

The Class of 1970
50th
Reunion

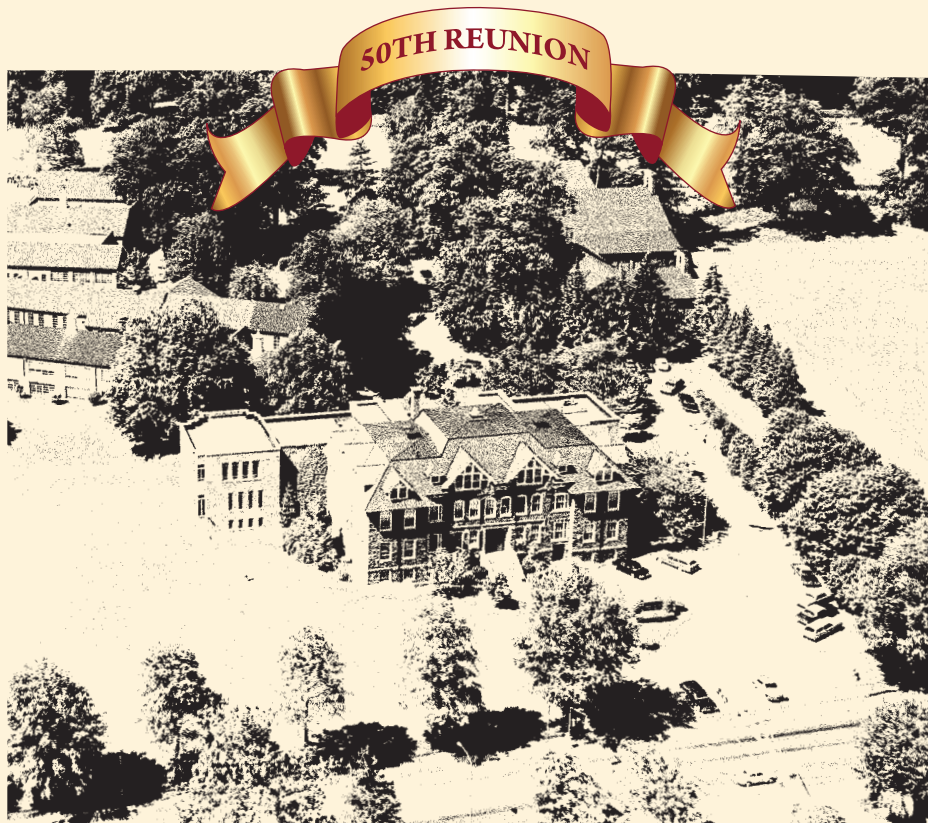


THE HAVERFORD SCHOOL

ALMA MATER

O Haverford, dear Haverford
Thou guide of tender days,
To thee within these honored walls
We lift our hymn of praise
Here on the threshold of our years
With all the future free,
Our youthful hearts and powers we bring
And dedicate to thee.

THE HALIGOLUK

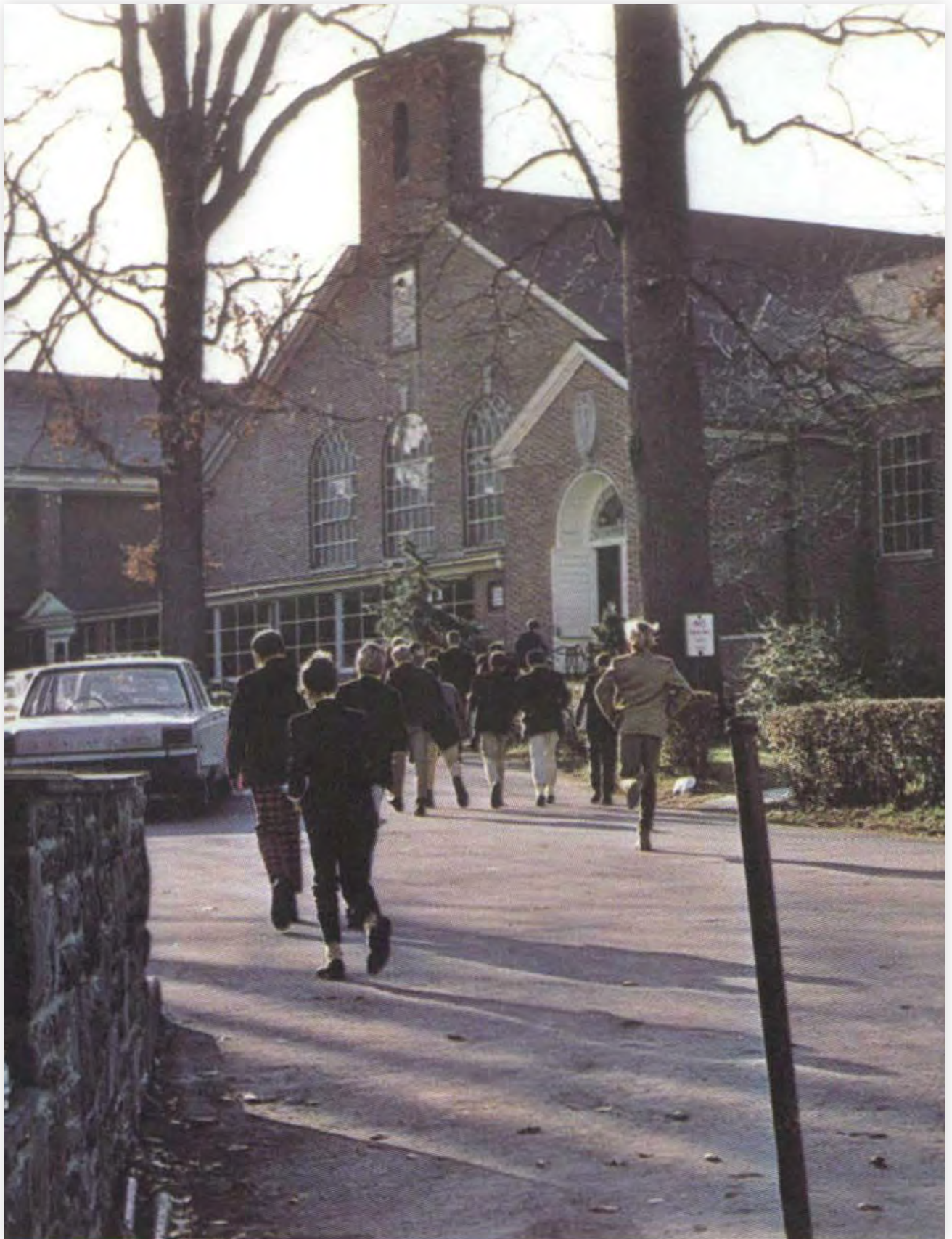


THE HAVERFORD SCHOOL

Haverford, Pennsylvania

The Class of 1970 presents this edition of *The Haligoluk* in order to capture the spirit and record the events of the entire school, and especially the Senior Class, during the past 50 years.

We hope this book will bring pleasure not only now but also in future years, when we look back upon our days at Haverford.





THE HAVERFORD SCHOOL
CLASS OF 1970
PRESENTS...

THE

HALIGOLUK

1970



"The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future life."

Plato





The List

John Baird.....	8
Tom Bentley.....	9
Nick Berberian.....	11
Ed Brown.....	12
Haig Brown.....	13
Charles E. Buzby, IV.....	14
Tom Close.....	15
Bruce Conrad.....	15
Brock Dethier.....	17
Michael Dingle.....	19
Thomas C. Evans.....	20
Rick Gallagher.....	21
Peter C. Gardner.....	23
Royal B. Garren.....	25
Benjamin L. Ginsberg.....	25
David Groverman.....	26
Perry Hamilton.....	27
David Hoffman.....	29
John Horan.....	30
James R. Jaeger II.....	31
Gilbert H. Lamphere.....	33
Jacques Le Blanc.....	34
Ten Lewis.....	35
Rip Lincoln.....	36
Joe Moore.....	37
Louis Morsbach, Jr.....	38
Dick Nesbitt.....	39
Hugh Osborn.....	40
Cliff Pemberton.....	40
Jack Rubino.....	41
Lawrence Ryan.....	42
Rich Simpson.....	43
Ray Todd.....	44
Rick Unger.....	44
William Vogt.....	45
David M. Watts, Jr.....	47
Charles Wentz.....	48
Eric Weren.....	49
Randolph D. Zelov, Jr.....	51
Gus Ziesing.....	52

IN MEMORIAM

Joe Byrne.....	53
Robert "Bob" Mayfield.....	53
Bob Minter.....	54
Hugh Roberts.....	55
Peter Schuette.....	56
Joseph Hudson Plumb Smith.....	57
Charles D. Thomas, Jr. (Chip).....	59

John Baird

bairdjw@gmail.com

It took me awhile to find my voice after arriving at Haverford in 7th grade. Though I loved learning and enjoyed my friends, I often felt awkward and shy. Classmates, even teachers sometimes would stare at me until my cheeks glowed so brightly it felt as though my whole face was pulsating. I felt so embarrassed that I wanted to just disappear. I used humor to redirect attention, perfecting impersonations of my teachers and coaches - or tried to blend into the background.

I was good at memorizing facts and telling teachers what I thought they wanted to hear. I remember Mr. Maenak preparing us for our first big test in Pennsylvania History, an essay evaluating the British policy of “salutary neglect” towards the American colonies. Standing before us in his rolled-up shirtsleeves, Mr. Maenak exhorted us to look at “the big picture.” He wanted us to think for ourselves - facts mattered, but beyond just memorizing and regurgitating them - he wanted us to synthesize and use them to support our thesis. He urged us, passionately, to develop and to author our own interpretations. It was a revolutionary moment for me - I’ve never forgotten it.

A second “steppingstone” in finding my voice was editing the *Index* in collaborating with Brock Dethier. As we planned each issue, we had a platform, and I felt, a responsibility, to think and speak about issues at school and the world outside. We wrote articles and editorials about things that mattered to us - from coeducation to the Vietnam war to Lee Groseclose’s sudden, tragic death. I began to express myself and to stand up for what I believed in. When we had finished editing, cutting out the articles with exacto knives, and arranging them in columns on waxed spreadsheets for printing, I felt a real sense of accomplishment.

I felt a sense of joy and collaboration on the Varsity Baseball team with Coaches Bo Dixon and Terry Cooper and my teammates. I loved catching and strategizing with Larry Ryan and John Hickenlooper - especially Hick’s magnificent 1-0 win over Robin Roberts’ team in the cold drizzle at GA with my Dad looking on. I scored the lone run on Hick’s sacrifice bunt, and we went on to win the Inter-Ac title. I think it was my happiest and proudest MOMENT at Haverford.

The summer after graduation, after much soul searching, I applied for conscientious objector status. While this decision caused a painful conflict with my family at the time, it was another important step in finding my voice, and in my spiritual journey, as it led to my discovering the peace testimony of Friends. After college I sojourned for awhile with Bruce Conrad

in a tipi in Palmyra, Maine. I picked apples and helped Bruce and Tom Bentley to take apart an old barn to provide lumber to build a house. I appreciated Bruce and Tom’s ingenuity and encouragement, and somehow managed not to fall off the roof of the barn, but I wasn’t cut out to be a house-builder. I became a biology teacher and a coach, and found a spiritual home in Quaker meeting, where I met my wife, Aminda.

Later I became head of Carolina Friends School and Westtown School and had the opportunity to build more inclusive, respectful communities in which everyone could find and use their voice and know that they were part of something larger than themselves. I tried to impart the lessons I learned from my parents, my friends, and my teachers and coaches - to be true to myself, work together, be involved in the world, and keep a sense of humor - to my students.

“Standing before us in his rolled-up shirtsleeves, Mr. Maenak exhorted us to look at “the big picture.” He wanted us to think for ourselves - facts mattered, but beyond just memorizing and regurgitating them - he wanted us to synthesize and use them to support our thesis. He urged us, passionately, to develop and to author our own interpretations. It was a revolutionary moment for me - I’ve never forgotten it.”

I retired two years ago, and Aminda and I have returned to North Carolina. Our three children are thriving, and we are finding a new rhythm in our lives. We have been Friends in Residence at Quaker centers in England and at Pendle Hill in Wallingford, PA, and I’ve been leading retreats and consulting with schools. I had successful treatment for prostate cancer a year and a half ago, and am grateful to be in good health today. I love hiking, gardening, playing music, and watercoloring, and continue to do my best to keep growing and to work on issues of peace, racial justice, and the environment that troubled and shaped me in high school. I have lots to learn and there is much to be done, and as the Quaker hymn says, “since Love is Lord of Heaven and Earth, how can I keep from singing?”

Tom Bentley

tbentley@bentleyhomes.com

I had a great time at Haverford. Attending school for 12 years and learning how to develop and maintain relationships with my fellow gents, was important and I believe served me well. We have a very bright class. The teachers were smart, tough and challenging. The environment created intellectual challenge and fostered a venue to exercise strong-will. Many of us, either had, or developed type A personalities, that attribute to our success today.

Being on Neil Buckley's wrestling team also had a profound effect on my life. The hard work, dedication and teamwork, yielded five years of undefeated glory. The teamwork meant we all took care of each other, despite our year in school or our physical age. The experience of "giving it your all" demonstrated reward, that shaped my life successes for years to come, into the present day. Memories: Western Safari. Swimming in a glacial pond in Alaska still shivers me. Five years at Camp Tecumseh the total jock camp. Sports were a way of life. Don McBride, the only man I feared at Haverford.

Many people, most notably my parents, were surprised to hear that I dropped out of college. The Haverford School provided such a superior educational experience, that in my first semester at Boston University, I was repeating topics studied two years prior, from Brownlow, Dethier and Brown of Haverford. I was bored and itchy to get on with life.

Travel and adventure were calling me, school was not. I went on a road trip that summer to the West Coast and caught up with Bruce Conrad in Oakland. We flirted with Mexico, and ended up in Colorado, where I became a union carpenter and lived in a teepee at 9,000 feet. The smarter Bruce stayed, in town, and eventually joined me on the carpentry crew. My first real job provided many learning experiences and some that required great fortitude. Working outside at 8,000 ft and sometimes 15-20 below zero, was challenging. I will never forget that experience.

Adventure called again. Bruce and I passed through Virginia, spent about a year building log homes, and pressed onto Maine, where we did more construction. Until one day, we embarked on a farming project. We learned to grow an entire field of a unique, high dollar product, that is in even higher demand today. With those "farming" proceeds, I returned to Philadelphia and bought my first building lot. This was the beginning of the next



chapter of my great love affair with construction. I fell in love with development, design and building homes. For 46 years and counting, I have hung my own shingle, worked with a team of people for over 20 years, and I'm blessed to have never "worked" a single day since Bentley Homes was incorporated. I believe choosing to forego college was the right decision for my life and

for my career. I've been an entrepreneur from the very start. Watching both of my parents own, run and sell their companies was an example well lead.

Business success came fast and furious, but my personal life became untenable. Working hard and playing hard was my mantra, until it didn't work anymore. I partied too much and reached my bottom in 2001. Through the help of Alcoholics Anonymous, I turned my life over to a higher power and have been sober ever since. At first, I thought it was a loss, but it truly is the best thing I ever did in my life. I am still active in AA and have the privilege of helping other men get sober. It's a big part of my life and I proudly participate.

