

# Governor Dummer Academy

Byfield, Massachusetts

## Class of 1962



**40th Reunion**

**June 14-16, 2002**



By special invitation of the Class of 1962, Dave Williams, Bill Sperry, Bob Anderson, Bob Friend, Val Wilkie (Head 1960-1972) and Peter Bragdon (Head 1985-2000) will be attending.



Dreams



Dave Williams



Bill Sperry



Val Wilkie  
Head, 1960-1972



Peter Bragdon  
Head, 1985-2000



Bob Anderson



Robert Friend

This booklet was prepared in early June, 2002, for the 40th reunion of members of the Class of 1962 from material posted at [www.gda62.org](http://www.gda62.org), a web site hosted for the Class at Ham Agnew's server farm in Florida. The site and this booklet were created by Tay Vaughan. Content was meticulously checked for punctuation and other flaws by Gar Randall. It is an amalgam of life-history contributions from the remarkable members of Governor Dummer Academy's Class of 1962.



## Class of 1962

### Schedule

#### Friday, June 14, 2002

3:00 PM - 10:00 PM	Registration
4:30 PM - 6:00 PM	Music Rehearsal
5:00 PM - 7:00 PM	Class of 1962 Cocktail Party
6:00 PM - 7:30 PM	Cocktails
7:30 PM	Reunion Class Dinner (Frost Library)
9:00 PM	After Dinner Gathering

#### Saturday, June 15, 2002

7:00 AM - 8:00 AM	Continental Breakfast for early risers
7:30 AM - 9:00 AM	Nature Walk
8:00 AM - 10:00 AM	Breakfast
8:00 AM - 6:00 PM	Registration
9:00 AM - 10:00 AM	21st Annual Reunion Pie Race
9:15 AM - 10:15 AM	Back to the Classroom, American Studies
9:15 AM - 10:15 AM	Back to the Classroom, History-Rwanda
10:30 AM - 11:15 AM	GDA Women from Yesterday and Today
11:15 AM - 12:30 PM	Music Concert and Memorial Service
12:00 PM - 12:30 PM	Ed Rybicki Memorial Service
12:30 PM - 2:00 PM	Luncheon for Classes 1957-1997
12:30 PM - 2:00 PM	Champagne Luncheon for the Old Guard, hosted by Marty and Patty Doggett
12:30 PM - 2:00 PM	Luncheon for the Class of 1952
2:00 PM - 4:00 PM	Children's Program
2:00 PM - 5:00 PM	Free Time
2:30 PM - 5:00 PM	Bus leaves for Newburyport
5:30 PM - 6:00 PM	Reunion Parade
6:00 PM - 7:30 PM	Cocktails
7:30 PM - 9:30 PM	Reunion Dinner and Awards Program (Alumni Gym)

#### Sunday, June 16, 2002

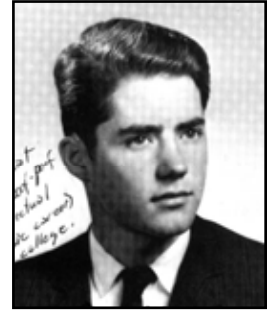
8:00 AM - 10:00 AM	Farewell Brunch
11:00 AM	Checkout of Residence Halls



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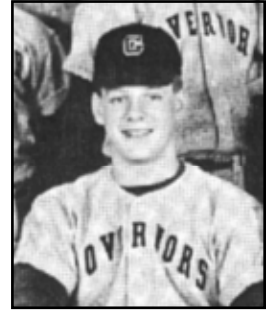
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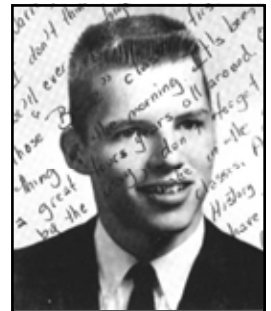
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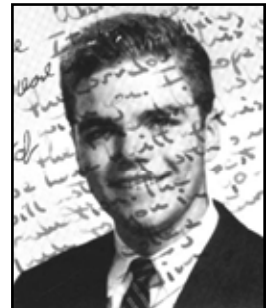
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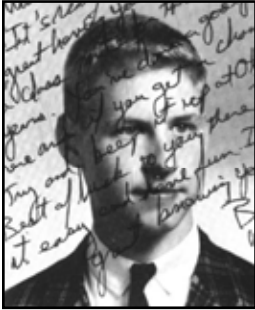
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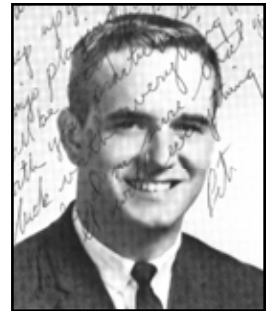
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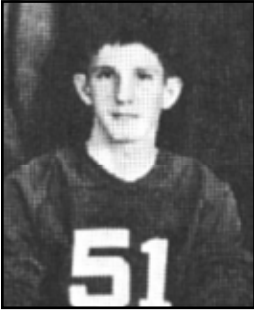
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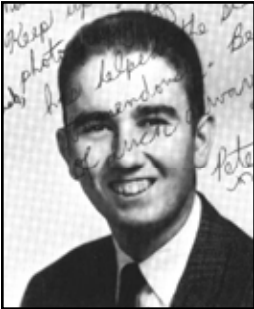
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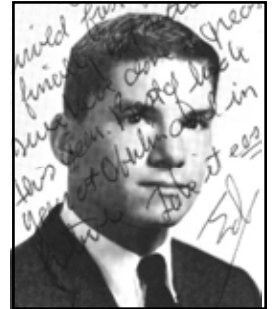
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## Class of 1962



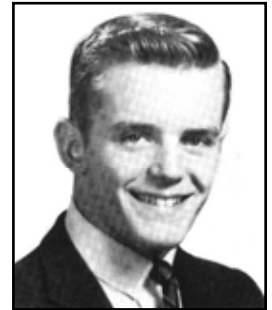
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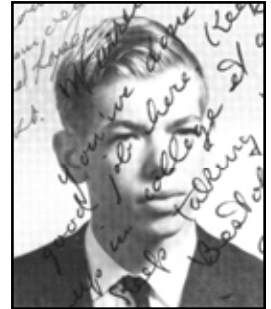




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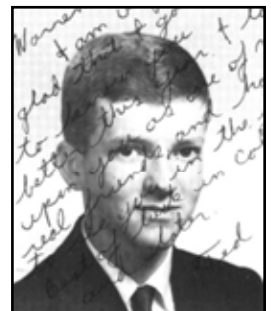
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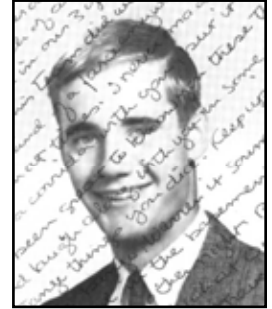
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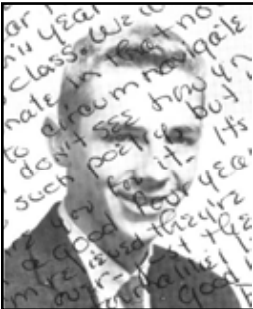
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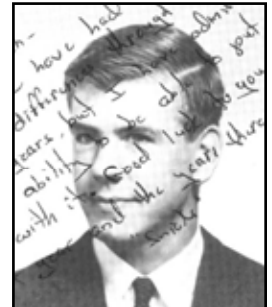
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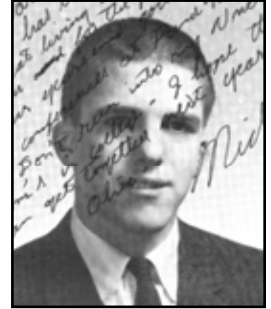
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## Class of 1962

### Deceased



Blair, Steve  
1997



Dorr, John  
1993



Huston, Bill  
1993



Knight, Rick  
1985

They were definitely cheated.



## Class of 1962

### Histories

#### HAM AGNEW

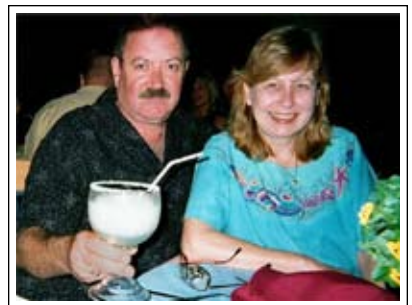
It's been forty years since we were last together and that is enough time to go through many things, schools, mates and careers. Here's a little about me:

As you may know, my main interest in life has always been radio. After GDA I went to the Univ of Penn and was immediately drawn in by the school radio station, produced a show on hypnotism, and didn't go to class. Since this was the beginning of the Vietnam era, the choice then was the Army, so I enlisted in the Air Force where they taught me Russian at Indiana University and stationed me in a lovely little town in southwest Oklahoma until about 1967. Having freed myself from that I spent the next five years chief-engineering and announcing at a variety of FM stations in Massachusetts, Denver, and Seattle. I brought with me my lovely bride Carol, (whom I met in Denver in 1969, click this winter's photo from Cancun for an enlargement), a motorcycle, a jeep, and made another loop around the country doing more radio engineering and announcing, then found myself in Denver again where I managed an improvisational comedy group called "High Street". We dubbed movies over the radio and became quite popular, so we decided to move to LA (from market #22 to #1). Unfortunately two of the members of our group decided to quit and we left LA.

Carol and I moved to the San Francisco bay area and lived in a little town called Mill Valley, (then the home of Daniel Ellsberg, Grace Slick, Bob Weir, Timothy Leary and other notables and weirdoes).

In Mill Valley, from 1972 to 1985, I owned a company called Sounder Electronics. We manufactured test equipment products for the audio industry, repaired audio equipment, and made stage equipment for the Jefferson Airplane/Starship and Grateful Dead. As an equipment manufacturer, our company exhibited our products at trade shows in Chicago, LA, and NYC for about four years. Very interesting times...

In 1986 we decided to again tour the country and after three months traveling through the Sierra and Cascade ranges headed towards Florida to visit my wife's ailing mother. Finding the weather more attractive than the upcoming winter, we decided to stick around... and we're still here!



At the present time, I own PlanetRadios.Com, Inc. which sells Nextel products in Ft. Myers, FL., and own part of DHR Technologies, Inc. which is a high-speed wireless internet provider. We actively build sites and get customers away from dinosaur dial-ups into the world of high-speed connectivity and the wonderful world of computers. (Somebody please pass the hammer so I can hit any key!)

I have no children, have been married for 32 years to the same woman, and am a pretty happy and active guy



## Class of 1962

despite my drooping physique and thinning hair!

My hobbies are gardening, piano, puttering, photography, computers and radios!

### RAY BIRD

To: Bob MacLaughlin  
Subject: GDA Reunion

Hi Bob,

I have registered and plan on coming to the reunion. I don't recognize the number you tried. My phone is (781) 729-2874. I live in Winchester, MA, and have been in the same home for 32 years.

My lovely and wonderful wife, Joan, and I have 2 children: Amanda (29), who is an account manager at Philip Johnson Associates (an ad agency) in Cambridge, and John (24) who is a network engineer with Fidelity Investments in Boston. We couldn't be happier with the way the kids have grown up, and count ourselves fortunate beyond measure. The secret was Joan made the rules, and I supported her (according to the kids).

You might be interested to know that my family has a farmhouse at 510 Miller Road in Union ("Crawford Lake Farm"). Miller Road is the right turn immediately after Mic Mac Market off Rt. 17, going east. I spend most summer vacations there, not far from where you live.

If I remember correctly, I was the treasurer of the Spanish Club. I too don't remember what we did, but I don't think it was much.

My job keeps me pretty busy, but I hope to work on my biography before the reunion. In any event, I look forward to seeing you there.

Regards,

Ray

STEVE BLAIR



## Class of 1962

1944 - 1997

From: MBlair8192@aol.com  
Date: Tue, 4 Jun 2002 17:54:44 EDT  
To: ttobey@stanfordalumni.org  
Subject: Re: Steve

Hi Tom,

Ann alerted me about your call to her. Thank you for your sympathies re Steve. It has been nearly five years but I still miss him very much. Perhaps you can understand that I couldn't bear to come to the reunion but I thank you for your invitation.

Here is a little information for your reunion booklet. Could you send me one? I remember many of you from previous reunions and would like to play "catch-up" even from the Berkshires.

Ann was married in 1996 to Jonathan Silvers, a classmate from college. I will never forget the happiness on Steve's face as he walked her down the aisle. They now live in Scottsdale, AZ and have a darling 2 year old daughter. Another baby is expected in early November. They want to move back to New England as soon as her husband can find a new job. (He is in computers, a plug for him, in case anyone in your class needs a computer maven.)

Clark has a small photo shop in Lenox, here in the Berkshires. He lives with me but is not home very much. He has a very nice girlfriend, but seems to be a confirmed bachelor at least at the moment.

I live on a small farm in Richmond, MA which no one has ever heard of, but is about 10 minutes from Tanglewood, the summer home of the Boston Symphony, and where I work as a volunteer. After our children left home, Steve and I bought a condo in Boston and this farm, as a retirement home. When his estate was finally settled, (it took three years) I moved permanently here. I won't move again until my children put me in the "old-folks home." I spend my time doing a lot of volunteer work for different organizations and taking care of my farm which is pretty much a B&B during the summer. If any of you live near here, or want a Tanglewood week-end, I can be reached at 413-698-2213.

I hope you have a wonderful time at the reunion and say hello to everyone for me. Thanks for tracking me down.

Cheers!  
Mary



## Class of 1962

### NILS BJORK

To my buddies from 40 years in the past.

With Dad deceased, Mom put her trust in the GDA probable powers that be (Mr. Witherspoon I suppose), where I found myself surrounded by cornfields at a small local 4 year Quaker college in southwestern Ohio. Soon feeling unfit for my school's parochial educational focus, I fooled myself into the dream of being a "Renaissance Man" by transferring my sophomore year to Shimer College -- at that time one of Time Magazine's 7 "trumpeted" experimental colleges (Reed, Antioch, St. John's etc.). Affiliated with the University of Chicago, with the curriculum based on the Hutchins educational plan with 3 years of required courses, focusing basically on original texts, with 90 minute round table discussion classes, the school of 500 on those rolling hills of western Illinois was my wind of deliverance.



My stint at graduate school at the University of Minnesota ended abruptly, not due to the possible improper hookup of a 44,000 BTU water heater as the source of my constructed apartment's sauna (fond memories of late night bashes with outside cool downs rolling in the 88" of snow we had that year), but precipitated by our Government's 1967 ruling, that the Selective Service Administration's all able bodies 1A young males could no longer utilize their 2A educational deferment beyond 1 year of Graduate School.

Consequently, that next fall I was greeted with open arms by the Mt. Morris, Michigan Junior High principal as the badly needed Math teacher for 7 daily fifty minute classes of approximately 40 students each. Nobody knew I had flunked Webb Dann's freshman Algebra class, but everybody soon learned that I was adverse to the use of the wooden paddles used for butt end corporal punishment. It was our school's attempt to engender an appreciation for learning in a community, where my college degree \$6100 income was insignificant to those of students' 8th grade diploma parents working at nearby Chevrolet, Fisher Body, and Buick.

Two years later I was away from the States venturing to Europe to investigate our family's Swedish and German roots. Studied German at the Goethe Institute in Lüneburg, worked as an English instructor and class counselor at an idyllic Aufbaugymnasium mit Heim (boy's boarding school) at Michalebach an der Biltz near Stuttgart Germany, traveled frugally throughout most of Europe, worked for Mini Trek, an English company taking wealthy tourists throughout the Sahara, bought a Land Rover and traveled through Africa and parts of the middle east, thankfully had some good friendships and significant others, confronted a few near death experiences, worked with Shearson





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Lehman in Hamburg Germany as an independent options trader, married a German Fräulein, returned to the States in 1980 to pursue a good business opportunity.

The last 22 years has been devoted to the growth and maintenance of Brentwood House, an independent sales representative agency in the gift field, from which our family derives our sustenance.

