy.

MICHAEL S. RUBINOVITZ

22 Riverside Drive, Apartment 5-B, New York, NY 10023

Work: Associate Director of Development, Corporate and Foundation Giving, Dance Theater Foundation, Inc.

Loves: tennis, lobster Newburg, and Morgan persons.

Losses: my happy youth, my piano, and my Shetland wool sweater.

Achievements: my return to sanity and surviving Yale.

Disappointments: my return to sanity and surviving Yale.

Education Honors: Marchesi Solfeg Award, 1984; Zwergtanz Honorarium, Munich Feenbund, 1981; Croix Des Muets, University of Paris, 1977-79; National Cruciverbalists' Circle, 1975; Most Improved Player, New York Sissy's Volleyball, 1972.

Offices: Third Floor, back, in the Bible Society Building in New York City; Treasurer, Met Tennis Group, New York City.

Publications: *Princess Cumquat*, 1992 (novella); *Iguana Queen*, 1987 (novella & filmstrip); *Gnomes: Two*, 1979 (filmstrip); *Die Tänzerin*, 1976 (drama).

Peeves: Yale telemarketing calls, class reunions, aging.

Dreams: to sing Tristan and to be an international film star.

Memories: a certain bathroom in Pierson College and the sound of Robert Penn Warren's voice.

Notes: "It's cost me a lot..." But at last, I am happy. I have a male wife, and revile homophobia in all forms. Perhaps one day I will be as rich as some of my Yale classmates. But I doubt it.

AL E. RUBOTTOM

5352 Via Carancho, San Diego, CA 92111

Am working (for last three plus years) with Q.D. Systems, software developer of Q.D. Clinical, a program for physicians to record patient visit data (in office and in hospital or remote locations). Married since 1969 to Sibyl Ann Selldorff (Yale University, M.F.A. '66). Two sons: Otis T. (twenty-one) is now a junior at Lewis & Clark College (English major, dedicated outdoor activist, climber, poet) and will spend six months of his senior year in Kenya; Elijah Paul (sixteen) is now in tenth grade at La Jolla Country Day School, is an artist and budding musician, will attend R.I.S.D. Pre-College Foundation this summer (1993). My e-mail address: internet=alrub@pro-sol.cts.com; MCIMail=arubottom. Fellow workers in our information-boggled industries, unite! JGD, YITB, and Furthur.

JAMES A. RUBRIGHT

King & Spalding, 191 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, GA 30303

After Yale and University of Virginia Law School I had the great good sense (remarkable in the light of many other personal choices since) to settle in Atlanta and join King & Spalding. I am still there after twenty-one years, devoted primarily to corporate and partnership finance and acquisitions. Mary Angelich Rubright, my wife of six years, and I are looking forward to the October birth of our first child. I have four other children, Noah (twenty-three), Ben (twenty-one), Jami (seventeen), and Nate (twelve).

HANON W. RUSSELL

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THOMAS WRIGHT RUSSELL III

101 Dogwood Drive, Clemson, SC 29631
(803) 654-6393

WILLIAM RUSSELL-SHAPIRO

3746 21st Street, San Francisco, CA 94114

(415) 824-6676 (res.)

(415) 781-5127 (ofc.)

In 1982, on my thirty-fifth birthday, after years in urban planning in San Francisco with an emphasis on national politics and local community organizing, I chaired the State Democratic Convention, our Congressman announced his resignation, and I looked into running for his seat. That day began the end of my previously lifelong infatuation with politics. I had the questionable pleasure of realizing how thoroughly my wife, children, opinions, free time, and reading had gradually all been subordinated to continuing the pattern of trying to please everyone and being liked by (almost) everyone that I had developed into a high art form in high school and at Yale.

Over ten years later, I now am ensconced in two small businesses—restaurants and an auction house for sports memorabilia—which I run and own (one with a partner), have voraciously resumed reading, volunteer with an ex-offenders rehabilitation program, and dedicate most of my time to and love all the time I can get with my family.

Every summer we take a vacation in the South of France that rejuvenates my energies and also evokes nostalgic recollections of being younger, dreaming of an exciting future and romance. I found the romance at home, but doubt that the rest of my life would seem too exciting to anyone except me. My biggest adventures this past year were my son's basketball team winning a game in overtime with (despite?) my coaching and my daughter telling my wife Alice and me what a rave is—from firsthand experience.

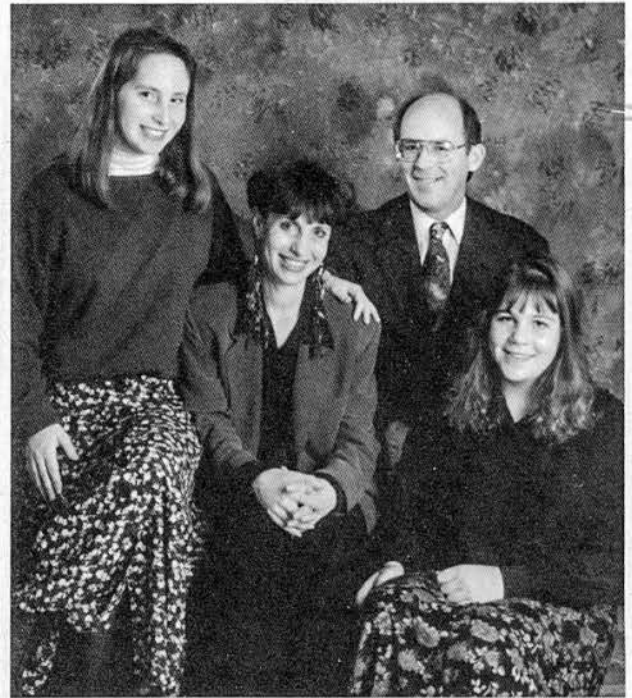
I imagine my odyssey has not been unusual. But there are moments when I look around this city that is now my home and remember all that I was once sure I was going to do to improve it, to change society for the better, and to make myself famous and powerful. Although my children's departure for college in a few (two and four) years may bring some of that back to the fore, it is so much less likely than it once was that I doubt it will happen. Luckily for me, that now seems alright.

Beyond the personal history, living in northern California has been interesting, easier in many ways than the East, with a gentle climate, immediate and year-round access to the outdoors, and an enormous variety of nature, a pretty tolerant population, and a much slower pace. But I miss the East's great old houses, neighborhoods, and trees, balmy spring and summer nights, and the intensity of the seasons. On balance, I guess for me those are not worth the alternating slush, bitter cold, and humidity, and the urban density. I suppose there's no perfection on either coast.

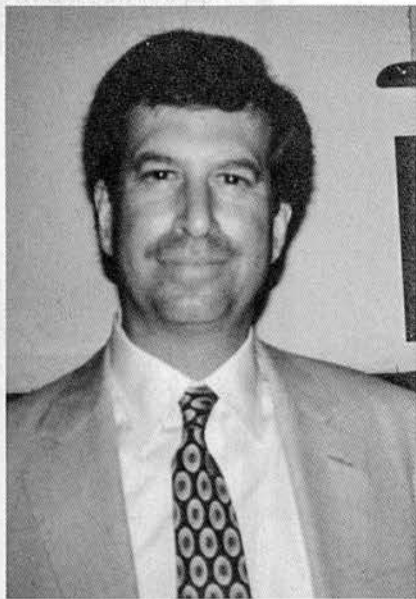
Most of all, I miss my Eastern friends, a few from high school, but mostly from Yale, and feel lucky to have kept up at least a little with Bruce Weinstein, Rich Wolf, Art Klebanoff, Dick Pasternak ('70) and, by mail only, Alan Donald. My children still enjoy my stories about those guys and others, particularly about their behavior, my best efforts notwithstanding, during the year in Wright Hall. I think I should have taken a year off after high school. The campus police thought so, too.



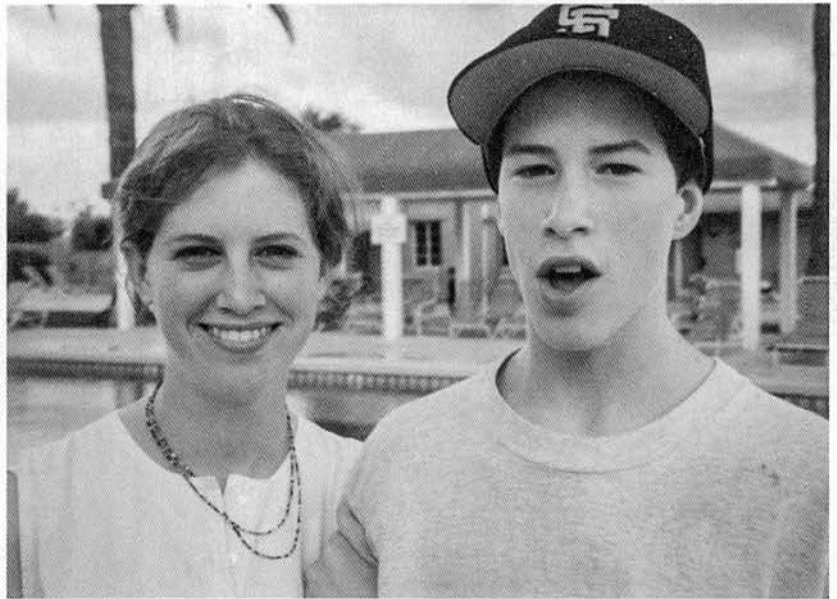
Jim, Kate, Linda, and Jessica Rosenbloom



Phil Rourke and family



William Russell-Shapiro



Children of William Russell-Shapiro



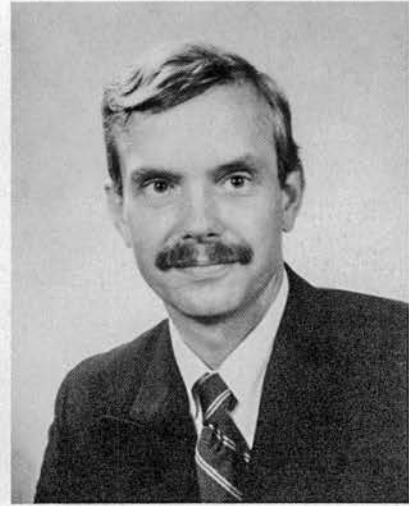
Darrell Ross



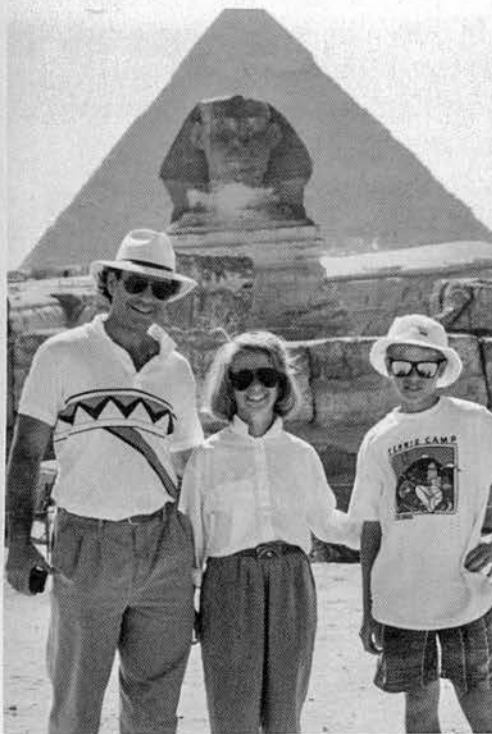
Linda, Steve, and Liza Santulli (Robert's family)



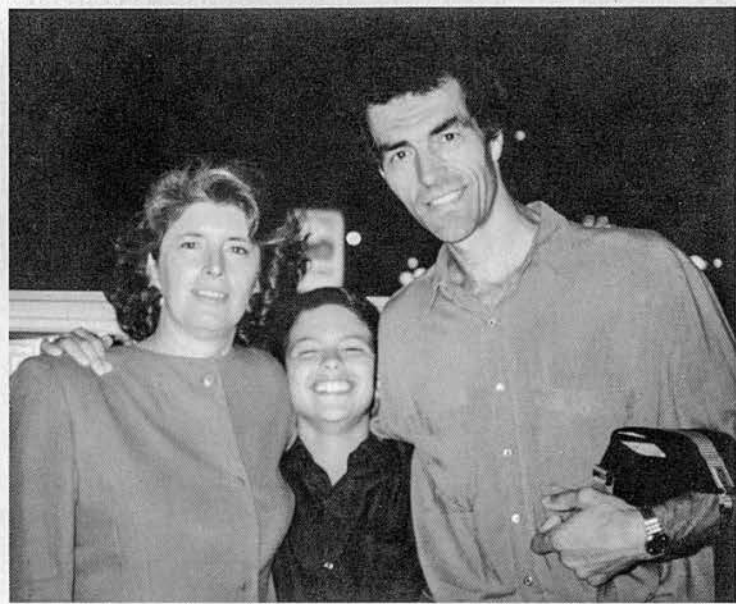
The Michael J. Sabloff family



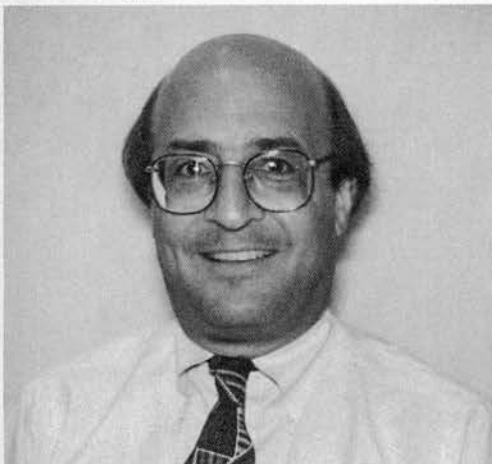
Randolph B. Schiffer



Michael, Michelle, and Ethan Schonbrun
in Cairo, Egypt



The David Schwartz family



Jim Schweitzer



Zibby, Stephen, and Teddy Schwarzman

NEIL F. RYAN

3310 El Dorado Boulevard, Missouri City, TX 77459

MICHAEL J. SABLOFF

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You guys should have put the disclaimer about not looking for money on the *outside* of the envelope. Summing up quickly, since leaving Yale I haven't become 1) an axe murderer, 2) a psychopath, 3) a sociopath, 4) a child molester, 5) an addict, 6) a criminal, or 7) a lawyer. Contemplating my fate the other day, I realized that, had I not gotten a job immediately upon graduation (I did) and had I not been drafted (I was), I could have been hanging around the Yale Law Library (I did take the Law Boards), been spotted by Hillary (after all, she is also a class of '69 undergrad) and become President. In fact I think I've been much more fortunate than President Bill (especially after seeing his latest polls). I met and married a wonderful woman, Ronnie Wain, and have three of the best daughters anyone could ask for, Jessica (fifteen), Jean (twelve), and Kathleen (eight). (If you're skeptical, just look at the picture.) One of them even talks of going to Yale. We have been New Jerseyites for the last twenty years and like Boonton Township a lot.

On the work side, after a stint in the Army with the 525th Military Intelligence in Saigon (drafted), I returned to join the Federal Reserve Bank of New York's Open Market Desk in the Foreign Department just as President Nixon took us off the gold standard. In 1978 I jumped across the street to the Chase Manhattan Bank, where I've been ever since. I started by marketing foreign exchange, then moved to currency options trading, and I now trade commodity derivatives. I took one stab at higher education, going to New York University's business school at night, but my enthusiasm and their statute of limitations both ran out, leaving me the business school equivalent of "ABD." That's about all for a brief summary. I hope everyone I know is doing well.

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I've spent a bit of time practicing emergency medicine and now happily divide my time between Sausalito and London. Yes, it's that simple....

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Just about twenty-five years ago I bet a friend one hundred dollars that in ten years time I would still be involved in the struggle for social equality and against racism and imperialism. Well, I remember the bet, but I've lost touch with my friend, for I most certainly could collect. Most recently I helped organize a march in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, against racism and for multiracial unity. I teach in a Brooklyn public high school, and shortly after the violence between blacks, Jews, and police in Crown Heights, the Los Angeles riots had a big effect. We had everything from walkouts to class discussions. It is somewhat disappointing to me that in the nineties we still face so many unsolved problems from the sixties and that the rich have gotten richer and the poor, poorer. But my students invigorate me with hope every day. They are the best.

To relax, I play some tennis and volleyball, and I also do some coaching. I've coached hardball, basketball, and bowling, but now I'm concentrating on volleyball. That's probably in part due to the fact that both my son and daughter play volleyball, both in high school and now in college.

Actually, this September (1993), both our kids (Tina and Michael) will be away in college, and my wife Kathy and I will be "on our own." I'm wondering what that will be like. I'm also wondering about the future for young people. That brings me back to the struggle for social equality...

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Thank you for asking for no curriculum vitae. I've procrastinated sending this in until the last minute, in part because of the unpleasantness of thinking about having graduated so long ago. A couple of years ago I went to a post-Har-

vard game reunion with some classmates at a New Haven restaurant. I arrived late and, while looking for our table, spotted a large group of people in another room. For a moment I wondered who this rowdy collection of middle-aged men was. As I got closer, I realized the ugly truth: it was us.

After Yale I went to medical school in New York and became a psychiatrist. I married Linda D'Eugenio in 1978, and we have two wonderful kids, Stephen (ten) and Liza (three). After twenty-odd years in New York and its suburbs, we got tired of the pace and values of metropolitan life and moved to Hanover, New Hampshire, three years ago; I work at Dartmouth Medical School. We love it up here. Linda, who grew up in New Haven, says Hanover reminds her of New Haven when she was a child. Indeed, Hanover is much more like New Haven in the sixties (a reasonably safe place to go out for a hamburger after the library closes at midnight, etc.,) than New Haven today. Maybe that's part of why I like it here: seeing the college kids around town; reading the student newspaper every day (for much the same reason now as then—Garry Trudeau); marking the passage of time by semester. Perhaps it all reminds me, unconsciously, of our days at Yale, but without the anxieties of adolescence and of Vietnam.

While some of our college memories are certainly indelible, we've been out long enough now that some memories of our time at Yale are beginning to fade, to be replaced, almost imperceptibly, by myths we have created about ourselves and our Yale experience. While the myths are undoubtedly better than the reality was, I find it sad that I simply can't remember what it was like, day in and day out, to go to Yale. Much of it is gone, perhaps forever. I hope this class book will bring some of it back.

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I am married, now for the second time, to Lynn Bickley, Smith College '67. We carry on like two old sixties people at the University of Rochester Medical Center, each of us still changing things and not doing quite what the boss expected. I am a Professor of Psychiatry, Neurology and Environmental Medicine, and Lynn is Associate Professor of Internal Medicine. We have two boys, Brenton B. (six) and Randolph T., whom we consider our greatest mutual accomplishment. Brenton has leukemia.

My experiences at Yale have stayed with me through the years and

helped me during some of the hard times—a respect for learning and diversity, a certain pride of achievement, and some wonderful friendships. I look forward to renewing the last next year!

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Four daughters: Rebecca, Rachel, Margaret, Victoria. Married to the accomplished and beautiful Susan Babcock despite the fact that her brothers went to Harvard. Never thought when I went to Colombia with the Peace Corps in 1969 that I'd still be in the tropical forests business. The boss here at U.N. Development Program just changed from one Yale man (Bill Draper) to a Yale law man (Gus Speth)—sounds like the White House. All the good things Benno did were on my advice. Proudest accomplishment: getting Yale (through the Forestry School) deep into Puerto Rico. Next dream: help Yale, and Ed Bass, to understand our biosphere.

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It is fitting that I find myself writing this on an airplane at 35,000 feet. A great deal of my life since Yale has been spent up here.

On our graduation day twenty-five years ago I had never been far enough away from home to require changing a wristwatch. In 1992, for the thirteenth consecutive year, I flew 100,000 miles. On June 9, 1969, I had been in an airplane four times. Now, I have ten flights in an average month.

Like most of us (I guess) when we graduated, I couldn't visualize being twenty-five years old, much less living twenty-five years beyond that June day, and returning to New Haven, wife and two fascinating, perplexing teenaged daughters with me. But so little has turned out the way I expected during rare and idle moments spent thinking about the future in 1969.

I am a lawyer, and I am in the small minority of lawyers proud to say that this tells you who—as well as what—I am. Though the thought never crossed my mind at Yale and would have been immediately rejected as preposterous for a thousand reasons, I know of no one today, among all my friends and colleagues, so well matched with a means of earning an income as I am.

An international litigator, I have created and run the pro bono program at my firm, and some of my greatest personal successes have been in pro bono cases. But the thrill derives not only from the opportunity to serve the client or

the cause, but as much from the quality of the argument, the logic, the esthetics, the creativity, and the drama of the practice of law.

So for me the trilogy is law, logic, and language. My travels have brought me into contact with a variety of languages, and I have tried to strike up an intimate relationship with each of them. Sometimes that effort at intimacy is fleeting, and sometimes it is unrequited. But it is nevertheless always intense, rewarding, and difficult.

I do not fantasize about a happier life driving buses or digging ditches. As one of the younger members of our class, I can truthfully say that I became a man at Yale, and I am painfully aware of ways in which that process could have gone wrong. And it still can: Karen, Megan, Rachel, friends, and collaborators bear witness to the fragility with which I, at least, and perhaps we all, cling to the idea that the balance has been correctly struck.

The lighted sign has, prophetically and providentially, just told me to fasten my seat belt.

ANDREW M. SCHNIER

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It is interesting that when you list the areas of information we might provide, you list “work” first and “loves” second. I for one put “loves” in the front of the list, and “work,” which is no longer one of my “loves” (and maybe it never was) far back on the list. First among my loves are my wife Krystyna and my children Susan (fifteen) and Samantha (five), who are all saints for putting up with me. Next is my home (not the one listed above), modest as it may be, on the beach on Long Island where I have become persuaded that I am really a country boy at heart; and next are my sports, skiing, snowboarding (yes, snowboarding), windsurfing, golf, diving and boating. I have become totally enamoured of the sea, and it is our plan, in the spring of 1997, when my older daughter is in her second year of college, for myself, Krystyna and Samantha to begin a four-year sailing circumnavigation of the world. Susan would visit of course during school breaks, etc. This is a very serious plan for which we are already making substantial preparation. I guess that is our “dream.”

“Peeves,” well, I guess my biggest disappointment and “peeve” is that the practice of law, which I hoped I would love, has become tainted by an inefficient, insensitive system, unappreciative clients (not all of them of course), and too many fellow lawyers who take their frustration, ignorance, and arrogance out on their legal brethren.

Certainly many of my fondest “memories” are of my days at Yale and my time with my classmates, particularly those who worked with me at WYBC, and one of my biggest disappointments is the direction that WYBC has taken. One of my biggest losses was the passing of Bart Giamatti, who was my faculty advisor as an English major, and a dear friend. By some unhappy coincidence, the one time in my life that I visited Martha’s Vineyard was the day he was

stricken there and died.

As to “business,” “honors,” etc., I have built a successful law practice which bears my name and feeds my family; I have done TV commentary for Channel 7 TV News and Court TV (the Channel 7 TV News stuff was very exciting); and I hold and have held a host of significant positions in the New York State Bar Association.

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Basic Facts:

Married to Michelle Fredson in June 1971. Originally from Chicago, she is a teacher and administrator of computer education and talented and gifted programs in the Boulder public school system.

One child: Ethan F. (born April 1978) is a high school sophomore, active in competitive tennis, skiing, and lacrosse.

Post-Yale education: J.D. from University of Pennsylvania, June 1973.

Post-Yale career: Currently Senior Vice President for Health Care at Rocky Mountain Health Care Corporation (DBA as Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Colorado, New Mexico, and Nevada). Previous positions include: President and Chief Executive Officer of National Jewish Center for Immunology and Respiratory Medicine in Denver, Colorado (1979-91); Assistant Director of Colorado Department of Health and Assistant to the Governor for health affairs (1975-78); General Counsel for Ohio Governor's Task Force on Health Care (1973-74); and VISTA Volunteer at Southside Settlement House in Columbus, Ohio (1969-70).

Reunion Thoughts:

“Life is lived forward, but understood backward.”

It's been an interesting ride these past twenty-five years. I have stayed involved in government and public policy—early in my career on the inside, later from the outside. I have spent a lot of time doing business and visiting in the East, but have had the great good fortune of living in the Mountain West. I have been fortunate to have had happy family times and few major health concerns with the notable exception of my father's death from throat cancer ten years ago. And, despite not having focused on significant financial rewards, have somehow

managed to attain and enjoy at least the trappings of material success in a lifestyle that has permitted, among other things, a weekend condo in Vail and annual vacations out of the country.

An observer from afar might believe that this life—anchored in the West, centered professionally on health policy and administration, and rooted in a strong nuclear family—has been the result of a carefully planned life carried out with precision. In fact, as best I can tell, nothing could be farther from the truth. I think often of Kirkegaard's statement cited previously that "Life is lived forward, but understood backward." In reality, the life that now, in retrospect, appears to have followed so clear a path, seemed, as I was living it, to have no road map whatsoever. Rather, it was continually demanding a series of rapid almost instinctive reactions to an often befuddling array of choices served up by a fast-changing world.

Take, for example, where I have lived for twenty of the twenty-five years since graduation—Boulder, Colorado. Boulder is one of the great places in the world to live. Located in a beautiful valley bounded by the foothills of the Rockies directly to its west, it is a cosmopolitan community of 100,000 that is home to the state university, blessed with many days of sunshine, mild winters, and low humidity. It is filled with varied and interesting architecture and an assortment of alpine places (within five minutes of our home) to run, hike, bike, or just be. It is close to Denver, a regional hub—sometimes thriving, sometimes depressed—that with the recent addition of major league baseball seems complete as a mid-sized American city.

Colorado has proven to be a wonderful place to live, work, raise a family, and participate in progressive Democratic politics occasionally, led by nationally (for the moment at least) prominent politicians like Dick ("Duty to die") Lamm and Gary ("Follow me, you'll be bored") Hart. Yet the choice to settle in Colorado and Boulder was an accidental one. It was based in 1971 on the fact that Denver, alone among the two dozen Legal Aid offices I had applied to throughout the U.S., was hiring first-year law students, and that Boulder happened to be the location of the cheapest house I could find to rent that summer in the forty-eight hours I had given myself to find shelter. Actually, as it turned out, the couple who owned the place were looking for house sitters, not tenants, and had no problem accepting a pair of newlyweds, even with a furniture-eating eight-week-old puppy. The fact that this four-bedroom home on a half-acre lot cost us all of \$150 per month, was located directly above a lake in which we all (including the puppy) could go swimming, and had a view "to die for" of the Continental Divide where we watched the sun set every night, served as a rather extraordinary introduction to the West. Had we lived in some walk-up apartment in downtown Denver, I doubt very much that we ever would have returned to Colorado to live after law school.

A second example has been the selection of a career in health law, policy and administration. I chose it, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say it chose me, because the one professor for whom I had genuine respect and affection during a quite mediocre law school career at Penn happened to be teaching and developing a curriculum in health law (Medicare, Medicaid, health planning, certificate of need, etc.). Because of this personal tie, I took whatever classes Professor Ed Sparer was teaching. Health law was one of them. Only later

did I realize, much to my surprise and delight, that one could be an overnight expert in this field because in the early 1970s case law and regulations to implement Medicare and Medicaid were just being developed. Having a year or two grounding in this field gave me a great deal more knowledge, relatively speaking, than anyone else including seasoned attorneys of many years' general experience. This expertise in health law has led me from positions in a health think tank to serving as special assistant to two governors, to the presidency of a major research hospital, and now to running the health care programs for Blue Cross/Blue Shield plans in three states in the Mountain West.

There are many other examples of serendipitous happenstances from the serious (e.g., getting asked to run a major research hospital though I had no prior hospital administrative experience and had rebuffed the first inquiry six months earlier to being appointed the first chairman of Denver's air pollution council because the Governor and the Mayor wanted neither a hard-core environmentalist nor a hardheaded capitalist to run the effort) to the frivolous (becoming the regular tennis doubles partner of Ohio Governor Jack Gilligan within two weeks of moving to the state because the governor liked to play at net and needed a partner who got his first serve in with high predictability—the quality of the rest of his game mattered, fortunately for me, much less).

But let me talk a little more about two other instances. The first relates to how I ended up with a 1-Y from the selective service board after I realized that I neither believed in the war enough to serve, nor could truthfully qualify as a conscientious objector because there were other wars I would have been a volunteer for. The 1-Y came about because a kindly Philadelphia physician suggested one day, on his own initiative, after I had come to see him for my regular series of allergy shots, that he reclassify my allergic condition into an asthmatic one (note: a year later after my 1-Y had come through, the condition worsened appreciably, actually becoming asthma and has ever since required regular medical attention. "Be careful what you wish for..."). All in all, asthma was still a better deal—at least for me—than an indefinite exile in Canada or time in jail.

Being assigned as a VISTA volunteer to a community-based settlement house in a poor multiracial neighborhood in Columbus, Ohio, is another example of serendipity. Although when I first arrived in central Ohio in early July of 1969 with no contacts, no training, and an unventilated room in the attic of a welfare family's home in which to live and where the temperature dropped out of the high nineties only for four to five hours per day, I could hardly think that someday I would call this assignment a serendipitous one. Yet, in retrospect, the placement could not have been more fortunate, mostly because the settlement house was staffed with a team of dedicated, well-informed professionals whose belief in the possibility of progressive social change was contagious and who got many good things done in the community. I hope I still carry some vestiges of that idealism with me today. Parenthetically, I should note that the volunteers assigned arbitrarily to the other VISTA site in Columbus all dropped out, very disenchanted, long before the year was over.

So, I think more and more about the role of providence as I seek to extract meaning from the last twenty-five years. Would it be correct to believe that some invisible hand benevolently guides our lives if only we let it? Or that to deal with the unexpected and/or irrational in late twentieth century America,

we should all concentrate on developing core competencies—skills like situational analysis, self-promotion, interpersonal relations, organizational lobbying, and political maneuvering to go along with the traditional “reading, writing, and ’rithmetic”? I don’t know. On the other hand, perhaps it is simply one more piece of evidence that a Yale education opens the door to all our potential whether we know it or not and, so, prepares us for the challenges with which life presents us. Who knows?

But, at the moment I write this in late June 1993, I sense strongly that there is another big change coming, and I am trying to get ready for it. It may be coming out of Hillary’s health task force, or out of a brewing midlife reassessment that has been internally percolating over the past two years—heightened by the sense that however wonderful Boulder, Colorado, has been as a residence, and however fulfilling health care policy and administration has been as a career, it now may be time to move on.

I read a lot of Jungian psychology these days and also a good deal of Joseph Campbell. Consistent throughout all that is the notion of “following your bliss” or of “letting yourself be silently drawn by the stronger pull of what you really love.” I am trying to find the time and the strength to listen and to act in such a way, believing that perhaps it was being in concert with such inner directions rather than dumb luck or being the passive object of external forces of predestination that has allowed me to achieve some level of self-fulfillment and, I hope, some modicum of social good during the years since graduation. We shall see.

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I live in the western suburbs of Philadelphia with Maryellen and our son Nathan, age twelve.

Maryellen is the same woman I brought into the Davenport dining hall in the spring of 1969, only more beautiful now. She teaches math and computer science at a private high school nearby.

I am an attorney in the trust department of a bank, managing trusts and estates for clients. I started out at a law firm but never liked keeping time sheets. I lecture at seminars for attorneys in estate planning, and I teach each June at a

school for trust bankers at Bucknell.

This week Nate ran with me for the first time in the Bar Association race and finished a half-minute in front of me. It occurs to me that I am never going to get any faster, but at least I am still going.

I have coached many of my son's sports teams, although most to losing records. I was president of the local civic association. I served with my neighbor as leader of the Cub Scout troop for two years and took sixty people camping. This all sounds so wholesome!

In recent years I've become good friends with my father. When we were in college I fought with him about the important things, like the length of my hair. After all this time and one bypass operation later, we visit and go on walks through the park. He takes such pleasure in each day. He has come to be a heroic figure to me. He enjoys watching the accomplishments of my son, who plays in a jazz band just like he did sixty years ago. Life is so circular.

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STEPHEN A. SCHWARZMAN

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The twenty-five years since my graduation from Yale have seemed to rush by quite quickly for me. Life has taken me in a direction that I could not have anticipated. After graduation I worked briefly at the Yale Admissions Office and then for a nine-month period, at a then small securities firm in New York, Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. I met Bill Donaldson (the then Chairman) when I was working at his fifteenth reunion located in Davenport College. I very much needed the money and happened to meet Bill entirely by accident. His generosity and risk-taking in giving someone like me a chance to work at his superb firm changed the course of my life, for which I am grateful forever to him. Bill, of course, has had an illustrious personal career in which he started the Yale School of Management as well as serving currently as the Chairman of the New York Stock Exchange.

In any case, after realizing that I knew virtually nothing that would be of help to Bill at DLJ, I returned as soon as possible to Harvard Business School for the mandatory two-year stint, after pausing briefly beforehand to go into the Army Reserve. I joined Lehman Brothers in 1972 in the corporate finance area directly from business school. I ended my career there in 1984 as head of the merger and acquisition area in the midst of the roaring eighties. Lehman Brothers, for those of you unfamiliar with the financial press, has had one of the most eventful histories one might imagine in terms of internal coups, outstanding commercial innovations, and unusual characters who were at the firm. I was responsible for selling the firm to the American Express Company in 1984. They appear to want to sell it to someone else in 1993. Perhaps this is the inevitable dialectic of American industry. In any case, I left after the sale of Lehman to start

a new company, The Blackstone Group, with the former chairman of Lehman, Peter G. Peterson, with whom I have now worked closely for twenty years. We have managed at Blackstone to catch a number of the better trends in finance since we started in 1985—LBOs, money management, and M&A advisory work—and growing the firm has been rewarding but predictably stressful. We have operations all over the world, and it has been extremely eye-opening to me as well as very personally high growth and exciting. Being an international investment banker really is not such a terrible thing, despite what is currently written about this field in the 1990s. The business is fast moving, exciting, and always innovative.

On a personal level, I married the former Ellen Philips in 1972, and we were divorced in 1991. It was a long and fruitful marriage which produced among other positive results, my two wonderful children, Zibby (sixteen) and Teddy (thirteen). Many of us in the class have undoubtedly gone through a divorce experience, which is always difficult and painful. However, divorce does give one a new perspective on the balance of one's life. My love for my children is unbounded, and watching their progress and sharing in their concerns as adolescents is one of my favorite times. All of us reside in Manhattan and have done so since 1972.

I have managed to have a very fortunate life. I have been in good health. I have met many of the top people in the business world domestically and internationally. I have a wonderful family life with remarkable children (like all of us, I imagine). I have managed to achieve a certain level of prosperity which I find comforting, and I keep in touch with major political issues through my friendships with people in Washington as well as through the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. I also spend time on several charitable boards as well as cochairing the Yale Capital Drive in New York City along with two other people. My debt to Yale is enormous inasmuch as the education and the total experience taught me how to think and reason and “do the right thing.” I enjoy my current association with Yale in a fund-raising capacity a lot. It is one of the few institutions for which I find it is not difficult to call people for money.

Life has been an adventure for me, and the adventure is not over yet, thank goodness. I am looking forward to the next forty to fifty years if I am lucky enough to be able to have them.

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In September 1965, a few days before I landed in Room 47, Vanderbilt Hall, my dad, Austin, took me aside for a little fatherly chat. Actually, he just wanted to give me a heads up: the next four years, he told me, would be among the best of my life, and I should make every effort to enjoy them and appreciate my time at Yale. Several years later he confided that he felt I might have taken his advice a little too much to heart. Austin had a wonderful sense of humor and was pretty laid back about your standard college high jinks, but a few early trips to the Executive Committee and a senior year rustication (for “the extremely

dangerous and disruptive character of your actions while intoxicated,” according to a letter from Morse Master John Hall) were about his limit.

Austin was surely right about my four years at Yale, but perhaps not for the reasons he had hoped. Twenty-five years later it's not great intellectual challenges, stimulating class discussions, or stirring lectures that I remember. Scholarship was not my primary interest. Townies, beer, and football 10A were, although not necessarily in that order.

It *was* a truly wonderful four years, though, and not just because the townies were plentiful, the beer was flowing, and we had Brian and Calvin. I learned about excellence in people and lifelong friendships. For me, the classroom was Olivia's, road trips, the Morse dining hall, car hopping on Chapel Street, the seventh floor of the tower, Mory's, the Bowl. The great thing about Yale a quarter century ago was that you could be a total goof-off and still get a great education, just by being around your classmates. Not only that, you could learn how to shoot a water balloon through a plate glass window.

In many ways the years since Yale have been a logical extension of my time in New Haven. That's not to say, to quote Dean Wormer's remark to Flounder in *Animal House*, that I've gone through life fat, drunk, and stupid. Only that I've taken the predictable course for a political science major with my checkered background. I went to law school and became a lobbyist, a career in which I could fully utilize my talents for constant schmoozing, expense account meals, and endless receptions.

This was not my mother's plan. Diane had the Jewish seat on the Supreme Court in her sights, but I showed no more aptitude for legal scholarship than I had for undergraduate studies. Given my mother's fragile state of mind where I was concerned, I thought it best to suffer through the three years at University of Virginia, rather than bail out, which had been my initial thought. Armed with two degrees and not a clue otherwise, I then returned to D.C., where I had grown up. I've been here ever since.

After a brief stint with the federal government I went to work for the Governor of Puerto Rico as his counsel in the Commonwealth's Washington office. I was hired by Jose Cabranes (Yale Law '65), then the head of the office, later the General Counsel of Yale, and now a federal judge in Connecticut and a Trustee of the Yale Corporation. Jose made it plain that I was hired solely because mine was the first Yale résumé he'd seen (obviously it wasn't my qualifications or my intimate knowledge of Puerto Rico, which I'd never even visited). Anyway, that was my first experience with the benefits of a Yale degree.

I had done volunteer work in a number of political campaigns, with a common theme—all my candidates lost. The Governor of Puerto Rico was no exception, and after four years he met a similar fate. Through a roundabout series of connections, I wound up on Capitol Hill, working for a Congresswoman from New York, Liz Holtzman, first as her legislative director, then as counsel to the Subcommittee on Refugees and International Law when she became Chairwoman. The work was fascinating, but the hours were backbreaking; purely by chance every major refugee crisis of the era (Indochinese, Cuban, Haitian, Iranian, you name it) seemed to erupt on my watch. The problem was solved when, in 1980, Holtzman ran for the Senate and, true to my form, lost.