While I enjoy my business and telling tales of my younger years, my proudest moments come from my three wonderful Children. My oldest, Christie (32) is much like her ol' man. She is brave, courageous and strong spirited; a bit of a nomad. She is not afraid to go anywhere or do anything. She worked for Google and NBC right out of college and then chose to live "free" and outdoors. She made residence in the California mountains out



of a converted van for two years. Recently, she has returned to school in Northern California and is studying to be a teacher under the Waldorf discipline. I'm proud of the woman she is becoming and look forward to watching her make her own dreams come true. My second daughter, Trillium is a loving old soul who warms my heart. She is bright, wise and is beautiful from the inside, out. She is a first-year freshman (19) studying film at the Tisch School at NYU. I am very proud of her and find it fulfilling to watch her discover her talents. Mason (17), my first son and the youngest of the lot. Much like me, he marches to the beat of his own drum. He is a senior, applying to colleges, with a focus on architectural school. Adventure awaits.

Each one very different and perfect in their own way; I love them dearly.

Two years ago, I married a wonderful woman. Her name is Carly Meyer (now Bentley). She is a smart, sassy redhead with a great career and killer looks. Originally, we had met 13 years ago and had one date, that I "coined" the best date of my life. After the customary 3 day waiting period, I tried calling her on the phone, 4 times. She would not take my call. I was shocked and confused!! Ten years had passed. One late fall afternoon in 2015, I was reading the Philadelphia Business Journal and saw her picture. Joy, fear and excitement struck me. I tried again with renewed vigor and we started dating in January of 2016. She tried to break up with me a few times, and I would not let her get away again. I got her to marry me, soon thereafter. We are both very active. We play golf, hike, sail, tennis, spin, canoeing, work out and the list goes on. We both love to work and love to travel. We are building our first home together in Paoli and enjoy weekend get-away trips to our cottage in the Poconos, at Buck Hill Falls.



We are members at The Union League in Philadelphia and members of Applebrook Golf Club. We enjoy socializing, laughing and adventure!

It is amazing that another 5 years have gone by. I'm looking forward to seeing all of you.

Nick Berberian

nberberian@ngelaw.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

1. The experiences that have substantially shaped my life are my parents, my family, and my fortuitous career path.

My father was the sole member of his family to survive the Armenian Genocide in 1915. He was twelve years old at the time and came to America with nothing. He built a successful business from scratch and married my mother, who was a High School Principal in Armenia, while she was on a visit to the U.S. Together their laser focus was providing me the best possible educational opportunities regardless of their own personal sacrifices. My father drove me back and forth to Haverford each and every day for nine years beginning in the Third Grade. Thereafter, my parents also funded my education at Kenyon College, as well as both at the Law School and Graduate School of Business at the University of Chicago. These educational experiences, fully funded by my parent's generous support, clearly set my course in life.

Nancy has been my spouse for over thirty-nine years and has always been the person next to my side providing the support necessary to overcome whatever challenges have come my way. There is no question that I could not have accomplished what I have without her. Together with our son Mark, who will be thirty-four years old this year, my family has provided a source of enormous joy each and every day. That joy has only been amplified many times over by the addition of our granddaughter Datev, now twenty months old. In Armenia, Datev is the name of a monastery built high on top of a mountain and symbolizes being given "wings to fly." I often contemplate that her very existence depended upon my father surviving near death in the Armenian Genocide over a century ago, and what that truly does say about the endless potential of the human spirit.

I am often asked about why I obtained a joint JD/MBA degree. The truth is I was fully headed to a career in investment banking, and felt the J.D. would be an added benefit in that regard. I never had any exposure to lawyers or a law firm, but decided that I would intern over one summer just to see what it was all about. The firm that hired me, Friedman & Koven, later claimed I was hired by mistake because they did not realize that out of the three years I had been at the University of Chicago at that point, only one year had been in the Law School, not two. So not only was I apparently hired by mistake but then by sheer happenstance I was sent to Washington, D.C. to work at the firm's office with Justice Abe Fortas after he had left the Supreme Court. I then spent the next part of my career working with Phil Neal, who had been the Dean of the University of Chicago Law School. So



I never made it to becoming an investment banker, but stayed on the legal path that was filled with extraordinary opportunities thanks to a fortuitous start. I never looked back.

What activities are you involved in?

2. I have practiced law for over 40 years and head the Securities Litigation and Regulatory Practice Group at Neal, Gerber & Eisenberg LLP in Chicago. I also had the privilege of serving as the Co-chair of the ABA's Committee on Securities Litigation 2003-2006.

In my non-professional time, I love any water related activities involving boating and scuba diving. I am also active in the leadership at the Chicago Yacht Club.

What have you done since Haverford?

3. After Haverford, I went to Kenyon College, and then to the University of Chicago where I obtained a Joint JD/MBA degree. I started off with the law firm of Friedman & Koven, and then in 1986 a group of us together with another firm formed Neal, Gerber & Eisenberg where I have been ever since.

Information about your family

4. Nancy and I have been married 39 years, and have one son, Mark, who is 34 years old and works for Analysis Group, which provides support to expert witnesses in litigation. He is married to Talar, who is a land use lawyer with Thompson Coburn, and they have blessed us with a twenty month old granddaughter, Datev

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

5. My favorite memory from Haverford is the Debate Team and traveling around the State with the team for various competitions. Not only is it what I enjoyed the most, but I never realized at the time the importance of the skill set it developed.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

6. Right now I'm enjoying what I am doing too much to think about retiring.

Ed Brown

ed4brown@comcast.net

Hi everyone:
I went off to college and the Midwest quite happy to leave my teens behind. I had a defining 4 years at Knox College, as I'm sure many of

us did. After having a couple of fun years skiing in Colorado and getting the lay of the land, I entered UCLA for an MA in African Studies, and then Indiana in Political Science and International Political Economy. I had a good education there (as elsewhere) and presented papers nationally, but ultimately succumbed to what I much later found out was ADD. (Lots of good ideas, no concept of how to complete assignments on time—or after I had solved the “problem.”)

I escaped Indiana in 1987 and emigrated to Boston—where I remain (Medford). I had a couple of good years working for the PIRGs—helped start the MA telephone campaign—but wanted something more challenging and found it in the disability community. As someone with a “jack of all trades” mentality (not the best PhD approach) I was encouraged to apply for a “service coordinator” position with the Commonwealth; effectively a glorified case manager for people with developmental disabilities living in the community. I was hired without the requisite background of Social Work because of my previous academic experience. It was a wonderful job for many years with lots of interesting responsibilities and meeting lots of interesting people in the community—both professionals and “clients.” I enjoyed mentoring my colleagues on complicated issues because of my background which was well out of the norm.) And I learned an awful lot prowling hospital halls, accompanying some of my more forensic cases to local courthouses, or visiting clients in psychiatric settings: a lot of my caseload were “high functioning” people, and many lived quite independently in the community, along with their dual mental health diagnoses. (At one point I knew some of the staff at McLean Hospital by name and was reading the DSM to understand my clients’ needs. And I only then discovered and diagnosed my own ADD—confirmed by professionals.) The many stories I reflect on now—both incredibly exhilarating (supporting one client raise his daughter with down syndrome)

“Sometimes, somehow, good things happen to turn a life around.”

and exhausting and equally sad (coming in to find out my homeless client was hit and killed by a car in the middle of the night) reflect the broad

parameters of life that many of us have experienced. But if there is one thing that has become clearer to me over the years, it is that you don't give up on someone.

Sometimes, somehow, good things happen to turn a life around. And as I write this I am sitting next to my father in a Pittsburgh hospital advocating and waiting for his cardiac catheterization procedure, having reconciled with him after nearly 50 years. But like all jobs the responsibilities gradually changed and I found myself behind a desk more and more trying to convince Washington that I was doing a good job with their money--that I could no longer do as well because of the same reporting requirements. A few years ago I retired to leave it to a younger generation who could better meet the responsibilities that was expected of my position. I now work part time as a court-appointed guardian for the same population, and volunteering with the local elder services agency.

I met my wife Susan on the first day of my job in 1992. She was the dynamo I was not and helped me to make the transition from the analytical skill set I had relied on, to one of compassion and understanding of a population I did not know. She has made me a much better person, more accepting of my own needs and issues, and interested in others. We married in '97. Because of our then advanced age in our 40s, we have no children but have often thought of our clients in similar, paternalistic, terms as we decompress from another unexpected day.

As many of us at Haverford, I have been lucky with the resources my parents brought to my life. It has allowed me to live a life that has significant meaning to me. International travel with Susan has been fun and enlightening: a recent trip to Grenada was remarkably interesting. And after spending many vacations in the family home on Mt. Desert Island, I now have a second home on Cape Cod in Wellfleet. (I traded rocks for sand.) It is a healthy life there and only 2 hours from Medford—if you can avoid rush hour. And yes, I swim with the whites!

Ed Brown continued

Finally, to touch the “third rail” which has always been a consuming interest of mine, I can say that my political interests have always been in the “Bernie” area, though I really think Warren could have made an excellent president. I am now working to support democrats who could flip the senate. Surprisingly I have found myself quite emotionally removed from the present democratic debates. As I noted on facebook, in response to the recent infighting: “Repeat after me: vote for any democrat running against Trump. We’ll sort out the details later.”

As noted I left Haverford in 1970 happy to put it behind me. I have not reached out before as I too easily conflate the School with my classmates. If anyone wishes to reach out directly to me, I can be reached at the above email.

PS: My fun trivia question is occasional observations about John. (I recently found a Wynkoop growler in the Wellfleet swap shop!) John: I hope you are successful this fall as the Senate seems like a good landing place for you—and a race I am closely watching.

Haig Brown

hbrown222@aol.com

I haven’t been in the Philadelphia area much since graduation, except for Thanksgivings at my sister’s (down the street from our childhood home) and two years at Wharton getting my MBA in 1977-1978. But I haven’t moved too far away, having lived in Boston, New York and, for the last 30 years, in New Canaan, CT. A real East Coast provincial.

My entire career has been as an investment banker, the first ten years with Kidder, Peabody in New York and the last 30 years at the smallest investment banking boutique in the world, H. Haig Brown & Co. (just me). I stumbled into a specialty in laboratory products mergers and acquisitions and have had an exciting time of it closing nearly 100 transactions. It’s been an interesting combination of dealing with people and numbers and has suited me well.

I recently retired for the second and final time after being lured back for one last deal. I learned my lesson and will not seek full time employment ever again.

I remember Haverford more fondly with each passing year and am always impressed by the talents and success of our class. I sometimes think I’m the only one who isn’t a doctor.

“I remember Haverford more fondly with each passing year and am always impressed by the talents and success of our class.”



Our family last summer in North Haven, Maine.

I suspect I’m alone in this respect, but one of the faculty members I remember most fondly is Mr. Parker. I remember countless (probably not nearly as many as I recall) conversations with him in his smoke-filled office discussing the world and Student Council activities. He was sincerely trying to understand our class and I liked the fact that he was a leader, a decision-maker and pretty candid.

I recently signed up with the local private school to be a middle school substitute teacher. Two knee replacements have kept me sidelined but I expect to work soon. The position

reminds me of the time an unfortunate female teacher substituted for Mr. Rugg the week we learned about human reproduction and sexuality. We had 40 boys in the class and it did not go well. I hope to fare better in my own tour of duty.

I’ve been married for 32 years to Ann and we have two children, Dorothy, 29 (named after both her grandmothers), and Oliver 27. We live in a town at the outer limits of New York City commuting range, (although not for me I worked upstairs in my tennis clothes).

Charles E. Buzby, IV

cebuzby@gmail.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

Meeting my wife, college, friends, ski trips with family, oil exploration, home flooding with Hurricane Harvey in 2017, parents, children and grandchildren. Travel to countries around the world is certainly eye-opening and rewarding.

What activities are you involved in?

Golf, skiing and travel

What have you done since Haverford?

- Summers working at Lee Tire after Haverford graduation and college years.
- College of Wooster where I met my wife. Studied Geology and Math.
- Seismograph Service Corporation in Wyoming and Colorado, looking for subsurface features.
- University of Michigan - Masters in Geology
- Amoco geologist for twenty years. 1979-99
- MBA at Houston Baptist University 1985-87
- Ameriprise Financial - Financial Advisor 1999 - present
- Travel to Spain, India, Germany, Greece, Norway, Poland and Egypt

Information about your family

- Married Cindie in 1980
- Matt born 1984
- Eric born 1987
- Matt married in 2009
- Mother passed away in 2010
- Eric married in 2015
- Grandchild #1 born in 2015
- Father passed away in 2016
- Grandchild #2 born in 2017
- Grandchild #3 born in 2019

Everyone is healthy! Life has been very good to us.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

My favorite Haverford memories are around sports activities.

- Squash with Peter Classen
- Football with Dick Nesbitt and John Haldeman
- Golf with Andy Davis, John McIntyre, John Stoviak and Coach McBride
- Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?
- Getting close to retirement after two twenty-year plus job and businesses.
- Looking forward to more time with family and friends, exercise, reading and travel.



The Crew



The Wife



Matt and Crew



Eric and Crew



Grandchild #3

Tom Close

email.com

After graduating Haverford, I attend the University of Pennsylvania having graduated in 1974. After graduation, I became a special agent with the United States Secret Service. I then returned to school and graduated from Widener Law School in 1979. Since then I have held various jobs with area law firms. I currently work for a small Litigation Firm in Paoli PA where I have been for the past 19 years.

In 1980 I married my wife Kim. We have maintained a connection with Haverford over the years. Kim's two brothers attended Haverford. Kim and I have five children: three boys and two girls. Our boys attended Haverford School having graduated in 2004, 2008, and 2012. Kim and I have one granddaughter with another on the way. I have been fortunate to have been able to keep in touch with quite a few of our Haverford classmates over the years. Congrats on our 50th!



Bruce Conrad

Bruce.Conrad@kiewit.com

Getting to Haverford

My brother and I grew up in South Ardmore in a neighborhood of small, brick, tract houses crammed together on tiny lots. Ours was the last house on a dead

end street and bordered a small farm that still had cows and corn and hayfields. We had the best of both worlds, free roam of the farm and the fun of playing in the streets of a very ethnic neighborhood. My Dad was from Germantown and after returning from World War II, he got his college degree at Temple on the GI bill and then a teaching job at an inner city high school. He patched together a living with four or five other part time jobs, and through one of those met Joe McQuillen, Haverford's swimming coach back in the day. Joe told my Dad there were scholarships available at Haverford, and so



our parents coaxed my older brother Wayne (Haverford '68) and me to "just go take a test". Then it was, "just try it for a year". The school was kind enough to give us both full scholarships,

as my family never could have afforded anything about Haverford, except a blazer or two. I started at Haverford in '65 when I had just turned 13.

Haverford times: 1965 to 1970

The only thing I can find fault with during my five years at Haverford was my own poor attitude. The yearbook entry under my name lists "sarcastic and cynical" (thanks, Brock), and I guess I was. But in my opinion, the things askew in my character were beyond the pale of a prep school, despite



Haverford's grandiose claim to mold one's being for the greater good. Yes, Herr Eddy should've been tougher on me in German. Mr. Miller made me swallow my gum once or twice. And Coach Cool called a time out during a lacrosse game to absolutely excoriate me in front of the entire team when I lost possession right after scoring a goal. (A suicide pass from one John Gallagher on fast break; goalie had no choice but to come out and just crush me. Separated shoulder, broken collarbone.) Mr. Smith as a soccer coach? I'll take the high road on that one. I know Groverman was his pet.

My older brother ended up sending his only son to Haverford (has four daughters, too) even though it was an hour and a half commute by train, and if I had been anywhere near Philly, I would've sent all three of my sons. I am very grateful to the school for giving a working class kid a great education, to the point that my freshman year at an Ivy League college was a huge let down. Chopper and the others taught us how to write (and write) and in Second Form Don McBride taught me about all the grammar I've ever needed to know. (I called him a few years back to thank him.)