Being very concerned about our species' over population and the negative impact that we are making on our environment, Marlies and I had initially intended not to have any offspring. We changed our minds (another story). We now find ourselves as older parents; and according to our young ones, we are significantly challenged in performing what they consider appropriate parental duties. Our daughter Sonja is a junior at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, coincidentally my home town (my 92 year old Mom still can't grasp why her granddaughter would want to be at a men's engineering university as it was years ago); and our son Lars, now graduating from GDA this June, will be going to Occidental in CA this fall.

We stay busy at home with community involvements in our northern Virginia Fairfax County, and seldom venture out beyond the bounds of our traffic congested environment. Consequently, for any of you who are venturing to the DC area, either on business or for pleasure please don't hesitate to touch bases with us. Yes, time is precious, and for a classmate that most of you never really knew, I'm sure it's not the top of the list of your commitments. Nevertheless, it would be great to speak with you by phone, have a meal out, or drop by our home for a quick visit. We're just a hop, skip and a jump from Dulles International, and easy access by Interstate 66 from Reagan National.

Nils

### FRANK BOND

Since we left GDA in 1962, I have only been in Massachusetts a couple of times, traveling through Boston to Providence in the 1980s to visit my daughter at Brown University. Frankly, I had not anticipated returning to this reunion or any other. I have some unpleasant memories of the school and a few students. What has surprised me is that so many of our classmates have had such ambivalent feelings about their school years that it may be a bit of a catharsis to return. Maybe it was just the time, but for me it was a very long way from my rural life in New Mexico. Also like many of you, Tom Tobey has touched my life. Out of the clear blue eight years ago, he called to say that he wanted to come to New Mexico for a visit. To my surprise, he loaded up his family, drove 1200 miles to stay for a few days. We have stayed in touch through the years, and we have exchanged visits since. Denis Golden and I met in New York at least once, and I saw Bob James at college reunions.



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At Colorado College, I felt that I had essentially returned home, just a couple of hundred miles north of where I grew up. While GDA was not a good fit for me, college was. I majored in Spanish literature, spent my third year at the University of Madrid, and played lacrosse. In my second year, the earliest pivotal event occurred for me when I was exposed to the sport of falconry. After college, I did an MA at the University of Arizona and then Ph.D. work at the University of Illinois. I recognized that I was not fit for teaching, so after all of the course work I chose not to do the dissertation. Later I attended law school, far too much education for anyone hoping to have some common sense.

I was married right after college, and two great kids came reasonably quickly. Unfortunately the marriage did not last, but the parting was amicable. Later I remarried only to suffer the same fate even after a number of years. My children and I are close. My daughter and her great husband operate an architectural firm in Santa Fe. My son, who also attended Colorado College, is acting in commercials and writing screen plays in Los Angeles. Wonderful children punctuate the value of your life.

Returning to New Mexico I went into family business dealing with properties and ranches. Even today while practicing law I own two cattle ranches. Law and business fit where academia did not. I practice complex litigation in the environmental and natural resources area, mostly in land disputes against the United States in federal court in the west.

In my early 30's I was elected to the NM Legislature. Tim McNally and I took different tracks as; I chose the conservative Republican side. I became one of the leaders in the restructuring of the House. I left politics fairly quickly to concentrate on law. I did stay somewhat connected when I chaired the New Mexico Commission on Higher Education (the board that oversees all of the state's 4 year and 2 year universities and community colleges) for several years. In 1990 I was the Republican nominee for Governor of New Mexico. I lost a reasonably close race to a Democrat friend of mine who was governor three different times. Because of its size, New Mexico politics is close and personal, sometimes extraordinarily harsh and yet with lasting relationships. Politics generally has been important to me, as it fits into my notion of public participation and civility in a community. And I have had remarkable opportunities to get to know presidents, spend time in The White House, travel on Air Force One, but most importantly, to know myself and to know my state and our nation.

Outside of family, however, by more than anything else I have been smitten by birds. Together with four other men, three of us in our 20s at the time, we founded The Peregrine Fund, originally at Cornell University, and now located in Boise, Idaho. It is the organization, which reestablished the peregrine falcon throughout the United States. After the debacle of persistent pesticide use, the peregrine was extirpated in parts of the country. By using captive-bred peregrines, we released approximately 6000 birds across the country. When the peregrine was removed from the endangered species list in 1999, the media touted it as the greatest success of conservation biology in the 20th century. I continue to fly and hunt peregrines and gyrfalcons still after 36 years. I named one gyrfalcon, Tobey, after our classmate. I serve as vice president of the world falconry association.



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This year I am starting to build a new home. I ride horses quite a lot, recently becoming acquainted with the cutting horse world. I have hunted a lot across the United States and abroad. Like many of you, I have been fortunate to travel a great deal, including quite a few kayaking trips into the high arctic since 1972 to do peregrine and gyrfalcon surveys. I have few regrets.

I look forward to hearing Peter Machinist's presentation (I fear that I was so far back in the intellectual pack that he did not even know my name). I am sure Charlie Pyne will wow us with technology, as he did me, when I watched him rewire the whole school's bell system to ring those class bells by his clock, not theirs. And I wonder if Howard Durfee will stupefy us with another 100 one handed pushups as he did one time in Heb Evans' living room. Because of his generosity of spirit and thoughtful guidance, I look forward to seeing Dave Williams. I will be flying back, unlike those 4000 miles round trips I made in my not very cool 4 door 55 Ford when I used to drive myself to GDA. Ray Bird and others occasionally went with me. I got a lot of speeding tickets, four in one day with Darrel Hamric along. They were a lot cheaper then.

### PETER BUCK

After Governor Dummer, I spent 4 years at the University of Virginia. I thought I had eluded the draft, but I got my "Greetings from the President" letter in early spring '66. I rushed off to apply for Navy OCS and got into the September class.

I spent 3 years in the Navy on the East coast as operations officer on an ocean going minesweeper. It was like living on a cork at sea. It was slow and just bobbed and rocked. I spent most of my time in the Navy seasick.



I joined Electronic Data Systems in January 1970 and spent the next almost 30 years with Ross Perot and the boys retiring in October 1999. I enjoyed my career with EDS. Started out in New York City and then spent time in Boston, Dallas, Camp Hill PA, Iran, Kuwait, London, finishing up in the Washington, DC area.

Lynda, my wife of 15 years, and I live in Waterford, Virginia. We have started a video/film making and photography business that is keeping us busy. We have 3 children between us. Our sons live in Portland OR and Denver, and our daughter is nearby in Richmond. We have a sweet grandson and a sweet granddaughter.



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### PETER BUTLER

I'm sitting here staring at an email from John Tarbell telling me to write my bio or else. I thought I was done with homework thirty years ago. So what have I been doing for the past 40 years? Well - here goes —

Someone once told me that life can be divided into three parts - I spent my first 30 years in school (am I stretching it to call the US Army an “educational” experience?) and the next 30 years trying to make a living. As I approach age 60 I'm ready for the next third.

After GDA I spent four years at Yale, where I managed to graduate in the top 99 percent of my class - but I had a good time doing it. After I won the draft lottery (it's always great to win) I knew my number was up and enlisted in the Army five days ahead of the draft board (pretty smart on my part - uh!) After learning how to blow up tanks, I became a signal officer and was sent to southern Arizona. I did such a good job at guarding our border from an invasion by Mexico that I got to spend an all-expense paid year in Southeast Asia dodging rockets. I decided I wasn't career Army (was there ever a doubt?) and applied to graduate school. Ten days after I left Vietnam I was in Hanover NH starting two years at the Amos Tuck School. After three years of drinking beer in the Army I got to spend more two years drinking beer in New Hampshire. The Army experience must have been good for something since I graduated with honors.

As I approached 30 I realized I needed a real job and took a position at Ernst & Ernst in New York. I found a place in Greenwich Village and spent two years working on Wall Street and living among The Village People and the Maharishi Yogi. After two years I decided I was never going to forgive New York for taking the Babe, so I quit my job and headed back to Massachusetts. For the last 30 years I've been living in Marblehead. In Boston I worked for another big eight accounting firm (not Arthur Andersen - thank God) and got my CPA. I left public accounting in 1975 and have never looked back. For six years I worked for Charles River Associates, a consulting firm. In 1980 I met Marie, the love of my life. We were married in 1981 and we moved into our “forever” house. As Dinks (dual income - no kids) Marie and I have enjoyed traveling. Marie was a successful computer executive — her success allowed me to pursue a less-structured career. In 1986 I gave up working for others. (I always have had a dislike of authority - something I must have learned at GDA.) After five years of working as an independent consultant, I started a company with a partner in 1991. For the last eleven years I have been financing senior housing projects.

My career around nursing homes and assisted living facilities has given me an opportunity to see how people spend the last third of their lives (my advice - stay healthy). After watching people in their 80's wearing Depends and playing bumper cars with their walkers, I've decided that I had better enjoy life while I still can. Marie took early retirement in January and I closed my office in March. We're planning an active life for the next decade or two, spending up to six months on the road each year. We remain active in community activities and enjoy sailing, diving, horseback riding, bicycling and hiking. Marie and I hope to be active and healthy as long as we can. If the



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stock market tanks, we have a nice little trailer court picked out where we can sit out in our plastic lawn chairs and go bowling every Tuesday night. Actually, my plan is to live to 90 and to die when my bungee cord breaks.

Oops - There's the phone. Yes Tarbs, it's coming.....

### GLENN COFFMAN

Back from the dead.

I may never have realized this was the 40th reunion if it had not been for the work of Tay and the rest of you involved in setting up the website. You certainly got my attention when I saw my picture among the deceased. Look forward to seeing you all. Here's a brief bio.

Went to College of Wooster in Ohio, which I really loved. It was good to get out of New England. Had a wonderful four years. It was a great experience both socially and academically. After college I went on to get a graduate degree in history at BU and taught in the Lexington Ma school system for four years.

An opportunity came along to get into being the director of a public library with more responsibility and less supervision. I was ready to get onto something other than teaching. I have been responsible for the adding to and the renovation of three public libraries in the Boston area including Weston, Rockland, and now Milton. But I am ready to write a new chapter and if the opportunity came for early retirement I would take it.

One of my passions has been bicycling. I have crisscrossed much of America. Done the entire west coast on bike from Vancouver to San Diego and have crossed from the west coast to the east coast three times. My goal is to bicycle all fifty states. So far I am on 42. I have had many adventures and friends who have joined me along the way.

I have been married and divorced twice and am single now for ten years but have a wonderful relationship with a woman I have known for four years. My daughter was born in 1973 and is living with me since she was diagnosed with acute myelogenous leukemia in September of 2001. She is in remission and may



Glenn Coffman and Daughter Caroline



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be cured. Her illness has been the biggest shock to me and has really given me a perspective on life.

Together we are training to ride a hundred miles as a fundraiser for the Leukemia Society.

Tarbs, Tom and the rest of you have done a great job in getting us together.

Glenn Coffman

**"Reports of my death are greatly exaggerated..."**

From: Glenn R. Coffman, gcoffman@ocln.org

To: Warren alias Tay

Date: Wed, 10 Apr 2002 17:43:44 -0700

Tay

I was surfing the internet and found that I was listed as deceased on the home page for GDA'62. It comes as a bit of shock but wanted you to correct the info. A more detailed biography will follow. I have been out of touch with anything concerning GDA since I left, but wanted you to correct that info immediately.

Glenn Coffman, Director, Town of Milton Public Library

*Glenn,*

*This GDA62 Web site is generating miracles! Glad to have you back! I don't have a clue why the database they sent showed your address as six feet under, but I am sure your classmates (as am I) are VERY glad to hear that the reports of your death were greatly exaggerated! Whew! The School will be pleased as well: now you'll have to make up for years and years of missed Annual Fund Giving - no, just kidding. Welcome back! Hope you can make it to the reunion in June! I'm involved as a trustee of our town's tiny library and would love to talk about MARC records, automation software, retrospective cataloging, and Internet access 1st Amendment issues. No, just kidding! :-)*

*Tay*

RED CULVER



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I went through Lehigh University after GDA and managed to obtain a BS majoring in finance and marketing. After looking for a marketing research job for several months I realized I had to get something that required less than "10 years of directly related experience", so I took a programming course and joined the world of data processing. It has helped me pay the bills ever since.

I started as a programming trainee at Factory Mutual Engineering Corp 67-69, went on to Keane Associates 69-75, Delphi Associates '75-77, XTRA Leasing Corp '77-79, National Computer Systems (NCS, not NCR) '79-94 and finally ended at Mellon Financial 94-present. Most definitely this is my last stop on the road to retirement. Much of the early experience was in support and then project management. Mellon has been a combination of the two. I was heavily involved in the Y2K project during the latter part of 98 and through 99. Many avoided the experience, but I appreciated it for what it was - the largest data processing project of all time. I would not have wanted to miss it for the world. And it lived up to its billing. Truly it was one helluva ride!

Back in 69 I married the best friend of the woman who was engaged to my best friend at Lehigh. Mary and I moved to Burlington, MA. in March of 70 and we have stayed here since. Same house with an addition put on in 81.

We have two daughters Cindy June of 70 and Kim May of 73 both of whom moved out on us to Atlanta. On December 28, 2001 Cindy presented us with our grand daughter Callian (as in CALifornia). And, by the way, she is the most beautiful baby you have ever seen!

Gave up smoking back in 68 and have not looked back. Glad I did. Never gave up beer. Glad I didn't.

Mary and I have done some antiqueing (steins, chocolate glass and a bit of copper) over the years. Not a way to make a living, but an enjoyable leisure activity. And I have managed and played on the Hackers softball team for the last 29 years. The name really fits well. The joy for the game continues strong.

I guess that will have to do for a bio. Again, thanks for the site.

### JOHN DAVAGIAN

After GDA I spent four years at Lehigh University getting a BA in English Literature. After graduation in 1966, I married Joyce (Najarian) and she hasn't thrown me out ... yet! Next was Boston University School of Law - passed



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the Massachusetts Bar Exam in 1969.

Spent the next 28 years running the family construction business - building bridges, piers, wharfs and the like across New England. Sold the business in 1997. I now practice law from an office in Sudbury, Massachusetts specializing in construction, commercial real estate and employment law.

Personally, we have two children: Jennifer - 32, married with one grandson; John, III - 29 will be married in July. We've had a home in Concord, MA for 30 years and love it here.



Managed to do a few other things along the way:

- Chairman of the Labor Committee for the Foundation and Marine Contractors Assn. of New England, Inc.
- Former Trustee of the Massachusetts Regional Community College System
- Massachusetts Youth Soccer Association, Hall of Fame
- Past President, Council of Armenian Executives

Current passion: Golf! (I'm trying not to get too good at it! I know that Tiger needs the money!)

All and all, it has been a great and good life. I must thank GDA and all of you for broadening my horizons and giving me the opportunity to experience many wonderful things. It was there that it all began for a 13 year old kid who never spent a night away from family before heading off to South Byfield in the fall of 1958. As I look back now, we were all so different, yet very much alike. I was blessed with a wonderful family, great teachers and good friends like all of you.

Look forward to seeing all of you at the reunion.

Best Regards, John Davagian

### MAC DONALDSON

Left Govie for Colby College, on to 4 years in the Air Force, then back to grad school at Northeastern. Started with Digital Equipment Corp in 1971, stayed until 1999 after the Compaq merger. What a ride!! Happy to have





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moved on to a more manageable life after all those years. Now working at Manchester Marine in Manchester, MA, managing their mechanic shop.

Married to Nancy for 33+ years, two wonderful daughters, now ages 33 and 30. No grandchildren yet. Have a 20' Mako center console. Hobbies include fishing (duh), hunting, golf, skiing, gardening, woodworking, and general puttering with my boat. Moving from Stow, MA, to Beverly, MA in a few weeks. Also have a cottage on the water in Ipswich, MA.

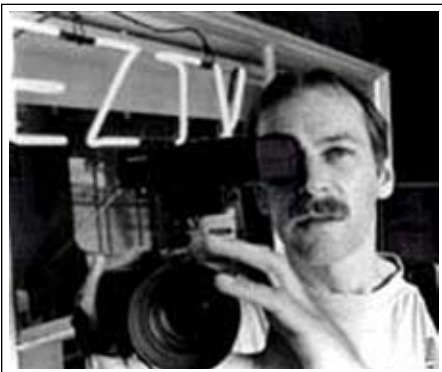
Life is good!