I remained on Capitol Hill for another nine years, working for Peter

Rodino, the Chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, as counsel to the full committee, and then for his successor (due to retirement, not defeat, for a change), Jack Brooks. I principally did investigative work, most of which was interesting, all of which was frustrating. Included was several months assigned to the Iran-Contra inquiry, a debacle of monstrous proportions from the Congressional side.

After that I was finally ready to leave for the private sector, and I joined a friend from my Judiciary Committee days in a law firm of the D.C. variety, i.e., a lobbying operation. I find the work much like the Hill—occasionally interesting, often repetitive and frustrating. In this town, that's not surprising, since I'm essentially doing exactly what I was doing when I was on the Hill, although I'm now pitching what I used to catch. I've often thought of moving on to something else (as a prelude I've cut my hours back substantially this year), but I'm not certain what else I'm qualified to do. Call it Austin's revenge.

On the family front, Austin and Diane are both gone, and I remain single. Perhaps what I am most grateful for a quarter century after we graduated is that I now have a family of wonderful friends of nearly thirty years standing—Willie, Reeko, Duncan, Yarm, Donald, Fred, Reed—whom I see and talk to regularly, and dozens of others whom I keep in touch with occasionally through visits or the Alumni Fund. Although I'm not married, I've certainly had plenty of weddings, courtesy of my classmates—any number of two-timers and, of course, Collier, probably in double figures by now. Courtesy of Rick and Laurie, I also have a godson, James Cameron Larkin.

Every fall a group of us rent a Winnebago in D.C. and head north for either the Princeton or the Harvard game. Classmates fly into D.C. or meet us in New York or New Haven. I eagerly look forward to this annual excursion. It's a reminder of some of the best years of my life.

ANDREW C. SCOTT

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(215) 627-7922

PROF. DAVID T. SCOTT

19009 88th Place, NE, Bothel, WA 98011

WILLIAM W. SCRANTON III

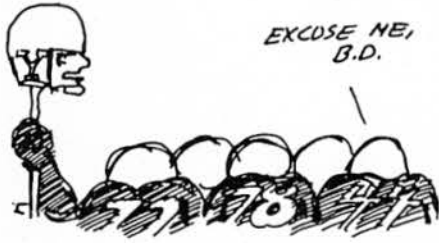
20 Oak Road, Larkspur, CA 94939
(415) 927-2563

GARNET ALBERT HUBER SEALE

P.O. Box 202, South Elgin, IL 60177

bull tales

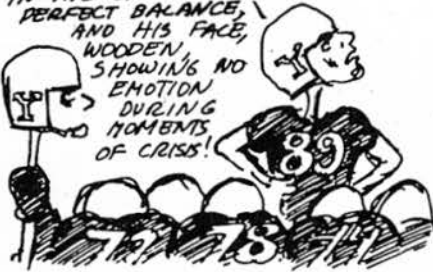
O.K. LET'S GO FOR THE LONG BOMB. I'LL THROW TO "THE TREE."



"THE TREE." APPROPRIATE NOMENCLATURE FOR THE TOWERING OFFENSIVE END... HIS STATURE REACHING UP INTO THE SKY LIKE THE STURDY OAK... HIS LIMBS, TOUGH, GNARLED AND SINUOUS, NOT UNLIKE THOSE OF THE MAGNIFICENT ELM...



... HIS FINGERS LIKE TINGLY LITTLE BRANCHES REACHING UP UP UNTIL THEY PICK THE PIGSKIN OUT OF SKY AND PUSH AWAY WOULD-BE TACKLERS LIKE LEAVES STREWN IN THE WIND... HIS FEET, FIRMLY ROOTED IN THE GROUND FOR PERFECT BALANCE, AND HIS FACE, WOODEN, SHOWING NO EMOTION DURING MOMENTS OF CRISIS!



"THE TREE" IS SOMETIMES APPREHENSIVE THAT PEOPLE WON'T KNOW WHY HE'S CALLED "THE TREE."



G. B. Trudeau

bull tales

OH, WOW, MAN, AM I MAD! ANGRY PLUS!

THAT'S NICE.



1-8

SINCE YOU ASK WHY, LET ME EXPLAIN... EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE SHAVER GROWING UP IN BEAUTIFUL CLEVELAND, I'VE NEVER LOST A GAME. I WON SO MUCH THAT I SOON KNEW THAT WHEN I LOST MY FIRST GAME, NO MATTER WHAT IT WAS, IT WOULD BE REALLY BIG...! "STRANGE," YOU SAY?



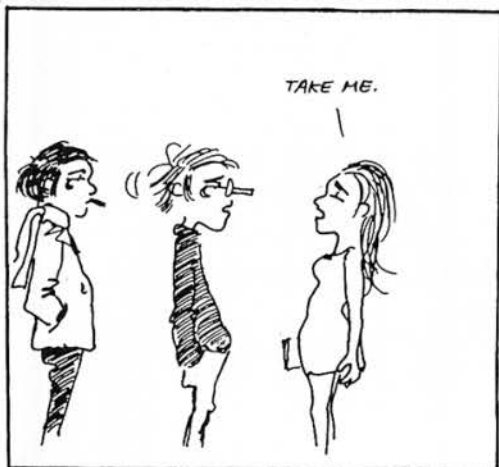
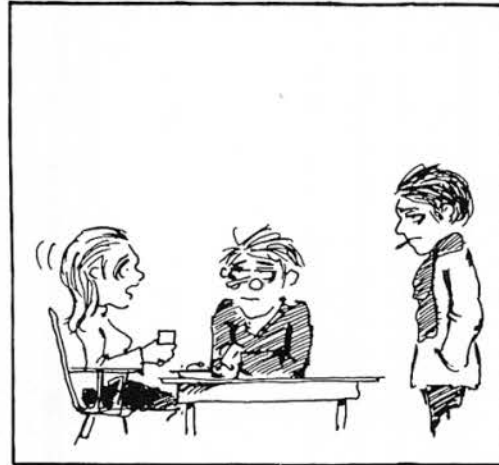
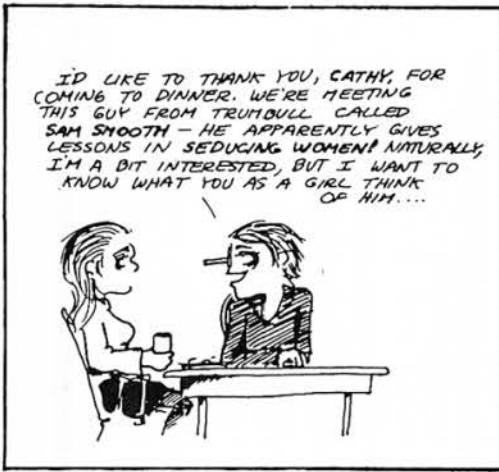
BUT I HAD THIS CRAZY FEELING SEE? I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS. HELL, CALL IT A HUNCH IF YOU LIKE, BUT I DECIDED THAT MY FIRST LOSS WOULD BE TRAGICALLY MOVING. I WOULD LOSE, BUT STILL BE A BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL, SEE? SORT OF LIKE HAMLET, TRUMAN, PANCHO GONZALES, YOU KNOW, THOSE GUYS.



I LOSE ON "THE DATING GAME."



G. B. Trudeau



JAMES P. SEAY

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DR. ROBERT P. SEDGWICK, JR.

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I have so many positive memories of Yale, especially of many good friends and teachers. Unfortunately, I also have strong memories of worrying all the time about my draft status. As it did for many others, the Vietnam War cast a long shadow over my college experience. The war propelled me into the Peace Corps, which became a wonderful two-and-a-half-year experience in Botswana. I got to travel all over that country and throughout East Africa, and I had many friends and adventures there. Most important, I met another volunteer, Jane (Clapp), and we have been together ever since.

One other strong memory of Yale was that I found the academic demands to be very difficult in relation to what I was used to. By the time I graduated, however, I seemed to have learned something. I say this because my graduate work in psychology seemed to go much easier. Yale deserves the credit. My primary work is at the Cambridge Hospital in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I am a pediatric psychologist. I continue to enjoy this work, even after seventeen years in the same setting.

I am blessed with two sturdy and energetic children, Emily (fifteen) and Miles (twelve). If either one of them (or both!) should go to Yale, I know that they could look ahead to the fine education and friendships that I had. Yale provided these essential things so well, and this was accomplished even though the times were very difficult.

ARTHUR I. SEGAL, M.D.

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(805) 595-2055 (res.)

Love's Labor Lost—to paraphrase someone I haven't read in twenty-five years.

Loves: my incredible wife Terry and dazzling daughter Natalie.

Labors: some 15,000 as an obstetrician.

Lost: my youth—and my tennis game.

My earliest act was medical school (Pitt) and residency (Ob/Gyn at Los Angeles County). Those years were dark, busy and intense. San Luis Obispo, California—home since 1977. Practicing Ob/Gyn; years have been progressively brighter, but still busy and intense. Being a doctor required every energy for over a dozen years.

The middle act began seven years ago. Slowly we've transitioned and

reprioritized a family and a future.

Achievements: professional recognition, community appreciation and awards; and a sense of making a difference; a single digit handicap; self-recognition; gaining the time to think.

Disappointments: loss of the “weekend roadie” and many years between Yale friendships; little else.

The finale: yet to be written; more family and friends; reeducation (expanded and broad-based), keep that mind moving; to be a regular on the Gynecologists Golf Tour (might have to be the senior tour).

Life is bright, buoyant, bulging, full, and better than anticipated.

I hope you can see the smile on my face.

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DANIEL A. SEIVER

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What I did: I left Yale in 1974, with a Ph.D. in economics (my undergraduate major). I went to the University of Alaska for three years, then spent one year at the National Bureau of Economic Research in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in 1978 went to Miami University (Ohio), Carm’s alma mater, where I have been ever since. My major research and teaching interests are population economics, economic development, and international finance. Along the way I married Barbara Roediger, Holyoke ’70 (1972), and sired two children, Elizabeth (1981) and Robert (1985). I wrote a book about the stock market, and as a second job I write a monthly newsletter about the stock market.

What I have learned: My Yale education was crucial to whatever success I have had. Even more important than what I learned (which was a lot), my love of learning and the pursuit of knowledge was turned into a lifelong passion. The cachet of the Yale degrees also opened many doors that might otherwise have been closed to me. I am willing to make great sacrifices to send my children to world-class universities. I think it’s worth it.

What bothers me: Although some would argue that a career devoted to teaching others and pursuing knowledge is a noble one, especially when done for low pay, I am now convinced that it is not enough. The students I teach are almost exclusively from well-to-do families, and very few view a college degree as anything other than a means to material success. The new knowledge I discover doesn’t really improve the human condition either. Of course this sounds

like the academic version of a standard midlife crisis, but that doesn't make it any less real for me.

The Trigger. Two years ago a very good friend and colleague of mine was diagnosed with colon cancer. Larry was forty-one, with two children the same ages as mine. The cancer was already metastatic when it was discovered. Then, last summer, while Larry was dying, a tumor-like mass was discovered in my lung. I had a thoracotomy (you don't want to know about it), and the mass was not a cancer. I was lucky. Larry was not. He died on my birthday last year. Everyone at the funeral was given daffodil bulbs to plant in his memory. The revelation I had last year, in response to the mental question "What should I do with what's left of my life?" was "Do God's work." The only problem is that I don't know what this is yet. What I do know is that Larry's daffodils came up this spring and they were beautiful.

DUANE A. SELANDER

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EDWARD S. SELIGMAN

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I'm heading back overseas which is where I've spent eighty percent of my time since leaving New Haven—and most of that in Africa. This time to the second smallest country on or near the continent. Anyone who can find it will be a welcome guest.

RICHARD SELTZER

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I graduated from Yale in 1969 and went to graduate school in comparative literature at Yale for a year, before I was pulled out to go on active duty for training in the Army Reserves (Russian linguist). On getting out of the Army, I settled in Boston and took part-time jobs to support myself while I tried to write the great Russian historical novel. Unexpectedly, I ended up writing a satirical fantasy, *The Lizard of Oz*, which my wife Barbara and I later self-published. We also self-published a short collection of children's stories, *Now & Then and Other Tales from Ome..*

I did eventually finish a Russian historical novel which told the first third of a much larger story I've been mulling over for some time. Tarcher/Houghton Mifflin published it as *The Name of Hero* in 1981.

Along the way I got a master's in comparative literature from the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, got a job as an editor of technical trade magazines, and then moved to Digital Equipment Corporation, where I've

worked for the last fourteen years. Most of that time I wrote articles for the company's 100,000 employees. Now I'm a communications consultant, specializing in Internet Marketing Communications.

Barbara and I have four children. Our oldest, Bobby, is now a freshman at Yale. He's an excellent student and is also one of the top chess players in the country. (At the age of fourteen he won the U.S. under sixteen championship with a perfect 7-0 score.)

Heather, age sixteen, a junior at Newton Country Day School, is heavily involved in acting and has done some modeling as well. She works part-time at Blockbuster Video. (So we get to see all the latest videos for free.)

Michael, age thirteen, was born with a cleft lip/cleft palate. As a side effect, he developed some obscure learning disabilities which required physical therapy. He seems to have overcome or compensated for the physical part, but now has to work his way out of years of bad habits he built up by cleverly using the disability as an excuse. He's in private school as well (St. Sebastian's), which we hope will help bring out his true potential.

Our youngest, Timmy, at age three is a video addict, having memorized such recent classics as *Beauty and the Beast*, *The Little Mermaid*, and *Fern Gully*. He loves to act out the story and repeat the dialogue while he watches.

My father is a retired school superintendent and colonel in the Army Reserves. He and my mother now get various acting and modeling jobs in the Philadelphia and New York areas. They've been in crowd scenes in dozens of movies, and it's rather spooky to be watching a late-night suspense thriller, and Dad suddenly appears as the elevator operator or cab driver and then see my mother in the background on a record commercial.

My sister Sallie (eighteen years younger than me) is finishing up a master's in filmmaking at University of Southern California. She has at various times worked as a story editor for *Hard Copy* and a girl Friday at Paramount. She's been encouraging me to write movie scripts, and I did recently complete one, *Spit and Polish*, which probably needs some more polish.

Years ago Robert Penn Warren told me that he thought I was a "brooder," as opposed to the Thomas Wolfe variety of writer. At the time I didn't see myself that way at all. But recently, taking a look at the writing projects I now have in the works, I realized that the ones I'm most attached to all originated around 1968-70, and I've been mulling them over all this time. That's true of *Sandcastles*, *Spit and Polish*, *The Lizard of Oz*, and my Russian historical saga (*The Name of Hero* and its follow-ons).

At the same time, I feel that I have learned a lot in the last couple of years. In particular, the discipline of trying to tell a story in movie script form gave me a better grasp of how to visualize and create scenes, and, I believe, made a major difference when *Sandcastles* really started going. After years of brooding and many false starts, I wrote the final two hundred pages of that novel in about three weeks (in addition to my full-time job and full-time family). It was as if the characters were talking to me and I was taking dictation.

Another project I recently completed is a translation from Russian of a couple of books by Alexander Bulatovich (the hero of *The Name of Hero*) about his experiences in Ethiopia in the 1890s. Michigan State University is interested in publishing them. And I'm getting started again on the next Russian historical

novel—*From Man to God*.

Now Barbara and I are reviving the little publishing company we started years ago to do *The Lizard*. Now we're "publishing" in computer disk format, making public domain information and books available to schools that otherwise have no access or only limited access to the resources on the Internet.

RICHARD A. SENECHAL

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Five days after the anniversary of our graduation, Mary Margaret and I will celebrate our (gasp!) Silver Anniversary. We're not exactly the same kids who boogied down the aisle in that dim, dark past, but a happy marriage, thankfully, remains the one constant in the otherwise peripatetic existence of an architect. We have two daughters of whom we are inordinately proud. We are still occasionally nonplussed by the demands of parenting, but *they* seem not to have noticed. Ann (sixteen) is gathering college applications, Yale among them. She's already more energetic and better focused than I have ever been. Sarah (ten) is also reassuringly bright, and to my wonder is a whiz at all sports, something she surely didn't inherit from her father. I have no idea what careers either of them will pursue, but I have insured that architecture won't be among the choices they consider.

I drifted out of private practice early in my career and became a corporate architect in the hospitality industry. I found that I love hotels. I've built something like 150 of them without losing interest in the building type or the intricacies of their operation. Like many real estate based careers, mine has been somewhat migratory. We've lived in Virginia, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin since graduation and are in the process of moving to California. As many hotels as I've built on the West Coast, I swore I'd never live there. Then, in December, I joined Hilton Hotels as Head of Architecture and Construction. Alas, life continues to surprise me.

With the clarity of hindsight, I probably would have chosen a profession that I might have enjoyed somewhat less, but that would have allowed my children to grow up in one house and one school system.

Signatory to the letter that elicited this response, in addition to the immortal "B.D.," the name of Tommy McNamee brought back fond memories of the amazing nine-and-a-half-hour road trips we shared, pursuing true love in the mountains of Virginia. I haven't seen Tom since our graduation, but still number those excursions among the happiest of my many happy memories of our undergraduate years.

We were back at Yale from 1971 to 1974, a period which unfortunately may become known as the "Clinton Years." It wasn't the same. Those "shortest, gladdest years of life" probably were.

IRWIN F. SENTILLES III

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Ann and I married in June 1971, while I was at Yale Law School and she at Columbia Journalism School. The twenty-two years since have been the most significant for us. We have four children, now aged nineteen, seventeen, thirteen and nine, and with them have built a wonderful family life. The oldest, Sarah, is an energetic literature major at Yale. The second, Emily, is sweet, musical, and discovering boys. Irwin (IV) managed to put his act together in seventh grade and delights in baseball. Della, the youngest, is one of a kind—quick, spirited, and painfully honest.

I have been a lawyer for more than twenty years. By most standards, the law has been a rewarding career. I practice in a first-rate international law firm, with talented colleagues.

I work harder than I ever thought I could and longer than they let on in law school. Looking back over the years of deals, client deadlines and crises, I can see the cost: little time for friends, outside interests, and exercise; recurring lateness for soccer, baseball, and field hockey games; and a growing need to recuperate from it all.

I am working to find the balance I thought came naturally to children of the sixties.

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JAMES D. SEYMOUR

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The twenty-five years since graduation have been a challenging combination of constancy and change. I have spent twenty-three years with the same wonderful woman, Sharon. We have two sons: Stephen (seventeen), who will be a senior at The Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut, and Jeffrey (fourteen), who will be a freshman at Hopkins School in New Haven. Following four years in diesel submarines and two years at Harvard Business School, I spent eighteen years at Bankers Trust Company.

During those years we have lived two-and-a-half years in Bahrain, one-and-a-half years in Manila, three years in Taipei, and four years in London (of which I spent the better part of two years working in Istanbul setting up and running a joint venture merchant bank). While I toiled away for the bank in these various locations, Sharon was always active in community organizations—for example, giving archaeological tours of the island of Bahrain (considered by

some historians the legendary garden of Eden); working with school associations; Junior League; and more recently reading to children in a school in Bridgeport. Sharon worked hard to establish a home for the boys and me in every city that we lived in (often under very difficult circumstances), only to have us move on to another job location with the bank.

My greatest personal success was to marry Sharon. She has done her best to provide a wonderful home wherever we have been living and has provided constant support and encouragement to our two boys. She has devoted endless hours to their and my education. My deepest disappointment has been the lack of time and devotion that I have given to my family over the years—an area in which I hope to improve.

Professional highlights over the last twenty-five years include: getting into Nuclear Power School in the Navy; getting out of Nuclear Power School and into Diesel School; earning the assignment early in my career to Bahrain; earning the assignment to the Taipei Branch as General Manager; setting up the joint venture in Turkey; and leaving Bankers Trust. My biggest disappointment has been in not being properly rewarded for the successes I had at the bank in a wide variety of functions, often relocating at very short notice at their request and with considerable sacrifices on the part of my family.

My ambition now is to become more involved with education and educational institutions, either directly in my work or through community programs. A major step in this direction will be to join The Common Fund at the end of this month. The Common Fund is the best in the field of investment management for educational institutions. It has almost \$15 billion under management for 1200 schools and universities. It is also located in Westport, Connecticut—one mile from our home.

This most recent dramatic change in our lives will contribute enormously to the significant improvement in our quality of life: more time at home, working for a not-for-profit; working with educational institutions; increasing our involvement in the community and our commitment to each other. We hope that one of the constancies of the future will be the caring, supporting, and developing of each other and our communities.

DON SHAW

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I am alive and well, living in Hawaii, practicing architecture. After graduation I bummed around Africa and the South Pacific, then worked construction for a while. I went back to graduate school and became an architect. I opened my practice in San Francisco, where I did mostly airports and housing. I got married to Jan and had a daughter, Amanada. After Jan finished her residency in psychiatry, we moved to Hawaii, where I became a professor at the University of Hawaii School of Architecture. After seven years of academia I've recently returned to private practice. (A community center I designed just received an Award of Excellence from the American Institute of Architects.) Right now I'm remodeling our house on Waimanalo Beach and working on a

project in Yap (an island in Micronesia). Y'all come to see us...

STEPHEN A. SHECTMAN

The Carnegie Observatories, 813 Santa Barbara Street, Pasadena, CA 91101

Robin and I have two children. Nicholas graduated from Harvard in 1992, and Sarah is a student at Wellesley. Since 1975 I have been an astronomer at the Carnegie Observatories. Now that we are empty nesters, Robin and I usually travel together to the Las Campanas Observatory in Chile, generally twice a year. We have also become big fans of opera. Most of my energy each weekend goes into riding my bicycle with the local racing club.

The picture I submitted shows me plugging fiber optics into the back of the telescope in Chile. I use this system to measure the redshifts of galaxies, one hundred at a time.

CLINTON J. SHEERR

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How I spent my first quarter century since graduation...

The first significant date in the rest of my life came just a week or so after graduation, June 14, 1969, which marked both my marriage to Lucy Bethel a block from Pierson College where I first picked her up at a mixer and, at the other end of the block, the burning of the A&A building, which contributed to the chaos that I experienced while attending the School of Architecture the next three years (I won an award for graduating at the top of my class, but we didn't have any grades, so figure that one out!). I worked half-time during the school years, full-time summers, and for a year afterwards for the New Haven Redevelopment Agency's Wooster Square office, where I learned more than I did in architecture school. One low light of my graduate school years was that I contracted Hodgkin's Disease, for which I underwent radiation therapy.

My immediate superior at NHRA had a college roommate who worked for I.M. Pei & Partners in New York City, which didn't hurt when I applied for a job there. From July 3, 1973, to July 3, 1976, I worked on the much acclaimed new East Building of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., which was I.M.'s favorite building in the office. It was my best architectural education yet, learning how the profession was practiced at the very top. I got to do everything from participating in programing sessions with J. Carter Brown through hopping on the shuttle to inspect construction. My medical mishaps continued: on one trip to Washington, my lung collapsed, which eventually led to two parietal pleurectomies; and I had a recurrence of Hodgkins Disease and was treated with chemotherapy. At this point in my life, although I loved where I worked and I remained convinced that New York was the center of all life, I decided there had to be a better way to live—one without taxes, crime, and dirty air.

I moved to New Hampshire on August 18, 1976. We both liked to ski in Vermont; I had gone to summer camp in Maine; and I knew that the Granite

State was the second fastest growing state east of the Mississippi, and that there would probably be a demand for new buildings, which dovetailed nicely with the fact that I was ready to open my own architectural practice. I had done some residential and office projects for my oncologists in New Haven while I was still in New York (you know your prognosis is good when your doctor hires you to design his new office); and that work carried me through my first year in New Hampshire, where I didn't know a soul!

I had also lived my first two years in New Hampshire, before my parents moved to Westchester County in New York, so there was a certain symmetry to all of this. I also am very fond of our license plates here, with the motto "Live Free or Die." That kind of sums it up for me. The air is clean here, and the politics, while slightly Neanderthal, are also clean. This little state has the third largest legislative body in the free world (after the U.S. Congress and British Parliament), so everybody knows their legislators; and we have something called "town meetings" once a year where all municipal business is transacted and anyone can speak (and they do). There are two keys to living here: making a living and surviving winter, which is easy if you like to ski. I discovered that the leaves are off the trees more than they are on; and there is no spring (only mud season and black fly season, neither of which is desirable). Summer and fall, though both short, are glorious; so, on balance, it works out okay.

Meanwhile, Lucy was not as taken with New Hampshire as I, and we split up after about twelve years of marriage. I never thought it would happen to me, and I was crushed. However, I quickly got on with the rest of my life, and in fact, was rather enjoying my newfound bachelorhood after marrying so young, when I experienced the next significant date in my life, June 8, 1982.

I had gone to Honolulu to the national convention of the American Institute of Architects, representing my growing firm but mostly seeking a suntan, when I attended an intimate luau for twenty-five hundred architects at a place called Paradise Cove, forty minutes outside the city. It was there, about 10:30 p.m., on the way back to the buses which were to take us back to the city, that I picked up a red-headed architect named Deirdre McCrystal from Denver, Colorado, who had just won a National Honor Award, our profession's highest award for design excellence. We sat in the back of the bus and exchanged resumes and discovered we had three things in common: we both had had splenectomies; could recite the first stanza of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* (thank you Mrs. Miskimin for those silly freshman English exercises!); and flipped coins for all our important decisions. We spent nineteen magical hours together in Hawaii, and she went back to Denver with a second prize: my heart.

After five months of a wild, airplane romance, we were married at her parents' home in Shoreham, Long Island, overlooking Long Island Sound (and in the distance...yes, New Haven!). We honeymooned that April in Paris (and environs) and then settled near my mountains, not hers. Seven months after we married, we started Sheerr & McCrystal, Inc., which is about to have its tenth anniversary, just as we have. It has been a remarkable experience living and working together, since we design completely differently. *Self Magazine* even sent two editors, two photographers, and a make-up person (for her, not me) to New Hampshire for four days to write a feature article entitled "Great Romances of the 80s: Together 24 Hours a Day." We have somehow survived

that article and working together, but it did create some stress. I think that early stress may have contributed to yet another recurrence of Hodgkins Disease in January 1985. The doctors tried their best to kill me, but another round of chemotherapy plus meditation and a positive attitude fixed me. A couple months after my last treatment, we went backpacking in the High Sierra above Yosemite. We like climbing mountains a lot, although two days of thunderstorms and hail while backpacking in the Maroon Bells in Aspen last summer may have finally convinced us to shift to car camping.

Despite the depression in the construction industry in New Hampshire, our firm still has the same six employees we had before it all went to hell up here, and we like to think that we are designing significant buildings that help to preserve the special quality of life up here. We win a lot of design awards, and in June, I become the President of the New Hampshire Chapter of the AIA. I've never been lucky enough to have any children, so I guess I'm trying to leave behind some good buildings as my legacy. That, plus I've just started writing a novel. I majored in English and always wanted to write one, but I thought I had to have the whole plot mapped out before I began. I never did figure it all out, so I just started, and it seems to be flowing (I'm now on Chapter Fourteen).

As far as keeping in touch with Yale, I really haven't. I always send in checks to the Alumni Fund, but the only person I've spent much time with was one of my roommates, Norm Resnicow. He was at both my weddings, and he just dropped by with his family as recently as last month for a weekend of skiing, which was great fun. This month, I went to my first Yale Club of New Hampshire event in the seventeen years that I have lived here. I don't know what's happening. I think relationships are becoming more important to me. I'm even looking forward to our twenty-fifth reunion next year.

CHARLES SHELDON

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Who am I talking to? I've lost touch with nearly everyone. Yale University is confusing. Things were so set then. We had these huge assumptions about the future. The Vietnam War tore that fabric asunder. At Yale I applied for Naval OCS, was accepted, but turned it down. I was conflicted. When the lottery was drawn I ended up with a number over 240. That high number still whispers to me.

After Yale, during graduate school, I worked summers as a commercial fisherman from Cape Cod. I went to University of Massachusetts and took a master's in resource management (forestry and fisheries). After graduate school I went fishing full-time. I worked off the U.S. East Coast as deckhand, mate, and skipper. I loved it—the greatest collection of theorists, academics, risk takers, hustlers, con artists, and outlaws there is. But dangerous. There are devils behind every sea. I reached the point where I knew I better come ashore or I'd never come ashore. But I stayed in the business; I worked as a consultant in fisheries management, gear testing and use, and shoreside port development.

Through my first skipper I met my wife. We were married in 1976. Martha and Justine, her five-year-old, were from Orleans, on Cape Cod, and we

lived as a family on the Cape until 1985. Jack was born in 1978 and Oskar in 1980. This summer we'll celebrate our seventeenth wedding anniversary.

In the early 1980s the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey had this idea to restore an old shipping terminal in Brooklyn into a modern fishing center. I was hired to come down there and manage the operation. For the next five-and-a-half years we lived in New Jersey. I took the train to the World Trade Center and wore a suit every day. The kids grew. The project began to sink in 1988 due to its slow pace of construction, conflicts with New Jersey ports, and resistance from Fulton Market. As the project failed I started writing a book on the train to keep some sanity. Much to my surprise I found an agent.

A year later, not ready to retire behind a Port Authority desk, I took a position with the Port of Seattle as a facilities planner. The northwest had always intrigued me. My very last day in New York I learned a publisher had bought my book. I moved the family out here in the fall of 1990. Justine was a student at Smith College and the boys almost teenagers. Martha began retooling to become a biology teacher in the school system. In the mid-1980s I made a few changes and became, as they say, a friend of Bill W. My demons became friends. I've rediscovered activities I loved as a kid but then gave up—skiing, backpacking, whitewater kayaking. Brought my kids into these things, first while in New Jersey and now, living in the center of it, here in the northwest.

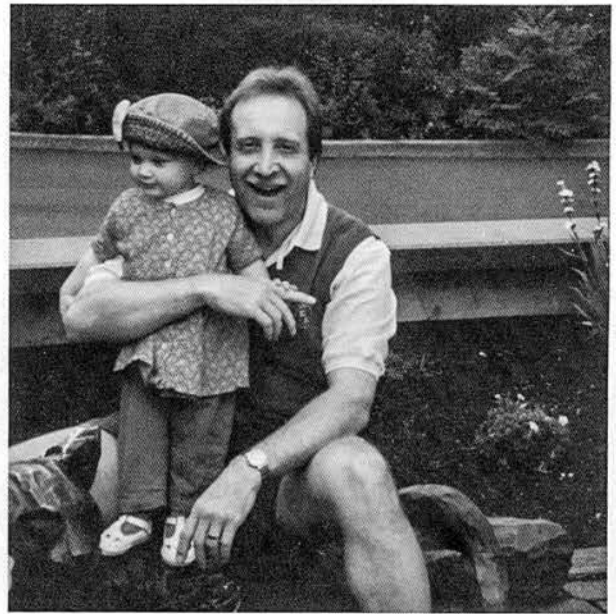
At the Port of Seattle I've been asked to manage the 100-acre expansion of a container terminal for American President Lines. This combined cleanup and redevelopment project includes buying thirteen properties, including a former landfill, a creosote factory which is a Superfund site, a steel plant, and a shipyard; cleaning them up; habitat restoration; amenities for the residents of the neighborhood; design and over \$150 million in construction. It's a project manager's dream.

Justine has graduated from Smith and now works in Seattle. She's twenty-three years old. Jack is fifteen and I'm teaching him to drive. Oskar is twelve and a great skateboarder. He's the one in the picture clowning after climbing out of Grand Valley. As I write this, Martha is surveying timber in northern Ontario for fieldwork experience. I go into Olympic National Park whenever I can, often alone, always with a fly rod. We live on an island against a salmon stream, I ride a ferry to work across Puget Sound, and the trailheads are twenty miles due west.

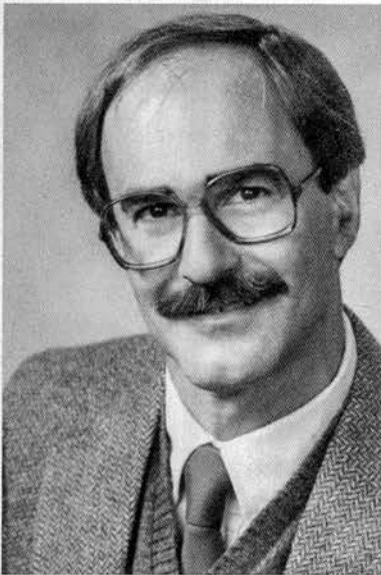
So. Regrets? Biggest one is quitting crew senior year and not making a run for the U.S. Team in 1972. But if I'd done that I'd have never gone to sea. I'd have never met Martha. These great kids would belong to someone else. When I graduated I had no idea what work I would do, where I would live, or anything, except that I knew I would write someday, and I knew I would make changes along the way. To date I've had two careers—the fish business and now the port/shipping business. It surprises me how all the diverse threads along the way eventually form a pattern. Even the demons make sense. I now see that my education enriched all that I undertook since. I only hope I can give my children the same tools my father and mother gave to me. Time passes fast, doesn't it? It's only been a few weeks, it seems, since we were piling into the bus every day for the long run out to Derby.



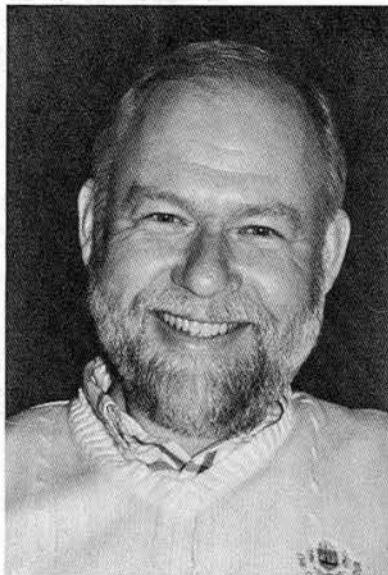
Art and Terry Segal



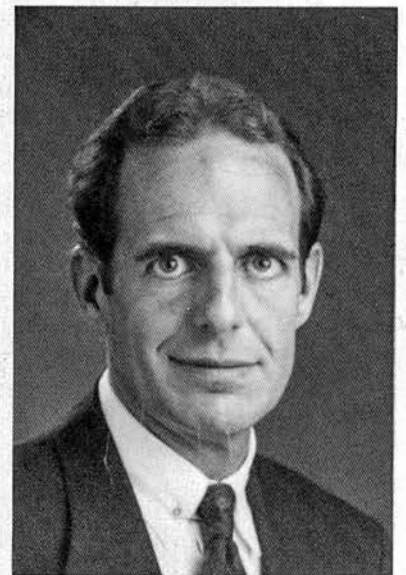
Natalie Segal and dad Art



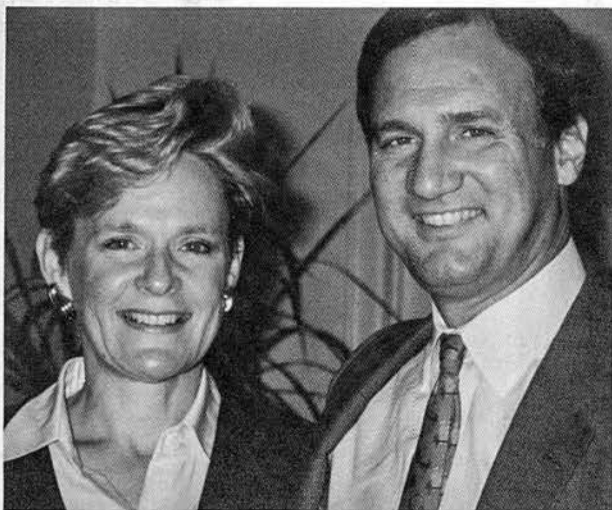
Daniel A. Seiver



Dick Senechal



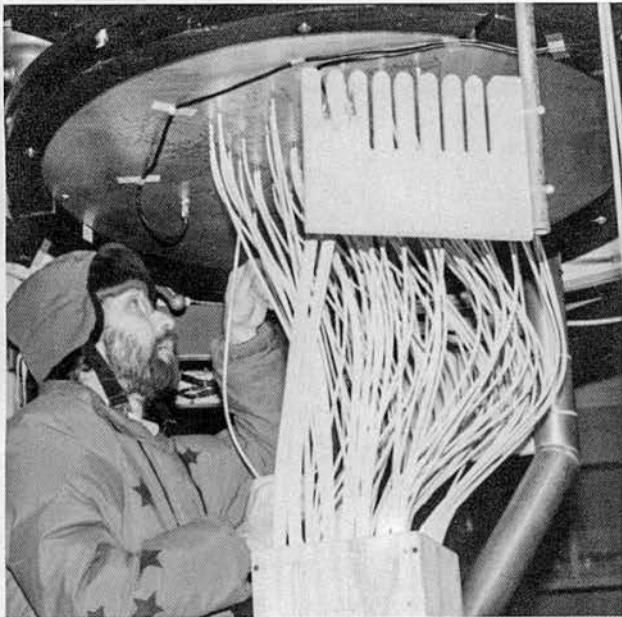
Peter W. Shull



Irwin and Ann Sentilles



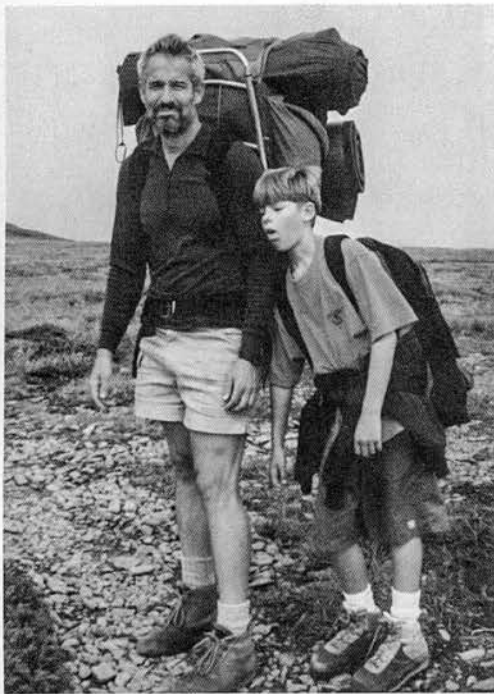
The Sentilles children



Stephen A. Shectman at work in Chile



Clinton and Deirdre, "New Year's Eve at the Sheerrs"



Charlie and Oskar Shelden "after climbing out of Grand Valley, Olympic National Park, 1992"



The Frank A. Sherer family



Bill Shullenberger



Rob Shlachter and family

DR. GERSON S. SHER

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The most historically significant thing I have done with my life was, two weeks after graduating, to marry Margery Leveen and to have two fine sons, Jeremy and Adam, now sixteen and thirteen. The rest is details. I pursued my interests in Russian and East European Studies and got a Ph.D. in politics from Princeton in 1975 after writing a dissertation, about Marxist dissent in Yugoslavia, whose optimistic conclusions I now bitterly regret. By this time I had also started working at the National Academy of Sciences in Washington as a program officer for scientific exchanges with the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe. I have remained in the general area of managing scientific cooperation with this region ever since. Most of my career (1979 to 1993) has been spent in the Division of International Programs of the National Science Foundation, where my chief accomplishments were to bury an old agreement for U.S.-Soviet cooperation in 1982 and to design and start up a new one five years later. Since May 1993 I have taken a leave of absence from N.S.F. to serve as Chief Operating Officer for the new International Science Foundation, a charitable organization established under the auspices of the Soros Foundations to prevent the collapse of basic research in the former Soviet Union. One of my chief regrets is that I did not continue to play the carillon, much as some of my classmates may find this news welcome.