The 70's

It's been said that education is wasted on the young. My time at Cornell was rather short; sometime in the second semester I faded out to the West Coast, walking away from another full scholarship. (I had majored in Grateful Dead Concerts. Somehow Hick must have maintained a dual major.) Dubbing around in the Bay Area, one Thomas Bentley showed up, having left architectural school. We headed out on a trip through the southwest to Mexico, but ended up in the Colorado Rockies, finding work as union carpenters. After a few years of that craziness, I headed to Maine to build for a friend, and TB started building houses on the Main Line. I framed the first

two with him but quickly realized I hated schmoozing with rich housewives. Tommy, the cute one, excelled at that.

During my time in Maine in the mid-70's my spiritual crisis finally came to a head. Since my days at Haverford I had been reading privately about most of the major religions, philosophies and world views that I came across, as I had this gnawing feeling that some people, somewhere, at some time, had walked the earth and knew the big picture, the truth from which all other things are just a subset. A friend lent me a copy of C.S. Lewis's *Mere Christianity*, which I only read as a courtesy, and thirty pages in my proverbial goose was cooked. Somehow, though raised in the world of suburban American Protestantism, I had missed the fact that Jesus was God. Everything then flowed from that. I became, to my utter surprise, a Christian. (I kept hearing from friends at the time, "You're the last person I ever thought would be a Christian.")

Beyond

Much as I liked working with my hands, my back and shoulders were rebelling about this time so I enrolled in engineering school at the University of Maine rather than live on Tylenol, Advil or worse. By the time I earned my Civil Engineering degree I was 30 years old, had married my current (and only) wife Christy of 39 years, and had our first son and a house on 28 acres in Maine. I was fortunate to hire on with a great construction company that worked up and down the east coast, building bridges, dams, power plants and other things big. I never once wanted to be "promoted", but before long, I was one of only a few, non-family people at the top of a family owned company (and no vowel at the end of my name). In 1996, I moved on to a larger competitor that works internationally, where I'm still working today. We've moved our family over a dozen times as markets and projects shifted, including stints in Boston, New York City, Washington

Bruce Conrad continued

D.C., and now Dallas. When the kids got older, I travelled as needed to Montreal, San Francisco, Denver, New Orleans, etc. I only just wanted to build stuff; it turns out these companies made me pretty rich doing it. Oh well.

Christy and I have seven children together, ranging in age from 38 to 18 (Christy is younger than I am; I know you guys will be doing the math). Our youngest son is eight years behind our next youngest, so it's like having three generations when they're all home, even before the grandkids came along. The five oldest are married and we have five grandchildren with two more on the way this spring. I encouraged each of them to get an engineering degree regardless of their career aspirations. So far, though our oldest son is a partner in a construction law firm, I'm 0-for-7 with that advice. The others are in finance, accounting, higher end nursing, and nutrition. We've been a little slack in

getting an all-hands-on-deck picture lately, so the one you see is about four years old.

We love Texas and will probably stay after I retire. We still own Christy's home place out on Swans Island off the coast of Maine. Travelling to see kids in New England, D.C., and Carolina takes a chunk of time too, we're learning. And I've started committing more time to bible conferences and other ministry around North America and overseas.

The other day I was thinking of Lou Gehrig's gracious "luckiest man on earth" speech in 1939. I don't feel lucky so much as I feel I've been very richly blessed, far beyond what I deserve. From now on, I feel like I'm playing with house money. I love you all and am thankful for your good friendship. That too, is better than I deserve.

Brock Dethier

brock.dethier@usu.edu



On Naomi Peak, Utah

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

I retired in 2018 after 45 years as a writing teacher and professional writer. I spent twenty years as a lowly adjunct and instructor at the University of New Hampshire, then moved to Utah State University, worked my way up to full professor, ran the composition program, taught hundreds of beginning teachers, and received two college teaching awards. I've published five books for college composition teachers and students and two books of poems.

What activities are you involved in?

I play guitar and sing in a band, Mudpuddle, with two other English professors. I'm still grateful for my first guitar lessons, when I sat at the feet of the master, Haig, in awe of the genius that produced songs like "Nuthin in my Muffin" and "Little Things in Big Packs."



Haig and Brock, 1966

What have you done since Haverford?

I'm married to Shanan Ballam, a poet and teacher who won my heart by making me special brownies when I was recovering from cancer in 2004. We live in the northeast corner of Utah, in a valley surrounded by 9000-foot mountains, the wettest and greenest part of the state, where we ski or hike almost every day. We're surrounded by people who live in a fantasy world built on unthinking acceptance of the superiority of rich white males... but hey, that could be said of the whole country now. I'm convinced that we are nearing the end of the Earth's habitability because the combination of greed and religion makes people careless about the future. I write many rants.

Information about your family

My first wife, Melody Graulich, and I raised two kids: Corey, about to turn 30, is finishing his dissertation in philosophy



Selfie with Shanan



Hick Attacks my son Corey, his intern



Parents

at Notre Dame. Larkin, 25, sells clothes for Nike in North Conway, NH.

Family of origin: my father died in 2016 at age 98, my mother in 2014 at 93. My brother David just retired from teaching geology at Williams. Sister Megan is a marine biologist on San Juan Island in Washington. Sister Deborah currently lives in El Sobrante CA where she runs a gardening business.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

Favorite Memories:

- Haig and Hick playing pond hockey, both announcing the game in louder and louder voices. “Hickenlooper SCORES!”
- Music, from first grade on. All the music teachers were

eccentric—Law, Goetze, Raper, Battaglia, Pawlowski. Raper would get so upset when kids wouldn’t pay attention that he’d lose it in front of the class...but he taught me rhythm and harmony.

- Larry Boyle taking us out for coffee if we wrote a bit of autobiography.
- In an *Index* meeting, Bob Mayfield inadvertently referring to Mr. Vaughan, who was there, as “Mr. Worm.”
- Teaming with Dave Groverman to block a couple of punts, recover a couple of fumbles, and get the ball to halfback Rich Gallagher, who was on fire. Perhaps because of an inspiring half-time speech by outgoing headmaster Severinghaus, the 90-pound football team came back from a 28-0 halftime deficit to beat Episcopal.
- Mrs. Jarvis’s accent.
- Being at a fancy science award dinner in Philly when Peter Robbins threw up into his teacup during the benediction. The mother chaperone asked, “Do you always have this reaction to prayer?”
- Cheering on the Bull Goose Loonies in intramural basketball (and losing my falsetto as a result).

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

I was lucky enough to live my dream professionally—becoming a professor and publishing six books in sixteen years. So I’m not yearning in retirement to complete some long-imagined project, though I still would like to do something commercial with the kids songs I recorded in the 1990s, the creative work I’m most proud of. In general, I’m taking things as they come, a new approach for me. My wife is young, and we’re not rich, so we’ll be tied to her job in Utah for the foreseeable future.

Michael Dingle

dinglestick@gmail.com



With my daughter, Clara



With my 61 Jazzmaster



Third Thursday Band on New Year's Day!



With the Groovy one in the mid 70s

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

The 60s, psychedelics, music and healthcare. Boarding school, a ride to California in 78 and a trip to Mongolia in 97 were pretty important life shifts. I have worked

dinglestick, a massage, movement and musical tool, that is slowly getting out there. After 25 years with non profit arts orgs, I ended up in healthcare in 2005, working as an orderly in the ICU at SF General Hospital for 12 years, retiring in mid 2018. Professional affiliations include: 10 years as operations manager at Survival Research Laboratories (srl.org): production coordinator with the Club Foot Orchestra (pioneers in new original music performed live with silent movies); stage manager for the last 20 years of the SF Blues Festival; 20+ years installing an annual Dia de los Muertos exhibition with artists from all over the world at SOMArts Cultural Center in SF. I've done some pretty interesting stuff with amazing people.

on many progressive political campaigns, starting with Eugene McCarthy in 67.

What activities are you involved in?

Rock and roll, making dinglesticks, boating and helping people.

What have you done since Haverford?

I only went to Haverford from 1st through 8th grades. But, I have maintained connections with several in my class, and with some important Haverfordians in my family and past, I am still included in alumni mailings. I went to Choate for high school, then Cornell. Took a ride to San Francisco in later 78 and never left. I've been to Mongolia a few times and started an NGO for art exchanges between UB and SF. I have hosted a monthly mixed musics night for 24 years at the Bay View Boat Club in SF. Out of that came the Third Thursday Band. We've been rocking for over 15 years! In 82, I crossed a Ma Roller with a T'ai Chi Ruler and created the

Information about your family

Divorced. my daughter, Clara is a junior in college (I started late). I've been in a relationship with a wonderful woman for the past 8+ years. I still have all my siblings (I'm one of 10 - wholes, halves and steps).

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

90 pound football ... the trip to Williamsburg.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

Retirement takes getting used to! But I think I'm adjusting. I enjoy working on my projects and try to eat well, keep moving and making music and dinglesticks help. I recently acquired a 31' Uniflite Executive Cruiser and am learning about being on the water. I give a pretty good tour, so come see and hear me in SF. Unless it all collapses, I'll be here!

Thomas C. Evans

mr.evansengineer@gmail.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

In 1971, I left the east coast after a year at Duke University. Although I found Duke to be a great school, all of my summer surf friends had moved to Santa Barbara and just raved about it. I visited during my February semester break and was hooked. Clear blue skies and 70 degree weather for the winter was a daily expectation. And the surf was fantastic.

That got me here and eventually I was able to purchase a share in a 100 acre ranch located out by Point Conception. It was an area owned by the Hollister family who originally got it from a Spanish lord who received it as a grant from the king. The family sold it and subdivided it into 130 parcels with access to the best surf in California, all behind a guarded gate. A true jackpot for my life. I spent 35 years surfing and hanging out in the mountain wilderness when I wasn't at work. Truly a magical place with wonderful experiences for my lifetime.

What activities are you involved in?

I attend classes periodically in Los Angeles at the Landmark Education center. These classes have transformed me from a shy, reserved individual to someone who can stand up in front of any crowd and make a presentation. In the last class that I attended, I came up with the idea of running for election to the local Water Board and I actually won. It was a great feeling getting the votes needed to beat out two other competitors. I am on the Board of Directors for the Goleta Water District and will be for two more years. We just came out of the worst drought ever and I'm wondering why



Campaign photo

the local people don't believe we need add to our water supply. Stay tuned on that.

What have you done since Haverford?

In 1971, I transferred to UCSB from Duke, which at the time was an unknown jewel in the UC system and the next door town of Isla Vista had recently experienced the burning of the Bank of America. Right on! California girls, sunshine, surf and 10,000 neighbors ready to party. Who could ask for anything more, right? In no time I had graduated and was told at the placement center that my degree was good for two possible careers – an actuary or a math teacher. Oops, I guess I should have thought that one out a little more. Not to worry, I was a cook at the local natural foods restaurant - Sun & Earth and I could go to the local junior college for free. Groovy!

Long story short, I found a career in engineering and started as in the local County offices studying all the possible ways to add water to our local water supply. As everyone in California knows, having water is the key to anything that you want to create with land development. It was also a political tool to stop growth. The local community had witnessed too many lemon and avocado groves bulldozed to create tract housing and with it, the inevitable increase in traffic.

I got married to my college sweetheart, but it didn't take. Eventually, my career took off when I was hired by a long established civil engineering firm. Within 8 years, I owned it with a partner and began to expand. Eventually, I sold my shares in 2007 to build my dream house.



My daughter and son; Her quincenera

By then, I had remarried and had two children who have been the center of my life since 2001. My wife dropped out of the picture in 2012 and left the kids with me to raise. Thanks. And by the way, with the divorce, I was forced to sell the dream house ... Thanks again.

That pretty much brings us current. I'm living in Santa Barbara and I work for the City as one of their

Thomas C. Evans continued*Favorite surf spot*

water resources engineers. I just recently repaired the City's 100 year old dam. That was pretty cool! My kids are 16 and 18 and attending the local schools.

Information about your family

I have two great kids. My son, Steffan, is 18 and attends the local junior college (recently named as the best junior college in the entire country! And it is free, thanks to our high taxes. He's thinking about engineering and, although he is analytical, he has a little creativity that is just starting to show. My daughter, Isabell, is 16 and attends the local high school.

She's on the dance/cheer team and performs at the football and basketball games. She shows a lot of spirit and is determined to be an entrepreneur.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

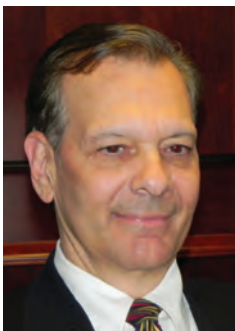
My classmates will remember how uptight Davis Parker was about the length of our hair. Anything over our ears or our collar meant an immediate trip to the barber shop, even if we were in class. So my senior year, I avoided seeing him for about the last 2 months. No cafeteria trips because he punched our lunch tickets. I was always kept an eye out for him. The look on his face when he handed me my diploma in June was priceless! It was a combination of being startled, being angry and then being resigned because he no long had control over me. I just smiled, shook his hand and walked on by. Not only was my hair well over my collar, but you could not even see my ears. Now that is a fond memory!

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

My health has been good and I'm able to work a full time job because I enjoy what I'm doing. I do expect to go part time soon and start building up my private practice again. My son is going to need some training to be able to enter the work force and I can show him, if he will listen. If there is a job out there that pays someone to play video games, he's perfect. Full retirement probably won't be until the kids are through college.

Rick Gallagher

Gallagher65@earthlink.net



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

What shaped my life? Having been blessed with such great parents and such a good family who provided a moral compass, strong values, a solid foundation, positive support and to whom I am so grateful. While I was growing up in rough & tumble North Philly, my parents spear-headed the life-changing opportunity for me to attend the renowned Haverford School where, while experiencing the high-quality of both the education and the people there, I transformed from streetfighter to preppie, as I learned there were more sophisticated ways to handle issues. Haverford School gave me the opportunity to play sports and, as a good athlete but not a great athlete, I had the opportunity to participate, make friends and build character by playing football, basketball, baseball & lacrosse with good friends and

coaches. Fast forwarding, my 2 sons from my marriage of 23 years have been major life-shaping influences. They continue to bring energy & joy and to play an important role in my life. We traveled together from China & Korea, to Ireland, and Mexico and more. Another main life-shaper: traveling 'on the road' with my now ex-wife, and our own band, for almost 10 years which eventually led to my long and fulfilling 32-year Casino Entertainment career.

What activities are you involved in?

Mostly, my life now is centered around my career, my family, sons and granddaughters. It has taken me from Atlantic City, to Las Vegas, to Indian Territory in Upstate New York, and currently I am VP of Entertainment & Special Events at Atlantis in The Bahamas. Through the years, I have worked with everyone from Santana to Ringo Starr, from Cher to Whitney Houston to Celine Dion, Jay Leno to Seinfeld, and Stevie Wonder to Alicia Keys to James Taylor to Fleetwood Mac to Johnny Depp, recently the Jonas Brothers, and so many more.

What have you done since Haverford?

I attended Lafayette College, majoring in Biology, but transferred to The Philadelphia Musical Academy (now University of the Arts), after which I got married and, went 'on the road' playing from Ky West to Hawaii and almost every in between. Following that, my wife & I raised 2 sons and I began my career in the Casino Entertainment industry in Atlantic City at Tropicana, opened Trump Taj Mahal, and then worked for 12 years as Director of Entertainment at Caesars and Resorts Atlantic City, a grand total of 20 years in AC. Following, I moved to New York where I worked as Director of Entertainment at Turning Stone Resort Casino (Oneida Indian Nation) for 9 1/2 yrs, before coming to Atlantis in 2018.