### JOHN DORR

1944 - 1993

John Dorr, founder of EZTV, was a graduate of Yale who did his postgraduate studies in film at UCLA. He was a widely published film journalist and a noted scholar of D.W. Griffith. For years he was a reviewer for The Hollywood Reporter. With the advent of industrial video technology in the late 70s, Dorr saw a window opening on the future. Anticipating the desktop revolution, he foresaw a time when "films" could be made by independent artists without reliance on the studio system or heavy funding. He knew that these artists would need a public venue to exhibit and distribute their work. This he would call EZTV.

Dorr began by testing his own hypothesis. In 1978 he borrowed a black & white surveillance camera and made the wacky "Sudvall Does It All," the first known video feature. He followed this with "The Case of the Missing Consciousness," a tongue-in-cheek science fiction feature, this time in color. Between 1980 and 1982, working only on some weekends, Dorr produced his masterwork, the feature-length biography of the troubled relationship between writer Dorothy Parker and her bisexual husband Alan Campbell, "Dorothy and Alan at Norma Place."



In April, 1982, Dorr opened the first EZTV premises with a screening of "Dorothy and Alan." Both the work and the EZTV concept received rave reviews. EZTV was on its way. A cooperative of artists and equipment formed around Dorr. In the ensuing years literally thousands of tapes were produced, post-produced or exhibited out of EZTV, as well as countless live and multimedia performances. John Dorr and EZTV became a unique staple of the L. A. art scene.



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As EZTV grew, Dorr's energies became increasingly involved with administration. He made only one more theatrical feature, the 1983 quasi-mystical "Approaching Omega," and one feature-length documentary, the internationally acclaimed "Luck, Trust & Ketchup," a behind-the-scenes look at the making of Robert Altman's "Short Cuts." He also co-directed the extensive "Lannan Literary Series." His earlier work was not forgotten, however. A screening copy of "Dorothy and Alan" was requested by Alan Rudolph before that director made his "Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle."

John Dorr died of AIDS on January 1, 1993. The American Film Institute that year dedicated its video festival to his memory.

From:

[<http://www.eztvmedia.com/dorr.html>]

and

[<http://www.sorellaproductions.com/timeline.htm>]

### HOWARD DURFEE

Upon graduating from Governor Dummer I went to Harvard along with Peter Machinist and a few other classmates. While there I became Harvard's champion wrestler in 1964. After graduating from Harvard, I went to the University of Edinburgh and to Fuller Theological Seminary in California, and completed a Master's Degree in religious studies.

I did not feel called however, to be a pastor or preacher, so I entered secular employment at Texas Instruments in Dallas Texas. After 27 years of working at TI I took early retirement in 1996. Since that time I have worked four years at Northern Telecom in Richardson, Texas. I am now moving into accounting services for employment.

In addition to secular work I have been helping send missionaries to Africa for the past twenty years. They have helped to found churches throughout the continent, and some preach to as many as 60,000 people at one time.

Recently I cut a CD on worship music. This was the result of years of singing in churches, at funerals, and at weddings. I recently completed a PHD in religious studies at the University of Honolulu, writing a dissertation on Christian ministry. Governor Dummer gave me the academic background for this work. The foundation laid in prep school has gone with me through my life.

### PETER ENTWISTLE

Since leaving the USA I tried law school with little success followed by Agriculture College with a little more suc-



## Class of 1962

cess. I married Tizzie in 1969 and acquired a pretty 300 acre farm in the North of England where we have lived happily ever since. We produced a girl and boy, and the farm produces each year a 1000 lambs and 150 beef cattle. I represented the area on the County Council for eight years, I was a Church warden for 25 years and am still a Magistrate in Lancaster. In the summer we would play tennis and in the winter hunt pheasants and grouse. Now I am old I play croquet in the summer and bridge in the winter. We lost a fortune in the Loyds insurance market but have done quite well out of property recently. Our house and farm buildings were built in the 17th century and I often feel nothing much has changed here since then. Tizzie has recently inherited a lovely small manor house 2 miles away with a beautiful garden which I enjoy looking after. My son Tom runs the farm and my daughter works in advertising in London. My year at Governor Dummer had an enormous influence on me for which I will always be grateful.



### JIM GORDON

From Governor Dummer, I went to Cornell, where I sat next to Mark Johnson in freshman English (he was always better prepared than I was). Although I can make no claim to being a Renaissance man, like Tay Vaughan or Ted Moore, I did discover girls and beer (but I can't remember in which order). Oh yeah, I also discovered sports. I went out for lightweight crew and never got cut. When we got off the water in the late fall, those four years of running to the bridge and back must have paid off, because I found that I could run faster than just about everybody else on the team. In my Engineering 101 class, the Dean started it off by saying, "Look to your left, now look to your right. Neither of those guys will graduate with you." He was right. I think I was the guy on the left. Unlike at Governor Dummer, nobody told me when to study. So, with all the diversions - girls, beer, rowing, fraternities - I didn't (or at least, not enough). After the second time they told me to go away for a while, I figured there was a message there. I was just about to enlist in the Marine Corps, but my dad persuaded me to finish college first (this was 1966). So, I transferred to Boston University. After Cornell, BU was a pretty rinky-dink place, but I finally graduated with a BS in Engineering in 1969.

I next went to work for Stone & Webster in Boston helping to design a nuclear power station. That might sound interesting, but I found it really boring, so I went in the Navy as a Supply Corps officer. I went to sea on a destroyer, and that really was an adventure - just like the recruiting posters say. I got to see the world and had some interesting and fun experiences.

After some shore duty in the Bay Area, I got out of the Navy and went to Stanford for an MBA. I was running around the track there one day, when I saw a cute girl on the other side. I chased her for two laps before I caught her, and I've been running with Marcia ever since. (My mother always told me to marry a chaste woman.)



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After a couple of awful corporate jobs and moves across the country, I finally figured out I couldn't work for somebody else. Actually, I didn't figure it out - Marcia did. So I took her suggestion and applied at Dean Witter. To my surprise, I loved it and achieved some success.

By 1986, we had two kids and a house that was too small, so we moved to a nice house in Woodinville, Washington. At the same time, I joined Smith Barney in Bellevue, and we've been in the same house and I've been at the same firm ever since.



Marcia and I now have three kids: Laurel, a freshman at Columbia; Jeffrey, a junior in high school (who also wants to go to college on the East Coast), and Gretchen, an eighth-grader (who might make a career on the stage).

At Smith Barney, I do financial and estate planning for high-net-worth individuals. It's very rewarding. I travel just enough so it's still a little bit of a novelty, and I have wonderful clients to work with. I don't think I'll ever retire, but maybe I'll slow down some day.

I stayed in the Navy and Navy Reserves for a total of 23 years, and I'd do that all over again. I've been president of my Rotary Club and the local chapters of the Stanford Business School and Governor Dummer Alumni Associations, but our leisure activities have been largely centered around our kids. I'm going to have to find some new hobbies soon. I still run or ride my bike almost daily, but the wear on my body parts is starting to slow me down.

Of all the things I've done in my life, the most rewarding, by far, has been being a dad. I have three wonderful children, who are fortunate to have a fantastic mom. I would love to have had them go to Governor Dummer, especially now that it's coed, but I couldn't bear to send them so far away.

### STAN HEALY

With graduation from Wesleyan pending in June, 1966 - and no prospect of a wife or graduate school - I entered Navy OCS and received my commission in February 1967. (When arriving at OCS we were lined up and divided



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in “Companies” in order of arrival and I remember seeing Pete Buck just a few “officer candidates” down the line.) Spent the next three years in various places and Navy assignments ranging from Boat Officer on a WWII vintage troop carrier shuttling Marines from Okinawa to Viet Nam, Discipline Officer at the Newport Naval Base and on the staff of the Commandant, First Naval District in Boston. (The day after mustering out of the Navy in Boston, I was standing at an MBTA stop and asked the person standing next to me about the train schedule - the person to whom I spoke was none other than Jim “Flash” Gordon.)

Within a week of becoming a civilian I reluctantly agreed to help out a friend by going to a party to which he agreed to bring “some guys”. That night I met Sarah Watson. We were engaged six weeks later, married 10 months after meeting, and have been married for 32 years. (Sarah was Walnut Hill School ’63 - although we don’t recall ever being on each other’s “dance card” at any Glee Club concerts, we did find a photo in the Milestone where we were sitting about five feet from each other - something about destiny!?)

We are now officially empty nesters - our daughter Alison (Notre Dame ’00) is living in Chicago and our son Andrew graduated from Middlebury College last week.

From a professional perspective several different “lives” after getting my MBA from Wharton in 1972. I spent time in “Big 8” (now “Big 5”? - soon to be “Big 4”?) management consulting, then in a Fortune 500 environment (Dennison Mfg. Co in Framingham, MA), followed by a fire and burglary equipment manufacturing subsidiary of ADT. There was clearly - at least for me - a pattern here - less politics, less hierarchy, less formality and more autonomy. In 1990 I purchased a distribution company serving the automotive aftermarket. Sold that business in 1998, took a “professional pause” and in January, 2001 joined DogWatch, Inc in Natick, MA. DogWatch designs and markets RF technology based systems for pet containment - the company has been in business for 10 years and has taken the basic “Invisible Fence” concept and improved the technology. For the first time in many years I am enjoying what I do and look forward to each new business day. I plan to stay at this for a while as I really haven’t been able to develop any significant hobbies/interests/“passions” that make me want to slow down.

Both personally and professionally, it has been a good 40 year run!

### BEN JAMESON

After leaving the University of New Hampshire in 1964, I was immediately drafted. I vividly remember my army physical. After boarding the bus in Exeter, NH for the trip to the Manchester, NH processing center, the sergeant



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in charge stated that 50% of us would be rejected. I never dreamed that I would be one of them. I was 4F for Eczema, a skin disease. For years I was convinced that my father had paid someone off.

Following my brief army career I went to work for a paint company in Stamford, CT. I received a great education from the owner of the company on how to business. After three years I left to join my father, Arthur Jameson, in the family business, C.F. Jameson & Co., Inc. located in Bradford, MA. The company, founded by my grandfather, Charles F. Jameson, celebrated its 75th year in the business in 2000.

C.F. Jameson manufactures waterborne paints, primarily for the Automobile Interiors Market. Although we are a small fish in a big ocean I have found running the company a very challenging, exciting, and rewarding career.

I met my wife, Ellen, in 1976. We were married in 1979 and have lived in Newburyport since our marriage. We are the very proud parents of two wonderful daughters, Sarah and Heather. Sarah graduated from GDA in 2000 and Heather will graduate this June, 40 years after dad. My father graduated from GDA in 1938, so we are a three generation GDA family. We all continue to feel that our time spent at GDA was one of the great experiences of our lives.

Sarah has just completed her sophomore year at The George Washington University in Washington, DC, and Heather will enter GWU as a freshman in the fall. They are looking forward to attending the same college together.

Ellen and I look forward to welcoming you to our home and seeing you all at the reunion. Ben

### MARK JOHNSON

Biography of Sorts — sans picture - Digital camera broken — I'm now in shopping mode- may be able to add picture later when trying out new toy.

I have been reading the biographies already posted with delight. Everyone needs to do this! I keep flashing back to Sophomore English with Pete Friend teaching Robert Frost's "Stopping by the Woods" or "The Road Not Taken" or some such. I must say, the Bios certainly demonstrate how different the roads leaving So. Byfield turned out to be for us. They are terrific.

My own road started with driving Frank Bond home to Santa Fe after graduation (Did Santa Fe ever get that drag strip you wanted, Frank?), then on to Cornell, fraternity life, and a BA in Government. Next came Boston University Law School. After a year, the School and I came to the mutual decision that this was not an optimum



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choice. Fortunately, considering it was 1968, my parents were friends with the head of my local draft board — I was allowed one month to pick my Service.

I went into the Navy, through Boot Camp at Great Lakes and on to Spanish Language School in Monterey, CA where I met Patty, my bride—to-be (and bride-to-day). Next came Officer Candidate School in Newport, Commissioning, wedding, orders, and “voila!”, as Roy Ohrn(sp?) would say. Another stunned and bewildered “90 Day Wonder” joined the Fleet. I spent the next few years on sea duty during the Vietnam War... defending the East Coast. “Tough” duty of course, “but someone....” Along the way, I transferred to the Navy Supply Corps, the business branch of the Navy (and with less sea duty), and had some tremendous tours of duty.

Included were:

3 and a half years holding down 5 jobs simultaneously in Naples, Italy (chance to see Europe and to pick up a Masters in Business from my old “alma mater interruptus” Boston University) Instructing for 2 years each at the Navy Supply Corps School, in Athens, Georgia, (Food Service and Retail Operations) and 2 more at the Navy School of Physical Distribution Management in Oakland (Warehousing Operations and Transportation of Hazardous Material) A 3-year tour with the first Department of Defense Inspector General (lots of chances to see the Pacific and much of the USA as well) A 3-year tour buying produce for all the DOD facilities in 5 Western states and the Pacific.

I finally retired in 1988, at age 44, having traveled in 48 states and 22 countries. By my calculation, I personally pushed over half a million pieces of paper which probably accomplished nothing more than winning the cold war for which I expect to take full credit as I get older.

I do truly appreciate your tax dollars funding my pension and allowing me to put our two daughters, Mariann and Rachael, through the University of Santa Barbara. Of course, it turned out to be only a “practice” retirement of 3 weeks as I immediately had to go back to work. (You weren’t that generous with your tax dollars...)

The rest of my career has been mostly as a consultant in Supply Chain Management. (I started before it became the glamorous “cause celebre” it is now). I’ve had the good fortune to manage, teach, and/or consult in virtually every function in the Chain — and a few other areas as well. There were also a few other operational stints interspersed at Kaiser Permanente and a produce company now defunct — a whole other story. After consulting work with AT&T, Pacific Bell, PG&E, and SBC, Inc., I finally hired in to SBC as an internal consultant in the Procurement organization last June. Hence the limited vacation opportunity.

In the meantime in my real life, Patty and I moved to our retirement home in Brentwood, Ca. last year. This is the town in the SF Bay area and not the LA neighborhood of OJ fame. We are in what my son-in law refers to as “the old folks home”. It’s a 55 + gated golf course retirement community in which we are about the youngest members. We overlook three fairways, two waterholes, and a valley. We love the peace and quiet. Resort life is



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good! Both daughters live within easy visiting range. Mike, Mariann's husband teaches at the same school as his mother in law — and they even get along! Rachael, is teaching High School English in San Ramon not far away. Family life is good!

Patty, my bride of 33 years, is still teaching Junior High, but unless she graduates early, I guess my real retirement is a few years away.

We have spent the last twenty plus years in the San Francisco Bay Area and here we shall remain. I think it was all the warm weather climates where we were stationed. Live in snow?? Thanks anyway - I think I'll just drive 2 hours and visit it...

Sorry I can't make it for the 40th but please hoist one for me. If you're out this way, give me a call. We've got room. This really has been a fun nostalgic time. Thanks to all who helped. And for the 199th GDA graduating Class, the Boys of '62, and now the Old Guys of '02, "May you have fair winds and following seas all the days of your life". See you at the 50th

### PAUL JOHNSON

Tay, I must take this opportunity to correct one mistake in your recounting of the infamous ammonium iodide incident: your partner in crime was not "Phil" but rather myself, otherwise known as Mau Mau or Mau to my friends. Note that there are no "Phil"s in our class. And it seems to me that the guest speaker was not Walter Lord (although he did attend the Evening Meeting more than once), but rather the headmaster of Exeter Academy, a staunch supporter of GDA, thereby making the faux pas even worse.

The mistake regarding the name is understandable. No one used my proper name during my five year tenure other than Peter Machinist. That is one of the reasons why I was the first to leap to my feet and applaud with every accolade this remarkable person won at graduation.

Boys are supposed to metamorphose to young men during boarding school. But when even the masters are so insensitive as to join in generalized abasement, breaking the cocoon is difficult. Only a close friendship with Richard Knight during freshman year at Colorado College would result in a restoration of confidence for this writer. Rick's smart as a whip, cynical, gifted athlete, ladies man, richer than stink. Why would he associate with Man Mau? We were close in college, then marriage and distance defeated contact. We met occasionally during the next ten years, then he left home. Bob James knows the story better than I, but it was only when I was scouting colleges in Cambridge for my youngest daughter in 1998 that his wife informed me that he had committed suicide some 13 (?) years before. (Tarbs, you have 1985; I don't know why I think it was a good few years later.)