FRANK A. SHERER

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Add to your list of practices “delegate responsibility to” in your latest appeal for this response, and you have the distaff side racing to avoid the big black hole under the above name.

We are consumed, overwhelmed with: children; job; new/old house; undergrown grass and overgrown trees; irreconcilable children’s schedules, interests, demands, and personalities; generational divides; dogs and cats that, too, have minds of their own; etc.; et al.; but we are managing, not flourishing, close, but better than surviving, we are somewhere between those extremes.

We have four children: Biff (sixteen) is a junior in high school; Teddy (thirteen) in eighth grade; Bri (eight), our girl, is in third grade; and John (four) is desperate to ride the school bus. They account for virtually one hundred percent of my life and twenty-five percent of Frank’s—since seventy-five percent of his is claimed by his job, which is managing Timex’s legal affairs. Our household is enormously youth-centric.

Dreams are a luxury, we specialize in reality or some interpretation, actually six kinds. But we really do, on balance, off balance, enjoy ourselves.

DR. ROBERT J. SHEVLIN

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M.I.A., Columbia University, 1973; Ph.D., economics, Columbia University, 1984; married Mary Jane Aldeguer on June 15, 1974; children: Ted, born March 16, 1980; Ken, born January 30, 1982; currently, Systems Director for Materiel Division, New York City Transit Authority.

DAY R. SHEILDS

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ROBERT A. SHLACHTER

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Where are you, 1969? Despite the passage of years, pain, joy, and preoccupation with seemingly important and not so important things, I still remember you well. The autumn aromas; the endless discussions about every conceivable way to avoid the draft (Peace Corps in Peru, repatriation to Canada, conscientious objector applications, teaching deferments, waiting lists for National Guard units) and still attend law school (Dan Quayle and Bill Clinton did it, why couldn't I?); co-ed week; campus chaos at Columbia and Harvard (was Yale sleeping?); the remoteness of Vietnam jungles, Richard Nixon, John Mitchell, and the Chicago Seven; an awesome football team with NFL material (I watched BD play high school ball in Cleveland and eagerly kept watching for four more glorious years); Yale's 29-29 loss to Harvard, the pain of which was eased only by Medved's performance at the academic College Bowl; Wednesday night trips on icy roads to Vassar and Smith (why did we risk our lives?); Henry Wallach on the Federal Reserve System (I still do not understand the concept); and, best of all, friends for life.

Friends. Art, Larry, Brad, Terry, Paul, B.D., Scott, Bob, Max, Mabry, Ron, Jerry, Steve, Jim, John, and dozens of others from the freshman commons lunch counter (where I worked), from the intramural games I helped supervise, from Trumbull College, from the fifth floor sweaty gym, from the Class Book Staff, from English seminars, and from all the other activities and chance encounters which gave birth to and then nurtured our relationships.

Professors. One, more than all the others combined, influenced and guided me. English Professor Tammy Watters. My friend, mentor, and surrogate parent. God bless her.

The Twenty-five Years Since Graduation. Two years were spent teaching severely retarded children in hometown Cleveland. It was at times rewarding, sad, exhausting, boring, meaningless, and meaningful. Sandwiched

between teaching were eight stimulating, stressful and exhilarating months working as traveling press secretary and speech writer for then unknown Howard Metzenbaum in his upset senatorial primary victory over astronaut John Glenn two days after the deaths at Kent State, and then narrow defeat by Yalie Bob Taft. Law school at Georgetown (Bill Clinton and I more or less traded places at schools), 1971-74. Marriage in 1972 (to Debby), and then one glorious year in Hawaii clerking for a federal judge after law school (1974-75). A trip to Japan, then a reluctant move to Los Angeles, where Debby enrolled at University of California Los Angeles School of Public Health. A small Los Angeles litigation law firm (in 1980s parlance, a “boutique” firm) hired me.

The marriage blew apart in late 1977 (after five years). Failure. That’s all I could think about for a while. I was a success/achievement driven person who failed in something I valued quite highly. I felt as if I were the only person in the world who had made a serious mistake. Where did I go wrong? Smart boys (men?) from Yale were not supposed to make dumb moves!

More mature and realistic about my own limitations, I moved forward (still thinking in achievement-oriented words and actions). I continued practicing law (business litigation) and refereeing high school basketball, dreaming of arguing in the Supreme Court in the morning and officiating at a PAC ten basketball game at night. (Neither dream has yet been fulfilled.)

1978. While living with my younger brother after my divorce, he introduced me to Mara, at that time a floral designer. What a break in the clouds! Married in 1980, Mara and I have shared life’s tragedies (buried Mara’s mom and my younger brother, who died two years after our wedding at the age of twenty-eight), brought two children (David, almost thirteen, and Jenna, age nine) into the world, and have made decisions large and small which eventually led to new beginnings (and lifestyles) in 1991.

1989. Two major events in the month of May. My twentieth reunion at Yale, and the successful conclusion of five years of litigation battles in the jeans wars (Guess vs. Jordache). The reunion left me more introspective than ever, and the jeans war victory emboldened me for daring personal strategies. After taking some time off to smell the roses and gain greater perspective on our lives and goals, my wife and I concluded that we could improve our “quality of life” (a cliché phrase today that is nonetheless accurate) if we relocated from Southern California to the Northwest. And that we did.

July 1991. I bid farewell to the Los Angeles law firm that was my professional home for sixteen years (and where I was one of the managing partners for half of those years); I finished my stint as president of the Yale Club of Southern California; Mara gave up her floral design business; we sold our house in Pacific Palisades; and we then packed up the kids and their pet rat (affectionately known as “Mouser”) and caravanned station wagon style up Highway 1 to Portland, Oregon. Our new home. Apparently part of a larger out-migration by baby boomers from golden California, our move attracted media attention and became the focus of an October 1991 *New York Times* article.

No regrets at all. The rain can be relentless, the chilly air sometimes piercing, the Blazers are the only game in town, the antigay movement too active, and state and local governments too stretched financially, but we love our new life in the shadow of Mount Hood. We enjoy public schools (now run by

Yale classmate Jack Bierwirth), short commutes, neighborhoods, politically active communities, a small and relatively friendly legal community (yes, I am still practicing law; so not a total change in lifestyle), and more cultural events than we can attend.

My kids' pet has gone to rodent heaven, but she has been replaced by new and improved rats which are generating offspring at record rates. Playing baseball, basketball, and saxophone (not all at the same time), our son David is having his Bar Mitzvah the same month as this Reunion. Jenna is busy with soccer, piano, and jewelry making, the last a creative talent she has learned from her artist mom. Mara is on the Board of the Oregon Holocaust Resource Center, the American Jewish Committee, and our synagogue. Somehow she also finds time to make and sell beautiful and unusual jewelry (they are more permanent than floral designs).

I have come full circle in twenty-five years. From Yale, a small, self-contained community, to Portland. It suits me. It must also suit a lot of other Yalies. Of eighteen homes on my street, three are occupied by Yalies (Classes of '66, '68, and '69). Many of our classmates have moved to Portland, joining several who have returned to their native land (including Tom Fuller, Walt McMonies, Rick Gustafson, and Bill Robertson, my freshman roommate who left Yale in 1966 and twenty-five years later encouraged me to migrate to Portland). Some brave or twisted souls have bucked the trend (e.g., Rob High) and left the Northwest, never to return. Although there is no more room for newcomers here (now that we have arrived), we would love to host classmates for visits.

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PETER W. SHULL

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It hasn't been all lux and veritas, but I've had my share, and of good fortune as well.

In an effort to prolong the sixties (I thought indefinitely then), I lived in San Francisco until 1977 when, repossessed by an innate midwestern sensibility, I landed in Chicago, where I still reside. With two partners, I own and manage a commercial facility planning and interior design firm, with a client base consisting primarily of Fortune 500 types, who require me to act my age, and an employee base of fifty with a median age of twenty-seven, who require me not to admit it. The alarmingly small profit margins of my chosen career are luckily far outweighed by the enormous pleasure and creative expression derived from our work; it has been a great experience growing up with this still emerging profession.

Although I travel well and regularly, I've not been back to New Haven

since '69. What's worse (though obviously correlative), my communication with those of you who brightened and shined our four years together has diminished to the rarest and seemingly most herculean kind of fleeting correspondence, or none at all.

It would be good to reestablish some of those lost contacts (you know who you are) in our next twenty-five and to maybe even see you (or pretend to) at our fiftieth. Be well, and have some fun.

WILLIAM A. SHULLENBERGER II

Makerere University, P.O. Box 7062, Kampala, Uganda
Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, NY 10708 (after July 1, 1994)

Greetings and salutations, brothers. There seems to be no way to write one of these notes without getting nostalgic or puffing oneself up. I guess that's a risk worth taking. I want the friends I've lost touch with but still miss, especially in Berkeley and Elihu, to know that all is as well with me and mine as I could hope for. God has continued to be kind to me, for reasons best known to himself.

I lost my father in August 1968 and my mother in August 1971. I met my soul mate, Bonnie Lowry Alexander, in the fall of 1971, and we have been companions of the road ever since. We've raised Shannon, Bonnie's daughter from her former marriage, to the threshold of adulthood. Shannon is presently trying to find a place for herself in postmodern America with a liberal arts degree, a sweet blues voice, a touch with clay and words, and a strong sense of decency and compassion. Remember what that was like, getting started? Needless to say, it's no easier now than it was then.

I dropped master's programs in theology (Union 1970) and education (City College 1971), eventually got it together to work through a graduate program in English at University of Massachusetts (Ph.D. 1982). My dissertation on John Milton's heterodox theology was one of the ways by which God led me back to the Church—the Episcopalians, the enemy camp for Milton. Bonnie meanwhile completed her B.A. at University of Massachusetts, then an M.F.A. in writing at Goddard College's nonresidential program. We got around to marriage in May 1979, and our son Geoff was an anniversary gift, born almost a year to the minute after our nuptials. Geoff is a full-blown adolescent now, with a million interests and opinions. He's good to be around. He keeps us honest and on our toes. He has a strong sense of justice and a skeptical fascination with how the political world works, as well as a love for the Ramones, Monty Python, and John Ford movies. Bonnie's faith survived an M.Div. degree at General Theological Seminary, and she has been a (frequently lonely) voice of conscience in the Episcopal Church for some time now. Our understanding of the gospel has led us to a consistent pro-life ethic, which leaves us at odds with our liberal friends on the issue of abortion and with our evangelical friends on the subjects of flag-waving and militarism. We have found some support and kinship with the good people of outfits like the Seamless Garment Network and Feminists for Life.

A Fulbright lectureship has brought us to Uganda, where Bonnie and I

are both teaching at Makerere University. Uganda is a bruised and broken paradise of good people who deserve a better history than their post-colonial leaders have offered them. Our Makerere students are the children of the Amin and Obote years of terror, and it is astonishing how they have managed to cultivate a spirit of resilience, hope, discipline, courtesy, and commitment. Children mean a lot to people here (an American aid worker describes them with a certain mixture of bewilderment and contempt as “pro-natalist”), and many people now have the cautious sense that at last a humane government, committed to democratization and development, has given their children a future to hope for. We love it here; a grant renewal will allow for us to work here through the summer of 1994. If you can find a way to do it, give yourself a sabbatical, pack your bags and kids and head somewhere like Kampala, where your gifts and skills will not bring you much in the way of wealth, power, fame, or even comfort, but they will matter to the people who need them, and you won't regret too much leaving the rest behind.

When we return to the U.S., I'll go back to teaching literature of all sorts and combinations, from Homer and the Yahwist to Derek Walcott and Gloria Naylor, at Sarah Lawrence, where I've been since 1982. Bonnie and I don't seem to settle easily into any of the cubbyholes of identification that American culture provides these days. Academically, this seems to mean a lot of cross-pollination. I try to open up the literary “canon” where it needs fresh air and to remind people that literature is no one's private intellectual property, so they shouldn't ghettoize the imagination or shut themselves off from anything great that has been written by anyone. It also means that I try to converse with contemporary theory without becoming the kind of pedant whose gibberish Jonathan Swift would laugh at. Sarah Lawrence is at times a cultural funhouse, always a demanding, improvisatory place to teach, academically a few worlds away from the place we fantasized about at those mixers in the late sixties. But that's another story.

Of all the things I half-remember fondly or remember half-fondly about Yale, the remark that sticks with me as perhaps most treasured: Robert Beach, on a road trip deep into the Adirondacks, rasping, “the further they get from the city, the more they love Jesus.” Jobs, how right you were. Amen. One of the images that sticks with me is of Jim Amoss staggering out of the Jimi Hendrix concert at Woolsey Hall with eyes ablaze and smoke pouring out of his ears. And what about the Living Theatre? I am not allowed to burn money. I am not allowed to smoke marijuana. Heavy. Breathe, breathe, fly.

I hope you are all still flying. I won't be with you at reunion time. If there's room in the book, let this tail end of a poem stand in for me. I wrote it this year to say farewell to the graduating students I'd advised and worked with at Sarah Lawrence; but being about bright college years, it's something I also want to say to my long-lost friends after many years. Meanwhile brothers, keep the faith. Love your enemies. Keep on keeping on.

From “The Beginning of Wisdom”:

So, figure, when the time is ripe,
we're bound to meet again, perhaps outside
a shabby tin-roofed market stall in the third world

(the one where the imagined and the real are one).
 Call it the Common Man's Friendship Shop,
 stacked to the rafters with all
 the untold goods of earth,
 and even if the veil of dust
 kicked up by homeward sojourners
 makes recognition hard,
 your voice will be as unmistakable
 as it has always been,
 for those who break words once together don't forget.
 We'll joke about how knowledge and affection come
 as unpredictably as startled bees lost up the pants,
 and laugh the sweet intimate laughter of friends
 who have had the great pleasure of reading books together
 and sharing such nonsense as sometimes comes to mind
 at times like this when anything is possible,
 knowing it all will be well,
 as well as anyone who loves
 this brokenhearted world
 could keep on praying for.

PROF. WILLIAM PHELPS SHUMAN

P.O. Box 368, Shelburne, VT 05482

Just back from a two-year sailing sabbatical in Polynesia, I'm now a Professor of Medicine at the University of Vermont. Anyone passing through the Burlington area should stop by!

CODY D. SHWAIKO

No Address Available

ROBERT SIDENBERG, JR.

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Married to Susan since 1977; stepdaughter Natasha Avery (twenty-three); son Rob (fifteen).

Design and build furniture and sculpture.

Recently published *Brainwash*, a collection of quotations printed on adhesive labels—ask for it at your favorite book/card/gift store or write: Silk Mountain, 123 North 1st Street, Minneapolis, MN 55401.

Did I miss a key lecture in Math 10? What's wrong with this equation?
 Hard work x long hours = low income.

Does anyone still have their notes?

PROF. JONATHAN L.F. SILVER

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When my father, Yale '39 (Berkeley College), dropped me off at Yale, he told me that these would be the best four years of my life, but that I wouldn't know it until later. I decided I would. I did, and that's why I still go to eight or nine games every year. But I've decided my father was imprecise; 1965-1969 were the free-est four years of my life, but perhaps—it's hard to say it—not actually the best. That's what I'll tell my son, Joshua, when I drop him off at Swarthmore in six weeks: that the next four years will be the free-est, and among the best, of his life. We had a wonderful privilege. We were free of the responsibilities that daily life has imposed upon us for the last twenty-five years and which grow larger all the time. All we had to do was think, talk, read, write, and play.

I've noticed, though, that discharging responsibilities is rewarding. Josh is the best thing I've done with my life, and I didn't even know him at Yale. Seeing a student learn how to think, in my class, partly because of what I say, feels good. I've learned how to do at least these two things well: father my son and teach first-year law students a course of one hundred selected, strung-together cases from Prosser's *Cases and Material on Torts*.

On the whole, I'd say that human beings have been a disappointment. Though there are exceptions, people are a selfish, nasty, narrow-minded, brutal, superficial, shallow, dishonest, ignorant lot; with little regard for Truth (or Light), making even less effort to find it, and scoffing at the concept itself as politically incorrect. Daily reminders of all that notwithstanding, my youngest brother's suicide, at age twenty-nine in 1986, is enormously sad. I understand that one might choose, as some of our classmates did, not to live in this world, but it used to be hard to believe that emotional pain could be so acute as to make taking one's own life almost attractive. His death made me realize that continued existence can be very much harder than I can imagine. Still, it seems such a sad waste. When my mother died in 1973, I learned, as I'm sure most of you have by now, that one is a much smaller number than two. I can't imagine not having my father to talk to, but that will happen too.

I have a few books in me, and I still expect to get them out, though I have had writer's constipation for too long. I'd like to write about the judge I clerked for, the country's first black judge and the leader of the civil rights movement before Thurgood Marshall and Martin Luther King, Jr.; images of law in Gilbert & Sullivan and Agatha Christie; the unconstitutionality of the federal bureaucracy; and at least one murder mystery. I think I'd like to live on a boat for a while, and I know I'd like to be an appellate court judge. And I'd like to meet a woman who was really right for me. Are a couple of aphorisms (with citations) within the very broad bounds that Brian and Tom set?

Loving someone means you give them the power to

let you down. (Yale 29 Harvard 29, November 23,
1968. Sorry B.D., but you wanted candor.)

If she didn't love her father, then she can't love
you. (Anon. Slightly overbroad, but life is too
short to find the others.)

Speaking of life being too short, the absolute deadline for this is July 15,
and Bastille Day ended four hours ago, and I'm tired. Though this is for the
Reunion, the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of *The Tie* has its attractions, too.
Come to the Bowl November 20. You'll be glad you did. (I've submitted a pic-
ture of Josh [and his mother, Margi, for those who remember her] at dinner
before high school graduation last month; and one recent one of me.)

IRA B. SILVERSTEIN

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I arrived in New Haven in 1965, planning ultimately to have a career as
a trial lawyer or politician; I left in 1969 with a job as a school teacher, planning
to return eventually to a suitably ivied campus for a Ph.D. and a career as a
scholar. When I returned to Yale in 1975 it was for law school, and by the time
I left again in 1978, my sights had returned to litigation. The development of my
Washington, D.C., practice has instead carried me into the fascinating world of
mergers and acquisitions, corporate and tax law, and general business problem
solving, all in a city which has turned out to be surprisingly interesting, surpris-
ingly full of good tennis partners and bicycle paths, and not at all bad for
restaurants, although there is still no pizza to rival New Haven's.

Cindy and I tied the knot a week before graduation; our anniversaries
have thus coincided with reunions. We observed our twentieth at Pepe's, and
plan to be in New Haven for the twenty-fifth, along with Jonathan and Ben-
jamin, who by June 1994 plan to be fourteen and nine, respectively. Cindy also

picked up a law degree at Yale, has been in private practice, and has taught at Georgetown Law School.

YANNIS M. SIMONIDES

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Over the years I have worked as an actor, director, playwright, screenwriter, producer of theatre and television, and teacher.

I have headed college departments, theatrical institutions, television production companies; have traveled far and wide and gotten my share of awards.

Nothing compares, in scope or pleasure, with the birth of my son, Ion, in 1992. The boy's humor, energy, spirit and love of strangers are for my wife Zoe and me, a source of constant surprise, delight, and faith in the younger generations.

Zoe, Ion, Zoe's daughter Celeste, and I have a farmhouse and land on the Cycladic Island of Kea, overlooking the Aegean Sea. Soon Zoe will earn her Ph.D. in Classical Studies at Columbia, and the family will move to Kea, an island of five thousand years of recorded history and a peaceful, highly textured landscape. I want to focus on some personal research and writing and grow olive trees, fruit and wine. Zoe will teach and write, in Greece and Europe.

As fate would have it, Kea's most famous citizen ever has been Simonides, the 6th century B.C. lyric poet, through whose epigrammatic verse the fallen Greeks at Marathon and Thermopylae left their messages to the world. In the foreground of the half-buried amphitheatre in Karthaia, Kea's classical citadel, and in the hands of my son's children, I see future yellowed theatre clippings: "Simonides Reads Simonides..."

DAVID E. SIMS

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I know I'm not alone in feeling that something was terribly wrong about Yale for me during our time there—or that something was terribly wrong about me for Yale. It's hard even now to know who or what was wrong, since the cul-

ture of the college was in transition, and what does a nineteen- or twenty-year-old really know, anyway? Suffice it to say that there was no “fit,” and it seemed to me that for every one of us who spent his undergraduate years living what amounted to a lie at old Yale, there was another one thrashing about, trying, in vain, to reconcile Yale with the siren calls of Dylan, the Stones, and the movements that were cresting in the sixties.

Mostly I hid from the place, running off to visit friends who lived in an apartment near Columbia. (Remember the New Haven Railroad’s two-day round-trip ticket to New York? I think it was \$4.77 and I paid it at least a hundred times in four years.)

After prolonging my thrashing by working with drugged-out teenagers as a Conscientious Objector and by taking a doctorate in education at Harvard, I pursued some serious downward mobility, editing and publishing small weekly newspapers in a couple of Brooklyn’s most devastated, menacing neighborhoods, feeling my way as best I could into the center of the urban racial dilemmas described in my *The Closest of Strangers* (W.W. Norton, 1990). These were the most difficult and exhilarating years of my life to that point; I remember sitting on the floor of my Brooklyn tenement one night, taking a fund-raising call from a Yale classmate who was trading currencies for Citibank, and not having words to tell him that I was so poor that my phone was about to be disconnected and that, even at that moment, I couldn’t make any outgoing calls. What I really couldn’t explain was that I was deeply, darkly, happy, and that Yale was a million miles away.

A superior education will out, though, and I entered the 1980s as a speechwriter for New York City Council President Carol Bellamy and then as Charles Revson fellow at Columbia, studying urban housing development. Since then I have been a writer, mainly. I’ve just finished five years as a member of the editorial board at New York *Newsday*, and am about to begin a twice-weekly column at Mortimer Zuckerman’s *New York Daily News*. Perhaps some of you saw my profile of black activist Al Sharpton in the January 25, 1993 *New Yorker*. I’m working on another book.

I’m married to Rachel Gorlin, a Bryn Mawr graduate who ran Rep. Les AuCoin’s losing campaign against Oregon Senator Bob Packwood and now works for Rep. Steny Hoyer, who chairs the House Democratic Caucus. Yup, we commute, New York City to D.C. and no kids—yet. Rachel is thirty-eight, and we’re planning on it next year.

I don’t look back so harshly at Yale now. Much of it *was* a waste, but I’m sorry that I did hide from its better traditions and from some wonderful people whose offers of friendships I misread or rebuffed in that time of tumult and bottomless self-absorption. We were lost in a tempest, and those of us who have since managed to become strong swimmers in deep waters should at least salute one another.

BRUCE M. SMALL

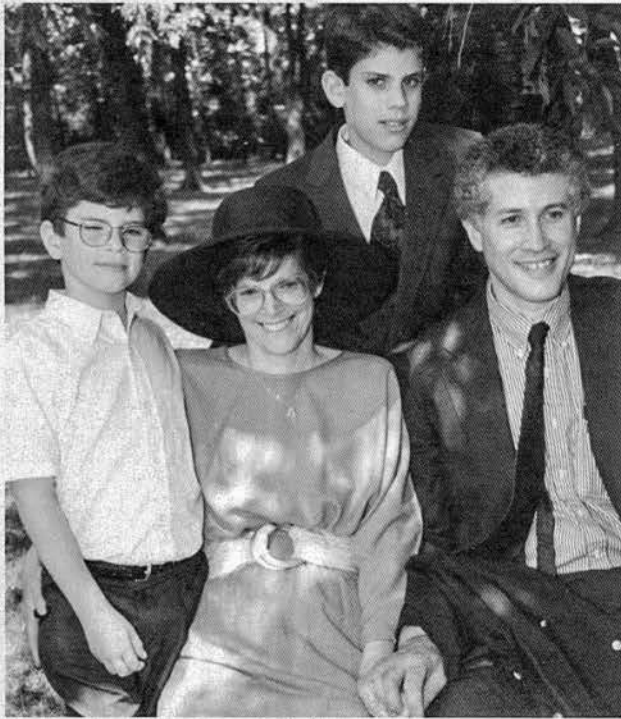
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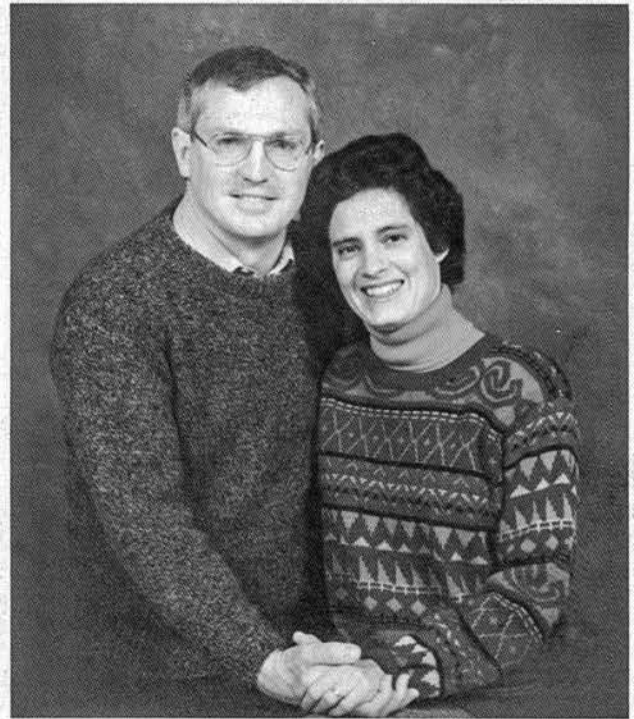
Jonathan L.F. Silver



Josh Silver (son of Jonathan) with his mother Margi



William and Cindy Simon and sons



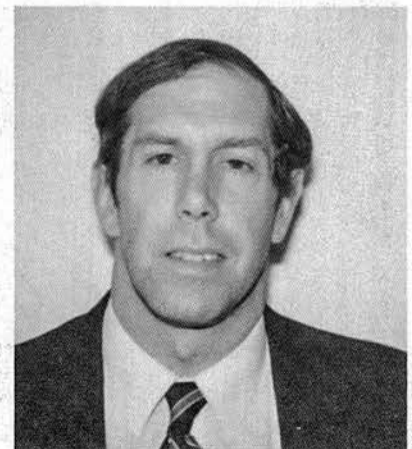
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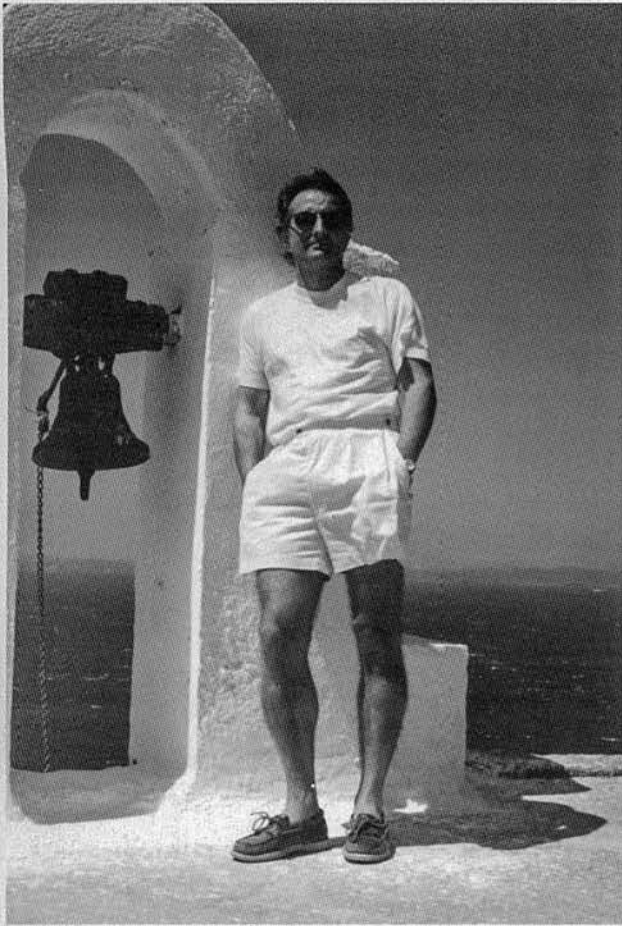
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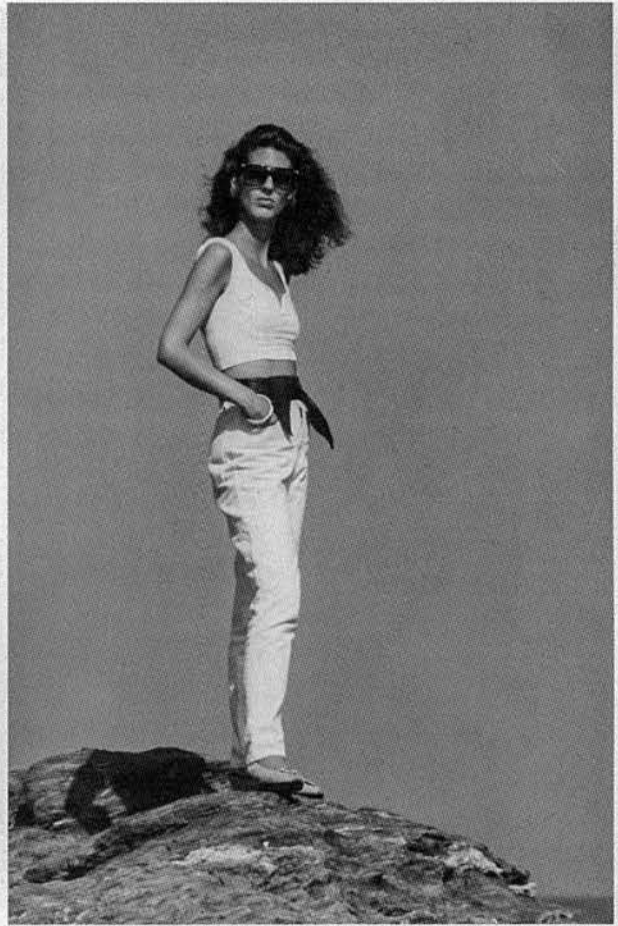
Jerry E. Smith



Ted Snow



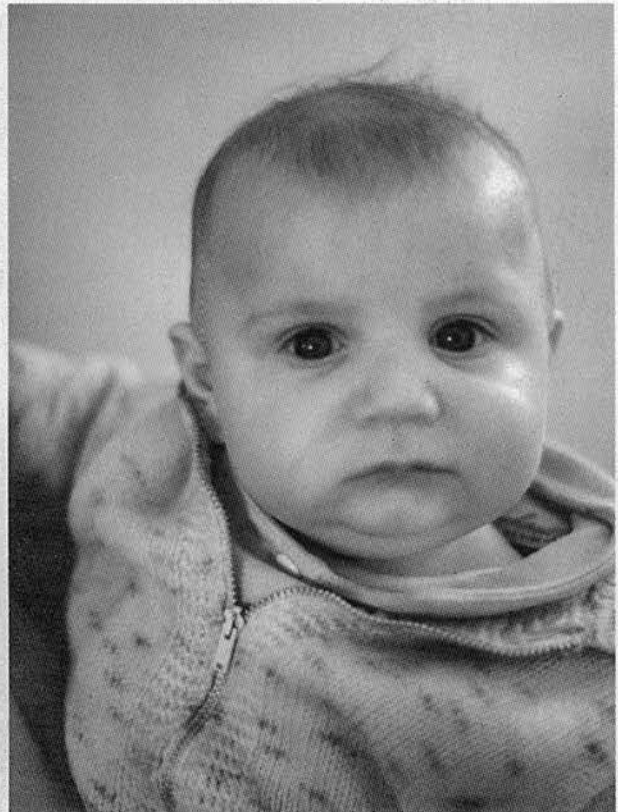
Yannis M. Simonides



Zoe Simonides



Celeste (daughter of Zoe Simonides)



Ion Simonides

MICHAEL S. SMERNOFF

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Tallahassee is a lovely place—somewhat New English in appearance. In 1969 I could not have imagined myself here, working at a newspaper. That's what I do—Vice President/Operations for the *Tallahassee Democrat*. Very interesting, exciting, and even frustrating—never dull—with advertising division folks bumping me from the right and the journalists from the left, and I like them all.

For those of you who remember me heading off to law school, I ended up as an M.B.A. and C.P.A. instead.

Still married to Candy, since 1971, and the family's improved with Jessica (1978) and Megan (1986).

I remember many things, but the fondest is the overall quality of life and experience at Trumbull. Potty-Court Frisbee, courtyard kegs, softball with George Plimpton, Joseph Heller's opening-night crowd, the Colonel's Green Lizzies, and all the people, mainly the people. That's what's frightening—seeing people after twenty-five years can harm those memories. I doubt it, but it's scary.

Final memory—June 9, 1969, upon returning home after graduation, a preinduction, report for physical, bring your toothbrush notice was waiting for me in Massachusetts. Failed physical, bad knees, but what a graduation present that initial notice to report was.

DWIGHT H. SMILEY, JR.

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ALAN G. SMITH

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Since completing my doctorate in political science at Yale (where else?) in the 1970s, I have been teaching in the political science department at Central Connecticut State University in New Britain. Most recently, my research has been in the area of human rights in the Third World. My wife Rhona and I were married in 1983, and we have two wonderful boys, Andrew and Daniel, ages seven and five respectively. Rhona works as a college textbook editor in Manhattan, so we live midway between our distant jobs.

DAVID GRAYDON SMITH

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United States Circuit Judge, Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, since January 1988.

Wife: Mary Jane Blackburn Smith. Children: Ruth Ann (fifteen); Clark (twelve).

City Attorney, City of Houston, 1984-88; Attorney, Fulbright & Jaworski, Houston, Texas, 1973-84 (partner, 1981-84); Law Clerk to U.S. District Judge Halbert O. Woodward, 1972-73; Yale Law School '72.

LAMAR S. SMITH

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MICHAEL E. SMITH

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I'm a Vice President, Commercial Lending, at my "hometown bank"—so much for work. Unlucky at love first time around; met the girl of my dreams (né: Damaris Worcester) in 1979. Married in 1980 and have two girls, ten-year-old Anna, and nine-year-old Rebecca. We live in a house originally built by the Civilian Conservation Corps bordering Acadia National Park and looking out over twenty acres of blueberry fields. On sabbatical from boards and clubs following Damaris' (successful) fight with cancer two years ago and the resulting reevaluation of the important things in life. I even gave in to the girls and now have a one-year-old basset hound named Ruby. Fun is camping, hunting and fishing (both relatively unsuccessfully), gardening, and ice boating when winter weather conditions and scheduling permit. Writing this has reminded me that life ain't half bad.

RICHARD KENT SMITH

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I am:

Husband of the spirited and lovely Vivien Orbach Smith, New York University, M.A. Journalism. (Vivien has recently coauthored a novelesque treatment of Jewish survival in Nazi Berlin—*Europa Europa* meets *Mean Streets*.) Father of Tahlia (eight), Arielle (five), and Jacob (one). President of W.R.T. Smith Builders, Inc. Making the lives of the safe, safer; and the good, better. My Yale education enables me to converse with my clients' servants in their native language. Spanish and French only. Polish, Portuguese, and Guarani speakers are beginning to populate the local pool of undocumented domestics. Custom residential is our base—with a heavy mix of commercial and institutional construction.

Swamp-Yankee, trade union member, and Jew. Always been the first, been a member of Local 210 United Brotherhood of Carpenters since 1970, and my first (that's right "first") brit milah was in 1974. Why more than one is an halachic tale of limited interest.

My wife, children, and extended family are the core of my life. Vivien and I have brought an emphatic, tumultuous, and loving brood into this world. My work world is governed by weather and the seasons (not to mention this @#\$\$% economy). Family life is by the calendar. All our children were born in October so it's birthday cake in the sukkah. Sukkoth and Pesach are my favorite holidays. A glance skyward on the fifteenth of Tishri and Nisan shows the full moon illuminating our celebrations.

A kosher kitchen feeds a stream of family and guests—Jew and Christian alike. The Christians, mostly siblings, parents, nieces, and nephews, live nearby and speak English. The Zoe Bairdite lives in and speaks Spanish. The Jews come from near and far speaking English, German, Hebrew, and Yiddish. The house is messy and lively. "Lovely" would be nice, but "lively" comes first.

Most of my life has been in just New Haven and Wilton, Connecticut, but I love cities—specifically New York, Bogota, Jerusalem, and Berlin. They are all "in your face and watch your back" places. As palimpsests of commerce, religion, and war, they constantly push you. Hey, I live in a permanent Club Med for Todd and Muffy; gotta get my kicks somewhere.

May all my former classmates be well. May we all teach our children to love and work hard. And for the next century, instruction in field surgery and small arms tactics couldn't hurt.

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I reckon I'm about halfway there, wherever I'm going, and it is good to stop and think about it. I've been pretty lucky, I guess, but I can't ever shake the feeling that there is more to be done.

Some things got started right away after graduation, while others took time to develop. I married Connie McLoughlin in August of 1969; some of you know her, since we dated throughout most of my Yale days. We immediately moved to Seattle (still my favorite city in the U.S., though it is saddening to see how busy it has become), where I began my career as an astrophysicist by taking graduate studies at the University of Washington. Connie worked in the dental and insurance businesses, and we both enjoyed the beauty of the Northwest during the four years it took me to complete a Ph.D. Next: Princeton, where I became involved with space-based astronomy as part of a group operating a satellite telescope that observed the stars at ultraviolet wavelengths. Connie worked in management at the university's food services department. We got away for a couple of trips to Europe and generally enjoyed life—no urge to have kids just yet.