Information about your family

My father and mentor, John J Gallagher Sr, who was a proud member of the First City Troop/Philadelphia City Cavalry, instilled our family with character, good humor, love & respect for family & good friends. Sadly, he passed away in 2017 at the age of 88 and is sorely missed. My mother, Theresa (Delzingaro) Gallagher, married to my father for 68 yrs, lives in Philadelphia, and is remarkable at age 90. She had, and still maintains, her Hollywood good looks, even after dedicating herself tirelessly for the good of her family for 68 years, and teaching us the meaning of love, selflessness and commitment. She is amazingly active, participates in a bowling league, and literally just the other day bowled a 179, which by the way is not that unusual for her! My brother, John J Gallagher, Jr, who also attended The Haverford School (Class of '69, Graduate of Williams College and Fordham Law School) and who gave us so many thrills for so many years and made us all so proud, passed away in 2005 at the age of 54. I don't think we ever got over that. John, and his wife Marlene, have a son, 2 daughters and 4 grandchildren. My dynamic sister, Diane, lives in Manhattan with her husband, Charles Solomon, Retired Manhattan Supreme Court Justice, and 2 children. A graduate of University of the Arts she had a long, thriving career as a dancer in New York City and throughout the Country – and still choreographs to this day in the NYC school system. I have 2 upstanding successful sons who make me proud: Rick and Sean, both of whom live and have thriving careers in the Atlantic City area. Rick has a Master of Arts in Professional Clinical Counseling and directs Case Managers who treat those suffering with Mental Disorders or Substance Abuse. Sean has a successful career in the Casino Entertainment industry (go figure!) and works at the Hard Rock Cafe Hotel Casino in Atlantic City. I have 2 granddaughters: Chloe, 10 and Harper, 6.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

My favorite and most cherished memories at Haverford School were really the years that spanned 1st Form (my first year) through 3rd Form. I just loved those 3 school years. The



Rick & Johnny Depp



Rick & Jerry Seinfeld



Rick & Jonas Brothers

Rick Gallagher continued

teachers, the education, the athletics, and just a great circle of school chums, came together to create such a positive environment. I had so much fun learning, playing sports, and being with my friends from school. I have a favorite memory from the 90 LB Football team: we were playing a great Episcopal Academy team in an important game at Haverford and got terribly outplayed in the 1st Half. Dr Severinghaus, then HS Headmaster, came to the locker room and gave us an inspirational pep talk about the importance of the game to Haverford and never giving up, which really fired-up the team. We played our hearts out in the 2nd Half and came back to beat Episcopal! We all signed the gameball, which was presented to Dr Severinghaus, and if I recall correctly, that ball is in the HS Sports Hall of Fame trophy case with all of our signatures. Well, it was there the last time I was at HS which was a lo-o-o-ng time ago. My entire experience at HS was positive, but those 3 years were some of the best years of my young life.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

I plan to work until I'm 70 at Atlantis, then move back to New Jersey to live near my sons, family and grandchildren. At that

time, I plan to take a good couple of years off and may consider some consulting work in the Casino Entertainment industry after that to stay productive, God willing. As far as aging, I can't believe how quickly the last 10

years flew by. Reaching 30 and 40 didn't bother me but when I hit 50, wow, that affected me, and 60 even more so – although I am starting to settle-in and accept it now.



Rick & Ringo

Peter C. Gardner

pcgesq@comcast.net

I came late to Haverford, arriving for my freshman year in 1966. That year we moved from Boston, so my father could accept a professorship at the U of P medical school. I remember visiting Episcopal, and Haverford; my parents liked Haverford, so that was it. (Obviously they knew which was the better school)

I had attended a prep school in Boston, so the tie and jacket routine was nothing new. In retrospect, I benefited from some of the best teachers at Haverford, though I am sure I did not appreciate the wealth of knowledge in that building, at the time (but then, what teenager would have).

Only later would I understand why all those years of Latin mattered. Only later would I understand why we read *The Scarlet Letter*, *Silas Marner*, and others.

A couple of teachers stand out all these years later. First and foremost is Don Brownlow. (Yes, I know we all remember the cannon shots for every touchdown!). Those first weeks of modern history (or whatever the class was called) were among the scariest and most challenging. I wish I now had the time to read the *New York Times* everyday. Perhaps because of the fear factor, I did read the *Times* everyday, and I "aced" that

class. I must have made an impression, because I was one of the lucky ones to be invited on the summer European tour that Mr. Brownlow and his wife led for so many years. That was the best graduation present, bar none! Fifty years later, I can still remember most of the places we visited, and many of the dignitaries we met. It planted the seed for many trips later on.

Two others bear mention: Ron Brown and Mr. Jamison. Mr. Brown was the kind



With my Reason For Living!

Peter C. Gardner continued.....

of teacher who could make anyone love organic chemistry. It was probably the only science class I did well in. And Mr. Jamison, for all his bluster and curmudgeon-lieness (is that a word?) made those classics come to life.

I attended Johns Hopkins, and then went on to law school at Syracuse. By the time I graduated, my parents had moved to Texas. I spent a summer there, and realized it was not the place for me. I still live in Lower Merion, not far from the home I grew up in.

I am a lawyer in private practice, mostly representing people who are injured by the wrongs of others. (With any luck, you will never need to consult me!)

More importantly, I have been blessed with the company of the most amazing woman (the lesser known, but better “Patty Smith”), my reason for living for the last 36 years. Our two kids are grown and flown, but thankfully not flying too far. Caroline (for the last several years a Bostonian) recently moved to Fishtown, and bought her first home. She is an implementation manager for WIDEN, a company that provides specialized data asset management software. I don’t fully understand what she does, but I know that she loves her work and is great at it.

Peter is a deputy sheriff for Chester County. He’s certified as a motorcycle officer. I’m still getting used to the fact that he must be armed at all times, even when he comes for Friday night pizza. He’s recently engaged to Lauren.

We have been fortunate to find a second home on the coast of Maine (literally on the coast as we have a 180-degree view of the Atlantic).

It was an old (1877) cottage that we had hoped to renovate. After all the builders advised against that, we are now in the process of building a new and improved version. I was never much of a “down the shore” person, and yes, the 10-hour drive is worth it! Everyone needs a project, and with the kids safely on their way, this is ours.

I don’t think Haverford can claim credit for who I am (most of that credit goes to my parents), but I would be a different person had I not been given the advantage of a Haverford education. I am grateful that the teachers instilled a passion for learning, and pointed me in the right direction.

*There’s a reason
we go to Maine;
the view from our
cottage*



Caroline, Patty, Peter & Lauren



Our next project: The 1877 Cottage



The “new & improved” cottage



Royal B. Garren

rbgarren@gmail.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

Recently completed a forty year career in the Presbyterian Church, which included pastoral positions in Southern California and Greenwich, Connecticut.

What activities are you involved in?

I am a nature photographer.

Information about your family

I have two sons: Jared is a US Navy cryptologist and Seth does genetic research for Pfizer Pharmaceuticals in Boston.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

Now enjoying life as an expat, dividing time between Vancouver, British Columbia and Pattaya, Thailand. Currently planning an extended trek to Nepal and Bhutan.



Royal Garren in Bangkok, Thailand

Benjamin L. Ginsberg

bginsberg@jonesday.com

I have many warm glow-of-youth Haverford memories – classmates, teachers and classes; sports, the *Index*, *Haligoluk*; the things we shouldn't have done; Brock using a scissors move to save us from a drunken townie on a dark Amherst road; Gorman acting much like he does now. Most good, some bad, all formative. Looking back with a 50-year lens, it was high school.

There were many great teachers and classes, but the Haverford experience that most shaped my future was way off

campus. For my senior year independent study, Don Brownlow helped me arrange a 3-week stay in Washington, D.C. in then Pennsylvania Senator Hugh Scott's office studying how he had become the Senate Minority Leader the previous January. My

inner political junkie blossomed that Washington spring. I roamed the halls of Congress from an office on the third floor of the Capitol. I sought interviews with the Republican Senators and their chiefs of staff, got a surprising number and got hooked on the human chess match of governing and politics. It

impacted everything from what I studied at Penn for the next four years to the shape of my career.

Then came a great decade – Penn (which seemed easier than Haverford); meeting Jo Anne; editing *The Daily Pennsylvanian*

and being a newspaper reporter at the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, *Boston Globe*, *Berkshire Eagle* and *Riverside (CA) Press-Enterprise* (all owed, no doubt, to being a Typing Editor of the *Index*); getting a Georgetown law degree.

“Haverford never directly taught grand parenting, let alone parenting. But, like so many other components of the Haverford education, there were formative role models lessons everywhere around us.”

Definitely the best part of being a cub reporter on the *Berkshire Eagle* was meeting Jo Anne. As a 1974 Williams graduate she, for better or worse, knew and knew of other Haverford boys so was tolerant of me. We were married 40 years ago under the apple tree in her parents Stockbridge backyard where our son proposed to his wife and our daughter got married, and they've given us three wonderful grandchildren with one on the way.

Practicing law in Washington for close to 40 years has proven as exciting and varied as what you learn from the news every day. It's matched my dreams born 50 years ago during that Haverford independent study, and the truth is that pure serendipity led me into the full-time practice of election law. I was doing mostly media defense work as a young associate in a big law firm but needed some more hours so jumped at the call for an associate to write a memo on the history of House of Representatives recounts for the congressional committee that oversees all House contested elections. No one paid any attention to that memo in that election cycle, but two years later (when I was still a young associate in a big law firm), the House found itself embroiled in a major recount. I was in the right place at the right time, and actually knew the answers to a lot of the questions. The rest is my history.

Six months in a pressure cooker back and forth from southwest Indiana (lovely in winter; clarifying as to why Horan didn't want to move there) led to an offer as in-house counsel for the National Republican Congressional Committee. The choice of being a young associate at a big law firm or in-house counsel at a national political committee doing all politics all the time took about a nanosecond to decide. Fascinating stints at the

National Republican Senatorial Committee and Republican National Committee followed. After those eight years, our family was growing. I joined a law firm and happily have been able to build a practice where I'm able to work on the same issues and for the same people I represented at the political party committees. It's been a whirl of gerrymanders, hanging chads, national conventions, good candidates and not so good candidates, fascinating people working on issues that really do matter and a granular look at that human chess match of governing and politics.

Fun things have come from that – guest lecturing at Stanford and Georgetown, a fellowship at Harvard's Institute of Politics and, most improbably, stints as a TV babbling head.

My career has been joyful but, to save the best for last, even more joyful are children and especially grandchildren. Zach, Henry and Ella (and a player to be named later) have taught me that, while parents and lawyers have to learn to say "no", grandparents don't. Josh works for Facebook in the Bay Area. Becca works for Google in New York City. Having two children working in tech is a constant source of bemusement to Jo Anne and me since our kids have, on occasion, questioned our internet savvy. Fortunately, they blissfully married compassionate souls and Joahn and Robby are less judgmental and happy to help us.

Haverford never directly taught grand parenting, let alone parenting. But, like so many other components of the Haverford education, there were formative role models lessons everywhere around us.

David Groverman

Groovygrovet@msn.com

Since graduation 1970 I have pursued my passions that to this day make up my life in this chronological order.

Wrestling

Linda/family

Business

Costa Rica

Haverford

After Haverford, I continued my education(wasted) at the University of Pa. I majored in wrestling but with my Haverford



David Groverman continued

education I was able to get a degree studying a couple weeks a semester. My fraternity was the wrestling team and had a great career at Penn. Qualified for Maccabiah team for USA and won gold medal in Israel. I ended up coaching the team in 1981 and 85. Was All American in Greco Roman wrestling. I qualified for Olympic team trials in 1976. Went back to Haverford and helped coach with Neil. Had 3 National Champs, Charlie Ball(2), Andy Nippon, and Chase McDaniels. My last coaching stint was for Penn Charter where I helped coach my son's team. He placed in his senior year at Nationals. I still am involved with Penn and I travel many years to the NCAA championships.

I met Linda at the end my Freshman year at a party at Penn. Peter Lindquist brought her to my party. She was the third wheel with him and his girlfriend. He took me aside and said she was easy. Well she wasn't so easy but in 1975 we married anyway. We have 3 great kids, Peter 37, Leslie 35, Jennifer 33 and 2 grand daughters from Leslie, Parker and Hunter. My youngest daughter is married and living in Montreal. My son a serial dater. For 36 years we have lived in Blue Bell on a small farm where Linda has her horses

Since graduation from Penn I have pursued many different businesses. Today I mostly develop mixed use projects in the inner city. Presently I am finishing a 180,000 sq. Ft shopping center in North Philadelphia. Since graduation I have bought and sold estates and antiques. Unfortunately, the business has changed dramatically. Our kids don't want old junk. I have a museum that isn't worth what it once was. Other businesses included a manufacturing and sales company of retail packaging and the



Louis Rivas, Hudson Smith (deceased) and me

dumbest thing I did was restoring a building in Fairmount Park that was the Ohio House for the 1876 Centennial Exhibition and opening a restaurant, The Centennial Cafe.

Twenty years ago, we took a family vacation to Costa Rica. Several years later we bought a condo, and eight years ago a home on the beach in Tamarindo. Here we come 6 times a year and spend 12-14 weeks. Come and visit.

It has been my pleasure for the last few years with Tom Close, your class connection. Being in the Philadelphia region has allowed me to stay connected with the school and many local classmates. I have enjoyed staying in touch with many of you and hope to stay that way for years to come.

Perry Hamilton

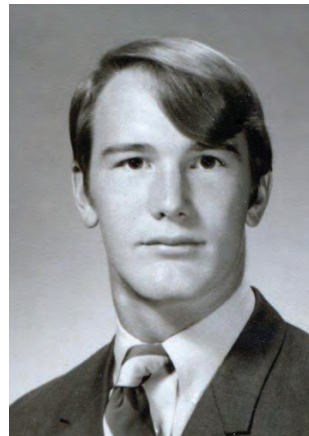
hami45@aol.com

Since graduating from Haverford, the pride and delight of my life has been our family. In October, 1978 Betsy Kellogg (Baldwin '71) and I got married.

Betsy and I soon moved to Narberth where we were active in the Narberth Civic Assoc. and other neighborhood organizations. Our oldest, Sarah was born in 1980 and Victoria joined our family in 1983.

In 1985 we moved to our present home in Wynnewood where our third child, son, Perrin, was born.

Our three children attended Lower Merion public schools (as did Betsy and I) and when they reached 9th grade it was our



good fortune to be able to send Sarah and Tory to Shipley and Perrin to Haverford.

The education our children received at Shipley and Haverford served us very well.

Betsy, all three of our children, and my Vanguard account all went to Trinity, Hartford CT. The years at Trinity were wonderful with two of our children marrying classmates.

All three of our children are married and have provided us with grandchildren.

Nearly all of our spare time and vacation travel involves visiting our children and grandchildren who live in Andover, MA, San Francisco, CA, and Penn Valley, PA.

Much of our social life involves schoolmates from Haverford and Baldwin and we are very thankful for these lifelong friends.

I have too many good memories of Haverford to mention.

This photo of our class on Graduation Day has been on the wall of my home office for many years and I think of all of you often. We were a great class and I remain grateful for my years at Haverford with you.



The classroom was not the best place for me to learn. Instead, my most valuable educational experience at Haverford was being with you and watching all of my talented and driven schoolmates. I think of you guys often as many of you, in

varying ways, have provided me with examples to follow – and not follow.

I enlightened the halls of Haverford School with my name on the cork board. This was my education in stress management and my introduction to psychological harassment. Thankfully, I had Davis Parker as a head master who was very helpful in mentoring me through challenging circumstances.

I think of many of my classmates often but specifically, I was crushed by the death of Bob Mayfield and I take great delight, but no surprise, in the business and political success of John Hickenlooper.