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With confidence comes libido: my pregnant bride and I crewed a schooner from Newport to St. Thomas leaving my best buddy to justify the elopement to dear old dad. This was between sophomore and junior year at college. After a stint in manufacturing management I joined the world's first true multinational, The Singer Sewing Machine Company, and went to their large factory complex in Brazil in the mid seventies. True to the expatriate life style, dad becomes immersed in work and local events, while mom is isolated by language and culture. We split amicably and our two daughters commuted between New England and Sao Paulo for the next fifteen years. My second wife and third daughter have dual citizenship.

At the end of the eighties, Singer dissected itself, and the school and social conditions became precarious in Brazil. We upped stakes and pursued the second of two shrimp farming projects in the Dominican Republic, living in Puerto Rico. Unlike the first endeavor which had closed the financing but couldn't wrest mangrove swamps from the hands of the landed gentry of the Northeast of Brazil, this second, lead by a consortium of Italians, had secured the land in the Dominican Republic, but couldn't convince the locals to accept Lira. So off we went to Miami. In 1992 we checked out: we bought a small bareboat charter company in Ft. Lauderdale. We sold a large charter company after seven delightful, exhausting years. One doesn't have to rich to be a sailor, but then Boston College doesn't care much for sailors. The educational requirements of #3 daughter put an abrupt end to what others viewed as retirement, and I find myself in Indiana trying to juxtapose waving corn tassels and white caps. But caring for RCA's businesses in Brazil gives me occasional respite from endless waves of grain.

I am still ambivalent about my attendance at the reunion. My memories of Governor Dummer are not pleasant. But the enthusiasm of those who have contributed thus far is infectious.

One last observation. Note the change of tense in the fourth paragraph above. Tom Mercer would give an instant zero for such composition. My eldest is 37 years old, and I still gently correct her English at the dinner table in front of her mother in law. NO mercy(er). Although I earned (deserved?) terrible grades at GDA, it offered the best preparatory education available. Remember the Monday morning vocabulary tests from Readers Digest? The foundation in English, history and math has served me well. And I cannot help but note by the quality of the writing of the other contributors that they too have benefited.

*I'm glad you stepped forward, Paul! In my middle age, when I wrote that recount of an incident already twenty years dusty, I couldn't remember who my accomplice had been. Admittedly, using my author's license, I invented "Phil" to fill the gap. Memory is a subjective thing and allows history to be rewritable. In a box in my barn, though, is the actual paper note from Walter Lord that responds to the required apology to him, part of the punishment from Val Wilkie and Dave Williams. Luckily both will be cherished guests at our reunion, and perhaps we*



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*can probe their subjective recollections. Likely our prank does not rate among the worst of their child management experiences through their tenure in authority. Likely, too, in today's zero-tolerance world, we'd have gone to jail. Explosives! Man, what were we thinking? --Tay Vaughan, May, 2002.*

### STEVE KASNET

This past weekend was one of four scheduled Trustee weekends at GDA. The campus looked spectacular, the students much younger and the air was mosquito free.

After our graduation event, I began what was to become an almost five year college career at U of Penn. My diploma and class rank( bottom 25%) arrived by mail with the first of many requests for an annual gift. I was fortunate that the Chesapeake Bay was a reasonable drive from Philadelphia as most of my spare time was spent sailing in and around Annapolis.

I was able to spend the next several years aboard various boats both racing and cruising, attempting several times to crew onboard the successful America's Cup defender. This period was interrupted by a brief stint working for our government.

Eventually, I returned to Boston and began my career with a Boston-based real estate brokerage and development company. That career stuck for twenty years, along with my wife, Missy, who is a product of Philadelphia. She and I are beginning our thirty-second year together. Our two children, Hadley Scully who lives with her husband and daughter in Manhattan; and Archie, a GDA graduate living in San Francisco, complete the package.

Over the past twelve years, I have traveled among several publicly and privately held firms that were in need of restructuring and recapitalisation. Presently, I serve as chairman of Warren Bank and president/ceo of Harbor Global Co.,Ltd. These are both public companies that are involved in banking (Warren) and asset management in foreign places (Russia, Poland, Ghana).

Tom, Tay, and Tarbs are to be congratulated for forcing this communication to reunite our class. Some months ago, I committed to participate in the Newport-Bermuda Race with our 1984 crew and several of our children. Little did I know that the weekend of our reunion would compete with the race start. Hopefully, this event will foster more communication among us.



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### ED KLEVEN

Due to a previous commitment to my favorite (and only) nephew, I am unable to attend reunion festivities. The following is a brief summary of my post GDA history.

After graduating from Tufts in 1966, I spent a VERY brief time teaching 5th graders in Carlisle, MA... I realized very quickly that getting up and driving to work before the sun came up was not for me. I am sure many of my students would agree teaching was not for me...

I started my career in the entertainment business in the Winter of 1966 by joining The Kingsmen as their Road Manager... after 3 years of listening to "Louie, Louie" 320 days a year, and the group not wanting to tour on a regular basis, I joined Dionne Warwick's management team in 1968 and traveled the world with her through 1975... my tenure ended long before Dionne started her infomercials for the Psychic Hotline, so no jokes please...

From 1975 till present time I have represented various professional baseball players, radio and TV news and sports anchors and a few sportswriters... Currently my concentration is on the media folks as my tolerance of the egos in Major League Baseball became quite thin... Shigetoshi Hasegawa of the Seattle Mariners is my lone baseball client...

I was diagnosed with MS 21 years ago, but have been very fortunate as it has not prevented me from pursuing my profession... no marathons or extended physical activity for me, but I can talk on the telephone with no problems... the main tool of the trade for an agent...

Best regards to the Class of 62... I have many fond and zany memories of my 4 years at GDA... too many to detail here.... I will look forward to reading and hearing about the reunion... Tarbs is doing a wonderful job of keeping me updated... I hope to see him in NY during my next visit... Ed Kleven

### BURKE LEAHEY

Much as I dislike sentences that begin with that smallest of personal pronouns, have got to admit to having enjoyed all the bios submitted thus far. So in the interest of fairness, here are sentences about the guy from Lowell that Peter B. thought was a "hood."



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Spent early summer of '62 at the University of Madrid with Denis Golden, bounced around western Europe after that, lost him in Rome, found him again twenty-five years later at a Gloucester bar soon to be made famous in *The Perfect Storm*. Headed off to Harvard in the fall, started off well, got reacquainted with my childhood sweetheart, Barbara Brady, who was attending Emmanuel on the other side of the Charles River — at which point, I did a Charlie Pyne, and focused on the extra-curricular side of college life. Muddled through the next two and one-half years and married Barb at the end of my junior year — and we are still happily married thirty-seven years later.

With graduation, started working in Liberty Mutual's group insurance department in Boston. After a six-month hitch in the Army Reserve, we started making babies — three wonderful daughters in all, and all now grown and gone very far away — one a former cancer researcher at Harvard, turned pastry chef in London, another running Hilton's convention services in Orlando, and a third, now an assistant professor in sociology at the University of Arizona — so we spend a lot of time on the road trying to catch up with our kids.

We moved to Chicago with Liberty, soon after which I joined CNA's group operation. Did an MBA at Northwestern and went with Hewitt Associates, (actuaries, compensation and employee benefit consultants) to assist employers in designing more effective benefit plans. Moved back to Southport, CT in 1979 with Hewitt to head their group insurance consulting practice, and then in 1982, jumped at an opportunity to return to Boston to head the Boston office of Meidinger, Inc. (soon to be acquired by William M. Mercer, Inc.). We bought a wonderful house on the water in Duxbury where we keep two boats, a large lawn mower, a German Shepherd and a cat. Only one run-in with the law during the last forty years — wore a FBI "wire" to catch an evil-doer in 1992 (where was Ken Pouch when I needed him?) — nailed the b——, and now the lawyer count is down by one.

After the "merger," with all of my people happily working in more responsible positions, and having longed to be deeply in debt, we bought a printing company up in Lowell (started by Barb's dad). It was a leveraged deal in the days when bankers were just throwing money at you. It worked well — weathered a couple of rough years in the early 1990's, and then we sold it two years ago to Barb's brother. Am not sure that we are retired as Tom wrote, maybe just in transition, although we are not quite sure to what. Have a condo in Boston's South End — a fun place to live these days. Barb doesn't do "cold" anymore, so we winter in another condo in Bonita Springs on Florida's west coast. Have tried to develop a tennis game, and was doing OK, until a shoulder injury (Tarbs, helllllp!) sidelined me this winter. In the meantime, we do a lot of gardening in Florida and Duxbury, searching genealogy records wherever (learned I am descended from a Welsh barmaid, hmmm ....), and fixing/rebuilding boats — current project is a 1968 Marshall 22 Cat. There has been some talk about "down-sizing," but nothing definite yet — my thought that the cat could go was nixed.

Every fall we are still at most every home Harvard football game. The tail-gating starts at 10:30 a.m. or so between the stadium and the indoor track building, we usually have six to twelve tickets (it's not like they are sold out), so



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if any of you finds yourself in or near Harvard Square on game day, please stop by — all are welcome. And if that doesn't work, we'd love to have you visit Duxbury, the South End or Bonita Springs, as the spirit moves.

See you soon, best to all.

### DAVID LORENSON

SO o o 40 years have passed, eh? - Path from GDA took me to Wesleyan University and Middletown CT. While pursuing academic excellence (with emphasis on "pursuit"), I continued playing hockey for four years and some lacrosse with Stan Healy until I decided I wanted to take an afternoon sculpture class. No regrets there, just wish I had more time now for sculpture.

After Wesleyan I was 2A, not a good classification in 1966, and was accepted into the Teacher Corps to head for Georgia and a potential Masters in Teaching (a GDA influence). However, I decided I was unsure about this approach and enlisted. I then spent almost three years in the Army including Officer's Candidate School and a tour as a Transportation Officer at Continental Army HDQTRS at Fort Monroe, VA. Fort Monroe and its officer's club beach are located on Chesapeake Bay. In other words, I was very fortunate and escaped shipment to Vietnam.

While in the Army I did some court martial work, mostly defense side, and decided last minute coming out of the Army to go to law school. But before law school and while on leave toward the end of my Army career, I met my wife and in 1970, after her college graduation and my first year of law school, we were married. Patricia has been the love and support of my life and a super role model for our three daughters. She has been a stalwart in the area of children and family services beginning with her work in the Junior League's public affairs committee and as President of the Junior League of Hartford. She presently performs volunteer and consulting work for the Connecticut Department of Children and Families and is Chairperson of the Regional Advisory Council of the Southwest Region of the Department and on the State Public Affairs Committee of the Junior League of Eastern Fairfield. She is also my current affairs person and personal clipping service as a devouring NY Times reader. Now on to the kids —————

Our oldest daughter went to Hobart-William Smith Colleges and then worked for a couple of years to earn money to go back to school. She graduated a week ago from Univ. of Connecticut Law School and is gainfully employed with a very good Hartford law firm and of all things interested in tax and ERISA stuff. She has worked through law school so no small accomplishment. She just moved back home to study during June and July for her bar exams. Will be a traumatic time for us all to readjust and get through this stress especially since her boyfriend is heading with the PA National Guard to Bosnia for a few months and more stress inducement.



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Our middle daughter graduated from Univ. of Michigan three years ago. She played field hockey while there and we all got a first hand look at the pluses and minuses of big time athletic departments. She is now living in the Chicago area working as a business analyst for Hewitt Associates, an international compensation and corporate benefits administrator and consulting firm. Miss not having her closer to us. She just announced her engagement so these are exciting times.

Our youngest daughter went a year plus to Parsons School of Design here in the City to fulfill a long standing desire to be fashion designer. She dropped out in October of the second year with no warning and has taken a path which has her sisters, her mother and father heartbroken and mystified. We keep our fingers crossed, pray and hope for the best. Nobody said life is easy. Fortunately, I am blessed with a wonderful wife and two other super daughters and a great Soft Coated Wheaten terrier, all of whom bring sanity to my life.

Fast reverse - Following law school, I went into private practice with the largest firm in Schenectady NY which was heavily into estates and trusts, bank and real estate work. In addition to those things, I did some litigation and divorce work. Interestingly, probably my most satisfying work was acting as a guardian ad litem doing pro bono work in Family Court. I became a partner and ultimately in 1982 moved to Connecticut to set up branch office of the firm in Hartford CT to accompany a major client's headquarter's move to Hartford. Not a good experience which brings to mind the following: "Sent up a creek without a paddle" and Hartford lawyers like dogs are very territorial. (Exception to the last statement and ironic, our oldest daughter ends up a lawyer in Hartford). I closed that office and commuted weekly back to Schenectady. However, my family was nicely settled in Avon CT so I left the firm after 10 years and went with a commercial finance subsidiary of Barcalys Bank. I concentrated in commercial real estate law supporting Barclays' commercial real estate operations across the country and managing the attorneys and support staff for that effort. However, nothing is permanent. Barclays, in its wisdom, decided it wanted to change direction in the U.S. and shut down numerous subsidiaries across the country including the one I was with, as the last one. I literally was the last one out turning off the lights and locking up after ten years. Found a job in the law department with The Guardian Life Insurance Company to again do commercial real estate transactional work for the investment area of the company. Guardian took advantage of my varied background and used me to also work on corporate acquisitions, reinsurance and now, to what has become my full time plus work, providing legal support in the areas of intellectual property, information technology and e-commerce.

I was head of the commercial real estate group and the information technology group but have dropped the first to concentrate on the burgeoning workload in the information technology area. I have had to learn on the fly about technology, intellectual property, internet privacy and security issues and such things as ASPs (application service providers), India outsourcing and all of the the associated jargon. It is nice to be learning new tricks as an old dog but the resources are limited and the pace hectic - some time in the sun for this dog might be nice. Never dreamed in a million years I would end up working in New York City and never had (read that still do not - sorry you diehard New Yorkers) any desire to do so. I commute in from Easton, CT. Commute is a bear -over 2 hours



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so I am sleep-deprived big time. Our offices are in lower Manhattan and folks watched the horrors of Sept 11 from our windows as our view of the towers collapsed in the background. We were closed for a week and returning was like coming into a war zone. Ironically, I was home for a long overdue vacation so was not at work September 11th but watched the horror on television.

What else is there? Guess I can thank those of you who hit me in hockey and lacrosse for contributing to 2 separated shoulders, 1 left hip osteotomy (for you medical types) and a left and right hip replacement. The hip work was all done at Brigham & Womens' Hospital in Boston which I have learned is the bailiwick of Andy Whittemore. I sing its praises and those of my orthopedic surgeon who Andy informed me has now retired. Andy has promised a good referral.

The other relevant "what else" of my world has been the family's love of Vermont in the summer, sailing on Lake Champlain and swimming with Champ, (Lake Champlain's version of the Loch Ness monster and local folklore). Woodworking is the final "what else" which I have enjoyed in the past and I dream I will someday soon enjoy again. If, together with all of your bios, there is not enough here for a good conversation, I'll try harder in the next 40 years. Look forward to the reunion.

### PETER MACHINIST

Although this is not the first reunion our class has had, somehow the hard work that Tom Tobey and John Tarbell, in particular, have put into rediscovering us and persuading us to reassemble in Byfield - this makes it seem like our first real get-together, our first chance to reckon with ourselves individually and as a group... So here are a few words about my own adventures over the last forty years, which serve to reformulate and extend the more formal bio of mine that has been on our GDA Web.