In 1977 I was offered a faculty position at the University of Colorado, accepted, and, perhaps unknowingly, set the direction for the bulk of my career. Sixteen years later I am still at Colorado, now a full professor, director of a major research center (in space astronomy), textbook author, and, perhaps most importantly, family man. Connie and I put down roots here; bought our first house upon arrival in 1977; and started a family with the appearance of son McGregor (Mac, if you please) in 1979. He was followed, in due course, by Tyler (1983) and Reilly (1985). Needless to say, we haven't been to Europe for a while.

Connie has found child rearing sufficiently challenging and has not sought employment outside of her responsibilities as mother, source of moral support, disciplinarian, taxi driver, teacher's assistant, wife, and, as she like to put it, "domestic engineer." She has managed, on the side, to take up jewelry design, with the hope of eventually having the time to pursue it more seriously.

The boys are mainly leading typical boys' lives. Never a whisper when a shout will do, daily injuries large and small, and no such thing as an age difference large enough to eliminate petty squabbling. The teen years are on us, and we are not sure how we will fare—were we ever that insecure, that fearful of the coming quest to find our own way in life? Indeed, maybe today's young adults have a point. Maybe they will inherit a world of less security, a lifestyle of lower quality, than their parents were bequeathed. How will they meet the challenge?

I have been largely satisfied with my career, although the days seem to keep getting shorter as my administrative responsibilities grow along with the research center. Among my recent frustrations have been the whimsical nature of federal funding for research, some painful personnel issues that fell into my lap, and a growing public distrust of science and, in our state at least, of higher education in general. Among my more gratifying accomplishments have been the occasional glimpses of understanding that I see in the eyes of my students as they learn the astronomer's perspective on the universe (a little *lux* along with their *veritas*, perhaps); the creation (and maintenance through revised editions) of what has become a widely accepted textbook in introductory astronomy; and the nurturing of several graduate students who have gone on to promising

careers of their own.

I do think occasionally about other directions I might have followed, and I still seem to keep getting ideas for new ventures to pursue, if only I had the time. Perhaps this is a mild form of the classical midlife crisis; certainly we are at the age for it. But I go on, very happy (even proud) about the direction things have taken, and still looking forward to each day. What more could I ask?

AVIAM SOIFER

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It is hard for a 1960s skeptic who sought change to admit to feeling that my own life has been remarkably lucky, happy, or blessed, but that certainly is what I feel. The tricky thing at this stage in our lives, I guess, is trying to remain sufficiently skeptical rather than cynical or complacent, and somehow not ignoring or embarrassing others who are much less lucky/happy/blessed. My good fortune has taken many paths.

Marlene Booth and I have been married since she returned from Israel the summer after my graduation; we have two wonderful, healthy, creative, and at the least mildly eccentric children: Raphael, who turned twelve on the Fourth of July, and Amira, who is eight (and whose May birthday is Mexican Independence Day as well as the birthday of Karl Marx). Rafi has been a vegetarian for over three years, does all the parts in all the Monty Python sketches and films, loves theater, and had a very successful Little League season. Amira delights in being a bookworm, but she also plays soccer, acts, loves animals, including our cat Gali (to distraction), and wants to be a doctor or veterinarian. We are even fortunate enough to have all our parents living and healthy and very much involved in our lives, as are our extensive networks of siblings, cousins, aunts and uncles, and wonderful friends.

Marlene is an independent documentary filmmaker, who got her M.F.A. from the late, lamented Yale Film School in 1975 and worked at the PBS station in Boston for years. Around the time Rafi was born, Marlene began the hard but rewarding life of being an independent producer and director, which means raising funds herself for the films she wants to make. You may have seen some of her work on PBS or at a college or theater near you. Her films include a portrait of the impact of the great desegregation case, *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954), after twenty-five years in Prince Edward County, Virginia—where they closed the schools rather than allow integration—and in troubled Boston; a film about the Yiddish newspaper, *The Forward*, and its role as a kind of immigrants' bible and Americanization forum; a look at a utopian summer community founded by Eastern European Jews, called *Raananah: A World of Our Own*; and, most recently, a film called *The Double Burden* demonstrating that there have been working mothers long before the phenomenon gained prominence around the time we graduated. These films have won awards and considerable acclaim, but funding, producing, and directing the next one is always a struggle requiring remarkable tenacity and persuasive skills. Marlene has used those same abilities in various volunteer capacities, including launching an after-school program that uses and teaches Hebrew in a camplike setting, for which she recently received a major

award from the local Bureau of Jewish Education.

In a roundabout way Marlene got into film through being a high school English teacher in Branford, which helped to put me through Yale Law School. I started law school unsure about whether law or graduate school made the most sense. I was almost certain, however, that my longstanding 1-A status would mean that I certainly would not finish whatever I chose to start. This made it easier to decide to stay in New Haven, rather than starting for a brief period somewhere else. Quite soon after my remarkable good fortune in persuading Marlene to marry me, the famous draft lottery and a number deep into the three hundreds saved me gut-wrenching decisions and left me free to finish law school.

Actually—and now I can see somewhat ironically—I did not like law school very much. The faculty mostly seemed defensive and overly threatened by the events of the late 1960s. I liked some of my fellow students and learned from them, but neither made friends as good as those I made during our undergraduate years nor learned as much as I had as an undergraduate. I survived by helping to start a clinical program in which law students represented the mentally ill in Connecticut's largest state hospital and by being a director of an innovative Law School Film Society. I also got involved in something called the Political Justice Workshop and other such sixties-type legal activities. I remained connected to Trumbull as the graduate fellow helping Kai Erikson, and I even got to teach a college seminar. Aware that I probably would want to teach (and to use that freedom, respectability, and salary as a base from which to do *pro bono* work), I did the law journal routine (in a rather minimalist manner) and picked up a master's degree in urban studies.

Probably because I was able to figure out how to get out of an office in which we were locked at the end of the interview day, Jon O. Newmen, then a newly appointed but not yet confirmed Federal District Court judge in Connecticut, chose me as one of his first full-year law clerks. That year began much of my legal education. Then, with the chutzpa of youth and Yale degrees, I was able to convince the University of Connecticut School of Law to hire me to teach and even to let me teach what I wanted.

I had a wonderful time in those early years of teaching, tried somewhat to combine clinical and academic approaches, began to publish articles, and made lasting friends. After the great boondoggle of a humanities fellowship at Harvard, I began to try to land a teaching job in Boston, where Marlene had begun working at WGBH. In the spring and summer of 1979, when I was working full time in the national office of the ACLU, primarily on the "Secret of the H-Bomb" case, I landed a job at Boston University, where I have been ever since. I was never enthralled with the management style of Boston University's president, John Silber, however, and at times found myself comparing his style unfavorably to that of Kingman Brewster and other administrators we knew who had to adapt to our stormy times. I found myself thinking—even writing, though surely neither is necessary or sufficient for the other—about problems of complicity and inaction in this troubled century.

As of July 1993 I start acting on a new stage. I am beginning as dean of the Boston College Law School, a place that seems much more "user-friendly" for students and faculty and that is unusual in its commitment to public interest work and in its fiercely loyal alumni. The time and the fit seems just right to me,

so, as our reunion approaches, I am buoyed by the excitement of a new venture and not weighed down at all yet with the headaches that are rumored to go with university administration.

I also must admit to being pleased that Harvard University Press just accepted a book of mine, with the working title *The Substance of Pluralism: Keeping Company in American Law and Letters*, that should hit the remainder tables soon after its scheduled 1994 publication date. The book claims that American law has never dealt adequately with the vital role of groups in our society. I try to show this by considering both voluntary and involuntary groups, through a mixture of materials ranging from case and doctrinal analysis to Shakespeare and Faulkner and to historical examples of guilt by association and association by guilt.

The gist of the argument is that the commonplace separation of individual and group offers a false dichotomy. Moreover, context is crucial to recognition of individual/group interdependence. As I worked on the book, and as I have struggled to try to teach and write meaningfully, I often find myself thinking of our experience at Yale. Those years suggest that wildly different individuals were able to form a multitude of groups; we interacted in complex ways and changed ourselves and Yale. Those changes still seem for the good. Even a skeptic ought to credit positive changes that endure. Perhaps we can progress still more without forgetting our pasts.

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Two years after graduation I began to miss being involved in the sport of football so, as an avocation, I became a high school football official. I have been working as a field judge for the last twenty-three years, the last seventeen of which have been at the collegiate level for the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference (ECAC). I currently am officiating at the Division IAA level in the Yankee Conference, the Patriot League, and the Ivy League. I have worked at all the schools in the Ivy League with the exception of Yale (officials are not allowed to officiate games involving their alma maters).

American football has become very popular in Europe and Russia, and, as a result, I have travelled to both Helsinki and Moscow to work games. These trips have resulted in some very memorable experiences.

In March of 1992 my wife Gail and I were in Moscow where I officiated a game between the Moscow All-Stars and Western Maryland College, which was the first time an American college football team had ever played in Russia. My hosts informed me that I was the first American to officiate a football game in Russia.

The Western Maryland team, which plays at the Division III level, was outweighed by the Russians by at least fifty to sixty pounds per man. While the Russians were all magnificent athletes, Western Maryland easily won 47-7 due to their vastly superior knowledge of the game. But the Russians are committed to learning the game, and it won't be too long before they become competitive in football just as they have in basketball and hockey.

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Began living in Connecticut for the first time since Yale years in July of 1991. Moved to Greenwich after six-and-a-half years in Los Angeles area (Marina del Rey, Pacific Palisades, and Santa Monica). California was a rich experience: got married to Elaine; had two children, Erik and Greta; bought and sold two houses; had two different jobs (*U.S. News and World Report* and then at *Time* magazine). Came back to New York as head of ad sales and marketing for *Business Week* magazine. Recently moved to a strategic planning role at another group at McGraw-Hill (Construction Information). Enjoy living in Greenwich and commuting to Rock Center area. Visit New Haven several times a year. Wonder if it will be a viable place for my kids, due to cost and loss of its soul (due to costs). Hoping for the best on both fronts.

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I revisited Yale a couple of years ago, when a scholarly organization I belong to held its annual meeting at the Yale Center for British Art. Outdoors, there was spring warmth, and looks of expectancy on everyone who passed by; within, there was a great cultural and educational treasure, which forms but a small part of Yale's unique offering to its students. In Woolsey Hall they were playing Beethoven's Ninth. It was the revelation of a great university; but it was not my Yale.

True, my freshman year displayed some similarity to this Yale; there was Bladderball, and Mike Medved's hitchhiking tournament, and the beginnings of what promised to be a great football team. But in the following years the warmth and expectancy faded, as friends disappeared into the relentless death-machine set up by Lyndon Johnson in Southeast Asia, and relations with New Havenites began growing grim as well. There were still Tang cups, and Tyng cups too, and even the Prom Committee. Imagine: I sipped wine, wearing white tie and tails; I listened to Sam and Dave sing "Soul Man" from that same

stage in Woolsey Hall; but everything around me called for “Paint It Black.”

I entered Yale an idealistic scientist, ready to save humankind; I left it a cynical humanist, turning to the aesthetic image for refractions of a salvation I no longer thought possible. And little that I have seen in the twenty-five years since has given me back that hope. In a nation of 250 million, even a thousand points of light can provide neither heat nor illumination.

But at the same time, Yale provided me with the means for making the best of this particular bad lot. I got my Ph.D. in English from Johns Hopkins; I became a Professor of English in the State University of New York system; I wrote three pages' worth of articles, reviews, et al; I married Wendy and had the requisite boy and girl—Martin plays varsity football, but Samantha is the better bet to be a chip in the Class of '02; I have even successfully recommended one or two local students to Yale through the YASC. Thus I feel a little like Ahashuerus, doomed to live on until the Apocalypse: never worried about his own personal comfort or mortality, but seeing in that assurance no reason to become giddy. Maybe when the New York Rangers win the Stanley Cup and the Boston Red Sox win the World Series in the same year, I'll have reason to join in the “Ode to Joy.”

JAMES E. SPELLERBERG

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How much influence has Yale had on my life? Slight, I suspect. I was well-read when I arrived, but Yale allowed me to cover English literature thoroughly, as well as to become familiar in detail with the American cinema. I am now rereading *Troilus and Criseyde*, and the Middle English I learned, it turns out, never went away. A relative couch potato as an undergraduate, I now bicycle to work and take glorious weekend rides over Mount Tamalpais and the Bolinas Ridge to the Pacific shore. Could I have taken this up because of some deep, residual humiliation at the posture photo that may lie moldering in a store-room in the gym?

Like, I hope, many of you, I am happiest about and proudest of my family. My wife, Susan Lundy, whom I met while we were both getting our doctorates at the University of Iowa, has gone through several careers (teacher, adoption recruiter) before more or less settling down as an entrepreneur: her insurance brokerage has been in business for nearly fifteen years. My son, Greg, now ten, has become expert in soccer, a sport I didn't know existed when I was his age. This year (1993) his class placed first in a national contest for the most effective and innovative project to protect the environment, and he has been traveling to award ceremonies over the past few months, learning more about local politicians than a child should have to know. But Yale plays no role here.

I have had the pleasure of serial careers (by choice and chance rather than necessity) since my graduation from Yale. University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and the University of Iowa were kind enough to pay me to read, think, and research. I followed with several years teaching and as Director of Undergraduate Studies in the photography and cinema department of Ohio State. The Midwest lost its charm in Ohio, so we moved to the one section of

the country where we had not yet lived, the Pacific Coast. I worked in advertising for Disney (as well as doing technical chores on several independent film and video projects), along the way was introduced to computers, and now design and write applications for PCs. I hope the metamorphoses and the learning will continue, but if they do, they will no doubt occur without connection to Yale or its other graduates.

So my relationship to Yale is an impersonal one. In the years I contribute to one of its innumerable appeals for funds, I view it as a major liberal arts college in a time when a liberal education is not highly valued. In the years I refuse to donate, I view it as a fabulously wealthy institution that trains the children of the rich. I doubt if these views can be or ever will be reconciled. But I still keep in touch with some friends I made as an undergraduate, and I look forward to seeing them sometime again, even if it must be at a giant fund-raiser.

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After graduating in 1969 I wanted to go to graduate school in biochemistry. I also decided to try the other coast, so I entered the program at Berkeley. My time there not only initiated my academic research career, but also stimulated my political awakening. At Yale I was exposed for the first time to liberal and radical philosophies, but I was not ready to understand or embrace them, since I was basically uninitiated and more or less uninterested in politics.

After finishing my degree in 1974 I was not ready to leave the Bay Area, so I began my postdoctoral research training in San Francisco. At that time University of California, San Francisco, had just begun to rise from a second-rank academic medical center to its current status as one of the premier medical research institutions in the world. The research atmosphere was electrifying, with some of the best young scientists-in-training in the country to interact with. Recombinant DNA technology and the first biotech company (Genentech) were born while I was there. I was privileged to train with two truly great scientists: the legendary Gordon Tomkins, who died unexpectedly while I was in his lab, and Keith Yamamoto, who has become one of the most acclaimed and influential scientists in the country.

While in San Francisco Keith and I and two other postdoctoral research fellows started a tradition of going on a three to six-day backpacking trip in a different location every year. Today we are all research scientists, and, although we live in different cities, we still meet almost every year for a wilderness excursion, in the Sierras of California, the Rockies or San Juan Mountains of Colorado, or the Wind River Range of Wyoming. Nineteen ninety-three will

be trip number sixteen.

Almost exactly ten years after graduating from Yale, while I was finishing my postdoctoral research training in San Francisco and looking for an academic faculty position, I played in a tennis game that would change my life. I have played tennis regularly since I was about twelve years old; I still love the game to this day and hope to continue playing for a long time. In spite of my love for the game, I wasn't really very good for a long time. But when you play a game about once a week for thirty years or so, you tend to improve. But I digress. On this day in May 1979 I went to play tennis at a park near my apartment, where I had played many times before. I played doubles with a young woman named Terry Riemer, whom I had never met before, although she also had been playing at this park for many years. We won. My life from that point has been immeasurably enriched. My four years in New Haven and my ten years in the San Francisco Bay Area had been exciting and stimulating, but lonely. For me the loneliness ended on that day.

Terry is a California native, who grew up in Los Angeles and then moved to San Francisco for twelve years to revel in the societal revolution/evolution that was taking place there in the sixties and seventies. We made the most of my seven remaining months in San Francisco, and at the beginning of 1980 she took the very courageous step of moving with me to Columbia, South Carolina, where I became Assistant Professor of Biology at the University of South Carolina. In June of that year we returned to California and were married. We just passed our thirteenth anniversary. The pleasure of our love and companionship has provided a happy center for my life. I also think that the feeling of well-being has given me a lot of strength and confidence to deal with the constant trials and challenges of an academic career. I hope to bring Terry to our twenty-fifth reunion, so that my classmates can meet this special person who means so much to me.

South Carolina was an interesting experience. It was obviously not one of the top academic institutions in the country, but this had advantages as well as the obvious disadvantages of professional and cultural isolation. The biology department there was good enough to have a number of bright, eager young scientists who, like me, were trying to get their research programs off the ground. Being somewhat off the beaten path of top science, it was a fairly sheltered environment where they tried to foster the development of their new young faculty while they learned the ropes of academia. I was fortunate to get a major grant from the federal government right away. Three years later I succeeded in winning a federal Research Career Development Award, which paid some of my salary in order to relieve me of some of my teaching duties, so that I could spend more time developing my research program.

As many of my classmates realized the first time I opened my mouth at Yale, I grew up in Dallas, Texas. So South Carolina wasn't too much of a shock for me culturally, although it was a far cry from Berkeley and San Francisco. But Terry was another story. She and the South just didn't get along. She gave it her best effort for about three years and then started wondering how much longer she could hold out there. Fortunately, the Research Career Development Award and the five-year research grant that went with it proved to be the ticket that got us out of the South and back to the west coast.

Frankly, having each lived for ten years in San Francisco, Los Angeles was about the last place we thought we would want to live. But it just turned out to be the best place for many reasons: more job opportunities for Terry and me; culture; food; great weather (if you don't count the smog); a stimulating, heterogeneous mix of people. We moved here in 1985 and into a very interesting, beautiful, old (for Los Angeles) community in the hills near downtown Los Angeles. We decided not to have kids, but we have two silly basset hounds, Tilly (the Hon) and Bridget, whom we love dearly and spoil rotten. They are just as important to us as your kids are to you, so don't be surprised when you start telling me about your kids, if I tell you about our dogs.

After moving to Los Angeles I still work at USC. But now it's the University of Southern California instead of the University of South Carolina. I was just promoted to (Full) Professor of Pathology, and I have a secondary appointment with the Department of Biochemistry and Molecular Biology. I teach graduate students and medical students, but I spend most of my time running my research program, which is still funded by grants from the federal government. I have also had some funding from the American Cancer Society. At any given time several graduate students, postdoctoral fellows, and technicians are usually working under my supervision and paid from the research grants that I have won to fund my research. We are trying to understand how steroid hormones regulate the activities of cells in our bodies. Hormones are the chemical messengers that travel from one organ to another in our bodies. When they reach their target organ, they cause changes in the activity of specific genes in the cells of the target organ. This is basic research, meaning that we are not directly trying to cure any specific disease; we are just trying to understand how biological organisms and their cells work. Results from work like mine provide a basis of knowledge and technology upon which more practical studies to cure specific diseases are based. This type of basic research may sound like a luxury, but the history of research has shown conclusively that practically oriented research cannot succeed without the technology and knowledge base provided by basic research.

As time goes by I have become more and more dedicated to my research. I have been moderately successful as an academician. I have maintained continuous funding for my research by competing for grants from the federal government. I have served on several national grant review panels and have published more than thirty papers in peer-reviewed scientific journals. I have graduated seven students from my lab with Ph.D. degrees, and some of them are now faculty members at other universities or scientists in industry. I have won some local teaching awards from my department. But of all the criteria I can judge my career by, research accomplishments are the most important to me; by that criterion, I am still somewhat disappointed so far. I would like to leave more of a mark on my field than I have so far. Unfortunately, it is not clear whether I will have the opportunity to continue my research much longer. Right now, because of the tight federal budget, funding is terribly difficult to obtain. I have lost one grant, but I still have another one for two more years. New proposals I have submitted recently have been reviewed very favorably, but there were no funds available. If the funding situation doesn't improve soon...

In spite of my disappointment in my research accomplishments to date, I

really love doing and directing my own independent research program. Every day there is a new challenge to meet and new things to learn. This is an exciting time in biomedical research. Due to many technical breakthroughs in the past fifteen years, our understanding of how living organisms function is increasing at an astounding rate right now. The mechanisms of life are truly amazing and beautifully complex. Regardless of whether the advances come from my lab or someone else's, it is a privilege to participate in this exciting process of discovery, and it is very satisfying to see the wonderful progress being made, both in basic research and in medical diagnosis and treatment.

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It's hard to believe it's been twenty-five years since a class was all-male, Harvard tied Yale, and are there still 'brook burgers. While the time seems short, the distance seems great. It happened right after graduation as making a living and finding a comfortable fit in the world became the new challenge. Living and working in New Haven, I followed class notes and Yale news as remotely as more distant alumni. Even though the psychological distance from college life increased, Yale's influence remained. The search for knowledge and truth, the imperative to serve, and representing Yale with only my best are constant influences on my decisions and actions.

Returning to Yale in 1979 at School of Organization and Management brought back some of those "shortest, gladdest" years, but also revealed how much they were a Yale College experience not shared with graduate and professional students.

I entered Yale interested in science and left with a History of Art degree.

The joy of discovering new horizons continued throughout my varied career path from architecture to retail banking to construction management to management consulting. And with plenty of good years left I am looking forward to the next new horizon.

For all of these past twenty-five years my dear Gloria has been my love and support. We met at a mixer (remember those?), married in June of 1970, and she received her drama degree from Albertus Magnus College in June of 1971. Sometimes the best is right next door (or just up the hill!).

BEN STEIN

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JONATHAN STERN

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Married to Sydney Ladensohn on August 31, 1969, author and local newspaper columnist. Children: Christopher Kenneth (Corky) born February 19, 1975, and Toby James born June 14, 1979. Dogs: Bo (forty-five-pound mutt) and Donna (six-pound miniature longhaired dachshund). Paine Webber, Inc., New York. Board of Trustees: YM-YWHA of Mid-Westchester; Westchester American Jewish Committee; Congregation Emanu-el of Westchester.

One of my most vivid memories of Yale is the dread anticipation, fear, and uncertainty I felt as I walked under Phelps Tower and onto the Old Campus back in September 1965. Those feelings quickly evaporated as I came to know Yale and love it throughout the next four years—four of the most wonderful years of my life.

In the twenty-five years since I left Yale I have been blessed with tremendous luck and good fortune. How can I otherwise explain that a blind date in March 1968, who repeatedly endured a crazed bunch of 'hounies, would turn out to be the greatest wife/friend/companion any man could ask for? We have two wonderful sons, one of whom is enrolled at Yale, class of 1997.

After leaving Harvard Business School in 1971, I ventured to Wall Street where I achieved moderate success amid the manic ups and downs that came with the market. I still enjoy coming to work every day to see what the market has in store for us.

I have found great pleasure and satisfaction in coaching my two sons (and any other age groups that would have me) in any sport in which they participated. Coaching has afforded me the opportunity to watch many youngsters grow and develop, although it feels strange to hear high school seniors call me Coach.

I continue to love sports in all forms, as both spectator and participant, especially platform tennis (the non-skier's winter love), softball, and golf (where I believe I am finally learning how to play the game rather than commit it!).

Music also continues to be an important part of my life, both as a listener and in trying to learn jazz piano (thank you, Steve Gritton, for all those countless hours in Durfee basement and in Calhoun).

I have also found time to raise some dough for Yale and to do charitable work for a few organizations in the area.

Disappointments? Sure, lots of them. Why haven't I done more with my life? I also wish I had continued many of the friendships I began at Yale and subsequently let lapse. No place like a major college reunion to rekindle them.

I have particularly enjoyed my wife's professional success. Four years ago she wrote a book about the toy business that was a featured Book of the Month Club alternate. The high point of her promotional activities was her appearance on a talk show in which she shared the spotlight with a hairdresser who specialized in astrology. She currently writes a column for the local newspaper that won her a first place award from the New York Press Association for creative nonfiction. She deserves all this and more since she has spent so much effort putting up with me for twenty-five years.

As the last class of the sixties, we were in the unique position to witness the cataclysmic social changes in our society. It is too bad many of us were too young or naive to comprehend their importance. Even so, the four years of college can be said to be the most unique in anyone's life. Here's to a great twenty-fifth reunion where we can bring fond memories to life once again. Some of us have a lot of catching up to do.

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Twenty-five years—it seems like a long time when you say it. And yet it went by like a breath.

For two years after Yale, nothing made any sense. The experience I went through, however, was necessary, made me far stronger, and set the framework for what was to come. I married a wonderful girl at age twenty-seven who knows me probably better than I know myself and without whom I would have been lost.

If anyone had told me at twenty-two I would now be working for the

Japanese, I would have said they were crazy. And yet, I did study international relations. So there is a connection.

Achievements: different than I thought they would be.

Disappointments: I thought we would change things more than we have so far.

Character: still the dreamer; as strong as necessary; the heart still rules the head.

Best thing I ever did: have children. Our two girls have given me more absolute joy than I ever thought possible.

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I was drafted in June of '69 in Montgomery, Alabama. Having accepted the risk of service in Vietnam, I was shocked when a medical examiner dismissed me with a 1-Y classification for a weak ankle. Three months later I found myself in New York City doing corporate banking at Chemical Bank. New York was a place where I could grow, and during the seventies my interests ranged broadly to martial arts, EST, communal living, Ayn Rand, Libertarianism, banjo, and an M.B.A. at night at New York University.

In the middle eighties I focused my energies more on work and career. I left my job as a Vice President in corporate finance at Chemical Bank and moved to T. Rowe Price in Baltimore, where I now head a partnership that invests in financially distressed companies (an activity we affectionately call "vulture investing"). I was married for four years in the early seventies (no children), and I now have an unmarried but committed family relationship with Constance (an editor in New York), daughter Aimee (seventeen), and son François (eight).

At this point in my life, I'm happy with the extent to which I'm professionally respected and financially secure. I'm not rich. Not powerful. Not famous. My dreams are about space colonization (Physicist Gerard O'Neil's idea of a man-made habitat orbiting the earth), immortality (through medical/technological advances), and a breakthrough in mind science or religion that enables us to reclaim lives now wasted in drug addiction, mental illness, and meaningless jobs.

My strongest ties to Yale are the experiences I shared with my roommates and classmates. It was these experiences and relationships which made my education—not the course content or the instruction. When I look back on those years at Yale, I wistfully see the confidence we had in change and the passion we had for developing our broadest potential. Something I didn't appreciate then, and for a while during the seventies, was the powerful need I had to build

a secure place in the world from which to be “effective.” Years of career building later, I’m now wondering how much effectiveness is really enough. What’s really important to achieve in the time I have left? What should be changed?

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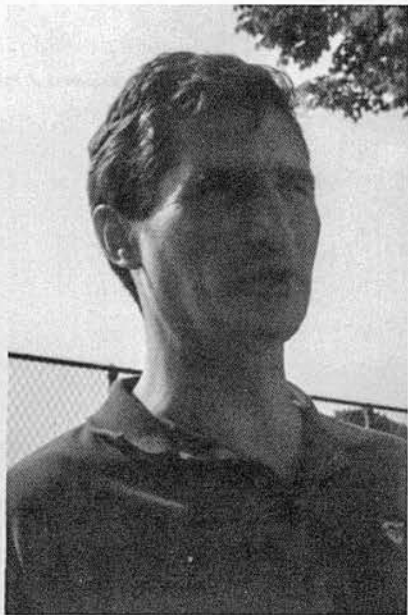
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GEORGE G. STRONG, JR.

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I’m the managing partner of a litigation and bankruptcy consulting unit of Price Waterhouse in Los Angeles.

In La Canada, California, my wife Annsley (Wheaton ’69) and I live in a 1911-built replica of an Andrew Carnegie-owned castle in Dunfermline, Scotland, with our four children. The oldest two, Geordy (sixteen) and Courtney (fourteen), will enter Andover in the fall (1993).



Herb Stiles



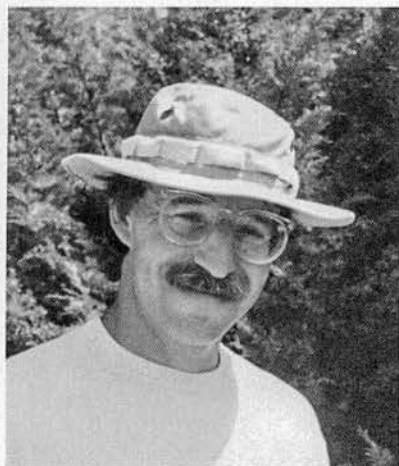
George and Annsley Strong and children



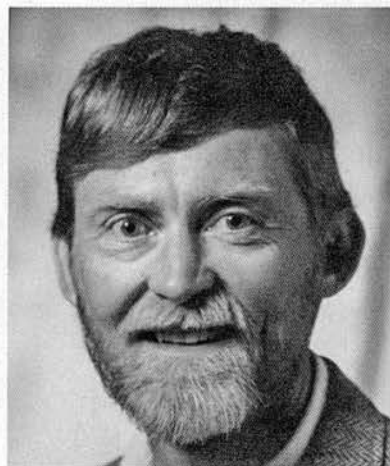
Robert M. Struse and wife Conni



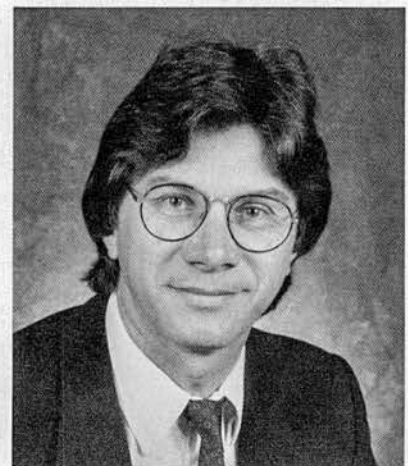
Ralph and Ann Swanson



Morris A. Swartz



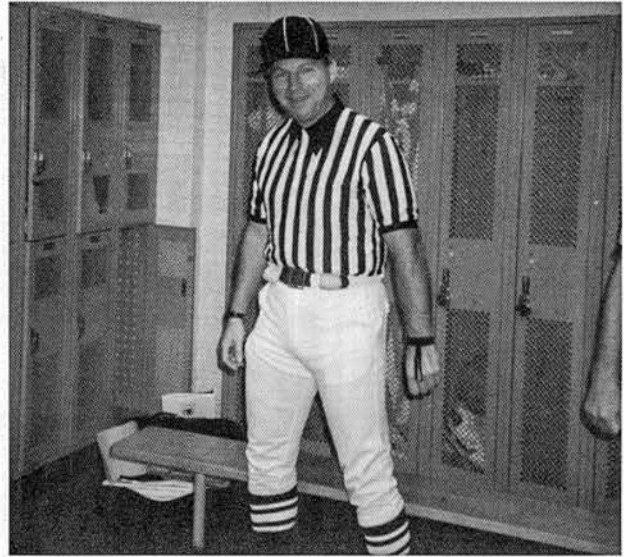
Ralph Swenson



Bradford Swing



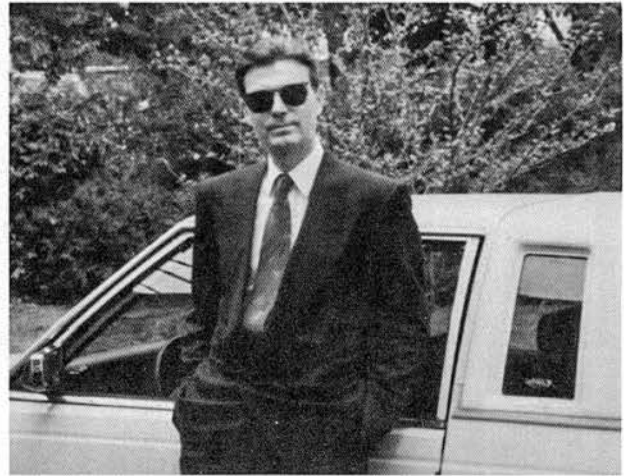
The Aviam Soifer family



Robert J. Sokolowski



Mike Stallcup and wife Terry Riemer with Tilly the Hon and Bridget at home in L.A.



James A. Steffenburg



The Jonathan Stern family



John Leslie Stewart III and family

ROBERT M. STRUSE

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Shortly after graduation I married Claudia Marks. We hung around Connecticut until I reported to Navy Officer Candidate School and began my three-year tour. I was assigned to two destroyers out of San Francisco and basically cruised around the eastern Pacific. Law school at Syracuse came next.

We then moved to Tucson, Arizona, where I passed the bar and began practicing law in a firm of which I am still a member. We have grown from five lawyers to twenty-four in the intervening eighteen years. I work mainly in the areas of estate planning and municipal finance.

My son Tim was born in December 1976 and at sixteen is already several inches taller than I am. He is an avid basketball player and hopefully will develop into a sound player. Claudia and I were divorced in 1982, and I married Conni Lienhart in 1987.

Although Conni and I love the desert climate, we also enjoy traveling to other parts of the world. We have tried to frequent the Caribbean as much as possible to scuba dive. I have acquired an underwater camera outfit and therefore spend much of the dive time making all the mistakes possible and taking only a few good pictures. How better to relax than to torture yourself with something other than work pressure? The South Pacific will be the next area of exploration.

ROBERT M. SUSSMAN

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After graduating from Yale Law School in 1973 (Editor, *Yale Law Journal*; moot court finalist), I clerked for Judge Walter Stapleton (District Court for Delaware). I joined Covington & Burling in 1974 and became a partner in 1981. At Covington I specialized in product safety and environmental work. Highlights of my practice were Supreme Court arguments in two *pro bono* cases (one involving efforts by journalists and historians to obtain access to the transcripts of Henry Kissinger's telephone conversations during the Nixon-Ford years). In 1987 I left Covington to become a partner at the D.C. office of Latham & Watkins, a California-based firm. I started the firm's D.C. environmental practice, which now has over ten attorneys.

This March, after work on the campaign and transition, the President nominated me to be Deputy Administrator of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency. I was confirmed by the Senate last month. The job is incredibly challenging and exciting.

On the personal side, I married Judith H. Lanius on October 20, 1984, and we now live in Georgetown. We have a wonderful son, Benjamin, who is two-and-a-half years old and a constant delight.

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I'm a lawyer specializing in environmental and general business litigation and a partner (since 1985) in a fifty-five-attorney law firm in San Jose, California. I've been living in northern California since leaving the Navy after a three-year hitch in 1972 and have been a resident of Palo Alto since 1978.

My wife, Ann, and I have been married since 1971 and have two great kids. Larissa, born in 1977, is a junior at Palo Alto High School, where she is an editor on the school newspaper and a member of the tennis team; Christina, born in 1980, is in the eighth grade, plays the flute and is on her school yearbook staff.

I am on the Board of Directors of Cystic Fibrosis Research, Inc., a Palo Alto-based organization that raises money for research and provides education for families, respecting treatments and an eventual cure for cystic fibrosis. My older daughter was diagnosed with this disease in 1988, so I suppose my number one dream is for a cure, which I fully expect to see within the next decade.

Like most of my classmates, I presume, I'm shocked to think it will soon be twenty-five years since graduation from Yale, but I'm looking forward to hobbling back to the Campus in June for the reunion, where I hope to enjoy once again the pleasure of seeing old friends and sharing, for a few days at least, the memories of a place and a time that helped shape our present and our future.

MORRIS A. SWARTZ, M.D.

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After graduation I went to the University of Michigan to pursue a master's in bioengineering. After the rigors of all-male Yale I delighted in the coeducated, socially liberal climate of Ann Arbor. I finally had some meaningful relationships with women and fell in love with my future wife, Martha. We

were married in August of 1971 to the tune of Beatles music, in an outdoor ceremony.

I went to medical school at the University of Rochester, where the sun does not shine. We then moved to Philadelphia for the remainder of my training. Martha completed her master's in social work, then went on to study law.

I spent three years directing the Emergency Department at Temple University, in the heart of Philadelphia's worst ghetto. It was exciting and educationally outstanding, but I realized that my personality demanded something less chaotic. I then went on for subspecialty training in pulmonary medicine.

My current job at a university-affiliated hospital has been a perfect one for me, a combination of practice and teaching. It has been continually challenging and (usually) personally rewarding. I love the patient care much more than any administrative chores or political intrigues.

We have a daughter, age nine, who has enabled me to relive my childhood and provide a greater meaning to my life. Because she is currently an avid sportsperson, we have had an easy avenue to communicate. I definitely feel a certain pride when she wears one of my old Yale sweatshirts.

My Yale experience seems rather distant to me. Upon arriving in Ann Arbor, Michigan, I had a much clearer idea of how isolated Yale really was from the political turmoil of the times up to May 1969. I keep in touch with only a single roommate and have rarely been back to the campus. Although my educational experience was excellent, my distaste for the distorted social interactions with women (mixers, road trips, nights at the Taft) strongly colors my memory. From the Alumni News it sounds like Yale is a much better place since coeducation arrived.

RALPH M. SWENSON III

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Following graduation from Yale and Army Reserve training, I spent a couple of years doing job training and personnel work for Pitney-Bowes, Inc. in Stamford, Connecticut. In 1974 I graduated from the University of Connecticut School of Law. Subsequently, I moved to Vermont, where I am Assistant to the Dean and Director of Graduate Admissions at the University of Vermont.

My family includes my wife, Candice Kraehling Swenson (Mount Holyoke, 1969), whom I married in 1970, and three children: Jill (born 1974, Brown 1996), Daniel (born 1978), and Anna (born 1982).

Aside from my job and family, I am involved in a number of civic activities. Living in Vermont, my recreation consists of vigorous outdoor exercise. My primary sport is ultramarathon running.

I feel very fortunate and hope that life has been as kind to all of my Yale friends as it has been to me.

BRADFORD SWING

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Married (Dale Lowery, Connecticut College '69) with two children (twelve and five). Went to England for a while after graduation (Cambridge), then to New York University for an M.A. in cinema studies. Got a J.D. from the University of Miami in 1976 and have been a lawyer in Miami since then. Primarily do appellate work. Most notable achievement in recent years was surviving Hurricane Andrew despite total destruction of house and personal property. This is an interesting alternative to midlife crisis: nature has essentially returned us to our status just after graduation. Perhaps in another twenty-five years we will finally learn what it means to be middle-aged.