The faculty at Haverford was, with very few exceptions, great. Like hundreds of other students, Neil Buckley was my number one influence at Haverford. Throughout my adult life, I think of Neil often and his influence continues to guide me.



Perry Hamilton continued

After Haverford, I went to Susquehanna University where, once again, I had a great wrestling coach. By junior year, I made varsity at 193 lbs for those final two years.

After college, I enjoyed more than 40 years working in the private business sector. I spent about 4 years working for Fortune 100 business corporations followed by more than 40 years employed by small privately held businesses. The most valuable contribution I have made to all of my employers was my salesmanship which was enjoyable for me.

Over the years, many of my vacations were happily spent camping with my son and nephews. Thanks to good friends, I've been able to get out hunting several times a year, most years.

Currently, I enjoy mechanical drawing, woodworking, and restoring my old Jeep and Chevy truck.

For many years, I have been active in our local Episcopal Church and neighborhood associations. I have been active, for a few years in local politics. At Haverford, Greg Kane ('69) and Ted Peters ('68) articulated my political thinking best. And that has only changed a little.

Thankfully, I enjoy good health and I am employed as General Manager of the Dad Vail Regatta, the largest rowing regatta in North America.

I look forward to reuniting with all of you this coming spring. I'll bring cigars.

David Hoffman

dfhoffman@me.com

HAVERFORD DAYS

I started Haverford in 9th Grade. I had been at Radnor Middle school getting Mediocre grades out of pure boredom. My father was a sculptor, and while we lived, private schools had not been in the cards. He

received a small inheritance, and used it for education. I got into Haverford, and that seemed to switch my brain on, as I was challenged. Being on the shy side, I did not take the social side by storm. My biggest academic mistake was letting myself get opted out of Ancient History in 9th Grade, because I had taken it at Radnor, Tested only by multiple choice tests. Mr. Mercer's Modern European was classic torture for someone who had never had to write an essay, let alone take Essay tests. I salvaged a D-, and this led to my concentration in Science and Math where things came more easily.

Tennis was my sport, and in sophomore year I started squash. Never played a team sport, which in hindsight was a big mistake. Harder to broaden friendships and harassment circles.

My last accomplishment was getting the 2nd half of AP physics cancelled as we all agreed to take a B if we never came to class again. Fun spring and no need to take AP exam.

COLLEGE

College being less competitive than today, was one of 4 getting early decision at Williams. Williams was the best school with

"I live blissfully with Mary MacElree at Red Rose Farm in Villanova, getting back to the basics with vegetables, chickens, bees, landscaping and entertaining."

some skiing nearby, that was going co-ed. Being in the last all male freshman class was not a lot of fun, but I got to hitch hike around New England. Thought I would major in Math or Science, but switched to Art History, with a minor in Photography.

A very unpragmatic decision. Never did find out where the Career Counselling office was. Spent my summers teaching tennis, and reading books in heat of the day.

Post Grad plans were to teach tennis and then travel overseas by myself as long as the money lasted. \$8 a day lasted 9 months, and got me from the south of Egypt and to the arctic circle in Norway, and all of Europe in between to see the art I studied in person.

CAREER

I started studying a lot of economics and politics as I had seen a lot of countries with very different outcomes. This led to unplanned job, after asking too many questions at a cocktail party, doing mundane Money market trading, but having an open door to the investment field. I became a portfolio manager at age where they should not have let someone, but It charted my career. Two Jobs in Philadelphia, two in New York, led me to a wife and three kids in Darien CT. There I traded my own account, with less funds than I probably should have had. Five years and tough markets led to pressure to find a "real" job. Opportunity knocked and I ended up back at home with a start up in global bond and currencies, within a real

company. 25 years in, after years of travel and work, we have a big business in a very challenging time. Hope to be more or less winding down by our 55th.

My oldest son is at U Mich Business School, living with his Doctor girlfriend, having converted an Art/English major eventually to a Wall Street analyst job. My daughter has started an online education business mainly dealing with Chinese/English learning. Her boyfriend is finishing at INSEAD after a stint on Wall Street. My Youngest son is traveling CA in his newly acquired RV trailer and was last a lifty at Mammoth

Mountain. They are all making their way.

I live blissfully with Mary MacElree at Red Rose Farm in Villanova, getting back to the basics with vegetables, chickens, bees, landscaping and entertaining. Skiing, Tennis, Art, Travel, Ballet and supporting culture in Philadelphia keep us busy. Current political chaos makes me think about a second act after running for Congress as a Libertarian in 1980. I happily resist, hoping someone will form a socially Liberal, Economically responsible party. Not holding my breath, even though Hick comes close, his party doesn't.

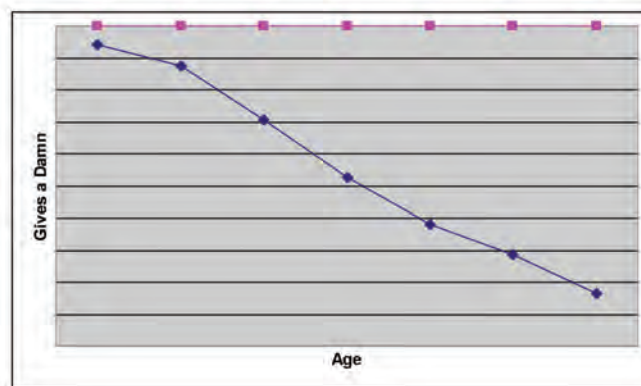
John Horan

jhoran@sginews.com

Haverford was really a new world to me when I arrived in ninth grade. I think what stood out to me the most were the expectations that the faculty had for the students. If they thought you could do better, they really worked to bring that out. Probably separating my education from the constant distraction of females was also wise at this point in my life. I had such a strong attachment to Haverford that when my parents moved to Indiana before my senior year, they allowed me to live with George Higham, a close family friend and classmate of my father from the class of 1945. What a great senior year I had: A car, an Indiana license that didn't expire at midnight and guardians tolerant of adolescent behavior.

It's now been [GULP] 50 years since we left Haverford to make our way in the world. I have changed, hopefully for the better, and I'm sure all of you have as well. One of the ways that I think we all change with age is gaining an appreciation of others, not because they are like us but because they are different. We abandon some of our stubbornness because it's too much work to retain it. There is a graph I remember (upper right) from Mr. Dutill's 9th grade algebra class that clearly illustrates this phenomenon.

What has not changed for me since Haverford is the woman I love, Olivia Sheridan, who has



been my wife for 45 years. We met at the tutoring program senior year at Bryn Mawr Presbyterian and began dating in the spring. She has tried all that time to improve me without much to show for it. We were married when I graduated from college and Olivia pursued her degrees later in life. She graduated from Penn dental in 1990 and in recent years has been the dean of admissions and a professor of clinical dentistry there. She has a list of professional accomplishments too long to list. Suffice to say her obituary in the Inquirer will be far more impressive than mine which will say, "He wrote a newsletter nobody ever heard of."

"I think what stood out to me the most were the expectations that the faculty had for the students. If they thought you could do better, they really worked to bring that out. Probably separating my education from the constant distraction of females was also wise at this point in my life."

I discovered a fondness for journalism in college and have made that my life's work. For nearly 40 years, I published a newsletter about the sporting goods business, the oxymoronically

John Horan continued

named Sporting Goods Intelligence. It has been fun in part because I like the industry and I also like the people in it. It has also afforded me the opportunity to indulge my Walter Mitty side. I've run marathons and triathlons, climbed Mt. Rainier, taken bob sled and luge runs, scuba dived, been to Olympics and Super Bowls. I continue to enjoy skiing and play tennis three or four times a week. My main frustration in tennis is that Groverman is afraid to play me now. George Bush Sr. once said the secret to life is to die as young as possible as late as possible. I hope I can keep going for a while, at least on the courts and the slopes.

As I wind down my career, I have taken up woodworking as a hobby. It started with fairly simple things like shutters for the house but I am now doing some more complicated things like furniture. I recently finished my first chair, a continuous arm

Windsor chair based on a Thomas Moser design. If you lack humility and patience, I can recommend this as a constructive activity that will improve you.

We have twin daughters, just turned 30, who are happy and productive adults. They spent 14 years at Westtown School together, a good portion of that under the watchful eye of John Baird while he was Headmaster. Daughter Olivia has been doing social work in California and is applying to PhD programs for nurse practitioner programs, probably in public health. Clare finished law school, did two clerkships and is moving to Baltimore with a firm that specializes in civil rights and employment discrimination. Both have been dating guys named Ben but that's as far as we've progressed on that front.

Looking forward to see everyone!!!

James R. Jaeger II

jjjaeger@mecfilms.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

"Haligoluk homework." Not as bad as summer reading, but on par with filling out tax returns. I don't know, other than the discovery of girls and the Cuban Missile Crisis I can't really think of anything that shaped my life, with the possible exception of DNA. The 60s were such a blur. I DO remember something about someone walking on the Moon however. And I even remember watching it on TV at Steve White's Heathkit recording studio. But shaped my life? Again that's a tough one as no one can really even SEE their life since they are in it. And if they could, there would be a lot of unemployed psychiatrists, ministers and bartenders. These things said, I will concede that Haverford was probably the experience of a lifetime and I am grateful that I was able to participate. One hundred years from now, if any of my children help set up a second branch of humanity on Mars, they can say their father went to Haverford where he learned the very Kemp Kolb/Bart Sensinig-physics that stimulated his interest, hence their interest, in space exploration.



Jim and Carol Jaeger on the stairway to Heaven



A day in the Movie Business

What activities are you involved in?

I have been a filmmaker since 1963, almost my entire life. I was lucky to know I had a passion for this activity early on. At Haverford I made a 16mm film, *EASY SLEEPER*, as my independent study project. The film never won an Oscar but it gave me a taste of Hollywood, so I eventually moved there after dropping out of Penn and working at NFL Films. In Tinseltown I slaved on numerous, mindless film projects for the studios, networks and independent production companies

for about 11 years. Eventually I decided to produce political documentaries -- try to put my Haverford education to some use. My company is now releasing our 10th documentary, *UNSUSTAINABLE*, a look at the UN and its "unifying" principles. I direct and write all of the films but I'm also involved in the financing and editing. These days I would say my favorite activities are writing and editing. Here's the editing studio where I string together endless bits of picture, sound and music — www.PostDigitalGroup.com. Neither editing or writing are very glamorous, and I like it that way. When I was working in Hollywood I was mainly focused on directing. Directing IS glamorous but it's also insane and hectic (with all the beautiful women throwing themselves at you all day). And whether the directing is done right or wrong, the movie is a bunch of crap unless the writing and editing are correct. So that's what I am most involved in now days. All 10 of my political docs are available as free public services at www.HomeVideo.net. So whether you're a lefty, righty or anarchist, go watch some of them and tell me if I learned more from Haverford or Scientology.

What have you done since Haverford?

Exist. Information about your family I come from a family of five and we lived in Devon, PA throughout my Haverford years. I have a younger brother named Eugene and a younger sister named Lorraine. Eugene (nickname, Bunker) went to Haverford and graduated with the class of '73. Lorraine went to Booth. My parents have passed away but my dad was a government psychiatrist and my mother was a socially active housewife. I currently have a family of four, live in Wayne and have been married since 1990 to a wonderful woman, Carol, from Macungie, PA. We met in Santa Monica where she was studying gemology at the GIA. We have two sons, Warren and Pierce, and we homeschooled them. This is no reflection on Haverford, as I asked both of them if they wanted to go. They said they preferred to "self-direct" their education and the Internet would facilitate that.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

My fondest memories of Haverford are the moments the big hand would hit the 20 on the clock every afternoon. Then it was a walk to the Haverford train

station after sojourning at the corner pharmacy for an egg salad sandwich. Since David Bird lived in Strafford, and also liked egg salad sandwiches, we would

often walk to the station, via the pharmacy, together. "Lettuce not forget the lettuce," David would say to the same waitress, the same time every weekday from the same swivel stool at the lunch counter. Another great memory from Haverford-days was the chain letter. Does anyone remember that (or is the memory too painful)? This was the time I collected \$10 checks from almost all of you, my fellow classmates, as well as some of the other classes. Here's the deal about that. I was not trying to get rich off of you, as Tom Bentley suspected. I was simply testing out the mathematical law of exponential expansion. You know, what we all learned in Mr. Richardson's math class. Even though I suspected 300 years of mathematicians since Newton were possibly correct, I had the hardest time selling my first chain letter -- that is, until I convinced Ken Balin it would make money. Ken looked at the math, realized that Mr. Richardson and Newton were probably right, and bought a letter. The rest is history. As "exponential expansion" ran rampant through The Haverford School for five days, I collected \$10 checks from almost the entire class. So that was a profitable week. Thank you classmates for paying me to suffer through some of Herb Lowenstein's Latin classes. Rather than UBI, maybe the

government should pay ALL students to go to classes. But hey, if any of you reading this didn't get a chain letter, I have a movie deal for you. Tom? Ken?

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

It kind of pisses me off that this crappy universe puts all of us down here on a tiny little so-called planet,



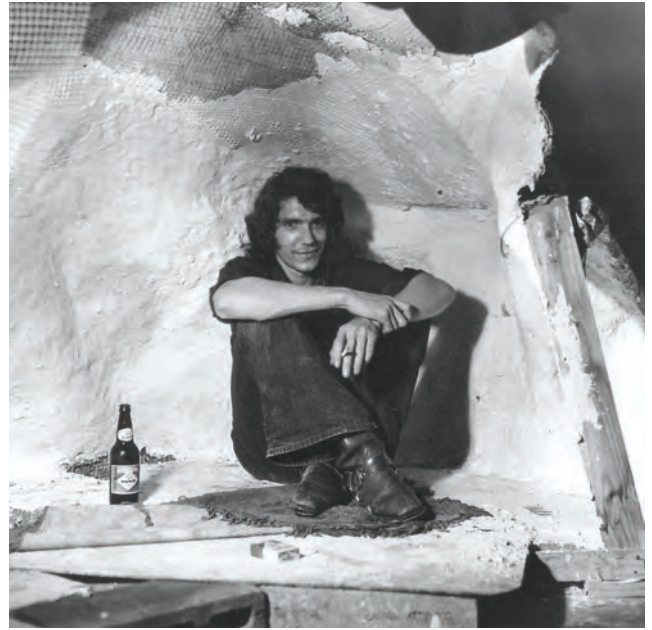
The night Steve White chauffeured me and David Bird into Valley Forge Creek



My Photography Club Class at Haverford

James R. Jaeger II continued.....

never tells us why we're here, and then systematically "ages" us and kills us off after we had to witness almost everyone we knew and loved undergo the same indignity. Against this background I am very hesitant about making "future" plans, especially since, by 60, we all know what THE plan is. So what are we going to do about it? Well, ALCOR will freeze you for about \$150,000. If you just get your head frozen, there's a \$75,000 discount. After all, who will need a body in the year 2120 when virtual sex has been perfected? On the other hand, we are on the verge of anti-aging, life-extension technologies that are mind-boggling. I may make a documentary on this -- the SAGA OF BIOS & ZOE -- if I can get anyone to agree that they would rather not die. But here's the catch. These technologies are not expected to kick in until 2030. That means we all have to stop eating potato chips and stay in relatively good condition until then. But what's irritating is our government can piss away \$700 billion a year on wars and weapons to kill everyone but the amount they will spend to heal and de-age us is almost nil. So if we get rid of the military-industrial complex maybe we can all live well into our hundreds so we can do our Haligoluk homework for a 100th year reunion, maybe even a 150th!



Beer testing in the the Company Igloo

Gilbert H. Lamphere

Glamphere@midrail.com



What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

5 children, getting remarried and having a 4 year old daughter at age 63 and a wife 18 years younger than me. These have been violent intrusions into the life plan I carefully constructed at age 22.