I guess I never wanted to leave school, fortified by my experiences at Governor Dummer and then in college at Harvard. I discovered already at Governor Dummer what became and remains my profession, ancient history, more specifically the study of ancient Israel, Mesopotamia, and other cultures of the ancient Near East, together with some glances at ancient Greece and Rome. (Governor Dummer also made it clear to me that I did not have the talent to realize an earlier hope to make a career in science.) I worked in the ancient history fields at Harvard, for my A.B., and then at Yale, where I took my M. Phil. and Ph.D., concluding this apprenticeship, after much too long a time, in 1978. By





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then, I had already been teaching for some years, starting as a temporary instructor at Connecticut College and a graduate assistant at Yale, then moving on to Case Western Reserve University and the University of Arizona, Tucson. I remained in Tucson from 1977 through 1986, before going on to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor (1986-1990), and finally coming back to New England in 1991 as full professor at Harvard to succeed my teacher there, Frank Moore Cross. I was named Hancock Professor of Hebrew and Other Oriental Languages in 1992 on his retirement, and like him work in both the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, in the Dept. of Near Eastern Languages and Civilizations, and the Harvard Divinity School. In the course of this peripatetic existence, I was lucky to have a couple of opportunities for foreign study: in Israel, at the Hebrew University (1980-81), and in West Berlin, Germany, i.e., before the Fall of the Wall, at the Wissenschaftskolleg (1984-85); I will return to Israel in the spring of 2003 as visiting professor at the Hebrew University.

My academic career has entailed the usual amount of scholarly meetings and associations, faculty committees, and publishing - in my instance, never enough, I am well aware. But as I think about it, my greatest satisfaction has been in teaching. I have learned that you can't be too greedy in such business. If you connect with just a handful of students in the course of a year or two, you are lucky. And by that measure, I have been, with various doctoral students now finished and mostly placed in good jobs, who have taught me easily more than I have given them. I also have had a number of undergraduate students, although less than in earlier years. In some ways the undergraduates are even more rewarding than the graduates, because less socialized in the ways of academic behavior and so freer to range and speak their minds. I remember in particular a freshman seminar I taught a few years ago at Harvard, in which the very first assignment elicited from one of the students an essay that I thought was close to being publishable. To be faced with such talent was scary, and yet cheering, all the more so as the writer was no brat, but a sweet, unassuming kid, who could still face the world with open wonder. It's experiences like this that carry you through the darker moments.

College had another special benefit beyond the professional academic one. My roommate eventually became my brother-in-law: his sister Alice and I were married in 1974. After a number of years in the field of public health nutrition and hospital dietetics, Alice decided to retrain as a public school teacher, and since our arrival in the Boston area, has been teaching middle school science, thus building on her nutritional experience. She clearly has found her metier, and offers a rigorous and imaginative adventure in science to her sixth and seventh grade classes, despite the very real difficulties of more than her share of at risk students and, not occasionally, an unresponsive administration. Our two children are making their way, happily, very nicely. The older, Edith, just graduated with an honors B.A. from New York University in linguistics, and has opened up a store with a colleague in lower Manhattan, selling their own designs in women's fashions. Our son, David, is about to complete his sophomore year in high school, with a strong interest, among other things, in history, especially the American Civil War (Mr. Sperry, take notice).

As I look back over these many years, Governor Dummer comes to have an even more important place in my perspective than I could have realized when we were graduated in 1962. Indeed, I would regard it as the defining





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period in my rather extended, and still continuing, education. Thanks to the constant discussions you and I as classmates had in and out of the classroom, and the impact of such teachers as Bill Sperry, David Williams, Roy Ohrn, MacDonald Murphy, and Buster Navins, I not only found my own professional interest, as I have indicated; I learned what the life of the mind was all about, and its special, unique pleasures, rewards - and, yes at times, terrors. The challenge of writing the large senior historical essay for Bill Sperry, for example, and the meticulous way in which he organized the whole process for us, have stayed with me and become the model by which I craft the assignments in my own classes. Even long after graduation, and when I was in the early stages of my own teaching career, the timely intervention of Peter Bragdon helped me get over a serious crisis that otherwise might have marked the end of any teaching possibilities for me. I thus feel especially grateful at this time of our fortieth reunion to all that the Academy has meant and done for me.

### BOB MACLAUGHLIN

In 1997 my wife, Kit Pfeiffer, was on her way to some meeting down in Massachusetts when she drove by the sign for GDA. She turned around and headed straight to the alumni office where, like a ruthless bounty hunter, she ended my 35 years of taking it on the lam. "It's the perfect time for you to come out of hiding," my beloved said to me later, justifying her treachery. "There's a reunion in two months."

In the early years, my excuse for staying away was that whatever the requisite level of success for Govie grads was, I hadn't reached it. Besides, I reasoned, I hadn't done all that well at GDA to begin with. ("The JV hockey team will continue to improve in previous years," I declared at awards night.) So, who'd miss me? By the time I'd gotten by that one, so many years had passed that I felt sheepish about my disappearance and continued to dig the hole deeper.

So, actually, I was relieved by Kit's turning me in, and we both had a great time at Reunion '97. In fact, I still have the hat, which does a terrific job of protecting my bald head.

After we all left South Byfield, I went to school in Ohio, then Mexico, and finally pried a journalism degree away from Cal State Long Beach. My first job after that was as sports editor for a small daily paper known





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to its readers as The Fish Wrapper, and from there I had stints as PR guy for a hospital, trailer writer for CBS, editor of a karate magazine, and copywriter for various ad agencies. After I moved back East in 1979 and bought a place in Maine, I retired for awhile (a habit of mine) and worked mostly on granola causes like saving the world from nuclear mayhem and such. Eventually, I sold my Volkswagen Bus to a kid in town and opened my own tiny ad agency for clients whose goals and values I could support.

Six years ago, while my dad was shadow-boxing with Alzheimer's out in California, I closed the office and took my major accounts home to my den where I continue to write for print and broadcast. Even get to do some goofy voice work. The move allowed me to spend larger chunks of time out west with Dad before he died, and I'm so glad I did. It was an amazing experience, and once I learned not to refute his view of reality, we had many wonderful moments together and visited some great planets.

Nevertheless, my favorite place in the universe is still Maine. Kit and I are renting a little house in Searsmont, just inland from Camden and Belfast in the midcoast region. Whereas the talented Tay Vaughan has been working feverishly away on his magnificent restoration of an old farmhouse about six miles away, we have been sloughing off. When something breaks or leaks, we call the landlady (a relative) and then head out the door to hike, run or kayak. We are surrounded by woods, trails, lakes and oceans. There is plenty of land for our garden and funky greenhouse, the latter being a collection of abandoned windows that supplies us with fresh greens year round. The woods supply us with plenty of firewood, but we can flip on the oil heat when we get lazy or take off on a trip. We've backpacked in New Zealand, the Grand Canyon, the Chisos Mountains in Texas, and of course in Maine. Last month, we kayak-camped among the wild horses of Assateague Island, which straddles the Maryland/Virginia border. Kit and I have been together for six years, married for four come August. We were neighbors, running buddies and fellow owners of old Maine farmhouses back in the late '70s, then stumbled across each other again in the '90s during a moment when neither of us was married to anybody else. Romance soon happened and has continued to deepen. I am very, very lucky.

I still dig sports, both as a spectator and a participant. I coached Little League for a dozen years and before that, in 1977, started jogging. I had just quit smoking. Within two months, I worked up to an entire mile without stopping! Then somebody told me about 10ks, and so I did one of those. Then a marathon. And when I was about to turn 40, I remembered having written a piece for The Fish Wrapper about a guy who ran 40 miles on his 40th birthday. (I fell climbing the fence around the track where he was running and crushed my crush-proof box of Marlboros, then puked after conducting an interview at seven minutes a mile.) So, in 1984, I jogged around town a couple times and did my own 40. The following year, I entered a 24-hour race and waddled 101 miles. After that, I crawled back onto the sofa and watched the Red Sox until six months before my 50th when a friend shamed me into getting off my butt again. I trained through the winter and survived another March birthday run, though it wasn't pretty. Haven't decided what I'll do at 60, but I'm trying to stay in shape ALL the time now, just in case.

Enough already. As someday said in a book once, the story of my life is fascinating and some of it's even true.



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Especially the parts I left out.

### T. W. McNALLY

I live in northeastern Connecticut in a house/cabin I built 22 years ago on 160 acres with twenty-five mile views of the northeast's last green corridor. Two Scotch Highland cows help maintain "The Dirt", as I affectionately refer to my hilltop residence. I have recently acquired a 'family' of two teenagers, children of a lady landscape architect to whom I am engaged. I have had two practice marriages, but no kids. I have also been a practicing attorney, and am presently an industrial distribution business owner. From GDA, I got here as follows:

'62 - '64 Trinity College, Hartford, CT summer cartilage op knocked out football. Road trips, Bennett, '55 Chevy, AD. Lacrosse goalie.

'64 - '66 US Army "Intelligence" Germany - Ktown, Baumholder, Heidleberg, Karlsruhe.

'67 - '69 Trinity, live off campus, work in a Halfway House, City Hall, St. Legis, re-election US Rep. "Mim" Daddario. "Clean for Gene" in NH.

'67 - '70 X country trip on Triumph Bonneville, Legislative Assistant for Rep. Daddario in DC then Press Secretary "Daddario for CT Gov." [lost to Tom Meskill].

'70 - '71 Traveled mostly overland Japan, SE Asia, Burma, India, Nepal, Afghanistan, Mid-East, around Mediterranean, across No. Africa, down the Nile, thru Egypt and the Sudan to Uganda, Kenya, and Tanzania - broke and home.

'72 - '75 Muskie Dem primary campaign in PA & west; swing through Boston, Denny Golden lines up job with his Bro-in-law, George Sacco in MA. Legis & Suffolk Law School, McGovern campaign in MI.

'75 - '77 Graduate from law school, marry Reva Seybolt, Dedham, MA [Middlebury '72, Harvard MBA '75]; travel "gringo trail" Mexico to Chile and back north to Argentina, Brazil on Thomas J. Watson Fellowship.

'76 - '78 Eastern CT small law firms, then open own practice in Storrs, then Putnam, CT. Shelter Inst., Bath, ME. Buy 60 acres on ridge in Pomfret, CT and build "Shelter"-type house. Two Scotch Highland cows, garden, Vermont Castings wood stove, composting toilet - "back-to-the-land", "small-is-beautiful". Write column for local weekly paper.

'78 - '81 Small town law practice, Rotary, Lions, atty for Battered Women's Shelter, Juvenile - CT, US Rep. Sam



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Gejdenson campaigns.

'82 - '86 Friendly divorce. Form partnership with 3 other Dem. attys. Clients incl. Crabtree & Evelyn, Downy & Burke Leather.

'87 - '94 Marry Karen Petersen, Escanaba MI, [U of M], sculptor in cast bronze. Win prize NE Newspaper Assoc. "Best Weekly Column". Buy BCS Company, Inc., Thompson, CT industrial distributor of metal cleaning and finishing machinery & abrasives, 16 employees, NE & 25% export. Another friendly divorce.

7/98 Engaged to Maureen Nicholson, Buffalo, NY [Pratt, Fordham, Cornell, MA Landscape Architect, U of Penn.], Mother of Sheileen, 17 and Charlie 13, for whom I am "substitute dad".

11/01 Elected Selectman, Town of Pomfret.

Misc. Travel to South America every Feb., Amazon, Belize, Galapagos, Costa Rica, Patagonia; land grew to 190 acres where about 2,000 trees and bushes were planted over 22 years; about a third of which were killed by mice, rabbits, deer and bugs. Acquired Ford 250 pick-up, '90 Harley low-rider; "wood pile" cats, 2 purebred Highlands. Oil heat, garden down to 6 tomatoes, still a Democrat, but "progressive" instead of "liberal". No taller, nor thinner - alas, but otherwise healthy and happy in my own business and at home with my lately acquired family, especially as had not kids of my own.

### BILL MCPHEE

The following is a brief account of my life after GDA:

In the summer of 1966, having graduated from Tufts (where I was also a "day boy") with a degree in Mathematics, and having recently married (a marriage which, unfortunately, was to end, although reasonably amicably, in the mid-90s), I accepted an offer from IBM and moved to the Mid-Hudson Valley to become a systems programmer. 1966 was still the early days of computer systems evolution, a time when operating system software was still written in machine language; when Personal Computers didn't yet exist and Mainframe computers had gotten smaller but were still the size of a car; when computer memory cost \$1,000,000 a megabyte instead of \$1, when disk drives were the size of a washing machine instead of a matchbook; and when computers may have had bugs, but they didn't have mice.

Learning on the job, because in the mid-60's college courses on operating system design didn't yet exist, I spent the next several years designing and developing various aspects of IBM's high-end mainframe operating systems.



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Among the various esoteric and arcane items on which I worked, only one seems comprehensible enough to mention here. In the early 1970s, I was the lead designer for some of the earliest “anti-hacker” protection to appear in a commercial operating system.

More importantly, during this same period, in November of 1967 and July of 1970, my two daughters, Laurie and Cathy, were born. (I will spare you the expected parental praise and simply note that they have walked on water only occasionally - although I admit to having some difficulty obtaining corroborating testimony to that effect.) Perhaps picking up on the love of coastal New England that I still retain, both chose to get their college degrees from Boston area schools; and both are now living and working in the Boston area. Cathy was married in the chapel at GDA in 1996.

In the mid-1970s, my career turned towards management, and I spent the next several years progressing through various levels of management of software design and development, reaching the executive level in the early 1980's as Director of Office Systems. Again, most of the subject matter of these jobs is too esoteric to be of interest to people outside the field, but during this sojourn, I did manage to acquire a few of the basic truths of the business world, some of which I pass on here:

The Future lies ahead.

In some universes, 8 is approximately equal to 10, when the value of 8 is very large.

Sometimes there's nothing to cheer but cheer itself.

Often one should recognize: “If we don't change direction, we may wind up where we're headed.”

Some tasks should be recognized early on as being like trying to teach a pig to sing, i.e., ultimately doomed to failure, and irritating to the pig.

Sometimes, doing your best is not enough; sometimes you just have to do what is necessary.

In the late 1970s, I got my pilot's license (single engine, land), purely for my own enjoyment. I am still a licensed pilot, but haven't flown as a pilot in a while due to lack of time. It's something I hope to get back to.

In 1985, I was named Director of Software Review, which was somewhat of a euphemism for the job of managing the technical and business support of a copyright dispute and related arbitration. This was a new world for me, a world of lawyers and legal arguments, of code comparisons, of analyzing the “look and feel” of software, of all night preparations, of endless negotiating sessions, lots of travel (including one memorable trip to Tokyo just for



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dinner), and a whole new set of arcane words, phrases, and concepts from the legal profession. For example, when an attorney wants to say something is "without charge," he or she is likely to say instead, "eleemosynary" (apparently it is very difficult for some attorneys to utter the words "without charge" - my apologies to any attorneys in the class). And in my experience, only an attorney would characterize someone's position as being "affirmatively negative." (In order to keep my PG rating, I will omit here any description of what some attorneys think of the arcane words, phrases, and concepts from the world of computers.)

In 1989, and for the next several years IBM and their outside attorneys needed someone to take on a special role, someone who, for certain reasons, could not be an IBM employee. So I was asked what it would take for me to give up my career in executive management, leave IBM's employ, and take on this special role. We negotiated that question for a while, and since mid-1989 I've been an independent consultant working under a long term contract jointly with IBM and Cravath, Swaine & Moore.

I continue to live in the Mid-Hudson Valley, although in order to be with friends and family I also spend a considerable amount of time in both the Boston area and on Maryland's Eastern Shore.

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## ROB MICHEL

After GDA, I went to University of Pennsylvania for 2 years, joined a fraternity, had too much fun and bounced out of Penn for poor grades. Next transferred to Acadia University in Nova Scotia, in Fundy Bay coastal country a little like GDAs, and graduated in history. Went on, in time for Montreal's Expo 67, to do my M.A. and later my Ph.D in history at McGill University. My Ph.D research on 17th century English theory on marriage took me to London and Oxford in the early 1970s. Back in Boston, looking for a job, I heard there was one going as an archivist at McGill. I looked up "archivist" in the dictionary for my job interview and for the next 20 years helped look after McGill's historical records. They began with a lawsuit, ca. 1814, by the founder's heirs against his legacy to establish McGill University - fortunately unsuccessful, as I would have had to find a different job. More recently, I have been able to downsize to part-time work, still in the archives field. Have published a few historical articles and plan to do more writing once I'm fully retired - soon.