ALEXANDER P. TAN

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“Always go to your class reunions,” says a local columnist in Los Angeles. Okay, I’ll go, no problem. But figuring out how to respond to the twenty-fifth reunion class book info/photo solicitation requires a little more effort, and the prospect of summarizing the last twenty-five years in a page-and-a-half causes me to sit back and ponder where the time has gone.

The summer after graduation I kicked around for a while and went with Stew Powell ('68) to Wyoming, and then off to B school at the University of Chicago. I lasted one quarter. With the war and a mid-100s draft number, I enlisted in the Naval Reserve for a two-year stint. But after boot camp at Great Lakes and a stint as a seaman apprentice on board ship peeling potatoes and cleaning latrines, I decided that three-and-a-half years as an officer would be a better fate, so I opted for OCS at Newport. When I received my commission I requested East Coast shore duty, but in typical Navy style I wound up as engineering officer on a destroyer headed for 'Nam. Despite two tours to Westpac, including an unnerving and unwanted stay in Da Nang and a generally miserable career as a line officer, the Navy did indirectly influence my career. While stationed on the aircraft carrier *Midway* I read *The Fountainhead* and decided that architect as hero was what I aspired to be. More on that later.

The other thing the Navy did was introduce me to my wife. She was a shipmate's date at a party, and when they didn't hit it off I moved in. We were married in 1973, while I was in graduate school studying architecture at the University of California, Los Angeles. Ellen worked as a teacher while I finished school. We settled in Pasadena, California, and our children were born in 1977 and 1980: a son, Nick, who wants to play college hockey on the East coast (Hooli, help me), and a daughter, Megan, who seems to enjoy just about every sport, including soccer, softball (dad as coach), basketball, and swimming. Speaking of sports, I have managed to sustain my tennis game over the years. Even

though I was pretty lousy in college, John Skillman, bless him, allowed me to letter senior year. In the ensuing years I actually improved and have had some success winning some seniors forties tournaments locally in Southern California.

Each spring one highlight I look forward to is the return of the Yale tennis team to this area. For the last ten years or so I've watched them play successfully against high-caliber, nationally ranked teams. I recently received a tennis alumni newsletter proclaiming the Ivy title for 1993. It is, of course, sobering to realize that I am twenty-five years older than most of these young men. The visit with the team and coaches enables me to get some first-hand news about Yale, and I'm glad to report that the players are a fine group.

Other than that, my main contacts with Yale have been through periodic visits from ex-roommates Steve Holahan, who used to come to Los Angeles every couple of years, and Hal Valeche, who did likewise. We haven't seen each other since the twentieth, so I'm looking forward to seeing them both. For a while Wayne Willis lived out in this area, and even though we didn't know one another well in college, we got to know each other better afterward. Same with Wilkes McClave, who lived in Topanga Canyon and whom we visited after the twentieth.

Professionally, I've been practicing as an architect for the last fifteen years and have had my own firm since 1980. We specialize in what's called urban infill housing (read condos), some custom homes, and industrial facilities. A few of my projects have been published in local and national magazines, which I have to admit is nice. The rewards of the profession are mostly intangible—the sense of satisfaction in seeing a building rise out of the ground from a set of drawings I've created, knowing that structure will probably outlast me on this planet (barring the Big One in Los Angeles before I go).

My most memorable recent achievement was to hike to the top of Mount Whitney, 14,464 feet, in the eastern Sierras, with a group of mostly under-forty brothers-in-law. I am not a camper/outdoorsman, and it hurt! However, the whole male bonding thing emerged as we encountered something called a yellow-bellied marmot that stole all my food, a bear that ripped open an ice chest and was sent scurrying by a rock barrage from one of the more fool-hardy of the group, another guy who retched continuously after we got to 12,000-plus feet but wouldn't give up until we got to the peak. Certainly the cliché of feeling on top of the world fit when we dragged ourselves over the top.

I guess the imagery of being on top of the world goes with the Yale mystique. In my own case, I can't measure that in terms of great fame or fortune, at least so far. What I count among my blessings is that Ellen (now a successful marriage and family therapist) and I will soon celebrate our twentieth anniversary together, a marriage that has produced joy, sorrow, ecstasy, a lot of hard work on our relationship and growing intimacy, trust in each other, good health, and two great kids.

Coming back down closer to sea level, I am looking forward to the reunion, to see what the old haunts look like and bring Ellen (again) and the kids (first time) to New Haven.

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After graduation I spent two years at Irving Trust in New York and then returned to California to University of California, Los Angeles, Law School, graduated in 1974, Order of Coif and Comment Editor, University of California Los Angeles *Law Review*. Married April 5, 1975, to Judith Ann Ferber, who loves baseball as much as I do. Judy graduated from University of California Los Angeles in 1970.

I started with the law firm of Lillick, McHose & Charles in 1974, which merged with Pillsbury Madison & Sutro in 1991. At our ripe age of forty-five, I am even considered a senior partner, i.e., I have survived longer than others. Three children: Bryan Davis (fifteen-and-a-half), Brendan James (thirteen), and Courtney (eleven). I don't feel old, but the other attorneys are certainly starting younger. Yale and the Vietnam War, which overhung our college days, certainly gave us a perspective that there are other things, family and life, that are more important than work.

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GREGORY B. TEAGUE

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PROF. RICHARD S. TEDLOW

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The most important event in my life occurred on November 15, 1986, the date on which Joyce Root and I were married. I was thirty-nine at the time, and Joyce a year older. Neither of us had been married previously, and both had figured that we were destined to go through life single. Thankfully, that has not been our fate.

Joyce is a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst in private practice. Not a day has gone by since our wedding when I have not looked forward to learning about her work. More important is the fact that our love grows every day. This is a happy marriage.

On August 13, 1992, Joyce was diagnosed with cancer of the breast. The whole experience—the surgery, the chemotherapy, the physical pain, and perhaps above all the overwhelming fear—has been hideous beyond description. It now appears, however, that Joyce has a good chance of surviving this cataclysm. Her courage has been remarkable, to say the least. She actually continued to practice medicine during her course of chemotherapy.

From a professional standpoint, my career has progressed more successfully than I had any right to expect. I hold a tenured full professorship at the Harvard Business School, where I have significant administrative responsibilities, teach a lot of wonderful students, and conduct research on the history of marketing.

I have enormous respect for my colleagues and for the School as an institution. I feel we have the ability to listen to the truth and the strength to change when change is called for.

Among my greatest regrets is that I have not had the time to keep up with my friends from our class. I am only in touch with a few.

I enjoy all those contacts a great deal, but I would like to say a special word about Reed Hundt. Reed really has helped me grow (we have coauthored two articles); and he has taught me much about how the world works. He shares his many insights with an openhearted generosity and a wit matched by few people I know.

Life goes by too quickly.

CLAUDE W. THAU

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Family: Married since 1970 to Bertina Hennessey, whom I dated my last two years at Yale. Our son (1978) is extremely knowledgeable regarding history, military affairs, diplomacy, and economics. Our daughter (1982) does very well in school and is a very adaptable child, getting along well with everyone in any setting.

Our best family memories deal with our two lengthy trips to Europe (four weeks and three weeks, respectively).

Interests: I've served primarily environmental and educational organizations in a variety of volunteer capacities since graduation and look forward to continuing to do so.

Work: At Transamerica I was significantly involved in many major

changes which occurred in the life insurance industry in the 1980s and now serve as Chief Operating Officer of our employer/employee life insurance company. Group life insurance is very satisfying to me because each day we pay claims, the proceeds of which are extremely important to people. Were it not for our life insurance, many families would be destitute upon the death of one or both of their breadwinners.

Beliefs: From my interests, you can guess that I have been concerned, since prior to attending Yale, about our grave environmental and educational shortcomings. I also support “choice” (with respect to both birth and death), fiscal conservatism, busing for integration of our schools, affirmative action without reverse discrimination, fair discrimination, business rights, U.S. English, etc. I am humbled to observe that the tolerance that I and others have espoused has inadvertently contributed substantially to the dissolution of our values as a society.

GREGORY N. THOMAS

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My wife Susie, daughter Katie, dog Chamois, cat Orkin, and I are enjoying a wonderful outdoor life in the mountains near Aspen, Colorado. This relaxed lifestyle is all the sweeter as it follows my retirement from a twenty-year career in the investment banking business. I now have the luxury of time and spend much of it skiing, hiking, biking, and camping with my family. There remains plenty of time for the pursuit of personal interests; in particular, the development of my carpentry skills as I rehab an old apartment building we own in Aspen. Working with my hands has proven to be very satisfying, and I wonder why it took me so long to discover it. We'd love to have you visit us (bring your skis), but be prepared to earn your keep with a little barn duty or perhaps a few hours with a paintbrush or hammer.

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“Daddy, when Orme is only four, you’ll be fifty!” exclaimed my daughter. Yes, when some of you will be grandparents and dipping into your savings to take a Yale Alumni Association cruise to Norway, I will be using my IRA to put my children through college. In 1981 I married Elsie Dunn Wilson (Radcliffe ’72, University of Virginia Law ’75) whom I met in Houston where she was Assistant General Counsel for a natural resources company. Today we live in Charlottesville, Virginia, with our four children, Will (ten), Alice Haven (eight), Anne Claiborne (four), and Orme Wilson (four months). We feel greatly blessed by this little tribe, although they keep the household in mild chaos with the demands of school, sports, scouts, music, now complicated by diapers again.

My family started in Houston, but my career started in Richmond where I went to work for a law firm after graduation from University of Virginia Law School in 1972. It was not exactly an auspicious beginning, as I collapsed with a severe case of malaria after only three weeks. I had brought back more than just two rugs from a trip to Afghanistan, where a group of us hiked in the Hindu Kush mountains and traveled around the country for several weeks. Nevertheless, after several months I plunged back into the firm and did a little bit of everything from litigation to corporate work.

In 1974 I helped Andy Krusen (Princeton ’70, and husband of my first cousin, Jessie Thompson) set up an oil and gas exploration company. Although I enjoyed the practice of law and in particular the camaraderie of a very fine group of guys, in August of 1976 I moved to Houston to work full time for the company, which we sold in 1981. For several years after that, Elsie and I stayed in Houston, where I continued to drill some wells and we both practiced law. During that time I worked with the Houston Metropolitan Ministries, an interdenominational social service organization, helping to develop a job readiness training program for inner city youths. This project provided training for underprivileged young people and also part-time work through a pallet-making shop and bulk mailing operation.

In 1984, with a second child on the way, we decided to move to Charlottesville. Before we left Houston, I helped Steve Davis, a classmate in Branford College, set up (what else but) Branford Publishing, Inc., which publishes local parenting magazines in San Antonio, Houston, and also, through licensees, in New Orleans and Atlanta. In Charlottesville I have been involved in a variety of entrepreneurial activities including start-ups of a manufacturing company making wood products (everything from cremation urns to high-end audio speakers) and a biotech company working on diagnostic and pharmaceutical products for insulin resistance. I am still actively involved in the oil and gas exploration business.

With a father, grandfather, and great-grandfather who were all Presbyterian ministers, I have spent quite a bit of time serving as an elder of First Presbyterian Church in Charlottesville, in Presbytery activities (including one

term as Moderator), and as a member of the Board of Trustees of Union Theological Seminary in Richmond where both my father and grandfather taught.

For recreation I play tennis when I can, read avidly (our house always seems inundated with books), and as a newly trained Assistant Scoutmaster expect to start hiking and camping again.

As a family we get away to Hot Springs in the mountains of Virginia, next to The Homestead Hotel. Elsie and I both miss Texas; but with family close by, four beautiful seasons, mountains and the beach, it is hard to beat Virginia.

If any of you get to Charlottesville or Hot Springs, I would welcome a call.

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TOM C. TSUI

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Forks in the road . . .

I must have come across a million forks in the road since I left Japan in the mid-1960s to come to the States. I like to think that my turning right or left at the fork was based on conscious decisions, but—sometimes—I feel, maybe, someone else was behind it. Maybe.

Why did I end up at Yale in 1965 instead of enjoying the Southern California sun at Pomona College to study premed? Why did I study international relations and econ and end up at the World Bank fixing economies and governments, instead of fixing noses and gall bladders? It couldn't just be the discouraging climb up Prospect to Kline Tower to do biochemistry. It couldn't be the alternative—singing at Mory's with the Augmented Seven of Yale and spending spring vacations in Puerto Rico or Florida. Naw.

After Yale how did I end up in sunny California after all, doing an M.B.A. in finance in Palo Alto instead of a J.D. at Cornell? I've always preferred the construction of the legal framework over the construction of a corporate bal-

ance sheet—but! I met Kay at Stanford, and I've always had a soft spot for smart nurses who were cute to boot (after all, *I'm* not going to nurse the babies to health...they're contagious!). Instead of going—as planned—to Singapore with a shiny new M.B.A., something shoved me to Washington, D.C., and the World Bank, where Kay and I could get to know each other. After all, what's three years? And Singapore wasn't going to disappear. One cycle of three years, and another cycle of three years, and another. And another. Over twenty years later, Singapore's just another city-state I read about. The reality is Falls Church, Virginia.

What's in Falls Church? There's a tree-lined street called Bent Branch Court. It's where the decision to have children turned out to be a nondecision. When you're a lusty teenager, the warning is: keep a condom in your pocket. You might get the girl pregnant. When you're an aspiring father-to-be, you realize that you never had to have a condom. Why, you're probably sterile and harmless to womenkind. But then, perseverance strikes pay dirt (or a little angel named "Emma"), and the fork in the road turns us to parenthood. The little sperm had a tail, after all. Two other tykes follow—David and Will. Can't stop having kids—it's Rabbit Tsui on the warpath!

Life goes on. The Wonder Years (note, Bob Brush!). Serendipity in the Suburbs. Neighbors become good friends. Neighbors become best friends. Neighbors become godparents. To all three kids. Life is hard to beat. Yes, too much work and too little time with the kids and leisure. But how can you beat trying to save the world and being paid for it? In Kenya, in Turkey, in Sri Lanka, and now in Nepal? The whirl of the workaday world. Deadlines, rushed overseas business trips, careers (up and down), friends getting divorced, friends' kids getting married. The hairline is receding; Rogaine works only on one-third of the victims. Too bad I'm part of the two-thirds. Retirement? Not me.

One day, you get a letter in the mail. It reminds you that your two little boys each took a critical fork in the road when they were born and had to be rushed to ICU at the Children's Hospital. One was born three months premature at two pounds. The other one had a hole in his heart wall and had to have open-heart surgery at nine months. Tough kids. Tougher parents. But the right choice was made at that fork in the road, and the two boys made it through. Was it prayers? Was it not walking under the ladder or beating the black cat to the punch before he crossed you? Maybe it was that extra loot you put in the tray at church?

But that letter stares at you. It reminds you that, when the boys took their fork—they also took some transfusions. Blood transfusions. At a time before blood tests were thoroughly tested for HIV-positive characteristics. What does it mean? Is the letter saying that David and Will weren't meant to be? Those funny guys that look like me? Are you kidding? I'm ready for the heroic stuff—throwing myself in front of trucks to save the kids. Punching out the childnapper or abuser. Even paying for the increased car insurance premia for traffic tickets to kids under twenty-five. But AIDS?!

It's weeks. Only weeks. But the blood test results for the boys don't come back. It's just old-fashioned torture. The days don't drag—they drip like the old Chinese water torture. But one day, one day Children's Hospital calls. The boys took a turn at the fork in the road. And it was the *right* turn!

So, the boys are still here. And we're not making those endless trips to the Children's Hospital again. Not like when they were first born. And we're not going for AZT treatments and reading about alternative therapies. Instead, they get up at 4 a.m. to go to swim practices. They flex their beautifully tanned muscles (reflections of their primary sperm-donor) and slide into the pool to set another club record in butterfly, breast, free-style. And they want junk food instead of gourmet Chinese cuisine. And they want to see *Jurassic Park* instead of a rerun of *Wuthering Heights*. Why not? They've earned it.

DANIEL MCKENDREE TUCKER, M.D.

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Yale Classmates of 1969:

Twenty-five years out, I assert freedom of speech. I strive for courage of convictions. I have good work to do; I love and am loved. I fear for my personal safety in an irrepressibly bizarre world, but mainly I fear for the well-being of my family. I cope with anxiety by assiduously doing what is within my power to do, one choice at a time. While cultivating work in which I have no "boss," I am ruled by the needs of people with whom I am interdependent. I want to live life with clarity, directness, truth, and love. I know too much enigma, paradox, convolution, and ambiguity.

My friend and soul mate Jean helps me hope and dream. Our children flourish with good confidence and are individuals we are happy to know. We are wholesome, astonished, and grateful participants in a greater continuity.

I work hard daily. I tire, rest, have fun, and marvel to be alive. So glad to enjoy health; trying not to overlook simple pleasures, being respectful of time. I connect with sadness (hope, responsibility, accountability) to the fates of our generation—so much like all before us, stymied by forces larger than ours, drawn into so much replication, arriving at such opportunity. And with what imagination? Will our prelude help our children change the world? Will we give them better light, wisdom, justice, fairness, and meaning for life?

RICHARD B. TUCKER

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DAVID F. TUFARO

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I married Sharon Ohlweiler in 1979 and have three daughters, Theresa (thirteen), Jennifer (ten), and Christina (six). I have resided in Baltimore since

getting out of law school in 1972. After practicing law for five years I got into the apartment development business, which I have been doing ever since and enjoying immensely. I have developed in all of the major metropolitan areas in the mid-Atlantic region. I have enjoyed getting to know people in the various geographic areas where I have worked. We have emphasized high quality design in our apartment projects and have been recognized with several national awards. I find the development business extremely challenging, rewarding, and satisfying. We have survived this deep real estate recession and look forward to the next up cycle.

Major pet peeves: The legal profession and the current state of the law. It is out of control, overbearing, and having a negative effect on the way we think and act. It is stifling creativity and freedom of thought and opinion. People sue for absolutely anything and everything today. The less you say or do, the less you are likely to be sued. What a heck of a way to live! I have not had any bad personal experiences. My reaction is to all of the matters of which I am aware. The legal profession is composed of some of the brightest people in this country, but I see no evidence of leadership to change the current state of the law and return it to more rational standards of the not too distant past.

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JAMES H. UNTERSPAN

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Attorney with federal government, providing computer litigation support. Married for twenty-four years to the small blonde woman frequently seen in Jonathan Edwards after hours. Numerous hobbies including home renovation, snorkeling, white water rafting, and hiking. Films continue to be a passion. Regret never having written the great American novel or never having been appointed King—otherwise quite trim, healthy (though balding), and content.

H. THOMAS UPTON

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This is a perfect opportunity for pontificating on life, work, friendship, etc., but I'd hate myself in the morning if I succumbed to that temptation. I think it's sufficient to say that the friends I made from 1965 to 1969 remain my dearest and closest.

I think I've been particularly fortunate to have been a part of the events which have done so much (for good or bad) to shape our national culture—college in the late sixties, Vietnam, Wall Street in the eighties. (This probably sounds like an extended Oliver Stone film.) Although not all of the memories of these times and places are unfailingly pleasant, I still get a great sense of satisfaction from having *been there*, from understanding what really went on.

On a personal basis, I have a wife whom I love, and have recently started a financial services company here in Florida. I'm clearly looking forward to seeing all of my middle-aged friends again this coming spring.

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PANCRAS H. VAN DER LAAN, M.D.

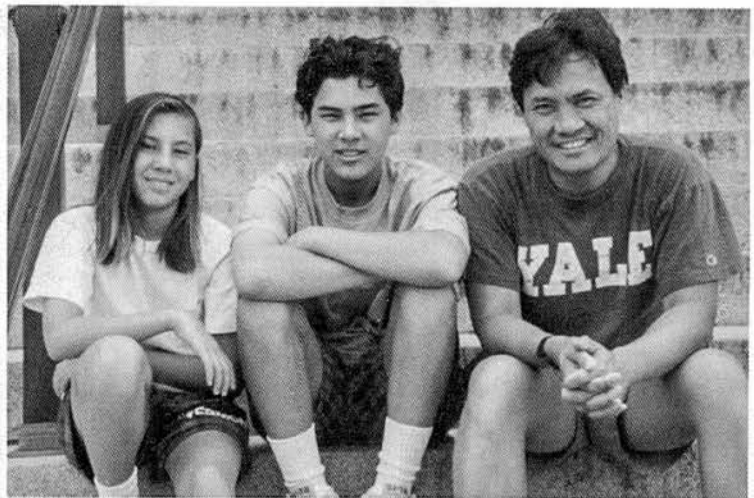
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Alexander and Ellen Tan



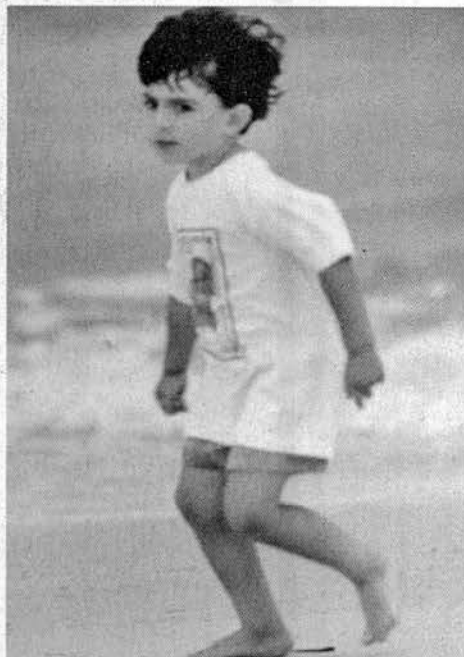
Alexander Tan and children



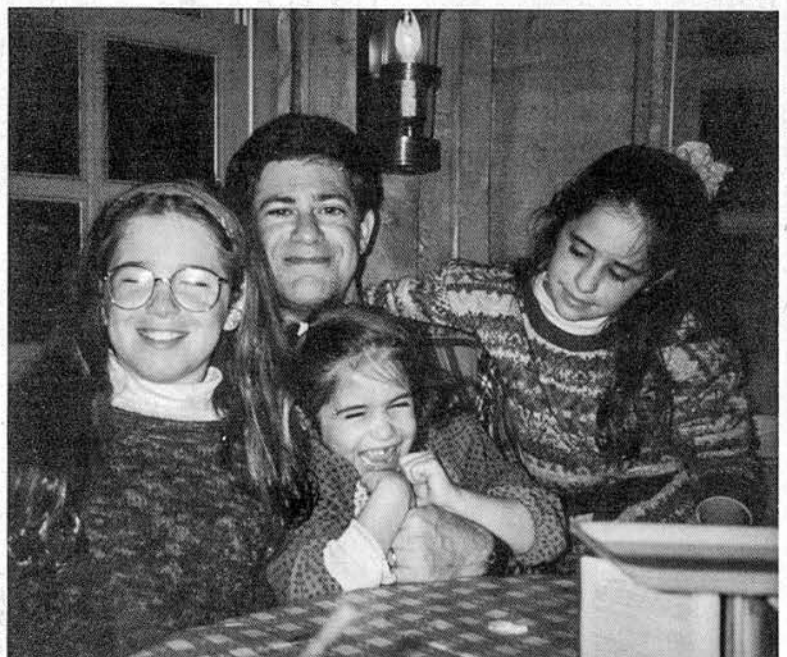
Richard S. Tedlow and wife Joyce



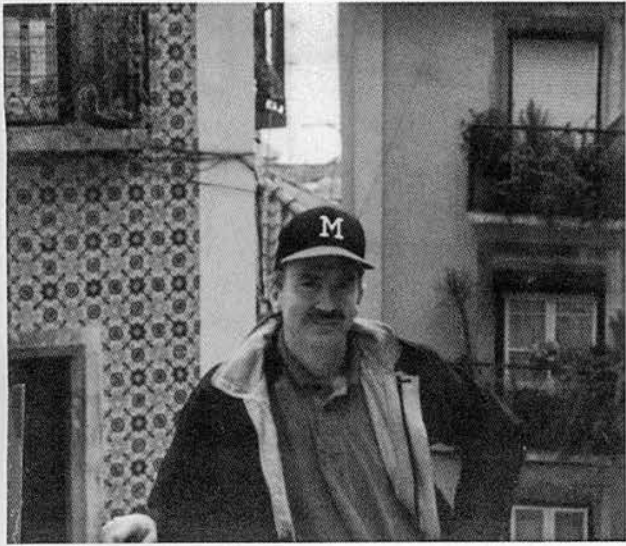
Claiborne, Mac, Will, Haven, Elsie, and Orme Thompson



William McKendree Daniel Tucker
(Daniel's son)



David F. Tufaro and daughters



Ted Van Dyke



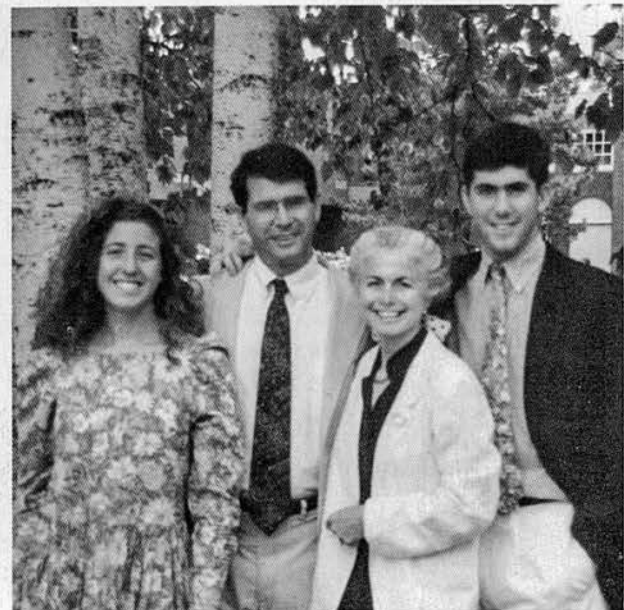
Hugo and Chris Van Dyke



Franny and Mary Van Dyke



Robert and Lissa Vernon and children



Jory, John, Muffi, and Rett Waldman

TED VAN DYKE

224 Everit Street, New Haven, CT 06511

I've been fortunate to stay close to a number of my friends from Jonathan Edwards—John Nelson, Paul Gennis, Eric Lenck, Steve Haworth. These guys remain my best friends.

My wife Franny and I have been married for twenty-three years. She's an Assistant Professor of Math at Central Connecticut State University. We have three wonderful kids: Chris (twelve), Hugo (nine), and Mary (two).

I've worked at the New Haven Housing Authority for the last ten years, where I am now the Special Assistant to the Executive Director.

Living in New Haven has many amenities, including a beautiful old house, in a lovely urban neighborhood, dotted with Yalies of all ages and professions. One cannot live in New Haven, however, without having a deep concern about the overall quality of life and its impact on the University.

WALTER J. VAN ECK

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STEPHEN M. VAUGHAN

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Married in 1989 (first and only) Dr. Andrea Cohen, clinical psychologist.

Long-time plaintiffs' personal injury lawyer at Mandell & Wright, P.C.

Further "left" than when I graduated! For example, I place environmental concerns before "growth," and free speech above political correctness.

Further "right" than when I graduated! For example, I support trading in pollution credits, and place free speech above political correctness.

EDWARD THOMAS VEAL

No Address Available

ROBERT S. VERNON

328 NW 40th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73118

I have been very fortunate in the years since I graduated from Yale. I am happily married to Lissa Vernon, who attended our graduation, and we have been blessed with two wonderful children, Rebecca and Michael. Lissa directs a private, nonprofit social work agency for the Casey Family Program in Okla-

homa City, and I'm Head of Westminster Day School. Family and work occupy a majority of our time, but we enjoy both very much.

When I graduated from Yale I joined the Teacher Corps and received my M.Ed. and teaching certificate through that program. After five years of teaching in a variety of public school settings, Lissa and I went to Stanford University, where I entered a Ph.D. program in education and history. While at Stanford I realized that what I wanted to do professionally was to have a school of my own. We returned to Oklahoma after an exciting year on the West Coast and without a Ph.D., and I taught two more years in the public schools. In 1977 I joined Westminster Day School with the opportunity to develop a separate middle school, and I have been there ever since. Teaching is what I enjoy the most, and administration gives me the opportunity to afford to teach and the freedom to teach as I wish.

I am active physically and enjoy walks with my wife and basketball and tennis with friends. Having a school gym definitely prolongs one's playing days, and my health has been excellent. What I do most, as my daughter aptly observed during a recent interview for high school, is work. I work to improve my teaching and my school, and the work is exciting and rewarding. As I said, I have been very fortunate. My family is wonderful, my health is excellent, and my work is satisfying.

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PHILIPP von TÜRK

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I remember the last year at Yale as especially challenging. It was a time to conclude one phase. It was also a time to make decisions about the next. And all the while, Vietnam stared us in the face.

After Yale I studied law and have been practicing ever since, first with a firm, then with the government in Washington, and now with Chase Manhattan.

It was in Washington that I met my future wife, Susanne. She is also a lawyer, admitted here and in Germany.

Our daughter Julia was born in 1991. Her birth marked a turning point. It has been an occasion to discover new things as she does. We often listen to music together, and, for some reason, I have found my interest in classical music heightened.

I am struck that it is becoming increasingly difficult to identify with the young questing character in *The Magic Flute*. Rather, the character whose role it is to transmit wisdom to a new generation seems a more appropriate figure with whom one should identify at our stage in life. As if we had the answers.

DOUGLAS A. VOORHIES

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GARY G. VUJNOVICH

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EDMUND L. WADHAMS

2 Lee Street, Onancock, VA 23417

I have lived on Manhattan's Upper West Side since 1971, and in 1985 I

bought a house and a piece of Chesapeake Bayfront property on Virginia's Eastern Shore.

I worked for Air France for a number of years, but for the last six years I have been actively involved in community health organizations. I get to travel a fair amount, but still seek a greater balance in my life.

RICHARD C. WAKEFIELD

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I married Leslie (Lee) Maclaren in 1971, after she graduated from Michigan State, and worked for *Sports Illustrated* in New York City. Lee and I spent four weeks traveling in Scandinavia, Scotland and England in 1972 (before a mortgage and kids precluded such trips). Our son Adam was born in 1974, diagnosed as learning disabled and mentally retarded in 1977, and has challenged us ever since. Today, Adam is a tall, handsome blond with a vivid imagination; he enjoys skiing, bicycling and being overly helpful to others. Our second son, Matthew, joined us in 1976 and has been a delight ever since (even as a teenager!). Matt is bright, tall, blond and handsome; computer bulletin boards and soccer are among his favorite activities. Caitlin, born in 1979, is a bright and beautiful redhead. Her athletic endeavors include soccer, basketball, track and lacrosse. We have lived in Concord, Massachusetts, for sixteen years. My wife Lee is bright, good looking, and active in the children's activities, including school drama. The family spent two weeks in Italy and Austria in 1992 but returned without Caty's appendix!

I earned an M.S. in accounting in 1970 from Northeastern, despite having attended Woodstock in 1969. I joined Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Company in 1970 and earned the Gold Medal in Massachusetts on the 1970 CPA exam. I moved into the tax field in 1973, was promoted to manager in 1975, and admitted as a partner in 1980. I was named KPMG Peat Marwick's National Tax Director-Public Utilities in 1982 and National Tax Director-Accounting for Income Taxes in 1987. I have specialized in public utilities since 1972 and have provided expert accounting testimony in public utility rate cases. I have also written articles in professional journals and lectured locally and nationally on a variety of topics.

My athletic activities progressed from touch football in the seventies to bicycling in the eighties to golf and skiing over the past ten years. I have coached youth soccer and am always one of the most vocal fans at my children's sporting events.

I have served on the Board of Advisors to the Greater Boston Salvation Army and currently serve as Vice Chairman and Chairman of the Finance Committee.

The past twenty-five years have gone by quickly and seen many ups and downs! Life is sure to bring more of the same in the next twenty-five!

JOHN B. WALDMAN, M.D.

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Following my graduation I married Marjorie (Muffi) Payne, and we are approaching our twenty-fourth anniversary this summer. We have two children of whom we are immensely proud. Rett, now a sophomore at Dartmouth College, is a graduate of the Hotchkiss School. Our daughter, Jory, is graduating from Hotchkiss this spring and will attend Trinity College. Both children were heavily recruited athletes: Rett in ice hockey and lacrosse and Jory in ice hockey, field hockey, and lacrosse.

Professionally, I attended and graduated from the Albany Medical College in 1973. I found medical school to be significantly easier than Yale; I finished at the top of my class! I completed a six-year residency in neurological surgery at Albany following graduation and then fellowships in pediatric neurosurgery at the Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston and The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Returning to Albany, I became the first pediatric neurosurgeon in the region and have been practicing at the Albany Medical Center Hospital ever since. Currently I am an Associate Professor and Vice Head of the Division of Neurosurgery. My responsibilities include research, teaching, and clinical practice. Medicine continues to be rewarding; however, bureaucratic interference is becoming more and more intrusive.

Outside of the hospital, when my wife and I are not traveling to our kids' games, we are involved in renovating a "new" home. A converted grist mill, originally built in 1720, rebuilt (on the old foundation) in 1823, and converted to a house in 1977, the structure sits on a stream, the Vlykill, just feet from the crest of an *eighty* foot waterfall. Between the mill and the property, we have all we can handle in the upkeep. Over the past two summers, a retired carpenter and I rebuilt two large barns, each over one hundred years old.

Since our children have been out of the house for the past four years, Muffi (all one hundred pounds of her) has become involved in dog training and competition. Her Rottweilers have earned degrees in obedience, tracking, and schutzhund training. Although outweighed by the "beasts," she rules the roost (of course, the same could be said for *our* relationship).

Yale leaves an everlasting impact on all of its students. For me the pursuit of learning and the responsibility to do your best are but two of the legacies of my Yale education. Pediatric neurosurgery leaves little room for second rate effort, nor did Yale.

WILLIAM J. WALDMAN, M.D.

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NEAL A. WALDROP III

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GEOFFREY K. WALKER

Mayor, Day, Caldwell & Keeton, 700 Louisiana Street, 19th Floor, Houston, TX 77002

My son, Nicholas, is beginning his senior year at Rice University this fall (1993). Lucy begins fourth grade, Alec second. Ann Kennedy ('74) is starting a new company (we've been together since 1972). My life seems, by contrast to my family's, to be now unexpectedly fixed and content in its compass.

The years immediately after graduation were white water: married Christine and got drafted in '69; was inducted and terrified and then, randomly but miraculously, posted to Colorado instead of Vietnam in '70; organized a community development program involving thousands of soldiers and poor people (while also living in Cripple Creek and commuting to the Army); then got discharged into a Rockefeller-sponsored "Presidential Commission on Youth Involvement in the Bicentennial" (we embarrassed some elders but otherwise were not much involved) before entering Yale Law School six weeks late in '71; was separated from Christine, found myself to have fathered Nicholas, hitchhiked around the country all summer and met Ann in the autumn of '72; took a summer job in Houston (to which I had never previously traveled) in '73; moved to Houston after graduating from Yale Law School in '74 (Ann, stunned by my choice, traveled around the world alone with a backpack for a year: only after visiting me for another year or so in Houston did she begin to admit that she, too, lives here); learned to play the bagpipes in '75; began doing corporate and securities law in '76; bought a house with Ann in '77; married Ann in '78.

The last fifteen years have been work and family and internal exorcism. How fortunate I have been in my spouse and colleagues! Symphonic and chamber music and opera provide my spiritual nourishment; recreational reading is much-reduced, and physical exercise waxes in the pie chart of my life's hours. Ah, sweet maturity!

"Ain't no sense in talkin to me
It's just the same as talkin to you."

"You wanna know what I think?
Just ask anybody!"

JAMES E. WALKER, JR.

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Unreconstructed hippie, recovering pothead, good man to one woman, migrant farm worker (nine years, retired), Oregon or bust, Southern Appalachi-

an wilderness-family lifestyle in homemade log cabin, pileated woodpeckers and pink ladyslippers, woodcutter, BIG chainsaw, shesh besh, Russophile, scientific and technical translation, practicing Catholic. Little League coaching and Boy Scout leadership provide some help in passing as an ordinary, middle-class southern white male. Taking the Gospel seriously does not.

LORENZO A. WALLACE, JR.

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I learned very little from my courses at Yale. Comparatively. The broadening of my mind occurred from simple things like sitting at a table in Commons and listening to strangers converse on subjects completely new to me. Now, twenty-five years later, after having started to play tennis competitively, after having taken up piano, and after having gotten my feet wet in acting, I am now really, really, ready to take full advantage of four undergraduate years at Yale.

After Yale I earned an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School, spent the obligatory two years in the big wormy apple, and am now happily ensconced in Hotlanta's southwest quadrant, which I affectionately call the ghetto. Construction is my main endeavor; building new single-family homes (my favorite) and commercial remodeling of midsize companies (the most author-friendly).

Love has proved elusive. Although, as nearly as I and my friends can tell, the lack of a tether has no effect upon my unbridled happiness. Friends? Mine tend to be diverse. Homogeneous groups bore me. Individuals who may disagree with me, but who think logically, fascinate me. And, of course, I love anything new.

Pet peeves? Opening CDs, new cassettes (shrink wrap is a bitch), pharmaceuticals, reading anything that is smaller than *New York Times* print (I'm going to monovision in six months). I can't wait to be one hundred.

I like rap music (new art form), shorts (Atlanta is the tropics and construction allows one to dress smart), beer (learned that at Yale), psychology (human behavior is enrapturing), and the speed with which the world is changing.

See you at the Fiftieth.

NATHANIEL O. WALLACE

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THOMAS J. WALSH, JR.

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6075 Poplar Avenue, Memphis, TN 38119

After graduation from Yale I taught high school in the inner city of Memphis for three years, then attended University of Virginia Law School, graduating in 1975. At that time I took a position with a Memphis firm, where I have remained since then (though the name of the firm has changed a couple of times). I am a partner in charge of appellate work in state and federal courts. I married Jean McKee in 1969 (within a week of graduation). She is a travel agent. We have two daughters, Courtney (seventeen) and Meredith (fifteen). I was selected for Leadership Memphis in 1985. I have served as chair and board member of various church and civic organizations, with a special interest in international peacemaking issues. I went to the U.S.S.R. in 1983 as part of a peacemaking delegation, and my daughter Courtney went to Russia in 1992 as part of a youth performing arts exchange. My primary avocations remain much as they were during bright college years—peacemaking, writing, and baseball. Our children have continued these traditions. Special memories were excited when Bart Giamatti (my Spenser professor) was elevated in the baseball world and when William Sloane Coffin visited Memphis and was a guest in our home; he delighted my family and friends and helped me link past and present.