What activities are you involved in?

Private Equity with railroad investments particularly

What have you done since Haverford? Private equity. Chairman of several schools and trustee of NYC City Parks Foundation and Board of Overseers of Harvard Business School. Testified before Congress on insurance parity for mental illness. On NPR on income inequality.

Information about your family

Five daughters ages 4-38 and one son age 30.

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

Playing squash and being the wrestling dummy for John Middleton. Western Safari for 5 summers. Sixth grade

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

I don't plan on retiring, I don't plan on aging, my wife has me eating only organic and natural unprocessed foods, took up tennis again and put golf on the occasional basis. I do all of the above only most of the time.

After 9th grade and my family move to Atlanta, I went away to Deerfield boarding school in Massachusetts, although 4 Haverford families offered to board me so I could graduate from Haverford. However, I did begin a 5-year sojourn of being united with Haverford students for 8 weeks of the summer on Western Safari. Those were glorious times of camaraderie and learning and shaped my understanding of the extraordinary beauty of the West. I didn't wrestle but Neil Buckley left an indelible impression. As did Jeff Pfaeffle and John Spahr and Charlie Mayfield and so many others like John Middleton for whom I served as a wrestling dummy.

After graduation I was lucky to squeeze by Princeton and Harvard Business School and started my career at age 24 at Morgan Stanley where I learned extraordinarily valuable lessons for 5 years before moving on to private equity.

We invested in a wide variety of industries and along the way invested in a railroad whose operating methodology came to define and revolutionize the way that all big freight railroads in North America operate today. I served on the boards of Illinois Central, Canadian National, CSX and Florida East Coast. The operating system made over \$100 billion for shareholders of the large Class 1 railroads.

Around 2006 I was asked to testify before 50 members of Congress on a \$40 billion issue of insurance parity for people afflicted with mental health illnesses vs. physical illnesses. I used my own severe case of depression in 2000-2003 to weave a story that described depression as a physical illness caused by chemicals gone astray and not functioning. I compared depression in the brain to chemicals in a car battery that are needed to spark the electricity to the neuron passage ways.

Many on Wall Street implored me to not go public with my personal case. Umm...Neil Buckley would have sat back, scratched his head, and simply said "Do the right thing." He would have been disappointed in me if I hadn't testified. So, borrowing from Admiral Ramee's teaching us to pay attention to the movie screen and take notes in the dark without looking down, I looked those Congressmen in the eye, never looked down at my written testimony, and held their attention for 20 minutes. During their questions, I took notes without looking down. Try it sometime. It certainly gets the attention of the person talking to you!

Anyway, we got the votes to pass the House and Senate in six weeks.

A few months ago, my picture and quotes appeared in a lengthy article in the Wall Street Journal on the long-term effects of antidepressant use. Wall Street's reaction to my agreeing to be in the article was generally "Ballsy!", "Your partner has balls!", "That guy must have his sh..t together." So much for adverse reaction that would affect my career.

I have received hundreds of emails and calls, including from

Haverford alums and parents, in response to the testimony and article. That's just another part of my gift to Annual Giving which I believe I have maintained for dozens of years.

I have been privileged to lead so many organizations and boards of corporations and non-profits including secondary schools and universities. Haverford has always kept me informed of its activities and I am sorry I just haven't had the time to accept the invitations to join the board. It would have been a great honor.

I continue to work full time. What else would I do with my brain? Most recently my team and I started a company to invest in forgotten critical segments of the railroad industry that need capital for growth. After 40 years living in New York City my full-time residence is Jupiter Island in Florida where I have an office and staff, as well as one in New York City. I have 4 grown children, all happy, and a 4-year-old daughter by my second marriage. By luck and circumstance, she is fluent in Spanish, Russian and Chinese. I think I will donate her to the CIA in another two years to be an innocent little girl who spies at cocktail parties at the Russian, Chinese and South American embassies. At the end of the receptions, her fake parents will take her "home," but instead detour to Langley so she can be debriefed.

My wife Martha is inexplicably opposed to the idea. But she didn't go to Haverford.

I still have the scars in my thigh where Bobby Hubbard spiked me coming in high to second base. (I always forgave you Bob, and you were genuinely very upset). I remember taking out revenge on a particularly mean thug on the soccer field who had maliciously tackled a spiny legged classmate by the name of John Hickenlooper who was playing right half back. I blindsided the thug later in the half with a sliding tackle that drove my knee into his back right thigh. Harry Smith was officiating and called for a "dropped ball" when the kid had trouble getting up. No penalty on me. I know Hick was grateful, if a bit horrified at my brutality.

I have many other memories such as stopping for Cherry Cokes at the pharmacy before boarding the train home to St. David's. But this article has gone on way too long and the stories will have to wait. Besides I have to get back to work.

Jacques Le Blanc

"I raised my finger and it changed my life".

The question my English teacher asked in 1968 was: who wants to spend a year in the States? Who wouldn't? To my surprise, I was the only one in the class to volunteer!

So, thanks to the American Field Service (AFS), in July 1969, I

landed in New York, met Charly and his family and we drove to Malvern. In the fall, I attended the Haverford School as a senior.

Obviously, I suffered in the English class as, even with the patience of Mr. Jameson, my scholarly English was inadequate to appreciate the intricacies of a Shakespearian play in 16th century English; also in German class, a word was always

Jacques Le Blanc continued...

missing in the translation. But I was, in effect, repeating senior year, so I graduated without too many difficulties.

What was new to me, however, was the emphasis put on sport and the quality of the school facilities. In soccer, I felt like “Ronaldo Jr” and it turned out later that I played in the same team as the governor of Colorado! I made a number of friends (despite groovy David calling my hair pubic). Unfortunately, one of my favorites, Hugh Roberts, is no longer with us.

After graduation and a month long AFS bus tour, I had to go back to Paris; but after so much good times and so little work, serious studies were hard to face again; so I joined EBS (European Business School) in Paris, where in the third year one had to spend 6 months in London and 6 months in Frankfurt. On the day of my majority, I quit school with a friend to start a French wine import business in London (a kind of start up of the time...). If you remember England was about to Brex in as UK joined EU on the 1st of January 1973. (“For the times they are changing”).

Our employees were French guys, who wanted to learn English in London and a French accent did wonder at the selling end; besides when the petty cash was nil, we still could raid the stocks on Friday nights! Unfortunately, 4 years later, wine import duties were sharply increased to limit competition with

local booze (beer and whisky) and our mushrooming business had to be sold for a symbolic pound to one of our clients.

In London, I also met Gail, a Canadian art student from Alberta, who gave me two boys and lots of good memories for 48 years.

“I raised my finger and it changed my life.”

So we left London for South Africa, but eleven months later, in 1976, the Soweto riots in Johannesburg made us decide to go back to colder but safer climates.

After escaping the military service, I applied for a job in a company based in Paris called

France-Africa Trading, which turned out to be a French beet sugar trading house (France is Europe Nr 1 sugar producer!), where I discovered the fun and games of futures trading and the complexity of the European Sugar Regime. After a merger with another sugar trading house and with too many young sugar traders around, I was put in charge of a molasses trading and marketing subsidiary, which I still run today and wine futures have become my hobby.

This anniversary HALIGOLUK gives me the chance to express my gratitude to the WENTZ family and to the Haverford School for having been so good to me during that magic 1969-70 year which made me grow up from a pimply scholar to a molasses trader.

Ten Lewis

thlewis@thlewis.com

Serendipitously, nine years ago, I walked into a consignment store in Frazer, PA seeking to sell an old empire period desk. Lo and behold I discovered this store was owned by none other than David Groverman. I walked into his office, introducing myself and the first thing Groverman said to me was, “Lewis, you know you ran right over me when we played 90lb football”!! What a start to an old and endearing friendship! Even though I did not graduate with all of you guys, David extended a gracious invitation to include me in the class as most of us spent our formative years of lower school together. I am truly humbled and appreciative of this wonderful invitation and I hope it meets with all your approval as well. Thank you David.



Tenny and his father, Tim Lewis '41

Way back when I left Haverford rather abruptly in the Spring of 1966, there was never any closure nor even a modest farewell to all of you great guys. The circumstances were a bit obtuse but I made the adjustments and moved on.

As far as a quick overview of my life, I graduated from a small prep school in New Hampshire called Kimball Union Academy in 1970. From there I graduated from the University of Denver in '74 and then traveled extensively living in Maui, San Francisco and Nantucket. Soon thereafter, reality set in and I came back to Philadelphia to work with my Dad in our family business, Elliott-Lewis Corporation. My specialty was mechanical engineering and we designed, installed and serviced industrial and commercial heating and air conditioning systems. Elliot-Lewis was started by my Grandfather in 1905 and is still thriving today under brilliant new ownership. We sold the business in 1998 during an aggressive merger and acquisition period. As a family we did very well!! Along the way I tinkered in the single family home building business and that keeps me engaged and out of trouble on a daily basis today.

I am married to an amazing woman, my beautiful wife Mary. I am blessed to have my son Ty (now 28), stepson John, daughter-in-law Kristin and two fireball granddaughters, Giada and Carina, ages 13 and 9 respectively.

When I was in my late 20's and early 30's I practiced Tae

Kwan Do martial arts and earned my 1st degree black belt at 32. Nowadays, it's a little harder to do a roundhouse kick, so playing golf with Mary and good friends is the preferred activity. Up until 2017 I played Merion's West Course with my Dad who at that time was 95 years old. Tim Lewis was in the Haverford class of '41 and was inducted into Haverford Athletic Hall of Fame in 2013. This was also the same year the 1970 wrestling team under Neil Buckley was also inducted. I have included a picture of my Dad and me for the publication. Dad passed peacefully in April of 2018 and was the shining example of graceful aging.

Mary and I live in Honeybrook, the quintessential bucolic Amish countryside. We have been here for close to 20 years. Our other port of call is Vero Beach, Florida where we enjoy the warm sun and great golf. In January we connected with CO Rose and his wife Deb, what wonderful people they are!!

Nothing would please me more then to rekindle old friendships with my Haverford Buddies. I promise not to act like a jerk and the bar tab is on me!! I wish to thank Dave Groverman for reaching out and including me in this Class of '70 reunion. This great man is the consummate gentleman and I look forward to catching up with all of you.

Rip Lincoln

lincoln@vermontel.net

O Haverford, dear Haverford, what a great job you did preparing me for the future. Pride of accomplishment, thinking for myself, self discipline, integrity, a can do attitude, and believing in myself are just a few of the traits you engendered in me that have served me so well.

Comfortable in following my heart, I married a wonderful woman. Together we raised three children in our home that we built on a mountainside in Vermont. With CPA, CLU and ChFC designations as well as Series 7, 24, 63, 65 and insurance licenses, I worked in the financial services industry. This included various consulting, sales management, sales and tax accounting positions.

Losing my wife too early to cancer only reinforced my conviction to being open, to learning, and to embracing and enjoying life's experiences. You determine for yourself whether or not you are going to be happy regardless of the events. Be willing to just experience life.

One door closes and another door opens. Living in New Hampshire now, I joyfully married an amazing lady last September. I have never been more blessed! For me, it is not how much you live life, it's how much of you is living it!



Joe Moore

joerodster@gmail.com

Experiences/Events:

I started at the University of Pennsylvania in September of 1970. A course in calculus with computer was offered. I took that course and learned about computers early on.

This knowledge helped me immeasurably throughout my career in the retail automotive sales and service business.

I learned to fly and earned my instrument rating in 1992.

Unfortunately, my flight instructor was killed in a training accident in 1997.

Tragically, I lost my brother to a drug overdose in 1998 when he was 35.

Activities:

Still working full time. (Having too much fun) Spending time with aging parents, children & grandchildren. Yard & tree work on my property, working in my home shop, HO model railroading, substance addiction counseling. Still downhill skiing after 60 years!

What have you done?

After Haverford I graduated from the Wharton School, I then entered my father's automobile business for the next 16 years. During that time I got married, bought a house and raised three daughters with my wife who is a registered nurse. I then started an independent European repair & sales shop in Bryn Mawr. This was followed by a job in Manheim, PA working for an independent dealer near the auto auction. During



Joe Moore continued.....

these decades I purchased, restored and sold over 20 vintage and classic German cars. I am currently working at a Volvo dealership.

Family:

Jane & I have been married for 39 years; we have three daughters, two son-in-laws, and three grandchildren. My parents are still living: 93 & 92 years old.

Favorite Memories:

Any room in Wilson Hall, study hall in the big room. Physics lab with Mr. Kolb, Chemistry lab with Mr. Sensening. I always looked forward to afternoons in the old Gymnastics room.

Thoughts on retirement/aging/future:

Planning on keeping active in my field & at the same time spending more time with my children & grandchildren: that



means travel as they live in Savannah, Brooklyn & Leadville, CO. Building a computerized HO train set. Volunteer work for substance abuse counseling. Hope to still be skiing at 85!

Louis Morsbach, Jr.

doub156@msn.com

I wrote a narrative instead.

A quick recap of 50 years.

I graduated in 1974 as a psychology major from Hobart College but never pursued that line of education. Spent a few years as a

respiratory therapist and ended up going to grad school and then med school. I'm now practicing gastroenterology in Doylestown, Pennsylvania – the second to last specialist anybody wants to see.

I got married late – just shy of 40 (my brother Dick ('72) used to refer to me as the spinster Morsbach) to Renee–energetic, beautiful, smart, funny, artistic, loving– truly an amazing woman. We're heading into 30 years of marriage and it's been a blast. We are DINKs–dual income and no kids (much to our disappointment). But we always have terribly spoiled, insolent and demanding dogs around. We're at two now.

We live in Buck's County, Pennsylvania in a one-horse town of Carversville. Kind of like Chester County in the 60s and

“ Looking back, I have to reflect on what a unique education I had - what an eclectic collection of classmates and educators. I can only imagine where I would be without that experience.”

70s. Lots of land around but getting developed quickly. About two miles from the Delaware River, ten miles from New Hope. A beautiful area.

We are an honest hour from

Philadelphia and Haverford. Since I have turned into a homebody, I don't venture out much and must admit I can go years without visiting The school. Looking back, I have to reflect on what a unique education I had- what an eclectic collection of classmates and educators. I can only imagine where I would be without that experience. Brownlow, Brown, Jamison, Miller, McBride and Buckley are the notable educators that come to mind when reflecting back on my high school years.

We are in the process of downsizing and will be moving about half a mile away. I must take the boards every 10 years – my last one was in 2013. So, 2023 is retirement year- I am not taking those boards f*ing boards again. We are looking forward to both two new chapters about to be opened.

Joe Moore continued

Personally, I've been lucky to be in good health (although no fault of my own – I certainly don't treat this body like a temple). But I have aged. Gone are the days of an excesses. Prudent eating and drinking are the goal. My workouts now consist of low risk and impact exercises. On good nights I can sleep throw I do pee Renee says it sounds like Morse Code. I've had a

meniscus repair, bilateral cataract surgeries and a couple minor ailments. Certainly stiffer in the morning—perhaps I should have stretched more. I'm counting my blessings.

Got a great family. My brother is in a great place. We have got our health. All and all I'm lucky in many ways.

Dick Nesbitt

rob@robreichel.com

Remembering Haverford From the Other Side

Student at Haverford 1966-70

Faculty Member 1974-1985

My story is a little different than most because I came back to Haverford to teach and coach right after graduating from Williams in 1974.

They must have been desperate since they offered me the job without an interview—just a brief long-distance phone conversation with Paul Austin. I accepted the offer thinking I would stay for two years at the most.

When I finally moved on it was eleven years later. I was still teaching history and coaching lacrosse and football, but along the way I had also become Director of College Counseling.