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We live in Montreal in an old row house with high ceilings and high heating bills and have a vacation camp in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Wife Carol heads the library at the Montreal Neurological Institute; my nephew Christopher Kelley is finishing junior year at GDA. My hobbies: reading, research, and writing; more sporadically, painting, and hiking - the latter is my last trace of going out for winter and spring track at GDA. Someone, maybe Coach Sperry, Denis or Tarbs, told us that distance running would pay off in middle age healthiness, even if we smoked, drank and never exercised in the years to come. So far they seem to have been right. Photo here is from a vacation a few years back in Newfoundland, which is a great place to go to cool off in July and the people are as good as the landscape.



After 40 years, my memories of GDA trickle back rather than flood -- walking to campus from Ambrose, big breakfasts early in the morning (have since started the day with only a cup of coffee and still hate getting up early); the dances with girdled girls from all those schools; the marshland we ran by for sports practices; the films on Saturday nights; free days (!); the 3 hours in Newburyport Sunday mornings for the Catholics; the dorm cleanups and latrine queen assignments; relaxed As and Bs in Bill Sperry and Murph's history and English, tense Cs, if I was lucky, in Latin and French from Buster and Rayo; and senior year looking forward to college freedom, never dreaming of coming back 40 years on. Looking forward to the then-and-now time warp of reunion. Thanks to Tarbs, Tom, Tay and everyone else helping with the planning & electronic preliminaries!

### J.B. MOORE

After GDA, I went to Drew University for 2 1/2 years and American University in Washington for 1 1/2 more. My mother died the spring of sophomore year after a seven year battle with one of the worst cases of arthritis on record. Her illness was one of the reasons I went to boarding school, Fessenden for 8th Grade the 2nd time and then GDA.

At the end of Senior year at American, I flunked out and went back to Long Island. During that summer, '66, I got a gig playing bass with a folk singer, Steve Baron, who opened for all the headliners at the Bitter End in Greenwich Village and occasionally at the Gaslight. By '66 I had missed Dylan, James Taylor and the Lovin' Spoonful, but I did meet the Mother of Invention, Phil Ochs, Jack Elliot, and some others. Then in the spring of '67, I was offered gigs to go on the road as the bass player for either Tim Rose (his famous song was 'Morning Dew,' or Jake Holmes. Before I could make up my mind, I was drafted.

I spent 2 1/2 years in the army, 1 1/2 in Vietnam. In Vietnam I worked as a personnel clerk at USARV at Long



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Binh for 10 months and then assigned myself to the 26th Military History Detachment (One Captain, Ray, one enlisted man, me) covering army engineers. We traveled on 3 to 5 day trips all over the Nam, Vinh Long and Me Tho in the Delta, Saigon, Nha Trang and Ban Me Thout in the Central Highland, Hue, Phu Bai and the Ashau Valley in I Corps, the northern most part of South Vietnam. It was very interesting, a stark comparison with the preceding months spent as a personnel clerk which were so boring it was hard to tell the difference between Wednesday and Saturday.

I arrived in back in the States on Halloween of 1969. I mustered out of the army, got my check (\$5,000, give or take), and caught a cab from Oakland to San Francisco just in time to catch drag queens arriving at the Fairmont in Duesenberg touring cars for the annual Drag Queens Ball. I was not in Kansas anymore. Back on Long Island I drank a lot for 6 or 8 months. Then I put some of the money into a summer stock production of Meller Drammer Theater (peanut throwers as they are known) in Rapid City, South Dakota where I allegedly acted. Returned in the fall of '70, got into an ill-fated rock band called Kilroy. Today the drummer is a VP at Atlantic Records, the lead guitarist is a songwriter in Nashville (wrote 'Hands Across America' and 'She Used to Be My Girl') and I, the rhythm guitarist, is still producing and I am a grandfather of rap. The bass player lives on a farm south of Albany and drinks a lot.

From there I drove limos in NYC for a year and a half (a few stories there, Joe Namath, etc.) and worked at a retail record store for awhile. After that worked at Billboard for 5 years. At the end of the Billboard stint I saw rap coming and produced 'The Breaks' by Kurtis Blow, a seminal record that the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame put on their top 500 influential songs of the rock era.

For a time I was almost famous, The Village Voice called me and my partner the Lieber and Stoller for the '80s, but it eventually tapered off. During my couple of hot years I produced 'Rappin' Rodney' for Rodney Dangerfield, a sound track cut with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks for 'Dragnet' the movie (a very bad song that Aykroyd's brother wrote) and the performance cut for 'Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise.'

The saving grace of my producing career is the fact that all kinds of rap artist have sampled a couple of Kurtis Blow songs for which I get paid. One was a number one single a couple of years ago, 'Too Close' by a group called Next. At the moment I'm doing some producing, some computer consulting (mostly for attorneys) and managing my tiny little publishing empire. For more excitement than that, a man cannot ask.

## TED MOORE

I must admit at the outset that I have never looked back upon my brief career at GDA as one of the happier episodes of my life. Being a rather immature and shy kid transferring as a junior from a rural Vermont public high school, I





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never forged strong bonds with classmates having different backgrounds, interests and pre-existing cliques. Thankfully, my subsequent Swarthmore experience was much more positive, stimulating my dormant social development and leading to numerous life-long friendships. Thus, I was not unhappy to slip beneath GDA's fund-raising radar and felt content to consign my prep school memories to the ash can of history. When I was first contacted by the Tarbell-Tobey-Tay troika I was less than enthusiastic about their rah-rah-lets-reconnect juggernaut. But now after reading a number of your biographies, I must admit it has been an eye opening experience to realize we are maybe not so very different after all.



At Swarthmore I: (1) Majored in Cave Exploring and Rock Climbing, (2) Discovered girls, most notably my wife of 32 years, Ginny - although there were a few other poignant steps along the way, (3) Took a lot of boring engineering courses, and (4) Was grudgingly awarded a degree "summa sine laude".

Then it was 1966 with an unpopular war on, and I was fresh out of a left-wing college. A newly discovered commitment to public service prompted me to apply to the Peace Corps. They first offered me a position in Iran. No thanks - too dusty, no caves, and the women all wear

burkhas. How about Nepal? That's more what I had in mind. I was able to serve my country for two years by trekking around the Himalayas doing a little light surveying and bridge building, but mostly falling in love with the land and its incredible people while gradually picking up a smattering of fluency in the Nepali language.

Too soon it was 1968 and I was out of the Peace Corps, but alas the war was still on. What to do? The Boston Naval Shipyard advertised that it was looking for a few good naval architects. They said they would send engineers like me to MIT for additional training. I have always appreciated navels and the thought of actually designing them sounded pretty appealing, so I signed on. When employed by DOD I assuaged my left-wing guilt by rationalizing that every dollar spent on employees at the Boston Naval Shipyard was a dollar totally wasted, and therefore not contributing to killing peasants in Vietnam.

Freed at last from the draft by my 26th birthday and with combined savings of \$4000 burning in our pockets, my newly acquired wife, Ginny, and I quit our jobs and spent the next 14 months roaming around the world. By traveling 3rd class we even had enough money left over when we got back to buy a nice stereo set. We mountain climbed our way around Europe for the summer and then took an overland bus from Turkey through Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan and India to Nepal. We really fell in love with the peaceable kingdom of Afghanistan where the people seemed so proud and friendly. Little could we imagine what horrific trauma superpower meddling combined with latent ethnic hostilities, Stinger missiles, the Taliban and Bin Laden could inflict on that seeming Shangri La. We then spent 6 months trekking in the Himalayas before heading homewards with stops in Thailand,



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Laos and Japan.

Our trans-Pacific flight allowed us a stopover in Alaska and we were immediately captivated by its stunning natural beauty, pioneering spirit, midnight sun and wide-open spaces. So we flew east, bought a V dub, crammed all our worldly possession into and onto it and headed up the Alaska Highway with nary a backward glance. Thus we found ourselves back in Anchorage just before the onset of winter with little money, no jobs, and no place to live, but full of the boundless energy of youth. I soon lined up a job designing airports and we rented an A-frame cabin in the mountains and adopted a husky-wolf dog. Our son, Ian, was born that next April and Heather came along a couple of years later to complete our quota. At the time we rationalized that we would live in Alaska while we were young, then move to Colorado for middle age and finally back to Vermont when we got to be really old, like 50 or something! The fact that we are still here 31 years later probably is not sufficient to prove we are still "young", but at least Colorado has been stricken from the agenda. We purchased 10 acres of land bordering a 400,000-acre state park on the hillside above Anchorage and over the years have built first one octagon, then another connected to it and finally a garage with a home office above it. Little by little we have sunk roots into this rocky Alaskan soil, so that by now we feel pretty well anchored down here.

Fantastic hiking and climbing and cross-country skiing opportunities for daylong or weekend adventures beckon just outside our door. Periodically I've roused myself to higher levels of masochism such as by climbing Denali in 1983 and competing in a 58-hour cross-country ski race on the Iditarod trail in 1988. Another such urge struck a few weeks ago when a friend and I entered the "2002 Winter Wilderness Classic". This obscure backcountry race

traverses 145 miles of trackless valleys and windswept mountainsides deep in Alaska's interior. With the need to bring along so much food, fuel and gear we had to split our 70-pound loads between backpacks and toboggans that trailed behind us. After 3 days of wallowing through unconsolidated snow and camping at 30 degrees below zero, we (along with most of the other contestants) bailed at a checkpoint 60 miles into the course. We are finally old enough to know when we had had enough fun!



Over the years Ginny and I have spent a few interludes away from Alaska, once while I studied for a graduate degree at Johns Hopkins and another time when I worked on a Buddhist monastery in New York. When our kids were 4 and 6 we took them to Nepal where we trekked for 55 days

through the mountains halfway across the country to the village where I had lived when in the Peace Corps. We found trekking with kids to be a great icebreaker with the Nepalese villagers.

It wasn't until the mid-eighties that I finally discovered my true calling in life. Contrary to Tom Tobey's imaginative note in the Archon I have never dabbled in politics - except as a frequent critic! It was the romantic life of a



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septic engineer that ultimately captured my soul, and I've been fully immersed in the ebb and flow of this work ever since. It is difficult to describe the feeling of oneness that develops between man and job. All my colleagues sense it immediately, however, and frequently comment upon it. I can almost visualize GDA's public relations office wanting to post my c.v. right up there alongside those of Peter Machinist and Steve Barkin in their proud roster of alumni accomplishments.

Thankfully, our kids did not do to us what we did to our parents. After surviving public high school here in Alaska and college "Outside", both have returned to live nearby. Our daughter, Heather, migrates each summer to remote Aleutian Island field camps to conduct bird biology research. Son, Ian, does computer mapping consulting work to occupy the time when he and his girlfriend aren't hewing timbers for their hand-made house only a mile by trail through the forest from ours. Our current favorite summertime recreations include orienteering and sea kayaking along sections of Alaska's intricate coastline. More and more often when the long winter sets in we set off for treks and travels around the world so that Ginny can break her ankles in exotic locations and be operated on by foreign doctors.

I know this bio is far too long, but that is what people say about my Christmas newsletters every year, and this one is trying to span 40 years. I have been genuinely surprised at my reaction to being "outed" by John Tarbell. Memories that I had long repressed almost into oblivion are gradually resurfacing in a much more benign form. Although it may not have been evident to my teachers at the time, some of their lessons actually did sink in. I particularly appreciate David William's valiant efforts to instill literary awareness through John Brown's Body. I also regret never having properly thanked Ben Stone for his wise counsel and mathematical motivation. Thanks, fellow classmates, for all your efforts at reconnecting. I'll be with you in spirit this June and would welcome further contact from any of you.

### BOB ORCUTT

The following thumbnail biography is being written literally at the last minute in deference to the gentle prodding of John Tarbell's telephone call. Although I am on call for the veterinary practice during the upcoming reunion, I am hopeful for an opportunity to attend at least some of the events and visit with the many classmates John has managed to rally to Byfield. My last recollection of many of my classmates is the sight of a fair number of gastrointestinally compromised individuals on Tony Pearson's lawn in June of 1962.

After graduating from GDA, I received a bachelors degree from Brown University and subsequently a veterinary degree from Cornell University in 1971. Between these academic events, I was married to my wife of nearly thirty-six years, Ann.

Following Cornell, we moved to Granby, CT where I was employed in a large veterinary practice for three years.



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We then moved back to our roots on the Massachusetts North Shore (Ann is an Ipswich native) and have lived in Topsfield for 28 years. I have moved from being a solo large animal (mostly equine) practitioner to being a member of a multi-doctor mixed species veterinary practice, SRH Veterinary Services, located in Ipswich. My own practice duties are still large animal oriented and my ambulatory routes frequently take me through the GDA campus where I can rely upon my tires rather than my feet to take me back and forth to the infamous "bridge" on the Parker River.

I am still trying unsuccessfully to achieve a lifestyle of shorter work hours, more leisure time, and financial well being. Along my travels, I have been blessed by my loving and supporting family. Our son Joel and his wife Nicole live in Lexington, MA with their three daughters—Madeline, Isabella and Grace. Joel graduated from Babson College and works extremely successfully as a lead computer software architect. Our daughter, Elayna, graduated with distinction from Cornell University and has just completed her third year at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in NY. Elayna is living with her husband Robert Rubens on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. Our children and our grandchildren are our life's work, and we take great pleasure in their accomplishments and our ability to enjoy their company.

### TONY PEARSON

After leaving GDA, I went to the University of Pennsylvania, had way too much fun and got thrown out midway through my sophomore year. Not a good time to have that happen, what with LBJ figuring an all-out war in Vietnam would be just the thing to boost American business. To avoid the draft, I enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve, spent a fun-filled summer of '64 at Parris Island, and was readmitted to Penn the following January.

I finally graduated in '67 and the following year, shortly after the Tet Offensive, my battalion in Philadelphia was called up to go and fight for the American way. We got as far as Okinawa, but then, for reasons we never understood but certainly never questioned, they sent us home again. You never saw so many happy people on one airplane! Back here in the real world, I worked for many years as a journalist, first for, of all places, the Newburyport Daily News, then the Boston Globe and the Associated Press.

For the past decade or so, I have been fighting a rare neuromuscular disorder that has all but destroyed my balance and makes walking extremely difficult. Unfortunately, my dear wife, Linda, will be away in New York over the reunion weekend because of a long-standing prior commitment and I'm not sure I'll be able to make it to GDA under my own steam, but I will try my best to put in an appearance on Saturday. It hardly seems as though it's been 40 years since the last time most of us saw each other at the Senior Party right here at my family's old place in Hamilton.

My best to you all,



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Tony Pearson

### KEN POUCH

'62-'66: Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, IL (played in NCAA Division III mid-west soccer final senior year against Jebb Selden me on the left wing, he on the right!)

'66-'71: US Marine Corps. OCS and finished up as a Captain in 2d Force Reconnaissance Co, USMC's equivalent of the Navy's SEALs.

'71-'74: Special Agent, FBI. Washington, DC, Baltimore, MD, Pittsburgh, PA. Specialties - Organized crime, white collar crime.

'74-'83: Head of International Forensic Accounting/Insurance Fraud Department for CIGNA Corp. based in Hartford, CT and Philadelphia, PA.

'83-'99: Comptroller, CIGNA Corp

'99-present: CIGNA Corp and MASSMutual Financial Group based in Hartford, CT and Springfield, MA. Union Pension Sales and union market development.

Through all these jobs and years, never crossed paths w/ any of our classmates.

Three Pouch cousins have attended GDA since my graduation.

Married Mary in 1968 (in Hawaii on R&R from Vietnam). Now happily married 34 years and have lived in W. Hartford CT since 1973.

We have three children, Carrie (born at Camp Lejeune, NC), Kenny and Katie (born in Hartford, CT). They live in Baltimore, the Big Apple and Boston, respectively. Carrie and husband, Glenn, have one child, Jack, and I can report that grandparenting is a great hobby!!

### CHARLIE PYNE

After leaving GDA, my initial interests at Harvard were extracurricular. A group of friends from the college radio station and I invented a device known as a blue box which allowed us to take control of the telephone network and



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make free phone calls around the world. This was a fun challenge, but it turned out that AT&T, Harvard and the FBI were not amused. The national publicity for this episode was probably my 15 minutes of fame. The resulting year off lead me to a job in computer programming, which has been my career ever since.