BARRY B. WALTON

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ROBIN WAPLES

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A week after graduation I was in Honolulu teaching seventh and eighth grade English and coaching water polo at Punahou School (who said an American Studies major wasn't good for anything?). Before long, however, I had moved on to Kona and then Maui, working nights as a waiter and wine steward and spending the days skin-diving and bodysurfing. After a year traveling in Africa and Asia and two-and-a-half years living in Australia, I returned to the states for my brother's wedding and was faced with deciding what I wanted to be when I grew up. The years of attitude adjustment had shown me that there are many worthwhile perspectives not likely to be achieved through a Yale education alone; nevertheless, there were some parts of my brain that simply weren't getting enough exercise. In the end, I returned to school to study marine biology. This took a while, as Astro 10 was the only science course I risked at Yale, but in 1986 I got my doctorate from Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Currently, I work for the National Marine Fisheries Service in Seattle as a geneticist in charge of conservation biology and endangered species issues for Pacific salmon. Trying to keep science the focus of politically, socially, and economically charged issues is a real challenge.

In 1980 I married Paula Johnson, whom I had met while she was in Hawaii trying to find a sailboat to take her to New Zealand (she never made it). She is outgoing and intuitive, so our personalities nicely complement each oth-

er. Ryan (1982) and Jade (1985) round out our family; they are great kids, occupied by the normal horde of activities. We find Seattle to be quite livable for a city (but don't tell your friends; it's getting crowded).

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PETE WATSON

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I am still assigned to the Special Forces Control Group, and most of my work is technical and classified. Saying this much now is only possible because it's been twenty years since the end of the Vietnam War when I worked in Army Counter-Intelligence.

Good Luck!

JONATHAN D. WAXMAN

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STEVEN B. WEBB

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Family and career take most of my time these days and reflect most of my accomplishments. Kathy and I are busy raising three boys—Greg, Alan, and Chris—in Reston, Virginia, where we've lived since 1986. It's a great place for kids to do baseball, swimming, basketball, soccer, Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, viola, and church. Of course, each activity deserves and gets parental involvement. I'm even learning to play the viola, along with Alan. Our daughter, Lisa, is successfully starting a career as a computer systems engineer in Austin, Texas, where her husband is in graduate school studying physics.

Since 1988 I have been working at the World Bank, four years in research and two in operations, as the desk economist for Jamaica. The government there has done a lot of economic reform lately, so it is a professionally interesting country to work with, as well as a nice place to visit. In the research department I spent a lot of time doing reports on structural adjustment for our board, but also had some time for real research. For instance, I managed a project on the political aspects of economic reforms in new democracies. Now I am coediting a book from the project, *Voting for Reform*, which will contain the eight-country case studies of the project as well as a couple of general papers. I had a great time doing the case study on Turkey. Oxford University Press will publish the book. I also got started on some research on central bank autonomy—developing measures of it and testing for its determinants and effects on inflation and growth. An article I coauthored on that topic won the Yavor Prize from Tel Aviv University for the best paper in development economics.

Before coming to Washington I taught economics and economic history at the University of Michigan. Kathy taught speech pathology and therapy at the University clinic. German economic history was my specialty. I worked on nineteenth century trade and industrial policy (from my dissertation) and on reparations and hyperinflation in the 1920s. While I was at the State Department, briefly when I first came to D.C., I finished my first book *Hyperinflation and Stabilization in Weimar Germany*, which was published by Oxford Press (NY: 1989).

Before Ann Arbor we lived in Chicago and adjacent Oak Park. I studied at the University of Chicago. At first I was in modern European history, but then the relentless pressure of comparative advantage (and supply and demand in the academic market) brought me more and more to the economic side of history. Eventually, I ended up with a Ph.D. from the Economics Department. (Can a Yale man become a Chicago Boy? Perhaps in his head but not in his heart.) During all this, Kathy got a master's in speech therapy at Northwestern and then supported us with jobs in the public schools. We spent a year along the way in Germany, on a research fellowship for my dissertation.

Before Chicago we lived in Philadelphia, while I protested the Vietnam War and taught in a junior high school. Mostly I taught reading and the rudiments of civilized behavior, but the subjects were geography and history, which is what led me to history in graduate school.

Before Philadelphia was New Haven, which brings us by a commodius vicus of recirculation back to Old Campus and environs.



Edmund L. Wadhams



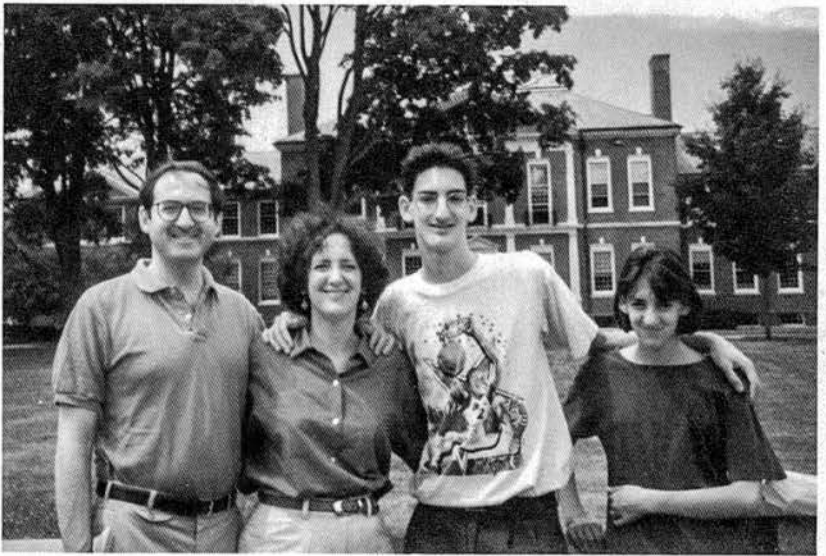
Lorenzo Wallace



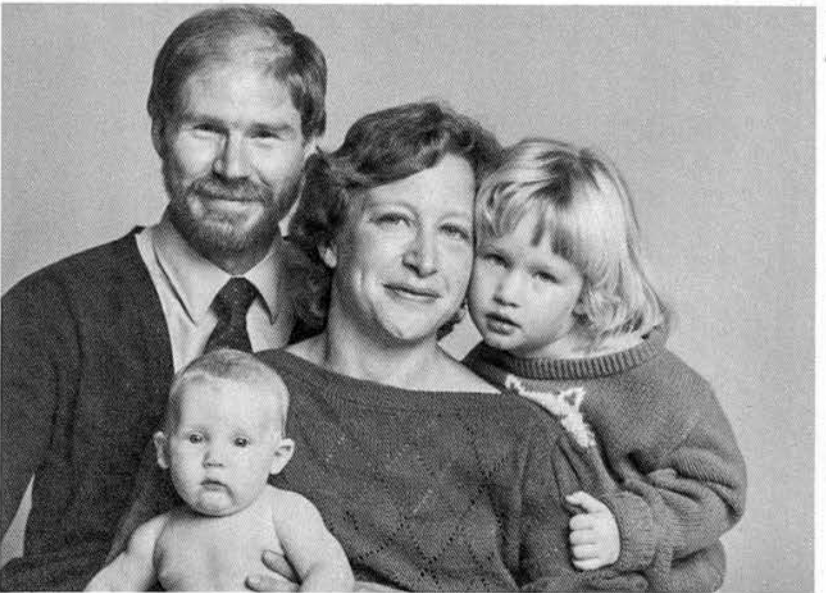
Jeff Wheelwright



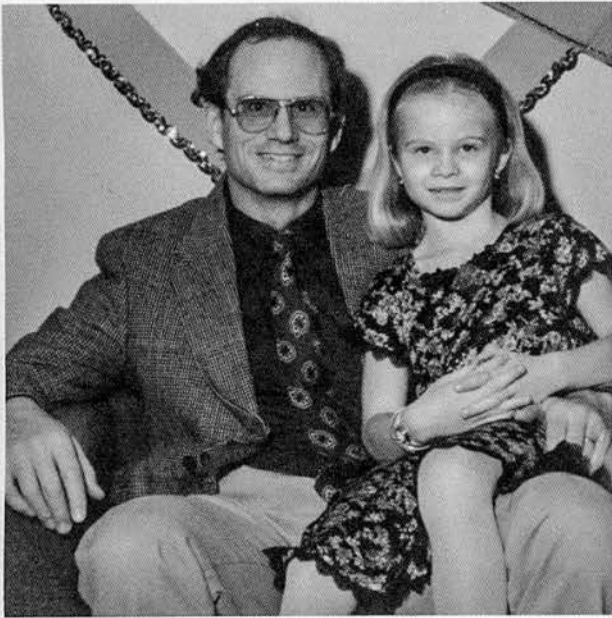
Larry Weiss at Pergamun, Turkey, 1993



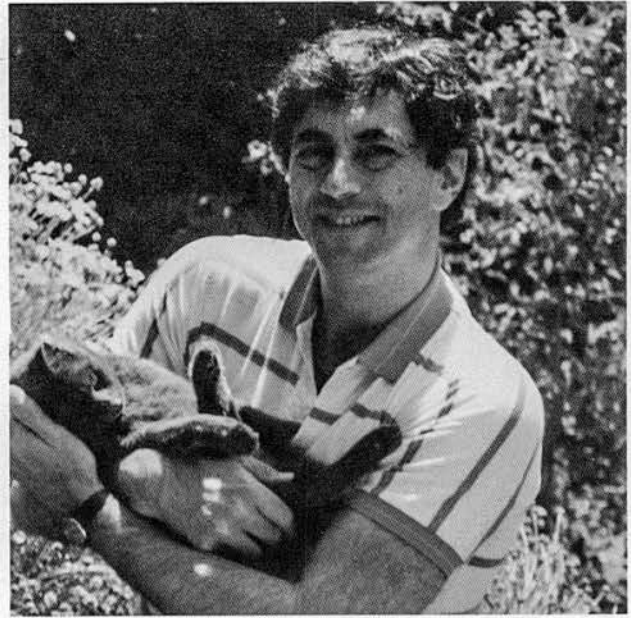
Marvin and Joan Wexler and children



Simon N. Whitney, Jr. and family



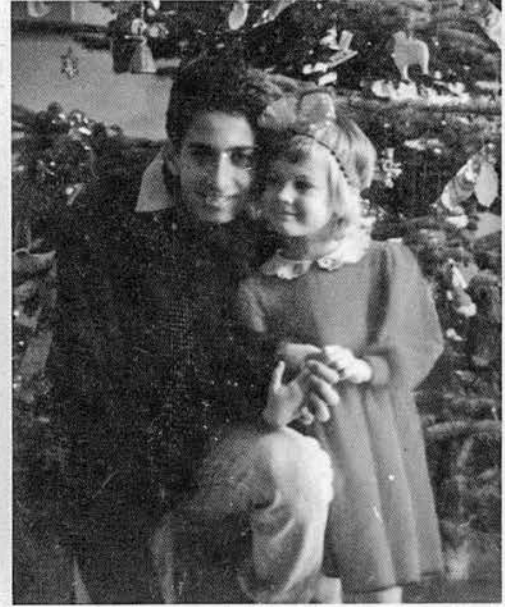
Robin and Jade Waples, Father-Daughter Date Night,
Valentine's Day, 1993



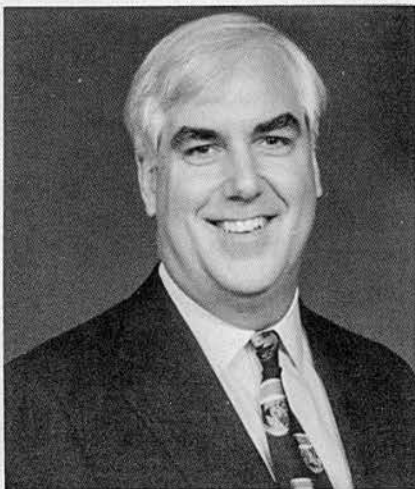
Andrew Wechsler



William and Jo-Ellen Wickwire



Adam and Samantha Wiener
(Stephen's children)



Wayne G. Willis



Steve Wilkinson

JOHN M. WEBER

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THOMAS G. WEBER

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The editors want my “achievements, honors, offices, awards,” though the information is readily available at any public library. They also want “losses and disappointments,” but allow less than two pages. Inexplicably they also want “peeves,” a call none should answer but the most colorful crank.

You survey my after-years and see what?—crumpled vectors. My fitful starts and stops began at Yale, which I broke off after two years to work in Paris. Then I broke that off to return to Yale’s French Department and Drama School, heading vaguely for a career of creative writing, which small terror quickly aborted. I took a job offered by a classmate in a political campaign, veered into government (to avoid writing), got married, broke off government to go to business school as my wife suggested, broke up with the wife, worked in business for several years, then broke that off for the current plateau: writing, remarriage, and very active fatherhood.

This life pattern is not what you’d plan for yourself. It certainly does not feel like success. Friends say, “Oh, but you have found yourself at last, surely that is success.” And I imagine that *is* miles better than never finding yourself. Furthermore, my marriage and my fatherhood are both very satisfying, and no one has everything. Does he?

I got some great professional training at the Yale Drama School in 1967-69. But my first play, *The Board of Directors*, would not emerge until 1985, when it got a reading in New York with The Manhattan Class Company. I then wrote *Pilate’s Play* (1992), about Pontius Pilate naturally. Its reading at a Chicago play festival caused me to throw the script away and write *Moon of Grass Appearing*, about a governor on the Old Plains who is put in the position of Pilate; this was given a staged reading by a Native American cast in Nebraska, as well as at another Chicago play festival. Then my one-act play about Vincent van Gogh, *A Bed Beneath the Stars*, was produced on the stage of the Art Institute of Chicago and led to a commission to write *My Walls*, about Marc Chagall, also produced at the Art Institute. I am still, in May ’93, revising the Indian play, and doing a translation of a French comedy, and writing a romantic comedy for film. I recount these facts like a child recounting pennies in his palm.

ANDREW R. WECHSLER

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I am alive...married...gainfully employed...indeed prosperous... happy... vote...concerned about what I ingest...have not been arrested in almost twenty years...look forward to growing older. None of these astonishing events and feelings were anticipated when I left Yale. The world has changed so much that I now plan to return the copy of Marx's *German Ideology* that I have had out on one-hour loan from L&B since 1969. The greatest disappointment is that the world remade our generation even more so than the reverse. It is also probably our greatest fortune.

DON R. WEIGANDT

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Graduated May 1974 from Columbia Law School after two-year hiatus in the U.S. Army, via draft notice from Tricky Dick.

Married Betsy Busby on August 1974. After five years of law practice with Roberts & Holland in New York City, relocated to sunny Los Angeles in February 1979. Joined Lillick & McHose in March 1979, becoming a partner specializing in taxation, joint ventures, and a little estate planning in 1980. Lillick & McHose merged with Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro in January 1991. Became managing partner of Los Angeles Office of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro in January 1993.

Two terrific sons, Russell (twelve) and Thomas (eight), who specialize in every sport available, provide all the entertainment mom and dad could ever hope for.

You all should be so lucky! I know I am.

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BRUCE W. WEINSTEIN

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I have procrastinated to the point that I had to have this form faxed to me the day before the deadline. Actually, I think it's fairly appropriate, similar to my approach to completing assignments several decades ago.

As I write these words, I'm vacationing with my wife, Kathy, whom I married the same year I turned thirty, began working for a corporation (Exxon) for the first time, and bought a house. It was quite an eventful year, for which I prepared myself during the previous seven (post-Yale) by attempting to play professional football, playing less-than-professional football for the New York Jets' farm team, car racing, taxi driving (not simultaneously), substitute teaching, tug-boat working, and various other endeavors, all of which caused my mother to

wonder what actually went on at Yale.

It should be obvious from this that at age twenty-two, I had no idea how, nor desire, to network among my classmates. I was off to an interesting but slow start.

After various and seemingly logical-at-the-time job changes, I am currently managing real estate assets, mostly in the health care field, for a company which I own with two partners. I'm satisfied with the present and confident in the future.

The most important happenings between Exxon and now were my children, Robert (thirteen) and Livia (eleven). They are a constant source of mostly joy, and are not vacationing with us now, but are at camp. This circumstance no doubt increases my current feelings of fondness and charity towards them.

Thinking of their future, I sometimes get concerned. I'm reasonably satisfied with their application of the "golden rule," but I perceive that the world around them and us has become increasingly greedy and lacking in a willingness to take personal responsibility. Lives seem cheaper and taking what is other people's seems more prevalent. I hope these observations are magnified by the increase in media hype and/or my personal trend towards more conservative views as I accumulate family and things I want to protect.

In the meantime, I enjoy, to a degree I never could have imagined twenty-five years ago, running into Yale teammates, classmates, and even just other alumni.

PROF. TIMOTHY C. WEISKEL

Harvard Divinity School, 56 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138

SAM WEISMAN

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The most crucial fact of my life all these years later is that I'm much happier now. I hope that many of my classmates are in a similar state of middle-aged euphoria. Life very seldom turns out for people the way they think it will, and I am certainly no exception.

During most of my Yale years I spent the greater portion of my time singing and carousing with my singing group, the Society of Orpheus and Bacchus (The SOB's), doing more serious singing (and more carousing) with the Glee Club, and singing at a Jewish temple on Friday nights and at a High Episcopal church on Sundays to make spending money (no carousing in either of those venues). All this vocal work, as well as a B.A. in music history, would in a cause-and-effect kind of world lead to a career in music. I, however, think it makes perfect sense that I now make a living as a director/producer in movies and television, because one of the most important aspects of telling stories is music. Additionally, the origins of modern drama and comedy are based strongly in the church, so it seems as if my career was laid out for me back in my Yale

days—numbly sitting for hours on end in Temple B’Nai Jacob and Christ Church, wishing I could be doing anything else.

Anything else usually meant things other than pursuing academic excellence, a fact that I came to regret very soon after graduation. Nevertheless, I managed to be influenced in a forward-moving fashion by some interesting developments: Receiving the number sixteen in the first Draft Lottery; seeing The Who perform *Tommy* live; and being lucky enough to be exposed to Peter Brook’s *A Mid-summer Night’s Dream* and the original production of *Jacques Brel...* in the same month, an occurrence that led to my deciding to pursue a career in the arts.

Today, however, as a husband and father, being “an artist” doesn’t quite seem as important, in the purest sense. My wife Constance and I both started our careers as actors—a profession for which narcissism is a requisite characteristic. Our children—Daniel and Meg—now are the outlet for so much of the misplaced energy of our younger days, and we are much clearer about our priorities in general. A marriage that has lasted fifteen years is a rarity these days, especially in Hollywood, and we are proud of it.

At any rate, my acting of late has been limited to a thankfully brief cameo in my first feature film directing assignment, *Mighty Ducks 2* (coming to theaters everywhere March 25th), and an impromptu dramatic reading of the first thirty-four pages of Dickens’ *A Christmas Carol* in our eleven-year-old son Daniel’s room last Sunday—a performance that was met with great approval by the entire family, including our seven-month-old yellow Lab, Lightning. I was a bit concerned, however, when Meg, our six-year-old, admitted to being so scared by my portrayal of Scrooge that she had to sleep in our bed that night.

Nevertheless, most of my energies for the past several years have been centered in the ever-shrinking world of network television as a director and producer, most recently with the “Brooklyn Bridge” series, where I also had the pleasure of directing my wife for the first time. The failure of such a highly praised and well-received show to last more than thirty-five episodes on CBS sent a message to me in no uncertain terms that the business of making television had changed such that I needed to find something else to do; find another outlet for telling stories.... That is, other than my son Daniel’s room.

See you at the movies...

LAURENCE A. WEISS, M.D.

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I attended the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine after graduating from Yale and was awarded an M.D. in 1973. During the first year-and-a-half of medical school Malcolm Pond and I roomed together. I abandoned Malcolm to take up residence with Judy Hammerman, my bride, one true love, and wife of twenty-three years. We have been blessed with three wonderful children. Alexander, twenty, is a paratrooper in the Israel Defense Forces. Jonathan is an eighth grader and Jessica a seventh grader at the Pine Crest School of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Following the completion of a peripatetic postgraduate training, we moved to Hollywood, Florida. I have had an active private practice of medicine, specializing in pulmonary diseases and critical care medicine. The medical community has been quite supportive, and I have been chief of pulmonary medicine at the Hollywood Memorial Hospital and chief of staff at the Humana Hospital Biscayne. We have been active in community affairs, the local synagogue, and at the Jewish Federation of South Broward.

The past twenty-five years have been productive and satisfying to me. I am looking forward to continuing my practice, nurturing our younger children, and to enjoying excitement and success from my adventurous eldest son.

Judy and I are close to our parents and siblings. We have enjoyed a warm relationship with our extended family.

Almost each summer we have enjoyed foreign travel. We take advantage of the idyllic South Florida beaches whenever possible during the clement weather. Both Dade and Broward Counties have experienced a flowering of cultural resources. Our family frequents the local museums and theatrical offerings.

Although the demands of my practice are substantial, our family has managed to lead a rich and happy life in sunny Florida.

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In college I was open to the classroom experience and enjoyed that immensely. I regret not having been more open to some other kinds of experience in college—although I might not have survived had that been true. As it was, I made it through the sixties and the early seventies because I enjoyed books and class so much, and with some great good luck. I spent the rest of the decade learning a trade—how to help people enforce their legal rights.

A big breakthrough came soon after my son was born in 1977. With him

by my side, I achieved a mental state in which standing in a long line at a grocery store became an occasion for fun. However, I then had to learn that he and I are not the same person, and much later I grew to appreciate that.

Today I greatly enjoy, and am very grateful for, my family—Joan, whom I married just before senior year back in 1968, my two children, and my parents. I have also been able to convince myself for some time now that my work as a lawyer is meaningful, at least most of the time. In addition, I have become quite involved in local community affairs in Mamaroneck, New York, although not in terms of traditional politics, and I think that, too, is meaningful.

I am, within my means, a keen supporter of Yale in various ways, because Yale helped me greatly in many ways. Among other things, I began to learn at Yale how little I know. I continue to be amazed by that.

Incidentally, if anyone knows the whereabouts of Tim McDaniel, who dropped out during our sophomore year, please let me know.

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LANGDON B. WHEELER

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I remember attending our fifth reunion, thinking that the alumni attending reunions from earlier classes offered a sneak preview of how a Yale's life should develop. I noticed how their hair thinned, their waists thickened, their children grew up, and they looked more prosperous with each increasing five-year reunion. And now we are at the midpoint of that sneak preview, ready to examine how we have managed that ultimate scarce resource, time.

I also remember attending our twentieth, and how disappointed I was that almost none of my friends and fellow Calhoun-men attended. (Did they know I was coming and cancel their plans?) Despite these multiple no-shows, I discovered that I had much in common with my other classmates, even though I had scarcely known them when we were at Yale. I also recall the memorial service at Battell Chapel during that reunion, when members from all of the classes came together to remember our classmates who were no longer with us. In that service I understood how much we have in common as Yalies, across all classes. That service also demonstrated that a reunion missed can never be reclaimed.

This is it, guys. The big two five. Life's midpoint, if we're lucky. I remember you fondly from Yale, have done a poor job of keeping in touch with you, and hope you will drink a beer with me and bring me up to date next spring. You will be glad you attended.

It will not surprise you to hear that I lead a conventional life. I am still married to my first wife, though I couldn't make the commitment until just thir-

teen years ago. We first met in 1969 when she was finishing her degree at the University of Georgia. Kathy is a graphic designer and mother of our three splendid kids.

Bleecker is my eldest and will be eleven at our reunion. He is the jock his father wishes he had been and the good student his father should have been. Loves all sports and already outskates, outskis, outshoots (soccer and archery), and almost outruns me, although we are still evenly matched in ping-pong. He especially enjoys playing the pressure position of goalie on his soccer and hockey teams.

Katherine will be ten and is mad about animals. She has a zillion stuffed animals and scarcely a single doll. She bursts with creative energy and is a fleet soccer player. She has a talent with numbers, perhaps.

Olivia will be six at our reunion and is easily the most organized member of the family. Did Mom misplace the car keys? Ask Olivia where they are. She is just learning to swim and rides her two-wheeler with great confidence. She will care for her aged parents very well some day.

We live in a big comfy Victorian a mile west of Harvard Square. We love the intellectual energy of Cambridge and the diversity of its residents. Imagine how great Yale would be if it were anyplace other than New Haven. I think my neighbors in 02138 tolerate me as their token nonliberal.

Just in the last few years my career has finally come together. In late 1989 I founded a money management boutique called Numeric Investors. We use whiz-bang quantitative techniques developed by yours truly and my partners to aggressively manage portfolios of U.S. equities. Our investment returns rank at the very top of our industry, so our business has grown very nicely. I would like to believe that we have a reputation among money managers and clients as the preeminent firm in our field. I am astonished to find myself in an income bracket deemed politically incorrect by Bill and Hillary and must now pay much more in taxes. I wish that I had had the courage, insight, and good luck to start this business several years earlier when tax rates were lower.

I enjoy portfolio management for its intellectual challenge and because your skill and your judgment come through in an unmistakable way in your portfolio's returns. Having been fired from almost every other job because of my conspicuous lack of political skills, I find that the hard, cold world of the stock market suits me perfectly. Interestingly, I must credit much of my success to my Yale engineering education. I have a view of the markets and a mathematical framework that have permitted me to see and exploit things not detected by other, conventionally-educated market participants.

After Yale, the Navy, and Harvard Business School, I had a tough time figuring out what I really wanted to do with my career. After stints in management consulting and marketing I spent four years on my farm in southern Vermont, tinkering with my stock selection models and gradually depleting my wife's dowry. Fortunately, she is a talented artist and she produced a modest income, but we lived a very basic lifestyle with much of our food homegrown, while Daddy tinkered on his Apple II.

In summary, our twenty-fifth reunion finds me pleased with my current life from many aspects. Having mismanaged a goodly portion of the last twenty-five years, however, I am especially appreciative that things came together

recently, finally, and at last. I look forward to hearing your story next spring. Be there or be square!

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JEFF WHEELWRIGHT

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If my first book is published in time and does well, I hope to be in New Haven. If not...Best wishes to all.

Artie—Is that you, the gynecologist in San Luis?

RICHARD WHELAN

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Since the mid-1970s I have worked full time as a free-lance writer and curator. For lack of a better term, I call myself a cultural historian. I write mostly about the visual arts of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, with a special emphasis on photography and photojournalism, but I also venture into political history. I've had eight books published and have written hundreds of magazine articles and reviews. I do some guest lecturing, and I'm hoping to get a teaching job somewhere far from New York City in the next couple of years.

My first book, a study of the work of the British sculptor Anthony Caro, grew out of the senior honors thesis that I wrote at Yale in 1969. Hilton Kramer, in the *New York Times*, called my second book, *Double Take: A Comparative Look at Photographs*, "eye-opening and educating." That book, which I intended as an introduction to looking at photographs and as an exploration of the concept of style in photography, juxtaposed photographs of the same or similar subjects by different photographers.

I spent four years researching and writing the first full-scale biography of photojournalist Robert Capa. The review in the *New York Times* called the book "first-rate in every way." The biography was selected by the American Library Association as one of the notable books of 1985. I also edited a book of Capa's photographs. An exhibition based on that book traveled to museums in approximately thirty cities throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, and the People's Republic of China.

Investigating the reasons why Robert Capa chose not to cover the Korean War, I realized that there was no book that utilized the many key documents that had been declassified during the 1970s and 1980s to tell the story of the

political side of the war. I therefore set about writing such a book, which was published in the spring of 1990 under the title *Drawing the Line: the Korean War, 1950-53*. The *New Yorker* called the book “an intellectually sophisticated history in plain language.”

During the period 1989-1992 I have edited, in collaboration with Cornell Capa, two books of photographs—one of them a retrospective of the photographs that Cornell Capa shot during his thirty-year career as a photojournalist, the other a collection of Robert Capa’s photographs of children. Both books are accompanied by major exhibitions, curated by Cornell Capa and myself.

In the fall of 1991 was published my abridgement of Ralph Waldo Emerson’s essays, for which I wrote an introduction. For this edition I deleted all the turgid and prolix passages that seem to prevent so many people from reading Emerson.

Since 1990 I have been working on a full-scale, life-and-times biography of the great American photographer and champion of modernist art, Alfred Stieglitz. The biography is to be published by Little, Brown & Company early in 1995.

One of the greatest pleasures of my work is that it involves quite a lot of traveling. I have just returned from two weeks in Venice and a month at the Rockefeller Foundation’s villa on Lake Como. Over the past few years work has taken me to Santa Fe, England, Hungary, and Japan. One of the advantages of being a bachelor is the freedom to pull up stakes and take off.

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JOSEPH M. WHITE, 4th

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Still working/playing hard at the computer consulting game—making a real difference in helping to desegregate urban school systems through magnet school programs. Celebrated thirty years of singing with my 100th *Messiah* in Carnegie Hall this past December.

DUDLEY P. WHITNEY

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SIMON N. WHITNEY, JR., M.D.

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I entered Yale a little unsure of what I wanted. I dropped out (before that became fashionable), then reentered, then dropped out again, then was readmitted for a second time, thanks to Martin Griffin, a particularly understanding dean. I finally graduated in 1974, completing my nine-year B.A.

Things got calmer after that. I went to New York University Medical School and then did my specialty training in family practice in Seattle. I've been a family physician in semirural Snohomish, Washington, since 1982.

I married Judy Levison while I was in Seattle. I needed obstetrical consultation for a patient with a difficult labor. Judy was the consultant. We did the cesarean section together, which worked out as well for us as the patient. We were married in 1982. We have two children, Diana, born 1986, and Jordan, born 1990.

I used to enjoy outdoor activities—hiking, tennis, and so forth. With two small children and a busy practice, my hobbies have approached the vanishing point. I have found time for some community activities—I was chair of the medical committee of the local Planned Parenthood affiliate for a while; I've also supervised the fire department's aid crews. But in general our life is pretty domestic, which suits me fine.

My best to you all.

DAVID P. WICKERSHAM

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WILLIAM B. WICKWIRE

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After graduation I spent three informative years at the University of Colorado School of Law in Boulder (a beautiful setting) and had good times with classmates and friends, while obtaining my J.D.: partying, CU football (Go Buffs), and skiing. After law school I decided not to practice law for a few years. I edited law books at West Publishing Company on Long Island, but such was not a career path for me. My father, brother, and I ran The Old Guilford Forge, a retail store and mail order business, for a few years until we sold it. I attempted a crack into the film industry, by trying to raise the financing for a film version

of *The Rebellion of Yale Marratt* by Robert Rimmer.

I finally took the plunge and opened a law practice on Church Street in New Haven. Eventually, I specialized in handling juvenile delinquency matters, first as a defense attorney and then as a prosecutor. Since July of 1979 I have been one of Connecticut's State's Advocates (prosecutors) for juvenile matters in New London and New Haven. I find the work interesting and challenging and hope that I, along with others in the system, am benefiting the juveniles and society.

I am a survivor of Hodgkins Disease. I was treated through Yale-New Haven Hospital and am grateful that I am still in remission.

Since graduating from Yale, the most significant date in my life was March 23, 1978, when I met my wife Jo-Ellen; that date was also the end of "The Mixer King." Jo-Ellen has been and still is a special education teacher. Public service has been a rewarding career path for both of us. Jo-Ellen and I have a wonderful marriage and greatly enjoy the life that we have made for each other. We enjoy good times with friends and family, antiquing, shopping generally, photography, and traveling (including white water rafting in Maine). We plan to have a second home in Vermont. It's been a wonderful twenty-five years since graduation! We are looking forward to Reunion Weekend and sharing good times—past and present.

DR. STEPHEN R. WIENER

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Medical School at Duke, A.B.D. in psychology at University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, psychiatry residency in New York City. Married and divorced in Boston with one son, Adam, fourteen. Happily remarried in Cohasset, south of Boston, with one daughter, Samantha, age five.

Caught in the throes of governmental regulation of my right to practice medicine. Playing tennis slower. Looking more like Bill Clinton now than Phil Donahue, so I feel ten years younger. Trying to deal with the approaching fifties, which I thought were finished before we were teenagers.

Hopeful of having fourth-generation class members in the Classes of 2000 and 2011.

PAUL C. WILKINS, M.D.

P.O. Box 7171, Charlottesville, VA 22906

Work: Founder and Medical Director of a fourteen-person multidisciplinary psychiatric group practice—half administration, half work with patients. Working harder, making less, but much happier than when tried being medical director of a for-profit private psychiatric hospital. Elected a fellow of the American Psychiatric Association.

Family: Married twenty-five years on June 1, 1993 (got married in Dwight Chapel my junior year) to Wenche Larsson Wilkins, who is still a Nor-

wegian citizen. She recently became a travel agent, now that our son (only child) Jon is twelve years old, in sixth grade, and independent. The family's main sport is tennis. Generally take it easy in Charlottesville or travel a lot.

Overall, life's good!

STEVE WILKINSON

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Dear Classmates:

The letter requesting information for the reunion directory was inviting: what a relief to be asked to be frank and to say something about who we are, not just what we have achieved. Cheers to the editors. A line from Calvin Trillin's book *Remembering Denny* moved me to respond. It was a rhetorical question asking if a graduate twelve years our senior "whose own striving was aimed toward, say, the law (thought) the day would come when he'd be asked what his own son did and would answer cheerfully that his son was a chef?" For the past twenty years I have said cheerfully that I am a chef and, for fourteen, the owner of a small French restaurant called *Fine Bouche* in Centerbrook, Connecticut (about thirty-five minutes from Yale). Happily, I've maintained contact with Yale and, due to common francophilic tastes with the ex-Master of Branford College, have been an Associate Fellow there. I became as much of a celebrity in food and wine circles as one can become in Connecticut.

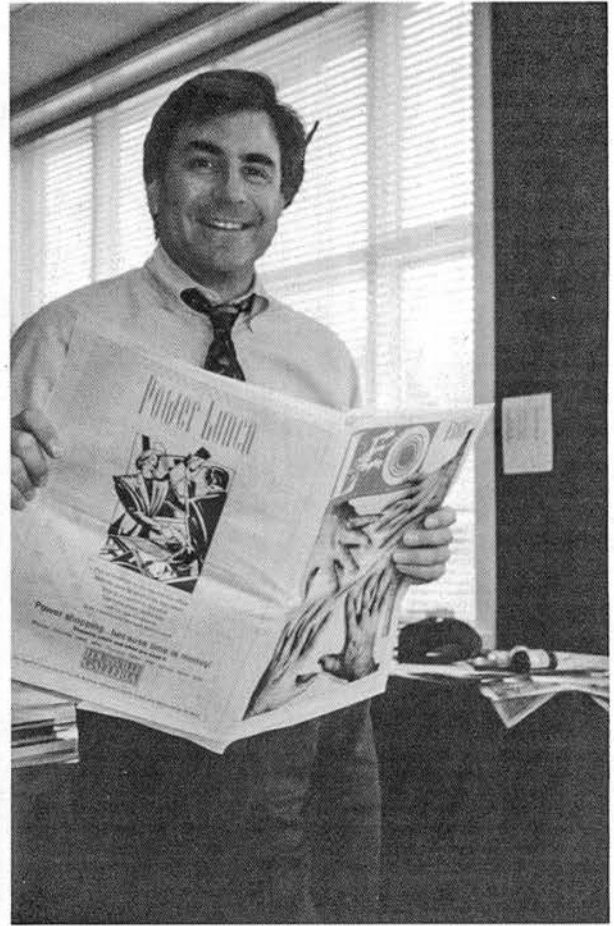
I am just on the verge of recovering from a classic midlife crisis. In 1988 I divorced my wife of fifteen years. She moved to Vermont with our three-year-old, Sarah. In the midst of turmoil I was also trying to fulfill a dream and construct a country inn adjoining my restaurant. The results were disastrous. I now joke that I was one of the leaders in the banking crisis that subsequently crippled our economy. It's nice to look back as a survivor of a "near-death" crash, thankful that I could walk away with some insights that only seem to come through such wrenching experiences.

There is a Japanese management technique called "Kaizen," which roughly means "tearing down to build up." The concept seems an appropriate way to describe my life at this point. Haute cuisine and the world of fine wine are fascinating topics, but they are no longer the "raison d'être." The frenetic pace and numerous pressures of the restaurant business once captivated and drove me; now they seem irrelevant to the simplicity and balance that I seek. I feel the need to reinvent myself and look forward to the reunion and getting to know some others whose lives in some way have also been circular rather than linear. Can we reach back to the sixties and pull out some experience that will guide us in this trip around the wheel?

P.S. Perhaps it's nostalgia, a need for male bonding, or a desire for continuity, but I still drive to New Haven to get my hair cut by Rocky at Phil's on Wall Street.