Since the pay was so meager (I think my starting salary was about \$7K), I had to take on summer jobs like teaching summer school or working at a State Store. Eventually I began working summers as a part-time interviewer for the Admission Office at Williams, and it was there that I found my calling. When, in 1985, I was offered a full-time admission position, I left Haverford for good. Ultimately, I became the Director of Admission at Williams, and have just retired after 35 years in Williamstown, where I still live with my wife, Beth. Our two boys, Ian and Andrew, are 29 and 27 respectively. Ian's a geoscientist and Andrew's a bike mechanic and Nordic ski coach.

My experience working at Haverford was mostly very positive. Say what you will about Davis Parker (stern, gruff, autocratic, intensely conservative), he was certainly very supportive of me,

especially in my role as College Counselor. He gave me a lot of responsibility at a very young age—I'm not sure the idea of a 24-year old head college counselor would fly these days—and it allowed me to get a lot of experience that was invaluable in my later career in college admission.

Coaching also became a passion at Haverford and taught me some valuable lessons. I was fortunate over my 9 years as head lacrosse coach to work with some great kids and have considerable success: two state championships and one runner-up finish. I still occasionally hear from some of my former

players. I continued to coach lacrosse on the side at Williams for ten years, until my expanded admission responsibilities made coaching impossible.

During my time as an employee of Haverford, I was witness to a lot of

“I was fortunate over my 9 years as head lacrosse coach to work with some great kids and have considerable success: two state championships and one runner-up finish.”

things that ranged from strange and wonderful to shocking and horrifying: the math teacher caught in a classroom after hours in flagrante with the reading specialist, the English teacher who had everyone convinced that he was British and had a degree from Cambridge, the chem teacher who dumped his born-again wife and ran off with the cute young assistant business manager, the fundamentalist Christian math teacher who wanted me to teach creationism in ancient history class, the bio teacher who told his students you weren't biologically male until you sired a male child.

But it really wasn't as bad as it sounds. I was also privileged to work with some extraordinary colleagues like Don McBride, Paul Austin (a.k.a. “Thumper”; his lovely wife, Peg, affectionately called him “Thumpie”), Mike Mayock, Sue Mayock, Dan McWilliams, John Truman, Mike Cunningham,

Todd Pearson and, yes, Don Brownlow (his was a greatness of a different kind—I have many stories). It was a pleasure, too, to get to know folks like Charlie Dethier, Neil Buckley, Joe Tatta, Rafael Lascerna and Steve Dall on a personal level. These are the people that made Haverford great.

When I think about the rewards of teaching and coaching at Haverford this story comes to mind: one of my 9th grade ancient history students was a bright-eyed, enthusiastic kid from Upper Darby named Maurice Glavin. He reminded me a little of myself when I entered Haverford in 9th grade—a little rough around the edges and too naïve to know that in those days there were faculty members with a clear bias against “football recruits” who weren’t from the proper neighborhood. I convinced

Maurice to take up lacrosse—a sport he’d barely heard of—gave him a long stick and watched him thrive. Four years later he was a star player and my team captain. He caught the attention of some Division I coaches and earned a scholarship to attend Duke. Subsequently, he’s had a very successful business career and has raised a terrific family. No one is more appreciative of his high school experience than Maurice and now the kid from Upper Darby is a Haverford trustee. The most gratifying thing for me, though, is that his son, Pearse, a star attackman for the Ford’s lacrosse team, will be coming to Williams next year as a member of the Class of 2024.

I look forward to seeing everyone at reunion. Thanks, Brock, for encouraging, cajoling and organizing the memories.

Hugh Osborn

hugh@hughosborn.com

Hi Fords! Looking ford-ward to seeing all of you, especially those whom I might remember. I left Haverford after the ninth grade and went to Milton Academy for my final three years of high school. At Milton, I was the captain of the soccer team and drummed in the main rock and roll band. I went on to Swarthmore and majored in philosophy with a minor in engineering, working in the biomechanical engineering field as a software engineer as I was in school. I moved to New York after I graduated and started working in educational technology. I spent my career in technology, both educational and business, with a focus in computerized television. I headed up the New Media Group at WNET/13 in New York, spent some time working in Hollywood for IBM and was a Partner at

“I am working on a passion project on school reform so we can leave the next generation a world with a livable future.”

marchFIRST, at the time the largest global web strategy firm. In 1983, I married Claudia Wallis, a Yale and editor at Time Magazine. We live in New Rochelle just north of NYC and have three kids, all of whom live in Brooklyn. I am working on a passion project on school reform so we can leave the next generation a world with a livable future. See you all soon!

Cliff Pemberton

clifchp@aol.com

After 13 years at Haverford (K-12, a “lifer”), I went on to 4 years at Harvard, a summer after college traveling in Europe with college buddies, then 4 years at Jefferson Medical College right here in Philly. There then followed 3 years of Internal Medicine internship and residency at Lankenau Hospital, and subsequently 2 years of subspecialty fellowship training in hematology/oncology. I was lucky enough to join the chief of hematology in his practice, spending the next 32 years practicing hematology, ultimately as a co-founder of a private practice, as well as Medical Director of the Jefferson/

Main Line Health hospice and palliative care program. I have retired from clinical practice but still teach the hematology Fellows twice a week.

In the midst of all this I met Ellen Bailey, introduced



Cliff Pemberton continued

by her brother, who was a Wills Eye ophthalmology resident doing a rotation at Lankenau. It was a match, and we were married a little less than 2 years later- unquestionably the most important and best move I ever made! We've since lived in Haverford, then Wynnewood, and for the past 27 years in Bryn Mawr.



Our daughter

Caroline went to Shipley School (also a "lifer"), then on to Harvard and then a PhD. at Penn State in child psychology. She and her husband Adam (a Harvard classmate) live in Swarthmore with their 3 girls, ages 1, 3, and 5.

Our son Sam went to Haverford from 3rd grade to graduation, in the class of 2004. He went on to Wake Forest, and later married his classmate Caitlin. He now works at Vanguard, and is getting his MBA at Villanova. They live in Gladwyne, with their 3 year old daughter and 4 month old son. None of us have strayed far from home!

I have many fond memories of Haverford- moving to the brand new Junior School in 1st grade, reading Fleetfoot the Cave Boy in Mrs. Cleaves's 3rd grade class, 6th grade with teachers Dethier, Bonning, and Buckley ("see the pyramids across the Nile..."). Three summers on Western Safari. Barton Sensenig, Ron Brown, Frank Ewing, Mr.

Jameson, Mr. Lowenstein, Senor Laserna, and many more all had great impact. And, of course, Ed Battaglia, Joe McQuillen, Ken Kingham- and Davis Parker!

In retrospect, Haverford gave me an excellent education, and I think a good set of values- witness the fact that I didn't hesitate to have our son enroll there! I'm quite happy to have more free time now, but I'm actually quite busy with two sets of grandchildren, outdoor activities, teaching, reading, some travel, and even a couple of beehives! It will be great to see everyone again.

Jack Rubino

jrubino340@aol.com

After Haverford:

Villanova University graduated 1973, B.S. in Biology.

Temple University School of Medicine: Graduated 1977 M.D.

Thomas Jefferson University Hospital 1978-1981. Ob-Gyn Residency.

1981-1997: Private practice Ob-Gyn in Woodland Hills, CA.

1989: Graduated for the USAF School of Aerospace Medicine

1989-1999: USAF Flight Surgeon. Activated for Desert Storm 1991.

1994: Lost house in earthquake.

1997: Flew B-737s for a charter company that flew 12 of the NHL Hockey Teams.

1997: Moved to Denver, CO. Retired from Ob-Gyn.

1998-2010: Head of Human Factors for United Airlines Flight Operations.

2005-present: I have a company that ferries and does test flights on airliners, Boeings and Airbuses for the Leasing Companies.

2017-present: Pilot Instructor on Airbus A-330 for Delta Airlines.

Married: 3-21-1981. Jan Luecke Rubino.

Daughter Carlie born 1-26-1983. Carlie has two children Sienna, age 4 and Indio age 3, living in Aspen, CO where she is a real estate agent.

Daughter Diana born 8-26-1984. Her and her husband are Dentists living in Amarillo, TX. They have a son Cameron age 2 and expecting a girl on May 5, 2020.

Fun Fact: Tom Bentley became my "cousin-in-law"

Favorite teacher: I still thank Rafael Laserna for my Spanish. RIP.

Lawrence Ryan

ldryan2@gmail.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

My fifty years post Haverford school... Larry

My two-year adventure at Haverford began with my experience at Camp Tecumseh on Lake Winnepesaukee in New

Hampshire. I had been a camper there since 1962! Even though many EA students were at Tecumseh I think it may have been through Bill Stabert that Ben Hayward contacted me about coming to Haverford for sports. It was because of Tecumseh, and because I repeated my junior year, that I had more friends in the class of 1969 at Haverford. I soon learned that the Haverford academic standards were higher than at Harriton. What an adjustment!

Coach Terry Cooper, Don Brownlow and Mr. Battaglia (chorus teacher) had and continue to have influence on me. I spent the first four years post Haverford searching through my competing interests of baseball, academics and social activities. Frank McCann (Fords class of '72) joined me in the baseball avocation at the University of Delaware. We both left some legacy records at UD that will be retained simply because the NCAA made the move to the use of aluminum bats in the 1974 season. Pitching for the U. of Delaware baseball team became a dominating interest for me. Currently, I still am tied for the 5th lowest ERA in Delaware program history at 1.53.

It was in 1973 that one of my boyhood heroes, Robin Roberts—a Philadelphia Philly whiz kid hall of famer—coached me while I played on the Chestnut Hill Phillies semi-pro team. It is to him that I owe a debt of gratitude because he said something like this to me: “Ryan, you have a good arm, but it is very unlikely that you will ever be offered a pro contract.” Robin burst my bubble but redirected my time and focus on baseball. That helped lead



See information on family.

me in new directions after graduating Delaware.

Pursuit of a master's degree in Industrial Arts Education from Millersville University in PA was the direction I was headed before what I call my “severe mercy” happened on March 29,

1976. My 6'-1" frame was immediately reduced to 5'-11-1/4" from a fall while on a weekend visit at my boyhood home in Penn Valley. While volunteering to help one of the neighbors trim a tree limb hanging over their driveway, I fell, landing in a sitting position on their driveway. This caused the compression fracture of 3 lumbar vertebrae in my back. I immediately lost 1-3/4" in height, spent nearly a year in recovery, and was forced to withdraw from the program at Millersville U.

Had this not happened, both my wife and I agree, we never would have met! Yes, this accident, although severe, I see as mercy from God. Initially the neurologist predicted that I might never be able to have children. It was this event that helped to re-direct my reality toward meeting a wonderful woman named Debbie while she was serving at the Mary J. Drexel home in Bala-Cynwyd, PA. Together we created 3 wonderful children and are now on our 41st year.

See you in 2020!

I hope John makes a good showing! As a classmate, he deserves our support! He has already made us all proud as “Governor Hick.” John and I became friends as we both pitched for the 1970 Haverford Inter-AC league baseball champions. As of this writing, the first week in June 2019, I learned of the passing of our baseball and tennis coach and friend Terry Cooper. He had not only a great influence on me but also many boys he coached at Haverford and Camp Tecumseh. In addition to all those on

Lawrence Ryan continued.

this list, many women he coached on the Dartmouth tennis team will cherish his memory.

What activities are you involved in?

Serious with Creation Care ministry. (faith based climate action) See my google site: <https://sites.google.com/site/linkstoclimateactionnetworks/> Active (volunteer chair of property team and chair of creation care ministry team) at St. Peters Lutheran Church in Ocean City Md., also I Sing in the chancel choir.

What have you done since Haverford?

Will love to share at 50th reunion!

Information about your family

See photo (cover from Facebook page 4 years ago) L to R in attached photo: Lars (Dogfish Head brewery), Wife Kori (M&T bank trainer), my wife of 42 years, Debra, Myself with

beard!, Erin (now a Lutheran missionary in Japan), Greg, (Home for a visit from Fort Mill, SC where he works as a manger for ADP and lives with wife, Jessica, Also management at ADP; and 2 children, Carson 15 and Kendall 9) Painting in background was a wedding gift from groovy Grove!

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

Receiving the Sports Illustrated 'Award of Merit" at graduation Traveling with Coach Cooper to watch his alma mater baseball team, Western Michigan U., play Kent State at Kent State one week before the tragic shooting there

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

Retired in 2017 after 35 years of teaching at Stephen Decatur HS in Berlin Maryland! More travel plans. We just returned January 8th from a 6 week trip to visit our daughter teaching in Japan. Future plans include Czech republic trip in 2021 and Norway/Sweden on 2022.

Rich Simpson

pathwaysabroad@yahoo.com

Ever since 2004, when my wife and our two sons and I, traveled to Argentina , the majority of my life has been spent living abroad.

I am now retired and have been enjoying life in Bariloche, Argentina. Each year I travel to the states to visit family and spend the summer with my sons and my granddaughter. In Bariloche, I spend time working in my vegetable garden, hiking in the mountains and relaxing with friends.

To say that Haverford greatly impacted my life would be a serious understatement. I met my wife to be, Wendy Neidlinger, through my life long best friends and Haverford classmates, Paul Schnabel and Gus Ziesing. I took a trip to visit them in Burlington, Vermont from California in 1982. When I knocked on the door

to Paul's apartment, a young woman answered the door that I immediately identified as someone very special. Wendy and I were married in 1984 and moved to Oregon and then Idaho where we raised two sons, Andy and Matt.

For me the 1970s was a decade of creativity and discovery. During those years, my friends from Haverford had the most profound impact on the direction that my life was to take.

Gus and Paul were my partners in creating original music that was fun and adventuresome. We played together in a few different bands. In the mid 70s, Paul, Rick Schwag, and I started a research group. We gave film and lecture presentations at colleges and schools on The Kennedy Assassination. We debated Arlen Specter at Temple University and we even gave a special assembly in Wilson



Rich Simpson continued.....

Hall! After moving back to Vermont, I shared a home in the mountains for 2 years with Hugh Roberts right as Hugh entered his "Renaissance Period".

In the early 80s I moved to California where I worked on my placer gold mining claims and taught skiing before settling down to the more serious work of supporting a family.

After moving the family to Idaho in the 90s, Wendy and I began working at a private boarding school for "at risk students". Five years later, we established our own live-in program for at risk young men, Pathways, which combined traditional academics, experiential education, and music composition and recording.

In 2005, I traveled with 5 of our Pathways students to Mendoza, Argentina for 3 months of Language Study, Community Service and Outdoor Adventure. We discovered that immersion in a foreign culture provided a much more compelling setting for our student's education. We relocated our "school" in Mendoza and became "Pathways Abroad". In Argentina my sons and I, along with our students, were able to collaborate and produce original intercultural music with some incredible Argentine musicians. Since that time, our family traveled and lived abroad with our students in Chile, Panama, Spain, and Mexico.



My wife Wendy, who was a gifted poet and writer, began publishing a blog in 2009. For 7 wonderful years before she died, our entire family and some of our students became part of her research and travel-writing adventure found in her blog, thehemingwayproject.com. During those years of study, writing, travel, and networking, Wendy, under her nom de plum, "Allie Baker", became a fixture in the literary world of Hemingway. My boys and I (and most everyone with whom she came in contact) learned so much from her grace, kindness, and bold spirit. She passed away in 2016.

Ray Todd

raymantodd@gmail.com

Ray Todd sends his greetings to all. He has been living in CT for the last 15 years and is working with Oberon Securities, a middle-market investment bank in New York City where he raises debt and equity capital for middle-market companies. His focus areas are real estate, oil & gas, and bio-tech. Ray is divorced and has two children, one who is an investment banker and one who is a chiropractor.