I returned to Harvard and majored in Applied Mathematics (aka Computer Science). In 1966 I married Betsy Merrick, whom I had known since our high school days (She attended the Spring Dance and is pictured in *The Milestone*). After graduating in 1967 and working briefly in a (draft-deferred) job at the Pentagon, I served in the Navy for a couple of years in Iceland where I used my computer skills to help keep track of Soviet submarines. Betsy accompanied me and also worked for the Navy. We were able to do some travel and even learned a bit of Icelandic.



On return to the U.S., I joined AutEx, a start-up company in Wellesley, Mass. which was developing an on-line block trading computer network for stock brokers. Betsy and I bought a 250-year-old in Norfolk, Mass. where we have been ever since and which has been a continuing restoration project. I worked at AutEx for many years and became their head of development. After going public the company eventually became a division of Xerox.

In the early 80s I decided to go out on my own as a consultant designing financial trading information networks. I worked quite a bit on Wall

Street and for a while had a New York apartment, but was still able to get to Norfolk on the weekends. During the 90s I returned to my programming roots and developed software packages for personal computers while picking up a couple patents along the way. Although my clients have been all over the country, I have been able to do most of my work





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at home in Norfolk.

Betsy and I have two children. Our son, Charlie, is a database administrator with Partners Healthcare in Boston. Our daughter, Sarah, is just finishing her Masters Degree and hopes to be an elementary school teacher.

A year ago I had an angioplasty and a stent put in my heart. Since then I have participated in a cardiac rehab program and continue to exercise regularly. My interests have included ham radio, flying, restoration carpentry, genealogy and baroque music. For the past year both Betsy and I have been experimenting with retirement. We both like history and travel and are half-way through a project of visiting all the state capitols. We also have a house on Block Island, which we get to whenever we can.

### GAR RANDALL

Following Governor Dummer, I went to M.I.T. and studied chemical engineering. I heard and saw a lot of things during four years in Cambridge and Boston. For example, during the "Great Northeast Blackout" on November 9, 1965, I happened to watch, from the Harvard (Mass. Ave.) Bridge over the Charles River, the cityscape from Kenmore Square to Beacon Hill flicker twice and then descend into total darkness.

Sophomore year, a fraternity brother fixed me up with a Radcliffe student (yes, Virginia, Harvard women were Radcliffe students in those days) who became my wife in June of 1966 when we both graduated, got married, and moved to southern Cook County. Cindy and I will celebrate our 36th anniversary a few days after this year's reunion.

In Chicago, I worked for Sinclair Oil Corp. (remember the green dinosaur?) while Cindy picked up an M.A.T. at U.C. and taught in the local junior college. She got her teaching job (as an intern and later as a regular faculty member) not because of her Harvard or Chicago credentials, but because she had gone to high school in Yankton, South Dakota, the alma mater of the acting college president. (And for what it's worth, of Tom Brokaw.)





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We also lived through the Great Chicago Snow of February 1967, and, from a safe distance, the Democratic National Convention of 1968. Later, we decided to migrate east and raise a family in New England. So we chose Newburyport, a previously depressed blue collar town which was beginning the renewal process that would turn it upscale a couple of notches.

After picking up an M.S. in chemical engineering, I began working in 1972 for Distrigas, a pioneering company importing liquefied natural gas to a terminal in Everett, MA. This project turned out to be about 30 years ahead of its time, but because New England is at the far end of the gas supply pipeline system, supplemental gas has had a local market and the company managed to stay in business through some tough times. I left the company in 1991, and in 2000 the old Boston company (Cabot Corporation) that had started Distrigas in 1969 sold it to a Belgian and French company, Tractebel. Since the gas distribution business in Belgium has been named Distrigas for years, this is the second company with that name to be owned by Tractebel.

We have two daughters, Jessica, born in 1971 and Beth, born in 1975. In between, we watched the senate Water-gate hearings. As a family of four, we tunneled out the back door after the "Blizzard of '78," returning to watch Governor Dukakis wearing his sweater and telling us to stay off the roads for a week. In the summer of 1978 I got my first passport and did my first overseas travel, beginning my observation of foreign places by visiting Algeria for three weeks during Ramadan. This being my first opportunity to use what I learned in Roy Ohrn's classes for real, I found that I could in fact speak a form of elementary French, and that the Algerians were less inclined to laugh at my French than the Parisians.

Having picked up the filthy habit in college, in 1984 I gave up smoking for good. It cleared up a rasp in my throat and enabled me to smell diesel fumes on the highway.

On two occasions, we took in foreign exchange students for a full academic year. The first was Fernando, a Spanish boy from Zaragoza (and yes, I can pronounce that in Castilian). He was good with languages (ours and a couple of his), had a good sense of humor, and was a good soccer player. We kept in touch a little bit by mail after he left, but neither he nor we were e-mail users until it was too late, and we are out of touch. The second was Circe, a German girl from Hamburg. She was in the US when the Berlin Wall fell. She has stayed in touch, and she made sure we learned how to use e-mail when she visited us in 1992, two years after her exchange year. She has visited three more times, has sent other friends to visit us, and finally we made it to Hamburg in April 2001 to celebrate her receiving her law degree. She is in many ways like a third daughter.

High school soccer managed to cause ACL problems with both daughters, and so our "soccer mom" minivan was used to transport cellos, violins, and theater supplies more than athletes. Cindy and I took the girls on several trips to Europe, and Jessica spent her high school senior year in Madrid. I wouldn't really call either daughter "international" in outlook, but I have to believe they are more so than if we had substituted multiple excursions to Disney World.





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Jessica went on Eugene Lang College in NYC (The New School University) and is now a counselor working with deinstitutionalized mentally ill clients. Beth attended Occidental College in LA and now lives locally selling books and acting with a local troupe. We have no grandchildren and no knowledge of what the future may hold.

I have attended no M.I.T. reunions, keeping in touch with a dozen or two fraternity brothers instead. I visited a few GDA Alumni events in the 70s and saw many members of the class of '62 during our 25th in 1987. I see Pete Kelly in his store frequently.

In 1992 my professional life became that of a consulting engineer. The subject matter is the same -- bulk liquefied gases -- and most of the clients are facilities that lack full engineering capabilities. I am essentially self-employed, although my partner and I present our services together, as can be seen at [www.lgaengineering.com](http://www.lgaengineering.com). Cindy keeps herself busy with music and communications. She plays viola in a string quartet (weddings and bar mitzvahs) and a community orchestra and has published newsletters and developed web sites for a couple of organizations. Given the nature of our activities, it is hard to conceive of being anything but a two-computer networked household. That's a change since 1962!

I am looking forward to seeing my classmates this June.

### “PEBBLE” ROCK

Al Rock, better known to us as “Pebble,” graduated from Colgate University after a storied career as a golfer and soccer player at GDA and Colgate. He also attended the Air Force Institute of Technology. He was a military officer in the U.S. Army and served with distinction in Vietnam.

Peb continues to play and enjoy golf which he gets to do frequently in his new home state of Arizona. He gave thought to trying out for the Senior Tour, but became involved in forming his present company instead. His company is First Arizona Credit Service which provides assistance to clients in purging credit files of inaccurate or dated information.

He and his wife, Jackie, live in Phoenix and enjoy golf and bridge. He is an avid writer. Peb was selected for inclusion in the 1996 U.S. Registry's Who's Who Publication.

### SLATER SMITH

After GDA I attended Ohio Wesleyan University. In hindsight this was probably one of the better things that happened to me. Got out of New England so I could see how much I really liked the area and was a larger fish in a smaller pond, able to Captain its Golf Team and be elected President of my fraternity, SAE. All good learning



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experiences, but I had a long way to go! After OWU, the War loomed and I somehow got into the Tuck School and then an Army Reserve unit in Mass. where they sent me to Fort Ord, Calif. from Dec. through May in order to climb telephone poles. Needless to say we played a lot of golf on the Monterey peninsula (Pebble Beach was \$10), while thankful that I wasn't freezing at Fort Dix or boiling in Nam. Never could understand the Army, but I have a tremendous appreciation for the hell a number of my friends and others went through in that war.

Working was always at Bank of Boston and in some capacity of commercial lending. The highlight was running our US commercial area in the early nineties when all banking was under great pressure, particularly the Northeast. In any case, it was timely providing stock options, etc. that allowed me to give it up in the late nineties and help tend to some family challenges along with an attempt to regain a deteriorating golf game.

Married Suzy in '72 and moved to Sherborn, Ma. in '74. No change in either since then. Slater, Jr was born in '75 with cerebral palsy and is a quadriplegic. He's had a very tough life by my standards, but has managed to maintain a good sense of humor most of the time. He has lived in a state school, on his own, in a nursing home, in a group home, and is now back in a nursing home where he seems most happy, mingling with the younger staff. Our task is getting him out several days a week. Our daughter, Corey, was born in '78 and has been terrific. She graduated from Bowdoin, is working for the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, and was one of six acceptees for an Art History and Object's Restoration program at NYU/MFA in September.

While my life has been simple (it seems), I can say that I have grown up, but I'm not sure when it happened...

### BOB SNYDER

I remarried in Feb 1994 and moved back to Yarmouth from Portland and built a home for my new family (son and two stepsons). In 1999 the family business (WL Blake & Co) was sold and I entered into retirement only to wonder how I ever was able to work. I have been busy coaching lacrosse in the spring and doing some substitute teaching in Spanish or whatever the need may be. I am a trustee of a hospital here in Portland and that keeps me busy with the various meetings. Last year we purchased a Villa in St. Maarten so we are trying to spend more time there. If anyone is looking for a vacation the Villa is in the rental market.

My wife Ellen has been in the printing business all her life and recently sold her business so that she also could look forward to retirement, but is currently employed with a printing concern here in Portland and only plans to work full time for another year and one half.

Malcolm, the oldest stepson, graduated from Whittier College in California last year and has come back to Maine



## Class of 1962

and is working in the Greater Portland area. My son Robby also graduated last year from Cornell and moved to New York City where he had a brief stint with Arthur Andersen and was laid off and is now working for Clifford Chance, a law firm in the City.

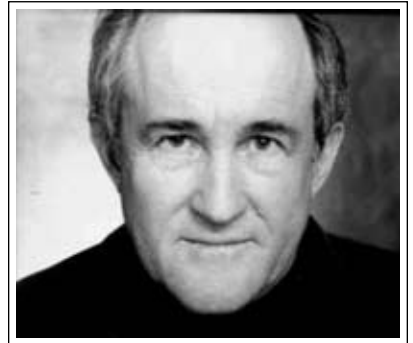
Jeremiah, the youngest stepson, is in his junior year at Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia and is enjoying college life. I look forward to seeing everyone in June.

### WARREN STEELE

Hello fellow Warren (though I note you've given up the noble name, leaving the field clear for me),

Re a bio, only my new headshot for now, for which I laid out the big bucks I'm not making as an actor but which one hopes will gather him the mature character man roles into which he has evolved.

Sincerely, Warren



### JOHN TARBELL

I have lived in Manhattan since 1967, after graduating from Bowdoin and spending eight months in the Air National Guard in Texas (saw Darrell there!). Love the intensity and the variety, but seek relief by spending our weekends rehabilitating on the East End of Long Island in a village of 900. My wife Anne, a third generation New Yorker, and I have a 7 year-old daughter, Liza (Elizabeth). We spend most of our time with one another, delighting in Liza's childhood. She's blonde, sweet and smart, and some think she has a lot of my 'reserved' personality. Oh well.

At Bowdoin, Ray Bird, Cy Hoover and I were all Betas together and I continued soccer (with Cy and Ray), indoor track (with Ray), and switched to lacrosse in the spring (lost to Stan Healy/Wesleyan). After a false start at Young & Rubicam Advertising, I settled in to a 25-year finance career in New York, starting at Citibank for eight years -this was my favorite professional experience, under Walter Wriston. In 1970 I married; the union ended amicably in divorce in 1977 with no progeny.



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I then focused on rugby for 20 seasons with Old Blue RFC and Columbia B School's teams, and hit the disco scene, including ultimately Studio 54, Steve Rubell and the whole bit. During this time I moved on to First Boston and ultimately Chemical Bank, which I left in after 15 years in 1994. Anne and I met at the Bank in 1987, and have been running in Central Park in the mornings ever since; we were married in 1990. She works full time as a head of IR and Corporate Communications for Triac, Corp. (just sold Snapple).



After a stint in corporate finance at AIG, and a time in a private equity partnership with an ex-client group, I have chosen a second career in executive recruiting and love the change. I don't miss the consolidations on Wall Street, the internal politics or the scale of the firms I left, but did love the travel, the deals and the client interactions.

Hobbies currently include family, daily running, Tae Kwon Do and photography (wish I had been in the Camera Club!).

Look forward to seeing you all!

### TOM TOBEY

I left Governor Dummer in 1962 with eyes wide open, bound for Colgate University. I continued my involvement in sports with four years of soccer and lacrosse. Al "Pebble" Rock accompanied me there. We even joined the same fraternity. After a brief stint with the Group Division of Aetna Life & Casualty in Hartford, I spent the next 2 1/2 years in the U.S. Army. I received a gunshot wound to my right arm that severed the median and ulnar nerves, the brachial artery and bicep muscle. After a six month residency as a patient at Walter Reed Army Hospital, I retired as a First Lieutenant to civilian life.

I returned to the boarding school life with two years on the faculty of Deerfield Academy while traveling to NYC for reconstructive surgery of my hand. I then took the words "Go West Young Man" to heart and entered Stanford University in a master's degree program in Counseling Psychology. In 1972 I met and married Karen Foley of Medford, Oregon, and returned to Stanford to obtain my Ph.D. The next ten years saw





## Class of 1962

the birth of two daughters, four years as head of the Middle School at Graland Country Day School in Denver, and life as a father, my proudest achievement.

We returned to California and have remained here to the present day. Professionally, I have worked as a school psychologist and run a private practice as an educational consultant. My wife, Karen, has had a remarkable career at Castilleja School in Palo Alto for 25 years . She has developed a model community service program at the school. While our jobs have kept us close to home, we have been able to enjoy travel to Europe, Asia, New Zealand and Australia.



We have two beautiful daughters, Rachel and Kirsten, ages 24 and 26. Rachel graduated from Stanford and has worked for Planned Parenthood for the last two years. She will enroll in the Woodrow Wilson School of Public Policy at Princeton in the Fall. Kirsten graduated from Brown. She is currently employed

by Earth Justice Legal Defense Fund in Oakland, California.

My life took a left turn last summer with the diagnosis of a brain tumor. I have Andy Whittemore to thank for directing me to a talented neurosurgeon at Stanford. After radiation and recuperation, I am back on track. I am presently getting back into work being far too young to consider retirement quite yet.

I have maintained my contact with GDA serving as an alumni trustee and the class editor of the Archon since our 25th reunion in 1987. John Tarbell and I have enjoyed the opportunity to bring the class back together for the 40th reunion. We could never have done it without the talents of so many of our classmates.

My hobbies are golf, the outdoors, skiing, travel and my family

### RICK TONGBERG

A couple of months after graduating from GDA, my father passed away and his passing had a profound influence in how I approached college. I attended Denison University along with Jebb Selden and Peter Flaharty. Jebb and I



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were frat brothers (Delta Upsilon). I tried to continue my soccer career as goalie but, after my freshman year, the coach recruited 3 top goalies clearly signaling my career was over. The only connection I have to soccer today is watching our 3-year old grand daughter play, which is a real treat.

Met my wife, Sue, at Denison our sophomore year and we married shortly after graduating. Jebb was my best man. We recently celebrated our 35th anniversary.

Thinking I was interested in law, I attended law school at the University of North Carolina. After a year, however, I switched to business school and we moved to State College, Pa., eventually receiving an MBA and a PhD in business administration from Penn State University concentrating in marketing ( Sue also earned her PhD at Penn State - in psychology).

Like so many of you, the military was hot on my heels in the late 60's. I thought I'd be able to elude them, being married and continuing to work towards my degrees. Nevertheless, greetings arrived in the spring of 1969. I was fortunate to join the army reserves, spending nearly a year in training at Fort Gordon, before returning to my reserve unit. I was easily the oldest recruit in my training class, as well as having the most number of degrees being half way along in my PhD program.