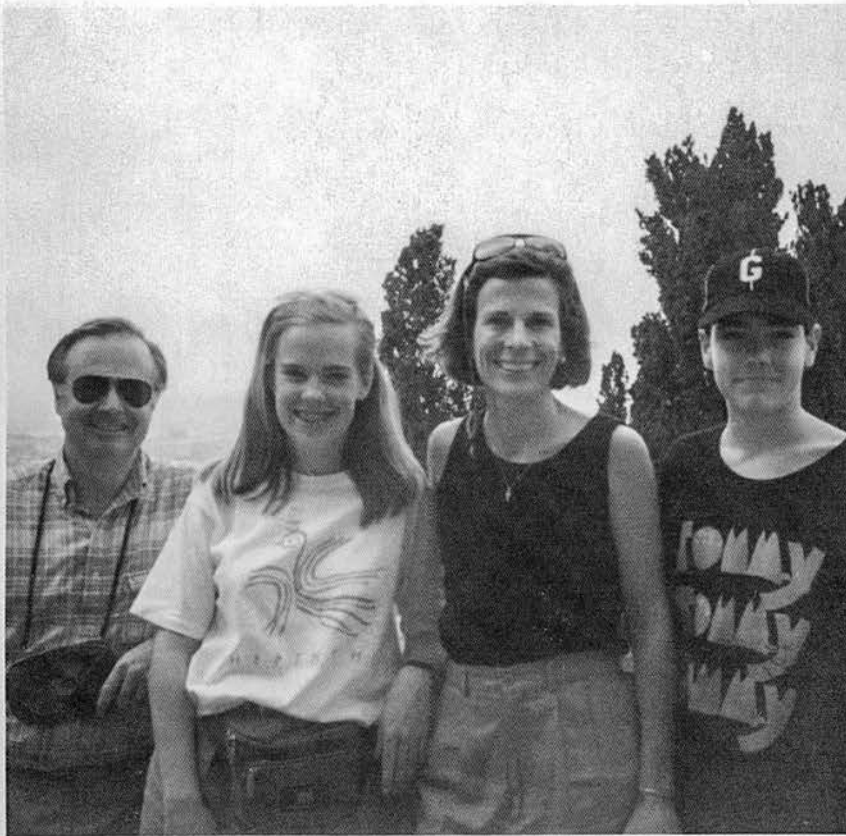
Richard and Maria Williams and daughters



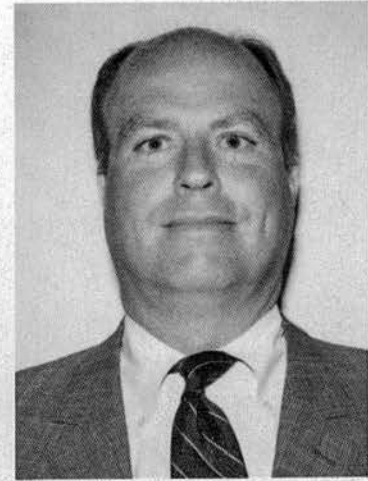
John A. Yarmuth



Alex, Donna, Rich, and Michael Wolf



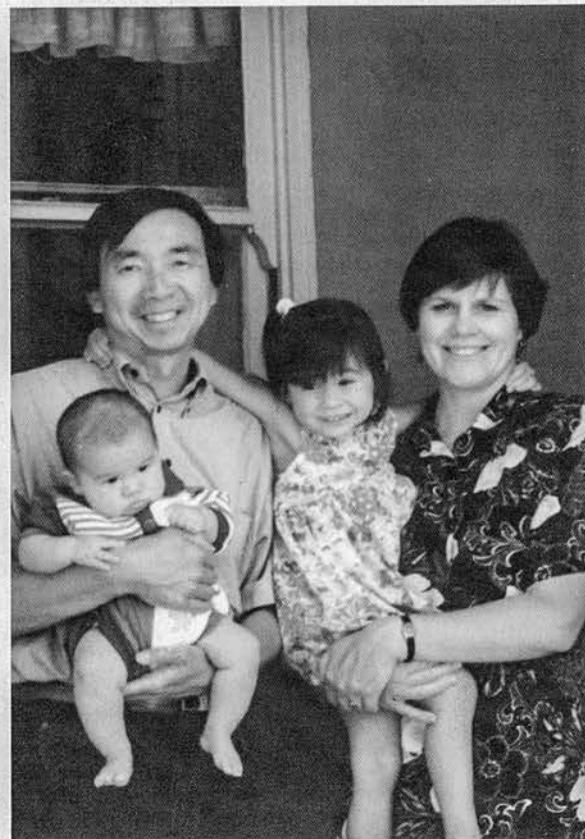
Doug, Pam, Patty, and Ben Woodlock



Robert J. Wittebort, Jr.



Ken and Anne Marie Wolfe



W. Atom Yee and family

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RICHARD A. WILLIAMS, JR.

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After a fair amount of self-analysis, I have recently concluded that much of my life since Yale has been an unconscious effort to recapture the overall experiences of those heady undergraduate years, when I felt fulfilled on so many levels. For most people, I have learned, just the opposite is true: it was only after leaving Yale that they achieved anything like that sense of fulfillment. In my days as a Yale undergraduate I felt on top of my game, so to speak, with just the right mix of ego-reinforcing factors, viz., emotional support from a large group of like-minded friends and acquaintances, recognized success on athletic teams, and encouragement from faculty in my area of specialization. My sense of self was likewise aided by an eclectic group of extracurricular pursuits, such as riding a Harley Davidson, dancing with an exhibition folkdance troupe, and singing with the Yale Russian Chorus. All of this seemed to make the sky the limit, with no fantasy appearing too farfetched or unattainable. As the years have passed, however, life's choices have narrowed, and the very ability to generate fantasies, let alone realize them, has diminished. At forty-five years of age, in fact, I find myself embarrassingly short on tangible accomplishments and long on excuses. Having barely survived Yale Law School, where others in my class like Bill Clinton and Hillary Rodham thrived, I reasoned that I really should have entered the Foreign Service instead. I blamed the death of my first marriage, begun so jubilantly at Battell Chapel in 1969, on youthful indiscretion. Similarly, my career as a Wall Street lawyer wound down in 1978, after five years of masochistic toil in the bowels of Curtis Mallet-Prevost and Davis Polk. I remarried in 1982 and have had a respectable, though undistinguished, career as an international corporate lawyer specializing in Latin America and Asia, first working for PepsiCo in New York, and now for Chiquita Brands in Cincinnati. My true sense of fulfillment these days has derived from the relationship I have with my wife, Maria, whom I met in San Juan, Puerto Rico, and with my daughters, Christina (eight) and Daniela (six). Having said that, however, remembrance of life at Yale even now continues to beckon on a subliminal level, and that beckoning has prompted me to respond in odd, vestigial ways. Consider, for example, the compulsion towards daily workouts. Even though I no longer compete on athletic teams, and the Payne Whitney gym has faded far from view, I continue to huff and puff my way through exercises from Sydney to Shanghai. Consider, also, that I have faithfully practiced my *Vniz po Matushke* and *Kalinka* solos in the flattering confines of the shower for years, even though my singing career with the Russian Chorus ended in the early 1970s. Only the reality testing of an occasional alumni concert and my six-year-old's tendency to cover her ears have convinced me that I have not quite perfected my technique. The same thing is true of foreign language learning. My stodgy old Volvo station wagon has become a sort of sur-

rogate language lab, its seats strewn with Chinese and Japanese language tapes, where I continue to strain for the most authentic pronunciation possible. Fortunately, I usually travel alone. When it comes to satisfying the folkdancing urge, however, I have learned that there are fewer, and less solitary, means available. The children have giggled more than once at daddy's earnest attempts to remember long-forgotten dance steps to intricate Bulgarian rhythms. In a way, I suspect these and other atavistic tendencies may underscore my failure to grow emotionally beyond my Yale years. On the other hand, viewed from another perspective, they function as a kind of continuing validation and reinforcement of the entire experience. To preserve sanity and self-esteem, I prefer to think of them as the latter.

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SCOTT WILLIAMS

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What's to say? Twenty-five years has gone by in a flash! What is both startling and satisfying is that so many memories of roommates, friends, classes, papers, exams, road trips, and the rest remain so perfectly clear.

In any case, I have been very fortunate over these past years. I have been very happily married to an intelligent and beautiful woman for twenty-one years. We have two boys who have been a real handful, but have always been a joy to watch and help grow up. Finally, in this period of very difficult change, I have held a number of overseas assignments with Citibank, which have been challenging and which have allowed all of us to see much of the world. This is really exactly what I wanted to do.

While there have been some regrets, misfortunes, and unhappiness, these problems all seem few and minor. It is with some wonder and with pleasure that I can look back over these years, and answer my question above by saying: "It has been worth it all!"

JOHN W. WILLINGHAM

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WAYNE G. WILLIS

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I had a great time exploring through Yale: starting in the natural sciences, migrating to the social sciences, searching for roots in philosophy, all the while

building practical understandings in economics and administrative sciences. That journey, coupled with our times, made exciting the explosion of my creativity, intellect, possibility, maturity, and care. It gave me complete confidence in myself and my world; you can't ask for more than that from an education.

Separating this discussion into "work" and "women" seems natural after four years of Yale, what with a week dedicated to school and a weekend not. So, that's what I'm going to do:

As for work, I see a world still wanting me (although I can now imagine a time when it won't), and I still view work as a smorgasbord—with me standing now in front of the entrees. Early experiences were great fun and learning-full (because, perhaps, at Yale I learned to learn and not rely on being taught). I remember great summer jobs as carpenter, McDonnell-Douglas engineering procedures writer, student in London, Mayan visitor, and Yale purchasing analyst. Fall '69 brought a two-month stint in Naval OCS (accepting an early-out program announced by Nixon's "Let's Vietnamize the war and cut back U.S. forces"), followed by three years as a New Haven patrolman and detective (through the Bobby Seale trial and MayDay and the Panthers). The years 1972-75 were spent in Yale Graduate School (M.A.) and Yale Law School (J.D.); then I was off to a traditional, legal career path: clerking for a federal appeals judge in Oregon and being a BYM (bright young man) in a prestigious California law firm. That lasted for a year, when a law school classmate and I cofounded Hyatt Legal Services. The next thirteen years (whew!) was Hard Work, growing that company to two hundred offices and \$100 million in revenues. I sold my interest in 1990 and invested in, and now run, Voice-Tel, a voice messaging service provider. More Hard Work. I must enjoy it.

Despite the gray hair, the middle-aged bulge, and the sluggishness around the base paths, I still think of myself as young, and I see the work world as wonderfully exotic and challenging. The next ten years will be my best. I dream of building and exiting Voice-Tel and of climbing yet another mountain, perhaps in government or academia, sometime in my fifties. I cannot fathom retiring.

On the other side of life, involvement with "women" has grown into commitments to "family," and I get my greatest joy as a family man. Some wise person once said, "On the deathbed nobody ever wished they spent more time at the office." True. I have a wonderful wife, Debi, whom I deeply love and respect. Just listing her virtues would fill this book. Trust me.

At age twenty-four I married Stephanie Kittredge, but that marriage only lasted eight years. Being divorced in my early thirties was the most painful part of my entire life, especially being separated from my two children, Caleb and Molly. Although remembering that time still saddens me, I count my blessings; one's life can be considered blessed if that's the worst that ever happens.

Much pride and joy comes from my three kids: Caleb, who's a sophomore at Vanderbilt—a solid young man, gifted and strong; Molly, who will enter college in the fall—a talented woman, smart, pretty and zestful; and Tyler, age seven, a first-grader who has the world completely figured out! I love them all more than I can write, and happily, we are one big family, including "extended" and "non-nuclear" members, who are always welcome.

My innate optimism is undaunted, albeit challenged by the acceleration of AIDS and the destruction of critical elements of the ecosystem. I believe tech-

nology, especially telecommunications technology, will soon “turn the corner” on resource usage and waste, especially physical (not biological) resources. I am very happy being in the telecom industry. I am relying on my medical classmates to figure out AIDS and on my humanist classmates to advance our understanding of ethics and relationships so that the someone I help you reach out and touch will touch you back in a full and rewarding way.

So, there you go. Stardate 1994. Captain’s log entry at midpoint. Helluva trip so far. More to come.

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I am Professor of Medicine and Clinical Director of the Bone Marrow Transplant Program at Emory University School of Medicine.

I have a lovely wife and four wonderful children aged two to eighteen.
We love to hike and camp.

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In the first semester of freshman year some of us took a sociology course with a charming young sociologist whose name escaped me long ago. We studied Sigmund Freud, among others. And in one of the early lectures of September or October, the prof summarized Freud's professional and social position and prospects when he was in his early forties—he'd been rejected from a full-time university position, had some tenuous part-time academic connection, was generally dismissed by his peers and colleagues. As the prof summed it up, "He was going through an identity crisis." And we laughed, because we certainly knew about that, Yale was a good place for identity crises. But we were delighted that a big-league guy like Freud might have been doing this as a grown-up person. It was reassuring, encouraging, empowering, though maybe a little bit scary.

Well, some of us embarked on our identity crises with a vengeance. My second wife called us "the wrong Yalies"—the kind she kept meeting—classics scholars from godfather neighborhoods, genius homosexual composers, short-wave radio fanatics, tripped-out lovers of the arts. We sang "We are poor little lambs who have lost our way" and "Hey Mister Tambourine Man" at freshman commons and worked on our lifestyles.

Tim Leary and Leonard Cohen and the Velvet Underground in the sixties, David Bowie and Lou Reed and conceptual Balinese rock and roll in the seventies, lying low, co-opted or dead in the eighties. Well, the laugh from here is a little different—irony the main ingredient, with dashes of bitterness, regret, nostalgia, and empathy for flavor. Twenty-five years of identity crisis, with periods of temporary stabilization as we latched on to jobs, professions, friends, girlfriends, wives, children, projects...and hung on to some of them, let go of others. Still friends with most.

Important people? A kid with tattoos, Uncle Mo running afoul of the law in Paris and New York, three wives, Israeli filmmakers, underground filmmakers, poets, musicians, painters, flamenco dancers, two children. Activities? Making art films and documentaries, ghostwriting, teaching, surfing the Internet, flamenco guitar, trying to make a dollar. What does it all add up to? Well, my ten-year-old daughter says she thinks about death every night at about nine o'clock, and about why everything exists, and about what nothingness is like. But she still loves to sing, and dance, and make up stories. That seems like the right approach.

Those of us still alive don't know if we've mellowed, or just learned to pick our fights more carefully. In any case, happy to shake hands with anyone

else who's made it this far. Greetings to the wrong Yalies and the right ones too—the fat lady hasn't sung yet.

ROBERT J. WITTEBORT, JR.

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Remembering Yale: Because I'm a relatively closed, structured person, I start by remembering buildings: mortar, flagstones, crenellations, Gothic excrescences, out-of-proportion Georgianics, things that will be warm and steady in memory, things which will greet me should I happen to arrive for the fiftieth reunion; things I grew to know well through the New Haven winters; things I invested with my growing consciousness of beauty and history, and which consequently bear the burden of my educational ecstasies and epiphanies; things, like the buildings between the hospital and the campus, which represented The World as I traversed the gulf between my room and my job; the first building—Street Hall—and the moment in which I saw it...and gradually, subtly, inevitably, surprisingly, the thoughts edge over to the people inside the buildings, a major shift from mortar to evanescent flesh, to moments long gone but so well remembered, to others, *others*—my greatest adolescent fear, those I once avoided—others conquer the memory and dominate the meditation. There was a process there, in which I shed shyness and found a voice; a process of procession, of moving from the comfortable, solitary contemplation of unresponsive bricks to the giddy, electric, unpredictable connections with others which Yale somehow made necessary, inevitable. A rich, painful process full of apprehension and promise, life's first great change. And in embracing my classmates and teachers I first found the ambit of my own arms.

RICHARD B. WOLF

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After graduating from Yale I planned to join the Peace Corps and save the world, but I married a special education teacher from Southern Connecticut and saved myself instead. We honeymooned on the Alcan Highway in a VW bus en route to teaching jobs near Fairbanks. Because teaching eighth graders was too much like lion taming, I convinced my wife to return to the lower forty-eight one year later, so I could study English literature at the University of Chicago.

While I was completing my Ph.D., I was offered a one-year instructorship at Mississippi State University. Knowing all there was to know about the South (from the movies), I nearly refused. We have lived in Starkville, Mississippi, ever since. Thanks to the weak job market in English in the seventies, my department is well stocked with people from places like Yale and Chicago. And thanks to Mississippians' sense of place (and reluctance to pay private college tuition), I teach a surprisingly large number of good students.

My wife teaches a preschool special education class, the source of much anecdotal evidence that Faulkner and Welty are more realistic writers than many critics believe. Our older son, a student at Mississippi's high school for math and science, is probably headed for a career in engineering or the sciences. The future of our younger son, an actor-writer-tuba player, is wholly unpredictable. The only thing these two share is an instinct for knocking down people on the soccer field.

For the past few years I've spent some of my spare time exploring the history of music, art, and dance. I've also begun dabbling in writing for children. Certainly my experience at Yale—in and out of the classroom—has been important in refining my awareness of these and other options. Although I'm glad on the whole to be past the follies and uncertainties of those years, I look back on them with a good deal more affection than embarrassment.

F. KENNETH WOLFE III

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After graduation and a stint in the Army, I came to New York, where I have lived all but two years since. I spent those two years in London, where I had the good fortune to meet my wife Anne Marie, who jokes that she is one of the English antiques that I brought back to New York.

My career has mainly been with direct marketing companies. I worked at Avon Products for fourteen years and for the last five years have been with a private company in the direct mail catalog business. Over the years I have worked with companies in Latin America, Europe, and the Far East. One of the real pleasures of my career has been getting to know the different peoples in these parts of the world.

I have stayed interested in Yale activities since graduation. I have been involved in fund-raising for our class and as a member of the Alumni Fund Board. At different times I have been active in the Yale Clubs of New York and London. I have found these continuing Yale associations enjoyable and stimulating.

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I drifted out of New Haven at the beginning of the summer of 1969 more or less as I had drifted through Yale College during the previous four years: searching for a good vantage point from which to observe—and perhaps modestly to influence—the pageant of life. Those four years had provided, through an open textured liberal arts education gained in the company of diverse classmates and faculty, a sense of how broad the available horizons were. The end of the summer brought a permanent compass for my drift, when I married Patty Powers, who had been throughout college and remains today the still point in my turning world. The following quarter century has largely been a process of working out the details.

We first went to Chicago, where Patty entered the University's Graduate School of Business that fall and I began plying the one practical trade I apprenticed for at Yale by working as a reporter for the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Chicago was an exceptional newspaper town in those days with four major dailies competing directly through extended press runs by which the two morning papers and the two afternoon papers all went head-to-head each day in the a.m. and p.m. rush hours with their respective first and final editions. The city itself was a great groaning smorgasbord of reporter delights. In particular, the steaming scraps of controversy left on the shores of Lake Michigan after the previous summer's Democratic National Convention—most dramatically laid out in the Chicago Seven trial that fall and the following winter in the Federal District Court—remained a vivid presence. The first Mayor Richard Daley still stood astride the city as a political colossus, incidentally elevating the newspaper reporter's sense of self-worth by periodically inveighing against what he called the media's "insinuendos." The ethos of the place was captured by one of my colleagues who described Chicago as "a city without foreplay" where politicians, businessmen, dissidents, journalists, scoundrels and saints skipped preliminaries to get down directly to their interest of the moment.

The newspaper business is a superb place to begin one's work life because it affords a ringside seat to significant events even before you've earned the right to be there. And that was nowhere more evident than in Chicago where no one bothered to obstruct the view with elaborate pretense. The ethos of the business was captured by one Chicago newspaper publisher who said the role of the newspaper is "to raise hell and tell the truth." In a competitive newspaper town the tendency is to emphasize the former at the expense of the latter. For my part, I covered schools and crime and cops and elections and courts and spent a term reporting on the Illinois General Assembly in Springfield before we moved to Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1971, when Patty graduated and went to work with the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System and I began reporting from the Washington Bureau of the *Sun-Times*.

My principal beat was the Supreme Court, and coincidentally I enrolled in the evening division of the Georgetown Law Center to develop some expertise in the area I was covering. It was a transitional time for the Court; my first stories dealt with the nominations of Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist and with the redirection their appointments brought to the course of the law. In very short order I was struck by the comparative superficiality of my writing about legal happenings as a journalist and by the intriguing opportunity to dig deeper through an intensive study of the law, in order, as Justice Holmes wrote, "to connect your subject with the universe and catch an echo of the infinite, a glimpse of its unfathomable process, a hint of the universal law." Moreover, I began to see that the law practiced well held out the prospect to deal directly with and shape—rather than merely observe—the vagaries of the human condition. In short, I was seduced by the jealous mistress of the law and halfway through law school left journalism to join the staff of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Working full time and attending law school on one's off hours has a way of clarifying the mind. The most senior of my current colleagues, Bailey Aldrich, periodically criticizes "lawyers with an instinct for the capillaries"; getting through law school while holding down steady employment didn't permit me anything but the cultivation of jugular instincts. The way in which I obtained my basic legal education in Washington both in school and at work provided an ideal balance between theoretical framework and practical application. Georgetown had a large student body—many of whose members themselves also held demanding regular jobs in government and its ancillary activities while pursuing their legal education. It also had a broadly based faculty of full-time professors and practicing adjuncts drawn to a city whose reason for being is the law in various of its incarnations. It was the perfect institution to channel my drift into the legal profession.

Over the four years we spent in Washington, however, it became increasingly clear to Patty and me that, despite the city's many enticements and charms, we had no interest in settling there. Washington is a company town in which privacy is hard to achieve because one's relation to and status in the company's activities is readily calculated and calibrated even by comparative strangers. As fascinated as we were with what the *Washington Post* found fit to print each morning, we felt that there was more to the life that we aspired to live than what was framed by Washington's daily chroniclers. We wanted the same city

scale and similar civic vibrancy and sophistication but a richer and more multidimensional setting in which to raise a family. We chose Boston, where Patty transferred to the Federal Reserve Bank and I have been involved with the law ever since.

In moving to Boston I had accepted a clerkship with Judge Frank J. Murray, of the United States District Court for the District of Massachusetts, and completed the transition from avid observer of court activity to engaged participant. The year with Judge Murray, who had been a trial judge for thirty years when I joined him and is still at eighty-nine my colleague on the District Court bench, confirmed the view of the federal judge's job I had developed while covering courts as a reporter. To paraphrase an observation made by Chief Justice William Howard Taft at the end of a long and varied career, the work of a federal trial judge subjects a person's character, courage and resourcefulness to a daily test against a variety of tasks without equal in public life. The application of probity and independence which I observed Judge Murray bring to the job that year provides my own bench mark for professional aspiration.

Patty and I bought a house in Hamilton, Massachusetts, about twenty-five miles north of Boston, and just as I completed my year with Judge Murray and began the actual practice of law with Goodwin, Procter & Hoar in October 1976, our first child, Pamela, was born. We settled into the life of an effectively exurban nuclear family with a home sufficiently far from the city to have rural qualities and a sense that our hearth—and not the city's business district—was the center of gravity. We could, for example, cross-country ski out the back door on nearby agricultural and conservation land; my most vivid memory of Pam's first year is her laughter when she and I took a spill in the snow while I was cross-country skiing and she was along for the ride in a Snugli lashed to my chest. It was an early example in a continuing pattern of my clumsy protectiveness in an effort to bring us together in activities and of her—and later, her brother's similar—bemusement at the results of my efforts. From a domestic perspective, I found that my postcollegiate drift had reached a satisfying destination.

My sense of where satisfactions could be found in work, however, had sharpened, and the traditional business of a large law firm in Boston did not provide the richness that I was looking for from a vocational perspective. The firm was just beginning the exponential growth experienced by successful law firms in cities throughout the country during the seventies and eighties. The attendant economic incentives did not provide encouragement for a full-blooded trial—as opposed to a relatively less sanguine litigation—practice. I sought public service outlets for my interests by taking on responsibility in town affairs, serving as Chairman of the Zoning Board of Appeals, and I worked as a Special Boston City Corporation Counsel assisting in representing the Boston School Committee in finding responsible ways to comply with the remedial phases of the Boston School Desegregation Case. But when the opportunity for appointment as an Assistant United States Attorney in the criminal division of the office came my way, I jumped at it.

The great model of the American/lawyer/public servant, Henry L. Stimson, said the most fulfilling job he had ever held was that of United States Attorney. The mixture of public purpose and advocacy challenge brings consequent professional satisfaction difficult to duplicate in any other position in the

practice of law. I found myself in a real full-blooded trial practice involving cases of significance and interest shared and supported by a collection of talented and committed colleagues. I worked in the public corruption area principally, although the chance to try any kind of case would frequently draw me into narcotics prosecutions. The importance of the mission and my fascination with the skills demanded—particularly actual trial skills—combined to reinforce a tendency I have developed toward long hours at work.

The ability to work those hours is in large part the consequence of a satisfying and supportive family life. That aspect of my life was further enriched when our second and youngest child, Benjamin, was born shortly after I joined the U.S. Attorney's Office in 1979. We moved that year a bit farther north of Boston, to Ipswich, where we continue to live in a rambling shingle-style house on the Ipswich River about a mile upstream from the ocean. Two years after Ben was born, Patty, who had been working part time since Pam's birth, made the decision to leave the Federal Reserve and the workplace in order to devote her time to our children and home and to community and church activities.

After four years in the U.S. Attorney's Office, I returned to Goodwin, Procter & Hoar in 1983. Although I had managed to skip the most tedious years of law firm associatedom, the withdrawal from public service and reentry into private practice took a psychological toll. Moreover, it became increasingly clear that litigation practice in a large firm, even for a partner with substantial trial experience, would provide me with insufficient time in court unless I took extraordinary measures. Fortunately, my civil practice was varied, dealing with a range of securities fraud, first amendment, land use planning and trade regulation matters, but it was on the criminal side that I was able to enhance my trial work. When the state legislature reorganized the public defender structure of the state courts in 1984, the justices of the state supreme court appointed me to the oversight body, the Committee for Public Counsel Services, and my committee colleagues in turn elected me the first chairman. The work was as meaningful as any a lawyer could perform because it presented the challenge of arranging for the profession to provide the highest quality legal counsel available in the Massachusetts state courts without respect to a criminal defendant's financial circumstances and, thereby, to assure that the Constitutional promise of due process was fulfilled. In addition to that role in overseeing the public defender program, I took on specific case assignments, bringing the resources of a large law firm to bear in the defense of several indigent persons accused of serious crime, including murder.

I assumed without a significant sense of personal dissatisfaction that the remainder of my work life would involve carving out a comfortable, if somewhat unusual, niche for myself at the firm, insuring adequate support for *pro bono* activities and the range of work I enjoyed doing. Nevertheless, I had substantial reservations about the quality of life in the large law firm setting. The economic structure militates against a full range of clients or issues; only those clients and interests with substantial resources—and the very lucky few whose special needs capture the attention of a firm lawyer concerned with *pro bono* work—are likely to be able to secure representation from large firms. Moreover, the large and growing firm size which successful law offices inevitably seem to assume impedes a truly collegial setting for the practice of law. The imperatives of efficient divi-

sion of labor increasingly distance members of the partner caste not only from each other but from the hands-on research, writing, and fact-development tasks that I especially enjoyed.

My personal concerns about the actual practice of law in a large firm effectively became moot in 1986, however, when I was appointed a judge of the United States District Court for the District of Massachusetts. Explaining how such an appointment comes about tends to involve the recounting of intricate and idiosyncratic detail barely of interest even to one's family. It is sufficient for present purposes to say that the stars seemed to be in alignment for me when a vacancy arose and, despite a singular lack of partisan political involvement at any time in my career, I emerged as the nominee without any particular controversy.

I now cannot imagine being interested in any other job and am certain that I will spend the rest of my work days as a trial judge. It satisfies the interests that drew me into journalism; as I told a former newspaper colleague, "I used to spend time looking for stories, now people bring their stories to me." It keeps me in the trial courtroom, the one work place I have found endlessly interesting. It challenges my intellectual capacities and engages my interests with its demands for personal research, and writing and for fact-finding and careful synthetic reasoning. It provides the opportunity in diverse cases to crystallize the moral sentiments of the community.

Life tenure as a judge provides an extraordinary degree of independence, but it carries a correlative obligation. The opportunities for largely imperceptible but no less pervasive arbitrariness or for undetected indolent superficiality are manifold. Only continual self-examination and an abiding sense of disciplined duty to leave everyone who appears before you with the sense—and to satisfy yourself—that you have given full and fair consideration to what they have to say can prevent abuse of the judicial office.

Justice Souter, in his Supreme Court confirmation hearing testimony, put his finger on the critical issue as a matter of substance when talking about the important lessons he had learned as a trial judge: "if we are going to be trial judges, whose rulings will affect the lives of other people and who are going to change their lives by what we do, we had better use every power of our mind and our hearts and our beings to get those rulings right." That is not because what a judge does is always or even frequently earth-shattering but because it affects those touched by the judgment profoundly. In that sense, the apparent fairness of the process and the demeanor of the judge may be even more important than the substance of the judgment. Curtis Bok made the point with great passion:

The secret of a judge's work is that ninety-nine percent of it is with trivial matters, and that none of them will shake the cosmos very much. But they are apt to shake the litigants gravely...for government touches them more perceptibly in the courtroom than at any other point in their lives...Show me an impatient judge and I will call him a public nuisance to his face. Let him be quick if he must be, but not unconcerned, ever. Worse than judicial error is it to mishandle impatiently the small affairs of momentarily helpless people, and judges should be impeached for it.

In attempting daily to meet the challenge of patiently providing fully informed, carefully considered, dispassionate but concerned resolution of the conflicts brought my way, I have come to feel painfully how demanding the tests of character, courage and resourcefulness Taft identified are for the trial judge.

My traditional judicial work has brought an unanticipated additional avocation: architecture. The explosive growth in the business of the federal—and for that matter state—courts in the last quarter century has generated a need for new court buildings. Intensive work on a project for a new Boston federal courthouse has become a very substantial part of my responsibilities and fills a very large portion of my work week. I have also assumed duties in this area through membership on one of the committees of the Judicial Conference of the United States. I have spent a certain amount of time as well traveling around the country to conferences and meetings trying to convince those with responsibility for planning and designing the large numbers of new courthouses that must be built throughout the country over the next twenty years that these buildings have great promise to enrich—or alternatively, if poorly done, to devalue—our public realm. Perhaps more than any other public building, a courthouse must embody our most important civic aspirations and be designed and crafted with the highest architectural intentions. Watching the architectural profession rise to this occasion has ignited areas of intellectual interest for me that lectures by Vincent Scully had kindled but which had been neglected as my work life took different directions. Quite apart from a revived intellectual interest in our built environment, however, I feel a visceral passion about the courthouse as a building type; it is, after all, the place to which I have continuously and now permanently returned as my vantage point from which to watch the pageant of life.

A career on the bench is nevertheless isolating. I have found it necessary to avoid certain social relationships and business and civic activities because of the professional constraints under which I work. As a consequence, family life, long hours attempting to meet the challenges of my job, the enjoyment of extracurricular reading and relationships with judicial colleagues, law clerks and friends—particularly those from Yale—who have no particular relation to or professional interest in my work, have taken on a greater importance. Frankly, however, that is a setting of priorities I would find congenial in any event.

Yet, although the shape of my future work life now has what I believe are definite, if restricted, contours, I recognize that my family life in particular is rapidly maturing and about to change dramatically. Fortunately, both my parents are alive and lively—as are Patty's. And fortunately, our children have had the chance to know all their grandparents well. Yet, they are in their seventies and eighties. And Pam is now a senior in high school and Ben is entering eighth grade. The past several summers Patty, Pam, Ben and I have travelled extensively together *en famille*, as our parents had with us when we were in school; in our case, it has been to various parts of Europe on a program I have devised to discharge a self-imposed responsibility to introduce the children to what I call, to the rolling of their eyes, “the wellsprings of Western Civilization.” I think—I'm not sure they agree—we have several more trips to take together before we have touched the major points of my program. Soon, far too soon, however, our children will necessarily be drifting off in their own directions. My hope is that they

will also have the good fortune I have experienced to travel with an educated sense of broad horizons, favorable winds, and a steady and loving companion to help navigate the way.

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Finished college at University of California Berkeley, during "People's Park," traveled in Europe for one-and-a-half years, and then went to graduate school in neurosciences at University of California, San Diego, with Professor (who transferred from Yale) Bob Galambos. Now back in Berkeley, doing research in cognitive neuroscience at a hospital near San Francisco. Adjunct Professor of Neurology, University of California, Davis. Also run clinical EEG laboratories in the East Bay. Married to Michele Scapula, from Ajaccio, Corsica, and Paris. Hopelessly Francophile. One daughter, Vanessa.

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After graduation I returned to Oklahoma to attend law school and have been practicing law in my hometown for the past fifteen years. I am happily married to a local girl and have two bright, beautiful daughters, ages twelve and

eight. We've been through boom and bust here in the Anadarko Basin of Western Oklahoma (remember Penn Square Bank?) and somehow have survived, although I'm still trying to chew up and swallow some of what I bit off ten years ago. I have a wonderful family, rewarding work, fond memories of Mother Yale and my friends there, a good old pointer, an almost new Browning shotgun and access to thousands of acres of the best quail hunting in the world. What more is there?

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Married; one child (son, six years old). Have been working for the same company since 1975. I've lived in London (1978-80) and am now moving out to Hong Kong to develop Bank of Boston's China strategy. Although I have been living in the States most of my life, I am Chinese and was born in Mainland China and therefore am very excited about living in Asia—returning to my ethnic roots so to speak. I am sad to be growing older. Staying in shape gets tougher and tougher and the knees aren't helping. However, I am very positive about life in general and marvel at the changes in the last decade. Children growing up today have a wonderful time and a tremendous future.

JOHN A. YARMUTH

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My moon is in Leo, as is my heart. LEO is the *Louisville Eccentric Observer*, the weekly, alternative newspaper which I founded in 1990 and which I edit. It currently is the third largest (circulation-wise) general audience publication in Kentucky. We've won awards from the Society of Professional Journalists—I've won for column writing and editorials—and the Writers Foundation of America.

My heart is also still on the golf course; I'm on the *Golf Digest* national course rating panel, and The Yale Golf Course is still in my Top 10. I look forward to defending my victory in our twentieth reunion tournament. I still regret there were no women to enliven our Yale experience, but no more than I did our sorry performance in last year's Princeton game. It was my son's first exposure to Bulldog football, which he deemed more like "Poodle-ball." Don't worry, though, he'll never be a Tiger. One dream I maintain is coming back to Yale as an undergraduate and finally taking advantage of all the resources I ignored twenty-five years ago. That would be the perfect way to retire—in maybe another twenty-five years.

Meanwhile back at the ranch, Cathy (my wife of eleven years going on twelve) and Aaron (ten years old in October 1993) are doing fine in Derby city (I've been to twenty-nine straight as of press time), with two dogs, two cats, and one python named Puzzle (sorry Noah).

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You don't have to be crazy to stand on the subway platform at 42d Street in Times Square, New York City, at 10:00 p.m. on a Friday night, waiting for an E train to go home from work—but it helps. As I jot these notes, a group of smartly attired and obviously merry theatergoers (middle-aged as I am, I note with some hesitation) is descending to the platform from a stairway on my right. A scruffy looking, pungent and possibly homeless individual on my left is attempting to extract small change from a leather-jacketed, mini-skirted young woman so engrossed in her Walkman (earphones visible beneath a baseball cap worn backwards) that she is oblivious to him. Behind me, a group of Transit Authority workers are scrubbing down the platform with soap suds, brooms, hoses, and loud bantering. If I care to look straight ahead, there are some dismayingly large and fearless Norway rats cavorting on the trash-filled tracks. If I don't care to look, I can review my itinerary for a business trip that will take me thousands of miles from these tracks in a few days.

I don't know if this tableau vivant accurately sums up the years between graduating from Yale as a member of the Class of 1969 and being part of the U.S. work force in 1993, the eve of our Twenty-fifth Reunion. It certainly reminds me of the delicate balance that has persisted in the world I've known since graduation. On the one hand, I've enjoyed interesting and rewarding work as an architect, real estate marketer, and journalist, for which I have been compensated by a decent way of life blessed with a lovely family, including wife, son and daughter, and good friends. On the other hand, I can't help seeing poverty, misery, and social disorder gnawing away at my fellow citizens and ultimately everything else I hold dear.

What to do? I wish I knew. However, giving in to despair can't be the answer. Clinging to a faith in humanity, abstract, idealistic and difficult as this

may be, at least forces us to reason. Can we, the citizens of perhaps the most fortunate nation on earth, discover ways to help the less fortunate to help themselves here and abroad? Can we, keeper of the mightiest global armed forces, invent effective ways for humanity to coexist peacefully? Can we, chief consumer of the world's resources, devise better strategies to live generously yet peacefully with our precious planet? For giving me the confidence, again and again, to keep asking questions like this, thank you Yale—the faculty, fellow students, and staff who made the search for truth an honorable if not always conclusive endeavor.

Not knowing where the majority of my classmates find themselves today, I can only wish you all well. If you wish to communicate your views on where the world is going as you see it, I can currently be reached as the editor of a professional journal for architects, where I try to encourage my colleagues to find their greatest inspiration among the individuals, communities and societies they serve.

W. ATOM YEE

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I teach chemistry at Santa Clara University. My wife Amy, a lawyer, and I have two darling little ones: Abigail and David, now three-and-a-half years old and three months old, respectively.

After college graduation I went to chemistry graduate school in California and hoped to persuade my local draft board in New Mexico that such activity deserved a deferment. Alas, they didn't see it my way, and then I got the unlucky number "62" in the great lottery of 1969. A letter from The President came the following spring.

Aha! Good thing I went to Sunday School as a kid growing up in Albuquerque. Good thing, too, that the president of the local draft board in Albuquerque went to the same church. I believe I received one of the few Conscientious Objector classifications in the state of New Mexico based on strict religious training and belief (this all happened before the 1970 U.S. Supreme Court decision).

My two years of Alternate Civilian Service were spent in Boston at Tufts/New England Medical Center in a biochemistry lab. It was a good experience for me to get away from school and provided countless opportunities for personal growth. I'm a believer in things turning out for the better.

So I went back to California and started graduate school over again in 1972. The next ten years seem like a blur to me now. I remember many, many days on the tennis courts and many, many nights working in the chemistry lab. My first real job started in 1977 at the State University of New York, College at Purchase. Innovative education in upscale Westchester County. It was a good time to be in this business, and for two years I thought I was in heaven. Then the State of New York had some financial problems, and the rest of the story is not happy. I returned to California for a change of scene, resigned my faculty position in New York, and got this job at Santa Clara.

Amy and I met in the fall of 1982. I am unbelievably fortunate to have

met and married her. From the moment she explained to me that judges decide issues of law and juries decide issues of fact, I knew we would get along real well. We did a lot together before the kids came. Now we don't get around so much anymore. That's okay. We are very happy to be who we are and where we are.

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The years since graduation have focused around an always challenging, sometimes harrying, commitment to architecture, urban design and teaching. I have been fortunate to have collaborated intensively for the last seventeen years with my partners in the firm of Moore Ruble Yudell Architects and Planners. We've had the opportunity to work on a broad range of challenges from residential to educational, cultural, mixed-use commercial, and urban design projects.

In recent years we've worked increasingly on projects of the scale of campus planning and urban design. Work in Europe and Asia has allowed us to explore the issues of subsidized social housing as it relates to urban planning. The opportunity to grapple with the overlapping cultural, social, economic, political and environmental issues has been fascinating. Throughout the years, we've taken much pleasure in collaborating to create places that celebrate dwelling in a complex culture and world. Last year, the firm was named "Firm of the Year" by the California Council of American Institute of Architects.