Upon leaving Penn State, I took a marketing research job at Warner-Lambert in New Jersey. After two years, moved to Miles Laboratories in Elkhart, Indiana. While Elkhart was a great place to raise children, the lake-effect snows finally took their toll and I accepted a position at Brown-Forman in Louisville, Kentucky heading up their marketing insights group. Most people have never heard of Brown-Forman but do know most of their products - Jack Daniels, Southern Comfort, Bolla and Fetzer wine and Korbel champagne to name a few. They also own Hartmann luggage, Dansk and Lenox china. Working at Brown-Forman gave me (and, occasionally Sue) the opportunity to travel to many countries around the world where our products were actively being marketed. One of the more interesting business trips was to Vietnam — felt very fortunate I was in a business suit and not a uniform some 25+ years earlier.

Recently, I elected to take early retirement from Brown-Forman. To fill my time and to continue to stay involved with marketing, I decided to become an adjunct instructor at an extension of Indiana University.

Like so many of my fellow GDA classmates, my proudest achievement is having been blessed with two really good children - a son and a daughter. Our son, Chris, received his MBA from Babson College last year. Chris and his wife live in Brookline - Chris works for the Strategic Pricing Group in Waltham and his wife is with MFS in Boston. They are expecting in November. Our daughter, Kim, has a masters from the University of Louisville and is pursuing a career in social work. She has a daughter who is the apple of her grandfather's eye.



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Other than Jebbs and Peter (at Denison), the only other alumnus I've come across in 40 years is Frank Bond. My daughter worked in Santa Fe for a couple of years in social work and Frank and I got together on a couple of occasions.

My interests include golf (I qualified for the Kentucky Amateur a few years back. I assure you it was a fluke. Nevertheless, it was a fun experience playing with all those youngsters who hit the ball 300 yds), traveling, fixing up our place and spending time with my grand daughter, whom I see nearly everyday.

During my first year at GDA, I snapped my ACL ligament playing football. That's why I ended up in soccer. Well, after 42 years, I decided that technology had come far enough to give reconstructive knee surgery a try. Have had two surgeries since December and am still rehabbing.

I am truly amazed by some of the bios I've been reading. While attending GDA, I did not realize our class was so eclectic. All the unique overseas assignments, the sailing enthusiasts, a sheep farm, a charter boat company, interesting military careers, sports agent, the Peace Corps and, especially, those who dropped out of college, then went back to school to earn masters and PhD degrees.

I have never attended a class reunion of any type and am looking forward to seeing my GDA classmates of 1962. Maybe we should take a walk around the Milestone for ole time's sake. Don't think my knee's up to jumping over the garden wall, however.

### TAY VAUGHAN

... from a website at  
[<http://www.timestream.com/info/people/biotay/biotay1.html>]

In 1958, Vaughan escaped a difficult parental divorce by going off to fashionable Governor Dummer Academy in Byfield, Massachusetts — the oldest prep school in the United States (1763) — where he played football and ice hockey and studied Latin and Literature under stringent performance rules. He owned a tuxedo, attended Sunday tea dances, and, when he could, rode the MTA at all hours. He was severely disciplined when he made explosive ammonium iodide crystals in the chemistry lab and laid them on the stone hearth where only the headmaster stood during all-school meetings in the Phillips Building. Nobody laughed following the startled commotion. Vaughan claims they would have hunted him down and expelled him, had he not turned himself in to the student dean following miserable hours of hand-wringing and reconsideration.

Four years in a boys boarding school had ill-prepared him for the real world, so he went off to the best coeducational



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college he could find, in Oberlin, Ohio. Playing ice hockey and learning about women seriously distracted him from academic purposes, and after a lackluster first year in the classroom, he took a year off. In San Francisco he was hired as an ordinary seaman aboard the 20,000 ton Norwegian break-bulk freighter Evanger and circumnavigated South America via the Straits of Magellan and the Panama Canal. He then spent a second year at Oberlin unable to find a *raison d'être* for it all, and, while his grades were passing, took yet more time to consider life. In the summer of 1965, he sold his motorcycle for passage on a ship to Hamburg, Germany, where he had arranged for a job that collapsed on his arrival. Borrowing cash from the Red Cross and claiming three years' experience, he found work as a carpenter with the Stars and Stripes Newspaper in Darmstadt. In a woodshop filled with local craftsmen and occasionally with trustees from the U.S. Army stockade, he built newstands and bookcases and learned precision joinery.

When spring came in 1966, Vaughan fell in love with a sweetly intense German girl. He collected himself, attended briefly the Institute for European Studies in Vienna, married, and returned to Oberlin where, two years later, he graduated with departmental honors in Anthropology and Sociology and received a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship nomination.

He was accepted into a social sciences doctoral program at the University of California, San Francisco Medical Center, and received a Graduate Fellowship in Human Development from the National Institute of Health to study death and dying among renal failure and kidney transplant patients. In 1971, after about 60 hours of accumulated graduate credits, he destroyed his doctoral research and dissertation during an existential crisis brought on by the very nature of his studies, and apprenticed himself to the world-class master craftsman and woodworking artist, Art Espenet Carpenter. Later he joined the International Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, Local 32. Among other leavings, he helped build three lost-form, post-tensioned concrete highway overpasses on Route 50, east of Sacramento. And he built a dozen or so very expensive custom homes in Marin County, California, before building his own house in Mill Valley.

In his front yard in Bolinas, California, Vaughan built a 31-foot ocean-going sailboat, *The Invocation to the Great*

*Bear*, which he later sailed from San Francisco to Newport, Rhode Island, via Panama, then to New Orleans. While living on his boat in San Diego, he spent six months working as a master carpenter at Driscoll Custom Boats, rebuilding the 12-meter yacht INTREPID for the America's Cup races, and in August, 1974, he participated in Intrepid's campaign to defend the cup at Newport. Vaughan notes that he shared most of this voyage and happily some years after in the companionship of a rare and highly-skilled woman from the midwest who stood







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tall and smiled when the wind blew strong, and who never once collapsed in the face of adversity. In the end, she made of the sea a lifelong career in physics, mathematics, and tektonic geology, accreting hard-won doctorates, post-doctorates, published papers, and research positions.

For a brief period in 1975, Vaughan prepared curricula and taught navigation skills at the Charles F. Chapman School of Seamanship in Stuart, Florida, where he was Dean of the School. In 1976 he sailed to New Orleans and sold the Great Bear at Lake Ponchartrain. He took up flying, and passed the examination for Private Pilot Airman's Certificate, single engine land. Vaughan then returned to San Francisco to become the Western Regional Director of the Oceanic Society, where he managed the west coast operations of this national membership organization dedicated to education, conservation, and research.

During this time, Vaughan also consulted as an Independent Marine Surveyor, providing experienced opinion regarding vessel safety, condition, and value for underwriters, lending institutions, and private parties, and he provided expert testimony in the courts. He also developed a submersible data acquisition system for which he was awarded U.S. Patent No. 4227246, "Multi-parameter Measurement System for Fluids". He is also a licensed U.S. Merchant Marine Officer (Master, Near Coastal Steam, Motor, or Sail, 100 tons), and during this time captained for a charter fleet working out of Pier 39 in San Francisco.

In 1978 Vaughan founded the Bay Area Marine Institute, a maritime training school with shops, classrooms, and docking facilities at Pier 66 in San Francisco. The Institute provided full-time accredited training programs in boatbuilding and general maritime skills, continuing education, and recreational programs until it closed down in 1983. He represented the American Sail Training Association in San Francisco, and was invited to sail as a guest training officer on the Portuguese Navy's square-rigger, Sagres, on which voyage he took twelve American cadets to Seattle.

As school projects, the Institute built two 26-foot Monomoy whaleboats, one for Sea-Land Service (the container shipping company) and one for the California Maritime Academy. In the course of his involvement with the competitive rowing of these 10-man whaleboats on San Francisco Bay, Vaughan was elected a Chief Judge-Referee for open water/whaleboat rowing regattas and made an Examiner and Clinician by the United States Rowing Association.

During that time, also, Vaughan met and married a hard-working woman who, like a teaspoon of Thorazine, stabilized and redirected him.

Atari had gifted the Institute several computers for marketing and PR purposes, and, familiar with the computers and fluent in Fortran and BASIC, Vaughan left the sea and went to work there as a Senior Technical Editor, and prepared original computer programs and editorial material for *The Atari Connection*, a computer magazine. He was a founder and the original incorporator of the Computer Press Association.



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From 1983 to 1985 he worked as Senior Scientist for Applied Dynamics, Inc. of San Francisco, troubleshooting facility and production yield problems in the semiconductor industry. He engineered solutions to mitigate influence of vibration in sensitive production areas, and was involved in the design of clean rooms, deionized water systems, HVAC concepts, and instrumented wafer fabrication lines at facilities and for companies around the world.

During 1987 Vaughan's daughter was born, and during 1987 and 1988, Vaughan worked for Apple Computer, Inc. in Cupertino, California, as a contract multimedia instructional designer and programmer hired to write specialized HyperCard programs for internal Apple Corporate use. When he told them he not only hadn't used a Macintosh before, but had barely heard of HyperCard, they said "No problem, we want you for your creativity; HyperCard shipped two weeks ago, and nobody else around here knows it, either." He warrants that if in your

lifetime you get a job offer like that, an offer based on the right criteria, you should take it.



Que asked him to write a 700-page book, *Using HyperCard: From Home to HyperTalk*, an effort for which he enlisted help from a bunch of friends. The book shipped to stores, lived for about a year, and went out of print. Vaughan claims that the act of book writing is like childbirth - a very painful and energy-consuming experience; but soon you forget the pain and can be seduced into doing it again!

In his basement, Vaughan started The HyperMedia Group, Inc. as a successful standalone multimedia production company located now in Emeryville, CA. From 1987 to 1992 HMG designed and developed custom software applications for multimedia platforms that included digitized audio, color and black & white animated graphics, and integrated television video. Before being sold to Wilson Learning Worldwide in 1998, HMG produced large multimedia corporate information systems as well as custom demonstration software for trade show and public distribution for many clients, including Apple Computer, Inc., Electric Power Research Institute, Electronic Catalog Corporation, Fluor Daniel Corporation, Lotus, Microsoft, Northern Telecom, Novell, Sun Microsystems, Texas Utilities Company, and Varian Associates.

In 1992, Vaughan sold his interest in The HyperMedia Group to found a new company, Timestream, Inc. At Timestream, a CD-ROM and broadband multimedia title production and publishing company, he could "write once and sell many" instead of "write once and sell once", the latter formula being causal to the financial peaks-and-valleys typical of a contract-based service enterprise. He took time to write about his experiences in the trenches, and produced the best-selling volume, *Multimedia: Making It Work*, now in its fifth edition and available in many foreign languages including Spanish, Portuguese, Korean, Chinese, and Hebrew.



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In 1998, claiming that he needed but sufficient bandwidth and an airport nearby to keep things going, and wishing to move “home” to that place of real seasons where his great grandfather settled in 1786, Vaughan moved his family and his company to a 200-year-old dairy farm with 26-acres of hayfields and woods, a 1/4-mile frontage along the St. George River, and a Greek Revival Cape-style mainhouse with three barns, located near the schooner ports of Camden and Rockport in the midcoast section of Maine. He is currently at home with the rest of the Timestream crew under the cupola of the first barn.

Vaughan maintains memberships in the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers (Electronic Media Committee), American Society of Naval Engineers (Journal Committee, 1990), United States Rowing Association (Judge/Referee Committee, 1989), and the Computer Press Association (Founder, Elected Honorary Lifetime Member in 1987). He is also a member of the Oberlin College



Alumni Association's Communications Committee and the College's Electronic Communications Task Force. For three years (1996, 1997, 1998) he was a visiting professor at the Interactive Telecommunications Program at the Helsinki School of Economics and Business Administration in Finland; he lectures widely in America and abroad. In 2002, Vaughan was honored to be one of three judges choosing the “Military Artist of the Year” for the U.S. Department of Defense MILGRAPH competition. He is a Trustee of the Mildred Stevens Williams Memorial Library in Appleton, continues to play ice hockey, and is a member of the local Appleton Volunteer Fire Department and can be seen from time to time in his turn-out gear, driving Engine 2.

## ANDY WHITTEMORE

After graduating from GDA, and a summer not so gainfully employed with Peter Buck and Steve Blair as the Three Fifths, I was off to Trinity with Colin Studds and managed to graduate with a BS in Biology and squeak into Columbia P&S for medical school. That summer prior to starting the medical grind, Rhodie and I mar-



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ried and worked as live-out domestics for a couple in Tenants Harbor, Maine. We moved to NYC, and Rhodie went to work for the Visiting Nurse Service on the Lower West Side. After four years of medical school, the next seven were consumed by Surgical Internship and Residency, including a year in training as an NIH laboratory investigator, and a year of Clinical Fellowship in Vascular Surgery. An additional two years in the Navy, as Chief of Vascular Surgery in Norfolk, Virginia with the 6th Fleet, polished off my draft obligations. At the age of 34, I finally joined the staff at the then Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston at Harvard Medical School and began to earn an honest living in 1979.

Rhodie and I have three terrific children and one equally terrific grandchild, Maggie, with another Anthony due in October. Our oldest, Tony, lives with his wife in Rumson NJ and commutes on the ferry to Wall Street. He saw the wisdom of a non-medical career and is an investment banker, originally with Saloman Bros., now Deutchebank. He and Patty are the parents of the grandchildren. Josh has had it with N.E. winters and has been in the Palo Alto area for several years in the Biotech Industry, initially in mechanical/electrical engineering, now as a software engineer for a start-up. Our youngest, Sarah, was married last summer and is an elementary school teacher in the Lincoln school system.

After the children were off on their own, Rhodie went back to the School for the Museum of Fine Arts here in Boston, with all the kids with purple hair and rings in every orifice. She's done some great work and she tells me that she's nearly ready to graduate! I keep plodding along here at the now Brigham and Women's Hospital as Chief of Vascular Surgery and Professor of Surgery at Harvard, and more recently as the hospital's Chief Medical Officer. I have had an amazingly privileged career and marriage, and am one thankful dude!

Andy Whittemore

Professor of Surgery, Harvard Medical School

Chief Medical Officer, Brigham and Women's Hospital



## Class of 1962

### Directions to the Home of

Ben & Ellen Jameson  
69 Purchase St.  
Newburyport, MA 01950  
(978) 462-4097

#### **From GDA:**

Left on Elm St. to Rt 1 Take left - Rt1 North proceed 3 miles Take right on Hanover St., following sign for Newbury & Plum Island (Newbury Animal Hospital at corner of Rt. 1 North and Hanover St.) Proceed 1 mile to stop lights - intersection of Hanover St. & Rt. 1A Take left at lights - Rt. 1A North (also called High Road) following sign for Newburyport & Salisbury Proceed on Rt. 1 A North, past church on left Take 1st right after church - Marlboro St. (directly across from "entering Newburyport" sign) Purchase St is 3rd left off of Marlboro St. - #69th house in from corner, green Victorian with white trim. Parking available along Marlboro & Purchase Streets

#### **From the Hampshire Inn, Saybrook, NH:**

Rt. 95 South to exit #57 West Newbury/Newburyport Take left at end of exit/stop light - Rt. 113 East/Newburyport Proceed on Rt. 113 East past shopping centers on right After shopping centers Rt. 113 East also called High Street Proceed 2.5 miles- Rt. 113 East becomes Rt. 1 A South Proceed on Rt. 1 A South through intersection/lights - Mobil Station on right After intersection proceed 1/2 mile past Town Line Market (closed) on right Take 2nd left after Town Line Market - Marlboro Street Purchase St. is 3rd left off of Marlboro St. - #69 is 5th house in from corner, Green Victorian with white trim. Parking available along Marlboro & Purchase Streets.

#### **Hampshire Inn Location:**

Just off Exit #1 off Rt. 95 in Saybrook, NH, about 11 miles north of the Rt.95 Byfield exit and 6 miles north of the Newburyport exit. 800-932-8520.



## Class of 1962

### Reunion Committee

#### Chairpersons

Tom Tobey      John Tabbell

Ham Agnew

Nils Bjork

Peter Butler

Ben and Ellen Jameson

Peter Machinist

Bob MacLaughlin

Bill McPhee

Tim McNally

Charlie Pyne

Gary Randall

Tay Vaughan

Thanks to

Jim Bride

Michelle Ortiz



## Class of 1962