Teaching has been a parallel path since graduation from the Yale School of Architecture in 1972. From 1972 to 1976 I had the delight of teaching at Yale with Charles Moore and Kent Bloomer. Since moving to Los Angeles in 1976 I have taught at University of California at Los Angeles School of Architecture and Urban Planning, where I am currently an Adjunct Professor. Much of the commitment I have for architecture can be traced to the example and inspiration of some of the great teachers at Yale, from Vincent Scully's passionate concern for humanism and urbanism to Charles Moore and Kent Bloomer's animated and humane engagement in the world of ideas and the pleasures of habitation.

I have been fortunate that the pleasures of my professional life have been almost seamlessly interwoven with my personal life. My wife, Tina Bebee (Yale M.F.A. Graphic Design), is a designer who has collaborated closely with our office on many projects. She has evolved through several phases of interest from graphic design to current work on color and materials in buildings, and more recently garden design. Her talent and sensitivity in these areas have been critical to the fulfillment of many of our projects.

While the world seems more complex than it did some twenty-five years ago and the challenges facing us as a culture and specifically as architects and urban design professionals feel more daunting every year, we feel fortunate, indeed, to have the opportunity to struggle with these issues. We maintain the hope that the places we make and the cities we help shape as architects contribute to our sense of ourselves as individuals and as a society.

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My wife and I live happily just north of Boston, my home region since 1970. Susan is a nursing director in a large suburban hospital. I, for many years now, have tracked an unusual career in addiction rehabilitation. Most of my work is writing for the field, consulting for and in developing countries through U.N. agencies, and creating recovery materials for addicts and prison inmates. Recently my path has led to scripting and producing videos as tools for rehabilitation and personal growth. Thus I compose and create and pursue even now that which old friends may associate with recollections of fevered young Fred.

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bull tales

IT HAS BEEN MADE VERY CLEAR
TO MIKE "THE MAN" BY HIS FRIENDS
THAT HIS BRIARCLIFF DATE IS
EXTRAORDINARILY GROSS. SEARCHING
FOR REDEEMING VALUE, I QUERY
MY DATE AS
TO HER
DESIGNS..



SAY, AH, ELAINE,
WHAT ARE YOUR
DESIGNS AND
WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT TO GET
OUT OF THIS
RELATIONSHIP?

OH, I'M GLAD
YOU ASKED THAT,
MICHAEL. I'M
HOPING THAT
WE'LL GET MARRIED,
HAVE A FEW
KIDS, THAT SORT
OF THING..



ALL MY FRIENDS AT
BRIARCLIFF ARE GETTING
MARRIED SOON IF THEY ALREADY
HAVEN'T! AT BRIARCLIFF WE
SAY "RING BY SPRING, OR
YOUR MONEY BACK."



REALLY? THAT'S FUNNY, AT
YALE WE SAY "YOU'RE
TAKING THE NEXT BUS
BACK TO BRIARCLIFF."



bull tales

YOU KNOW B.D., NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, IT'S HARD TO SAY WHAT PART OF THAT FOOTBALL DRAFT WAS THE MOST EXCITING.



1-30

WHEN THEY ANNOUNCED CAL TO THE COWBOYS IN THE FIRST, I THOUGHT I'D DIE. IMAGINE, THE COWBOYS! AND THEN WHEN THE DOLPHINS SNATCHED ME UP IN THE EIGHTH, I NEARLY LOST CONTROL!



AND THEN WHEN THE VIKINGS TOOK YOU, WOW! TALK ABOUT EXCITEMENT! AND WHAT ABOUT YOU, B.D.? WHAT WAS THERE ABOUT THE DRAFT THAT GAVE YOU THE BIGGEST THRILL?



NO ONE TOOK FRANK CHAMPI.



G.B. Anderson

bull tales

HA, HA! ALL ALONE ON A BREAK! STOP ME NOW, EH, STOP ME IF YOU DARE!



ESPÈCE DE CON, SACAUD, FICHE-MOI LA PAIX, ALORS! MERDE! / COUCHON!



HEH, HEH, YOU'RE CANADIAN, EH? HEH, HEH, WELL NO SENSE GETTING WORKED UP OVER A SILLY OLD PUCK, EH? I GUESS I'M OFFSIDES ANYWAY, SO I GUESS I BETTER GET BACK BEFORE I'M PENALIZED, HEH, HEH! BYE NOW.



53

ACTUALLY I'M ONLY A FRENCH MAJOR FROM THE BRONX.



G.B. Anderson

LOCALITY

ALABAMA

Birmingham
 Rogers, E.M.
 Montgomery
 Thompson, M.H.
 Unterspan, J.H.

ALASKA

Anchorage
 Barrier, R.P.
 Bundy, D.H.
 Peach, D.E.
 Stebbins
 Ferris, R.D.

ARIZONA

Phoenix
 Johnston, L. T.
 Sedona
 Bermingham, T.S.
 Tucson
 Orum, T.V.
 Prosnitz, E.H.
 Struse, R.M.

ARKANSAS

Little Rock
 Gates, D.A.

CALIFORNIA

Agoura
 Dunn, M.C.
 Albany
 Woods, D.L.
 Altadena
 Fuchs, J.H.
 Arcadia
 Thau, C.W.
 Atherton
 Fisher, J.A.
 Belvedere-Tiburon
 Booth, G.K.
 Berkeley
 Dering, R.F.
 Everett, T.H.
 Gibney, R.L.
 Moore, P.
 Beverly Hills
 Goldman, D.R.
 Senechal, R.A.
 Weisman, S.
 White, A.M.
 Winthrop, J.
 Wright, H.

Claremont
 Larkin, R.R.
 Concord
 Yasinac, T.
 Corona del Mar
 Buck, C.H.
 Culver City
 Mullen, S.H.
 Danville
 Jorde, T.M.
 El Cerrito
 Mueller, M.E.
 Encino
 Brush, R.L.
 Fairfax
 Spellerberg, J.E.
 Fort Jones
 Pace, F.
 Fresno
 Dahl, W.A.
 Green Valley
 Mosko, S.L.
 Half Moon Bay
 Berglund, G.D.
 Hillsborough
 Cummings, W.J.
 Friedman, J.P.
 Huntington Beach
 Segal, G.P.
 Irvine
 Prather, M.J.
 Kensington
 Plishner, M.J.
 La Canada Flintridge
 Strong, G.G.
 La Crescenta
 Goldman, K.H.
 Larkspur
 Scranton, W.W.
 Los Altos
 Bressack, M.A.
 Los Angeles
 Burkett, F.
 Cobert, J.M.
 Craft, T.E.
 Durham, A.P.
 Franklin, M.E.
 Gary, J.S.D.
 Garzilli, R.J.
 Geller, M.M.
 Hanson, L.R.
 Hill, L.F.
 Horton, J.P.
 Knight, K.H.
 Korshak, S.R.

Lovett, M.A.
 May, S.
 Peck, C.S.
 Rose, W.B.
 Stallcup, M.R.
 Woltmann, C.L.
 Malibu
 Yudell, R.J.
 Manhattan Beach
 Burns, G.W.
 Hallett, J.M.
 Hoke, W.N.
 Taylor, B.
 Menlo Park
 Adams, F.W.
 Bynack, V.
 Haile, L.E.
 Kuekes, P.J.
 Miller, T.C.
 Mill Valley
 Livak, A.J.
 Reed, L.W.
 Monterey
 Benjamin, D.J.
 Moraga
 Landers, T.A.
 Morro Bay
 Wheelwright, J.
 Mountain View
 Voorhies, D.A.
 Oakland
 Ford, R.E.
 Gascoigne, G.B.
 Gee, J.K.
 Minehart, D.L.
 Nash, E.B.
 Roe, D.
 Rubin, P.H.
 Ward, J.S.
 Olivenhain
 Putnam, N.
 Pacific Palisades
 Berg, L.M.
 Glenn, G.L.
 Robinson, S.E.
 Palo Alto
 Hudak, J.B.
 Kern, I.J.
 Sacerdoti, E.D.
 Swanson, R.
 Pasadena
 Lantz, J.D.
 Shectman, S.A.
 Tan, A.P.

| | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| Taylor, M.M. | Boulder | Farmington |
| Weigandt, D.R. | Boles, A.E. | Kemmler, E.L. |
| Rancho Palos Verdes | Cowles, M. | Volk, J.P. |
| Zalar, R.W. | Hoffman, C.C. | Glastonbury |
| Redding | Schonbrun, M.K. | Beach, R.E. |
| Wood, T.H. | Shorter, F.C. | Holahan, S.C. |
| Riverside | Colorado Springs | Greenwich |
| Pond, M.S. | Palmer, B. | Finkbeiner, M.W. |
| Sacramento | Denver | London, F.S. |
| Lebov, R.M. | Engle, C.P. | Mills, J.Q. |
| San Diego | Heller, N.F. | Nitkin, B. |
| Benes, R.H. | Kastendieck, J.G. | Rosenblum, J.B. |
| Moore, T.R. | Durango | Shields, D.R. |
| Rubottom, A.E. | Burr, P.H. | Spangenberg, K.A. |
| San Francisco | Englewood | Guilford |
| Alexander, R.C. | Garvin, P.R. | Kosinski, R.P. |
| Choy, P.M.C. | Golden | Schnitt, J.M. |
| Hume, G.H. | Gans, N. | Hadlyme |
| Mitchell, E.F. | Gans, P.C. | Godley, R.M. |
| Russell-Shapiro, W. | Littleton | Hamden |
| San Jose | Brezina, D.W. | Devoe, K.S. |
| Anderson, C.L. | Louisville | Kaplan, R.W. |
| Harlow, M. | Snow, T.P. | Wickwire, W.B. |
| Yee, W.A. | Monument | Hartford |
| San Luis Obispo | Kemp, C.J. | Gerety, T.R. |
| Segal, A.I. | | Mannis, D.A. |
| San Marino | CONNECTICUT | Lyme |
| Suttle, F.A. | Bethany | Platt, F.J. |
| Santa Margarita | Brinsmade, D.S. | Madison |
| Severtson, P.H. | Bethel | Corwin, J.P. |
| Santa Monica | Jordan, J.-P. | Healey, P.T. |
| Gorelik, G.M. | Branford | Manchester |
| Kennon, R.H. | Hall, W.D. | Kaplan, N.R. |
| Lorell, M.A. | Ullman, P.W. | Meriden |
| McKeown, K.F. | Bristol | Bernblum, B.J. |
| Medved, M. | Cosgrove, T.F. | Groome, D.J. |
| Sausalito | Brooklyn | Sokolowski, R.J. |
| Saccone, J.M. | Leonard, D.C. | Middlebury |
| Sunnyvale | Centerbrook | Sherer, F.A. |
| Montermoso, J.P. | Wilkinson, S.L. | Milford |
| Tiburon | Cheshire | Russell, H.W. |
| Butterfield, W.G. | Ibsen, B.P. | New Canaan |
| Topanga | Collinsville | Hobbs, G.W. |
| Olsen, D. | Godfrey, N.V. | Livingston, R.H.B. |
| Valley Village | Cromwell | McCaughy, T.K. |
| Kleber, M.B. | Rennie, E.A. | Price, H.D. |
| Vandenberg Village | Darien | New Haven |
| Boyle, E.R. | Collins, A. | Blasini, P.B. |
| Walnut Creek | Igoe, T.J. | Gutas, D. |
| Treffers, R.R. | Tankoos, W.G. | Madden, B.P. |
| West Los Angeles | Durham | Milstone, A.D. |
| Klein, M.S. | Mills, R.E. | Moore, D.C. |
| Woodland Hills | Easton | Netter, R.A. |
| Vestewig, R.E. | Kachele, A.R. | Priest, G.L. |
| | Fairfield | Steffenburg, J.A. |
| COLORADO | Chase, D. | Van Dyke, T. |
| Aspen | Peterson, M.J. | New London |
| Thomas, G.N. | Smith, A.G. | McGuire, J.C. |

- New Milford
Montfort, P.P.
- North Haven
Galligan, D.J.
Pitts, V.J.
- Norwalk
Bittner, S.J.
- Old Greenwich
Lannamann, R.S.
- Ridgefield
Auerbach, J.S.
- Rowayton
Bruns, R.D.
- Sharon
Hengen, R.L.
- Somers
Gitzus, J.G.
Waldman, W.J.
- Southbury
Weinstein, B.W.
- Southport
Hood, T.R.
- Stamford
Rodriguez, P.
Sprole, F.J.
- Washington Depot
Buccello, T.J.
- West Hartford
Frazzini, S.F.
Harris, P.
Oleyer, J.M.
Smith, T.L.
- West Haven
Sacco, W.K.
- Weston
DaRif, D.P.
Mathies, D.J.
- Westport
Seymour, J.D.
- Wilton
Minor, J.V.
Smith, R.K.
Wheeler, R.C.
- Woodbridge
Suttle, J.L.
- DELAWARE**
Montchanin
Austin, R.G.J.
Wilmington
Morris, C.M.
- DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
Washington
Allen, F.W.
Armstrong, R.S.
Ashburn, F.S.
Bartlett, E.
- Bay, J.G.
Bennett, P.S.
Berkower, I.J.
Breitman, R.D.
Brown, E.V.
Chopivsky, G.
Colton, D.J.
Fox, P.J.
Goldberg, F.T.
Henrich, R.E.
Jacobson, D.W.
Keeling, J.M.
Lawson, Q.A.
Malamud, P.
Niedermayer, R.I.
Parker, T.R.
Penny, G.W.
Pfeifer, M.G.
Popper, A.J.
Rice, W.S.
Rodgers, P.H.
Schneebaum, S.M.
Schreiber, G.A.
Schweitzer, J.J.
Smith, L.S.
Sussman, R.M.
Waldrop, N.A.
Wechsler, A.R.
Wood, M.M.
- FLORIDA**
Altamonte Spring
Ahlm, E.C.
Anna Maria Island
Atherton, J.
Chattahoochee
Zimpfer, W.D.
Coral Gables
Knight, W.L.
De Land
Carr, R.V.
Fort Lauderdale
Cromer, A.H.
Petrie, C.D.
Gainesville
Motowidlo, S.J.
Hollywood
Weiss, L.A.
Jacksonville
Murray, D.T.
Jupiter
Eisenhauer, R.G.
Longwood
Pollack, R.W.
Miami
Collier, E.M.
Greenberg, B.N.
James, C.L.
- Stassun, P.G.
Swing, B.V.
- Naples
Collier, M.C.
- Orange Park
Armstrong, J.S.
- Palm Beach Gardens
Valeche, H.R.
- Panama City
Tucker, D.M.
- Quincy
Thompson, J.B.
- Tallahassee
Smernoff, M.S.
Wilson, M.K.
- Tampa
Lee, W.S.
Nesbit, V.J.
- Tequesta
Click, D.F.
- Winter Haven
Grew, J.H.
- GEORGIA**
Athens
Porter, J.W.
- Atlanta
Field, P.C.
Haworth, S.A.
Martin, D.H.
Owens, W.G.
Rubright, J.A.
Tolmach, J.M.
Wallace, L.A.
Wingard, J.R.
- Decatur
Bagriansky, J.
- Ellijay
Walker, J.E.
- Marietta
Krochalis, W.J.
- Norcross
Weinraub, W.C.L.
- Savannah
Mundell, L.C.
- HAWAII**
Haiku
Waxman, J.D.
- Honolulu
Allen, R.W.
Garvey, S.P.
King, S.P.
Richardson, A.B.
- Kailua
Des Jarlais, D.C.
- Lahaina
Herrington, J.

Waimanalo
Shaw,D.

IDAHO

Boise
Kaiser,A.F.

ILLINOIS

Barrington
Hoban,R.G.
Chicago
Anderson,G.A.
Busch,D.A.
Mauck,J.W.
Shull,P.W.
Stretch,D.L.
Weber,T.G.
Wittebort,R.J.
Deerfield
Mylenbusch,D.J.
Elk Grove Village
Obalil,W.D.
Evanston
Darrow,J.S.
Gritton,S.A.
Glencoe
Joseph,D.R.
Rosenbloom,J.B.
Glenview
Hummel,M.W.
Highland Park
Brown,T.H.
Levin,R.E.
Hinsdale
Cytron,J.M.
Richards,L.
Homewood
Baum,M.H.
Kenilworth
Goulka,J.E.
Lake Forest
Cherry,P.B.
Magnus,R.W.
Libertyville
Morson,G.S.
Macomb
Stiffler,E.M.
Northfield
Stewart,C.K.
Oak Park
Herseth,S.S.
Light,T.R.
Park Ridge
Funkhouser,W.P.
Peoria
Sutton,S.A.
South Elgin
Seale,G.A.H.

Springfield
Huffman,D.G.
Lam,W.
Wheaton
Mattas,R.F.
Wilmette
Cassel,D.W.
Flynn,J.H.
Winnetka
Funke,R.A.
Laughlin,P.M.

INDIANA

Bloomington
Bull,B.L.
South Bend
Ameriks,K.

IOWA

Cedar Rapids
Seiter,J.V.
Fairfield
Katz,D.E.
Iowa City
Powers,T.J.
Le Mars
Dull,R.J.

KANSAS

Olathe
Lafex,A.E.

KENTUCKY

Harrods Creek
Yarmuth,J.A.
Lexington
Jones,D.C.
Louisville
Brubaker,B.E.
Davis,J.J.
Williams,R.G.

LOUISIANA

Covington
Derbes,M.J.
New Orleans
Amoss,J.
Howard,S.P.
Koerber,P.L.
Rieveschl,J.L.

MAINE

Athens
Sims,D.E.
Augusta
Parks,J.M.
Bangor
Lewis,D.M.

Brunswick
Storey,P.B.
Falmouth
Donald,A.J.
Gray
Gates,T.H.M.
Poland Spring
Fortier,R.E.
Portland
Calderbank,J.B.
Coit,D.M.
O'Leary,J.J.
Southwest Harbor
Smith,M.E.
Veazie
Kurland,A.M.
Woolwich
McCarty,J.S.

MARYLAND

Ashton
Myers,B.T.
Baltimore
Caltrider,W.R.
Hutcheon,D.F.
Roberts,W.H.
Stiles,H.M.
Tufaro,D.F.
Bethesda
Austin,H.A.
Bowie
Otto,R.A.F.
Chestertown
Watson,P.
Cheverly
Ahearn,C.D.
Chevy Chase
Hundt,R.
Johnson,D.C.
Lawler,G.E.
Schatzkin,A.G.
Simon,W.D.
College Park
Vujnovich,G.G.
Damascus
Vorkink,A.N.
Ellicott City
Butcher,P.D.
Germantown
McEwan,T.E.
Kensington
Fletcher,W.W.
Pasadena
Dodge,D.A.
Rockville
Billard,B.D.
Randolph,R.H.

- Silver Spring
Buas, M.
Roe, R.L.
- MASSACHUSETTS**
- Amherst
Griffiths, F.T.
- Andover
Sedgwick, R.P.
- Arlington
Rivest, R.L.
- Auburndale
Henderson, W.S.
- Bedford
Picton, T.
- Belchertown
Hurwitz, A.
- Belmont
Fauth, G.R.
Moore, M.H.
Yahng, M.T.-H.
- Boston
Bolnick, B.R.
Denner, J.A.
Dunwell, S.W.
Friend, D.
Park, W.W.
Rosenberg, P.A.
Tedlow, R.S.
Wakefield, R.C.
Works, R.N.
- Brookline
Fisher, J.H.
Henry, P.W.
Hoffman, T.G.
Livingston, F.C.
Loewenberg, S.M.
Loveday, K.S.
- Cambridge
Amershadian, P.K.
Drost, R.W.
Green, J.B.
Nilsson, C.M.
Soifer, A.
Weiskel, T.C.
Wheeler, L.B.
- Carlisle
Peterson, R.K.
- Charlestown
Greenfield, G.K.
- Chestnut Hill
Aronson, F.D.
O'Leary, J.G.
- Cohasset
Anderson, M.J.
Wiener, S.R.
- Dedham
Chamberlin, W.L.
- Dover
Bump, M.M.
Robinson, T.N.
- Essex
Beal, T.R.
- Gloucester
Bell, D.C.
- Hanover
Hodgdon, J.R.
- Hingham
Carey, T.C.
- Hyannis
Clark, T.M.
- Ipswich
Woodlock, D.P.
- Jamaica Plain
Graham, J.T.
Landsmark, T.C.
- Lexington
Floyd, H.C.
Forsdick, H.C.
Goldsmith, J.P.
- Lincoln
Winship, L.P.
- Milton
Arras, R.E.
Banderob, J.
- Natick
Besancon, J.R.
Yahn, R.B.
- Newton Center
Bookbinder, S.M.
- Newton Highlands
Kelly, S.F.
- Newton
Bernstein, K.A.
Rosenbaum, J.F.
- Northampton
Paquin, G.A.
- Northfield
Lussen, R.E.
- Norwood
Cantarow, W.D.
- Reading
Brown, K.S.
- Saugus
Zackon, F.N.
- Sharon
Gleason, D.D.
- Sherborn
Kidd, J.T.
- Siasconset
Johnson, E.Y.
- Somerville
McCormick, J.C.
- Swampscott
Pritchard, D.R.
- Waban
Slavin, H.L.
- Wakefield
Blake, M.J.
- Wayland
Culver, E.H.
Goldman, L.
- Wellesley Hills
Crockett, J.C.
- Wellesley
Bloch, T.P.
Raish, D.L.
- West Newton
Lazarus, C.B.
- West Roxbury
Seltzer, R.
- Westborough
Morgan, T.C.
- Westfield
Kalter, J.O.
- Weston
Dowling, B.J.
- Westwood
Herstin, S.W.
- Winchester
Feigenbaum, D.L.
Gallery, W.O.
- MICHIGAN**
- Ann Arbor
Bemis, S.T.
Craig, D.L.
Danly, R.L.
- East Lansing
Spata, P.
- Grosse Pointe Farms
Platt, R.B.
- Kentwood
Haines, P.C.
- MINNESOTA**
- Grand Marais
White, G.T.
- Mankato
Peterson, J.L.
- Minneapolis
Bachman, L.W.
Dayton, M.B.
Mazo, B.A.
Morris, F.W.
Penrod, S.
Sidenberg, R.
- Plymouth
Brewster, C.C.
- Shoreview
Chu, G.S.T.
- St. Louis Park
Griggs, R.W.
- St. Paul
Casagrande, L.B.
Schampel, G.C.

Stillwater
Baker, L.A.
Wayzata
Call, W.H.

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson
Nippes, J.S.
Starkville
Wolf, R.B.

MISSOURI

Clayton
Hopper, S.
Kansas City
Gates, L.M.
St. Louis
Gazzoli, J.J.
Mackey, J.E.
Mohrman, H.J.

MONTANA

McLeod
McNamee, T.

NEVADA

Las Vegas
Straff, R.J.
Reno
Marting, W.A.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Bedford
Weber, J.M.
Bradford
Cooley, W.C.
Cornish
Teague, G.B.
Hancock
Cunningham, S.
Hanover
Santulli, R.B.
Keene
MacQueen, J.P.
Lancaster
Van der Laan, P.H.
Londonderry
Herrington, L.R.
Nashua
Budnitz, A.L.
New London
Sheerr, C.J.
Windham
Carignan, C.J.

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic Highlands
Henning, W.P.

Boonton Township
Sabloff, M.J.
Chatham Township
Kreider, L.E.
Chatham
Gennet, P.R.
Collingswood
McDevit, J.C.
Englewood
Starr, J.W.
Glenridge
Mimms, C.W.
Hackensack
Plyer, B.A.
Hillsdale
Golden, J.F.
Ledgewood
White, J.M.
Madison
Lozier, P.F.
Middletown
Huttner, R.M.
Newark
Newhouse, M.W.
Old Tappan
Shevlin, R.J.
Princeton
Mischner, K.R.
Ridgewood
McAuliffe, P.S.
Somers Point
Miller, M.F.
Summit
Lenck, E.E.
Newhouse, S.F.
Smith, D.G.
West Orange
Kra, E.E.
Williamstown
Wilson, N.L.

NEW MEXICO

Carlsbad
Flanagan, M.O.
Las Cruces
Hoffmeister, M.

NEW YORK

Albany
McNamee, G.C.
Bedford
Babcock, J.B.
Bronx
Volpe, B.T.
Brooklyn
Cohen, M.S.
Haile, R.C.
Johnson, T.R.
Pollock, J.A.

Salak, J.
Seay, J.P.
Whelan, R.
Buffalo
Biltekoff, J.R.
Ricotta, J.J.
Chappaqua
Newman, S.D.
Clifton Park
Petitjean, R.A.
Riehle, R.A.
Clinton
Payne, H.C.
Croton-on-Hudson
Friedlander, D.
Forest Hills
Yee, R.H.T.
Fredonia
Petre, C.J.
Hastings-on-Hudson
Simonides, Y.M.
Honeoye Falls
Schiffer, R.B.
Huntington
Davis, K.L.
Irvington
Coddington, P.D.
Ithaca
Cisne, J.
Houston, P.L.
Osgood, R.K.
Kew Gardens
Warner, A.M.
Larchmont
Wexler, M.P.
Mamaroneck
Castelli, J.D.
Mount Kisco
McClave, W.
Nassau
Carnes, S.Y.
New Rochelle
Gennis, P.R.
New York
Alderman, J.A.
Barzelay, D.E.
Beinecke, J.B.
Bell, J.R.
Benson, T.G.
Billick, S.B.
Broach, J.R.
Cantor, R.L.
Cohen, D.
Compton, J.L.
Darst, D.M.
Dixon, S.C.
Dobbs, F.A.
Ebersol, D.
Emmons, T.K.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| Farren, R.L. | Rensselaer | Durham |
| Fliakos, A.D. | Fasoldt, P.L. | Jacobi, P.D. |
| Freebairn, T.G. | Rhinebeck | Schmechel, D.E. |
| Goldston, A.M. | Dahlen, D.J. | Steere, J.M. |
| Harris, T. | Riverdale | Greensboro |
| Herbert, S.E. | Resnicow, N.J. | Hobgood, H.L. |
| Hiles, H.C. | Rye | Greenville |
| Hoffman, J. | High, R.D. | Dauer, S.J. |
| Huntington, D.U. | Yates, T.T. | High Point |
| Johnson, D.H. | Sag Harbor | Idol, D.H. |
| Joralemon, P.D. | Browne, G.J. | New Bern |
| Ketner, S. | Scarborough | McQuade, J.F. |
| Klebanoff, A. | Bouscaren, M.F. | Raleigh |
| Konselman, L.M. | Scarsdale | Pressel, D.C. |
| Lamm, R.P. | Berkeley, A.S. | Upton, H.T. |
| Linden, E. | Beslow, W.S. | Statesville |
| Lutin, G.M. | Mackoff, W.A. | Pitt, W.B. |
| Melamed, M.A. | Prussin, H.A. | Winston-Salem |
| Mew, C.M. | Stern, J. | Brown, M.M. |
| Meyer, J.P. | Schenectady | Willingham, J.W. |
| Newman, H.H. | Eddy, F.S. | |
| Newman, W.A. | Slingerlands | OHIO |
| Ousley, J.D. | Waldman, J.B. | Centerville |
| Penner, R. | Somers | Williams, P.C. |
| Pitts, T.E. | Lawrence, L.G. | Cincinnati |
| Rahtz, R.A. | Popp, L.F. | Collins, R.L. |
| Reed, T.J. | Southampton | Hensgen, H.T. |
| Rosen, D.B. | Panebianco, R.J. | Orr, J.P. |
| Rosen, J.A. | St. James | Quinn, T.J. |
| Rubinovitz, M.S. | Gage, J.S.M. | Williams, R.A. |
| Schmidt, R.C. | Sunnyside | Wood, D.H. |
| Schnier, A.M. | Doob, N.E. | Cleveland |
| Schwarzman, S.A. | Syracuse | Hawkes, R.H. |
| Silver, J.L.F. | Heifetz, L.J. | Kuhbach, R.G. |
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 Feigenbaum, D.L.
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 Finarelli, T.J.
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 Flynn, M.J.
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 Hertz, M.J.
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 Hobgood, H.L.
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 Idol, D.H.
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 Millner, S.J.
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 Moffitt, C.S.
 Mohrman, H.J.
 Morris, F.W.
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 Park, W.W.
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 Petrie, C.D.
 Pfeifer, M.G.
 Pitts, T.E.
 Plishner, M.J.
 Prussin, H.A.
 Quinn, T.J.
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 Rast, T.E.
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 Resor, C.P.
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 Roe, R.L.
 Rogers, E.M.
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 Rosenbloom, J.B.
 Rosenblum, J.B.
 Rubright, J.A.
 Russell, H.W.
 Schneebaum, S.M.
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 Schwartz, D.R.

Schweitzer, J.J.
 Sentilles, I.F.
 Sherer, F.A.
 Shields, D.R.
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 Shorter, F.C.
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 Thompson, M.H.
 Turnell, R.L.
 Unterspan, J.H.
 Utley, F.B.
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 Woltmann, C.L.
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Library Administration

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 Kurland, A.M.

Management Consulting

Baum, M.H.
 Fauth, G.R.
 Friedman, J.P.
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 Mills, R.E.
 O'Leary, J.G.
 Robertson, W.D.
 Steffenburg, J.A.
 Stein, B.

Wechsler, A.R.
Yahn, R.B.

Manufacturing

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Lantz, J.D.

Marketing

Castelli, J.D.
Everett, T.H.
Knutsen, T.L.
Nelson, J.E.
Orr, J.P.
Selander, D.A.
Wolfe, F.K.

Medicine

Anderson, M.H.
Anderson, M.J.
Ashburn, F.S.
Austin, H.A.
Berkeley, A.S.
Bernstein, K.A.
Bittner, S.J.
Bordley, D.R.
Boyer, S.J.
Boyle, E.R.
Bressack, M.A.
Brock, L.R.
Brown, M.M.
Buchholz, R.W.
Budnitz, A.L.
Burkett, F.
Butcher, R.J.
Calderbank, J.B.
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Cleaveland, R.C.
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Dunn, M.C.
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Garvey, S.P.
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Gittzus, J.G.
Godfrey, N.V.
Goldman, L.
Gottlieb, D.W.
Groome, D.J.
Haines, P.C.
Hammarsten, J.E.
Hart, F.L.
Hobbs, C.L.
Huffman, D.G.
Hummel, M.W.
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Jacobi, P.D.
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Moore, T.R.
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Van der Laan, P.H.
Volpe, B.T.
Waldman, J.B.
Waldman, W.J.
Weiss, L.A.
Wharton, R.S.
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Williams, P.C.
Wingard, J.R.
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Zalar, R.W.
Zaur, A.L.

Merchandising

Herrington, L.R.
Ross, D.S.
Smith, T.L.

Military Service

Connell, H.D.
Elek, T.F.
Rose, S.A.

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Elliott, J.R.
Griggs, R.W.
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Ousley, J.D.
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Fuchs, J.H.
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Loveday, K.S.
Pressel, D.C.

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Dunwell, S.W.
Lawrence, D.P.
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 Moore, P.
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 Rahtz, R.A.
 Rieveschl, J.L.
 Rosenbaum, J.F.
 Santulli, R.B.
 Sedgwick, R.P.
 Tucker, D.M.
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 Wilkins, P.C.

Public Health**Administration**

Craig, D.L.
 Reed, T.J.
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Publishing, Printing

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 Wood, M.M.

Radio

Benjamin, D.J.
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Recreation

McEwan, T.E.

Research

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 Houston, P.L.
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 Lerman, C.L.
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 Mattas, R.F.
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Textiles, Apparel

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Translating

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Transportation

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Urban Planning

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 Stiles, H.M.

Veterinary Medicine

Kenfield, M.H.

Welfare, Social Work

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Writing, Editing

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No occupation listed

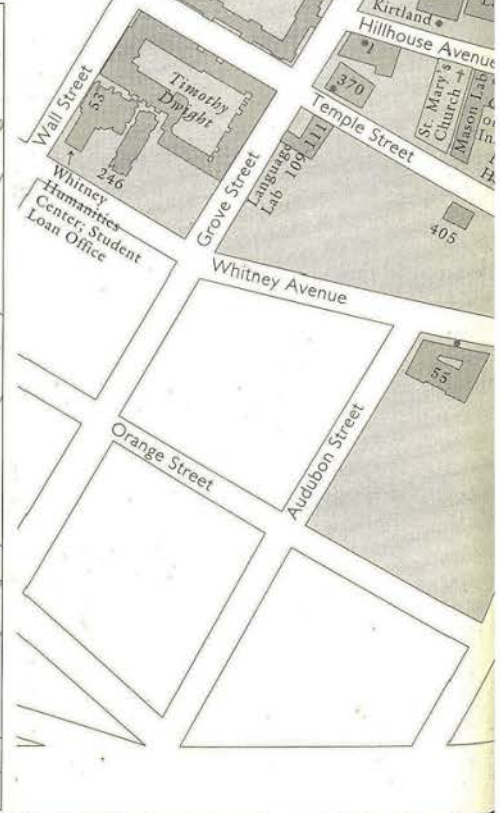
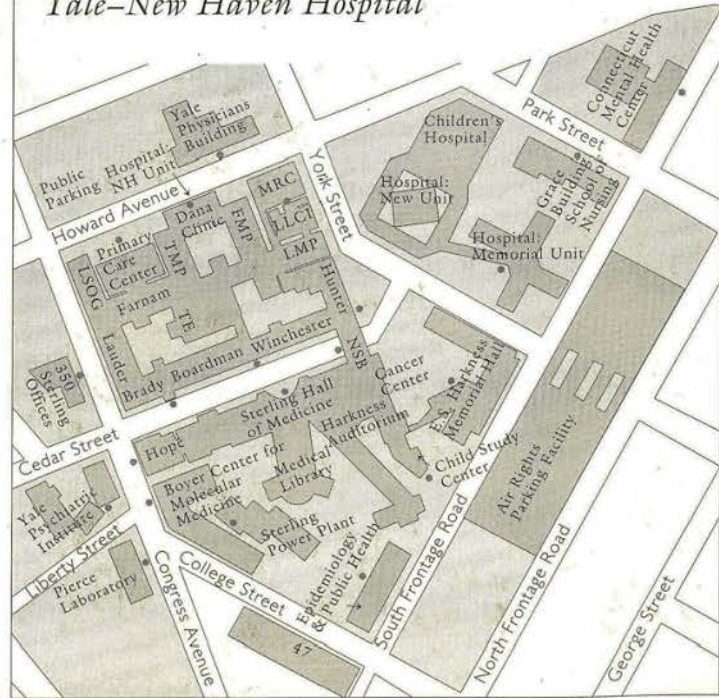
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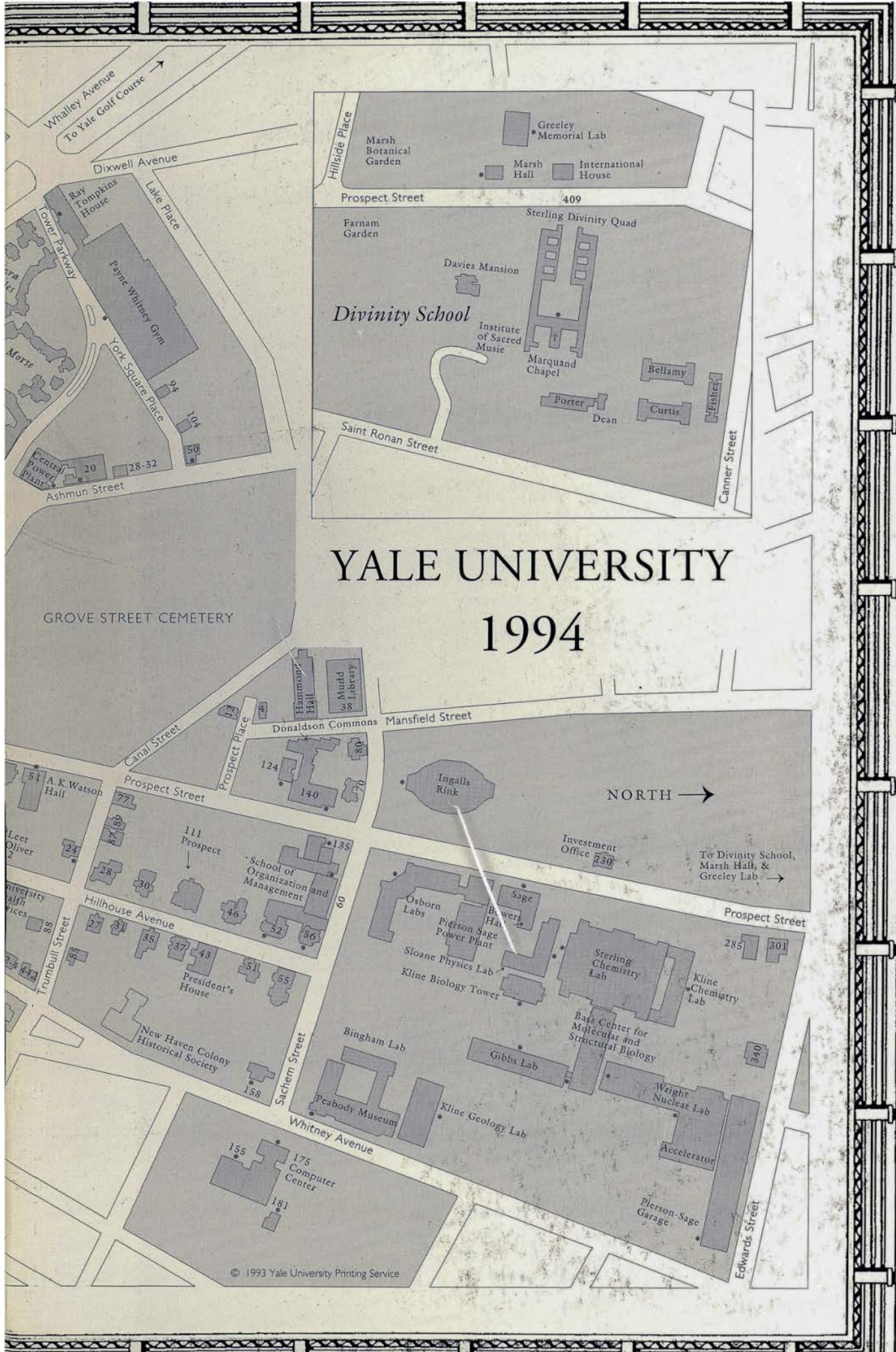
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