Ray said, "I am sorry I won't be able to attend the event. It would have been nice to catch up with Tom Close, David Hoffman, and so many others. I am also sorry to hear of the passing of John MacIntyre, Hugh Roberts, and others (Chip Thomas? Joe Byrne?). If anyone is coming to New York, it would be great to re-connect. My cell phone # is 860-982-9036. Cheers!"

Rick Unger

RCUnger@duanemorris.com

I. Haverford

I arrived at Haverford in Fifth Form. Favorite teachers include Frank Ewing, Bob Jameson and Paul Austin. My biggest influence at Haverford was legendary crew coach Jim Barker. I began to row and continued the sport through college. I was honored to serve as a Trustee in the 90's.



Shellie and me at Emily's wedding reception on New Year's Eve 2018

Rick Unger continued.

II. Williams

Along with Dick Nesbitt, Eric Weren, David Hoffman, I was fortunate enough to be accepted by Williams. It was going through the transition to co-education, so it was an unusual time, but I had an excellent experience there.

III. Vanderbilt Law School

Vanderbilt Law School was looking for students from Northeastern colleges like Williams. Nashville, of course, has become an incredibly hot city, but even 50 years ago, it was a good place to spend three years, and I benefitted from spending time in another part of the country. Most importantly, at a law school -Theta (a sorority) "swap," at the beginning of my third year, I met my future wife, Shellie, a beautiful Nashville native.

IV. Marriage

Shellie and I had a long courtship, and were married in the summer of 1981 in Nashville. She immediately entered the MBA program at Wharton. Following graduation, she had a long career in senior management at Vanguard. She now works in development for Episcopal Community Services. I am pleased to say that we are still happily married, coming up on our 39th anniversary.

V. Career

I accepted an offer from the venerable Philadelphia law firm of Duane Morris & Heckscher and spent 18 years



Shellie, Trey, Emily and me at Trey's wedding in Florence last August

there, concentrating on business transactions and real estate. For 16 years after that, I had my own practice in suburban Philadelphia. My friends at Duane Morris (it had shortened its name as many law firms have) beckoned me back in 2011 and I happily gave up the life of a full-time practicing attorney to concentrate on marketing and business development.

VI. Family

We have two children. Emily, age 33, graduated from Baldwin and went on Vanderbilt, and then Boston University Law School. She is an associate of one of Boston's largest firms. She and Conor Daly were married in Philadelphia on New Year's Eve 2018, and this February they had a son, Bo, our first grandchild. Our son, Trey spent four years at Haverford, from 5th Grade through Second Form, but he elected to go to boarding school at Lawrenceville for his high school years. He also went to Vanderbilt, and subsequently has been in the multi-family real estate business. He heads up the New York City operation of a large Swedish real estate company. He married Nicole Spagnola (an Episcopal alum!) this past summer in Florence, Italy. We all play golf, which has been a big part of my life,

VII. Conclusion

I have been very fortunate, and my three years at Haverford contributed a great deal to that good fortune.

William Vogt

gwh7361@gmail.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life? As most of you won't remember, I was only an honorary member of the 13-year club at Haverford, as I chose to go to the Hill School in 9th grade only to return for our final year at Haverford. I still remember the warm welcome from many of our classmates when I returned unexpectedly to rejoin the class for senior year.



Kids and Grandkids

Thank you all for that. I remember that year very fondly. After the Alpha-male culture of the Hill School, Haverford was a more gentle place, where an interest in literature, music and art was tolerated and even encouraged. A much better fit for me.

After Haverford, I went to Tufts for four years where I studied little but enjoyed many of the things that Boston and those times had to offer. I think you all know what I'm talking about.

After graduation I worked for three years at Provident National Bank, riding the Paoli Local into town. Ultimately, I was a little unsatisfied and not quite ready to take on that life forever. I toyed with the idea of going into the book business in a couple of different ways, chased an idea to open a restaurant at the train station in Bryn Mawr, but ultimately took a job with a distant cousin selling oil and gas partnerships. The year was 1978, the beginning of an oil boom and still the era of 70% income taxes, so the job was fun, and I turned out to be pretty good at it. By 1979, Texas looked more exciting than Philadelphia, so I threw all my stuff into the trunk of my company car and moved to Houston. Unfortunately, by 1982, the boom was over and so was my job. I moved to the ranch in South Texas that had been owned by my family for four generations. Suddenly living in a town of 4,000 people located 50 miles from the Mexican border was a bit of a shock, but I soon learned to love the land and the people.

I have been running the family operation at the ranch for almost 40 years. With a very unique local guy, in 1984 I formed a company called Solid Game involved in quail hunting, which is a very big sport and industry in our area. In a small world connection to Haverford, Tim Thompson, older brother to Blair, who I always sat next to in the Haverford School alphabetical seating system, was one of my first and best clients. I am still actively involved in this great sport. I split



my time in Texas between the ranch and Corpus Christi, where I own a house and maintain an office.

In terms of my personal life, I was a bit slow to the altar, as I married my first and only wife Jennifer in 2000. We now have two beautiful children who have turned out very well. Our daughter is a senior at Deerfield Academy, where she has excelled in all aspects of school life. She was accepted early decision at Wake Forest for next fall. Having been very involved with her experience there, I can assure you that private school education today is very different than what we experienced at Haverford in our day. Our son is a freshman at the Taft School. He is excited to be away from home and is doing well.

Beyond work and family, I have continued to pursue some of the interests I developed in my Haverford days. I have collected books, particularly modern first editions, for over 40 years and I have a great many friends in the rare book world. I have continued my love of music by going to live shows when I can and keeping my ears open for new exciting music. I wrote a music blog for five years which led to backing and mentoring an Austin-based Americana band for a several years. I was the lead on a project in Rhode Island to renovate and restart a classic old blues club. You can hear a segment that I write every month on Robert Earl Keen's Americana Podcast, which is a wonderful music podcast. I have been very fortunate to become friends with some great Texas musicians.

I began my love of photography at Haverford, and I have continued to take photographs all these years. With the help of a very fine editor and teacher, who I met in Corpus Christi two years ago, I have been concentrating on making more of my archive of over 75,000 images. In the last year, I have had several shows across the country. We are working on a book of my images from the 1980's, which I hope to publish in book form in 2021.

David M. Watts, Jr.

dwatts@mwn.com

What experiences and/or events have shaped your life?

The thirteen years I spent at Haverford certainly had a significant impact on my life; where do I even begin? I then went on to a rather different environment at Middlebury College – coeducational, very unstructured and no focus on career training whatsoever, just liberal arts, but it was a lot of fun. I ended up graduating with no idea what I wanted to do with my life, so I hung around Middlebury for several years and worked in the restaurant business. A friend of mine and I also built our houses (literally) in our spare time, first mine, then his, which was an amazing experience, especially when I was able to move into a fully functioning house I created myself. Once I decided to become a lawyer, the proceeds from the sale of the house helped to pay for most of law school and a graduate tax degree at Villanova Law. While looking for a tax law position, I interviewed at a Harrisburg law firm, McNeese Wallace & Nurick, and when I saw their offices with panoramic views of the Susquehanna River I knew that was where I wanted to practice, which I did for 32 years until I retired last year. It was at McNeese that I met my lovely wife Ramona, and we have been married for 27 years.

What activities are you involved in?

I am an avid gardener, and I like to tinker with and repair antique clocks. I am the treasurer of my church and am involved in several other volunteer activities. I love to read and listen to music, from rock and country to classical and opera.

What have you done since Haverford?

I went to Middlebury College; worked in the restaurant business for several years; built houses; went to law school; practiced law for 32 years in the areas of federal taxation, nonprofit organizations, and estate planning and administration; and am now retired.

Information about your family

My wife and I have a 22-year old son Rick who is finishing up his landscape architecture degree at Penn State and will be employed at RGS Associates, a landscape architect firm based



in Lancaster. I have three siblings with whom I co-own an inherited cottage on Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire, which is always in need of repair and which has ridiculously high property taxes (New Hampshire has no sales or income taxes).

What are your favorite Haverford memories?

Brownlow history classes and his snarky comments about Jackie Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis. Tossing our briefcases down the long Crossman Hall corridors to see whose briefcase would go the farthest. Reading Bunte (the German People magazine) during Herr Eddy's German class. The Sixth Grade class trip to Williamsburg and learning that condoms could be used to make water balloons. Hiding out in the back of the

library and tormenting Mr. Harrison.

Thoughts on retirement, aging, and your future plans?

I am two-time cancer survivor and am otherwise in good health except for various inherited back issues. Going through cancer treatments and the various side effects taught me to appreciate and savor each day I have on earth. After many years of 50 – 60 hour work weeks I can now enjoy life, and I plan to do just that, whether gardening, travel or just listening to a classic piece of music or reading a good book.



Charles Wentz

chasrw@yahoo.com



I have many memories of my time spent at the Haverford School attending the elementary, middle, and high schools. I appreciate the diversity and quality of the overall experience and companionship I had with the students and faculty. Teachers that might ring bells for

people include Boning's math classes, Boyer's Science room, McBride and Dethier in English class, Mercer's History lessons, Mr. Brown in chemistry, Mr. Jameson in study hall, Brownlow and Buckley in History, etc. There were plenty of good athletic activities with Smitty and Joe and other coaches. For the arts, there was Bataglia for music, Finch in the art class, and the wood shop class in middle school. Parker liked to mingle with the students in the cafeteria. We could go on and on with various stories. I should mention that my dad was also a Haverford graduate.

During our senior year, my family was fortunate to be able to host Jacques Le Blanc, the fabulous Frenchman. I felt that his upbeat personality was a joy for everybody. He and I did a lot of things that senior year and I have lasting memories of him and our classmates at Haverford. During my summer after graduation I joined Brownlow's annual summer trip to Europe. We basically studied European history and art, had good times, and good laughs with Brownlow. I was able to visit with Jacques and his family in France at the end of the summer. It was fun touring around France with him and being with his family and friends for a great visit. My French has never been very good, but I managed with his help. I recall that we even went camping for a while near or on the ocean somewhere which was a fun time.

After the time in Europe, I attended Dickinson College in south central Pennsylvania and studied biology, botany, and cultural anthropology. I always appreciated my Haverford academic background and Dickinson College was a good positive setting for me. I still took time occasionally to go to various rock concerts for entertainment as I had done with Jacques around Philadelphia. I had various jobs to make a little money during my summers during my college years.



Me with my girl friend, significant other, Nancy



My daughter, Ashley Wentz Pho



My daughter's children, Claire, Lucas, and Myles



My son, Reese Wentz, and me

Charles Wentz continued

After college, I joined my cousin in Peru for a short time, where he was doing graduate work. He had served there in the Peace Corps in previous years. We stayed in a remote village at 10,000 feet elevation in the Andes Mountains. The only way to get there was by foot or mule. I ended up traveling for a while throughout South America, practicing my Spanish and visiting various Inca ruins. For a while I stayed at a large cattle farm in Argentina. I helped the Gauchos herd cattle on horses.

I returned to the US and joined a group of college friends in the Boston area. One of my sisters lived in the area as well. I tried my skills at various jobs and worked at a large nursery outside of Boston that cultivated about 500 acres of ornamental landscape plants. I studied landscape design and horticulture in Cambridge and around Boston to further my knowledge.

I married in my late twenties and now have two wonderful grown children. My daughter who went to Rhode Island School of Design and nursing school at Georgetown, lives in Virginia raising three ambitious children. Yes, I am a grandfather! My son graduated from Green

Mountain College, lives in Brooklyn, doing sound engineering and video work.

I moved to Cape Cod in 1991 and still work with a local high end landscape company as a manager and landscape designer. Ponderosa Landscaping, as the company is called, is a full service company. They do some impressive stone work. I mainly do residential designs and help restore conservation areas near wetlands or near the ocean. Over the years I have developed a broad knowledge of plants and horticulture. I do some teaching in the subject. I am lucky to live near the ocean, sometimes watching or playing in the waves, hoping to keep the sharks away. Sometimes I vacation in northern Maine on the coast where my family still has a place to hang out. It is a good location to mingle with my siblings and cousins for family unity.

I thank all of my fellow students from Haverford School for their friendship and general guidance throughout those glorious years of growing up together. You may recall that I had various names at school such as Charles, Charlie, or Chas, or Wentz. Life goes on as we continue to have plenty of adventures.

Eric Weren

ecweren@gmail.com

What Haverford experiences shaped my life:

Neil Buckley: The year before I arrived at Haverford, I had tried out for the TE JHS wrestling team. I did not get selected. That was ok, I did not see athletics as big in my future. Upon my arrival at Haverford, I began to hear of the mythological reputation of Buckley's boys. That said, I did not believe my skills would suffice to get me to that level. But I did decide to enter our intramural wrestling competition. I lost that match. Neil Buckley approached me to see if I had any interest in wrestling for the Haverford team. After staring at him in disbelief and reminding him that I had lost, I signed up. So in 9th grade, I joined the team and wrestled JV. In time, my competence



View from our cabin in Maine (thus we named it Four Birches)

and confidence grew. I was never one of the greats but I think I did become an overall contributor to the success of the team.

If I have any claim to fame in wrestling, it is that I believe I wrestled in more weight classes in one season than any other wrestler (145 (Lee Groseclose was ineligible), 140 (when Lee came back but I could not keep my weight down), tried out at 156 and finished the year at 168).

I remember fondly the old wrestling room and was told later by a rival school alumnus how intimidating it was to enter the pit. I also remember our warm up area by the squash courts. Neil would come back and give advice or tips regarding our

opponent or just encouragement. Once before my match, I was warming up there and Neil came back. He looked me in the eye, somewhat somberly. "You can do OK against this guy." He turned and left. I knew I was in deep doodoo. It was my worst defeat by far. But I was proud and sensed Neil thought so too. I never gave up and I did not get pinned. It turns out my opponent had come in second in the nationals the previous year.

Wrestling for Neil also led to the unbelievable opportunity to travel the USA for eight weeks on the Western Safari, an experience I will not forget (until alzheimers sets in but then I will not be myself).

Ron Brown piqued my interest in chemistry with a Merlin like entry into the chem lab on the first day of chemistry class. During the year, he helped a few of us prepare for the AP exam even though Haverford had no AP Chem program.

Don Brownlow was another memorable character who probably inspired me to major in Political Economics in college.

What have I done since graduation

After a disastrous first 2 years post college (2 jobs that lasted 6 months each), I resolved to leave the business world and go into a technical career where I felt technical knowledge may be in greater demand and provide protection from layoffs.. I went back to school to get a Chem BS degree as a means get into a master's program in occupational health. Never did get the BS, but I did get accepted into the master's program at Pitt's School of Public Health and got a MS in Industrial Hygiene on an OSHA scholarship. That resulted in a 40 year career working in the chemical & pharmaceutical industry, occupational health consulting and NJ Dept of Health, from which I plan to retire in 2021.

Family: I have been married, divorced and remarried (I am a slow learner). Had 3 kids with my first wife. Serena received a doctorate in music from Arizona State and is on a tenure track at Loyola New Orleans. Timothy has a Doctor of Pharmacy

from Northeastern and works in Pharmacy Informatics at Tufts Medical Center in Boston. Jes has a BA from Tufts and Masters in Adolescent Literature and Library Sciences. She is a teacher in Hanover NH, as well as mother of my two grandkids: Leonel and Sylvia. Her husband Julio is a resident at Dartmouth Medical Center in Neuroscience (yes, we have a brain surgeon in the family).

Activities: Marla Cochran, my second wife of 11 years (together for 25 years) and I have been working for the last 15 years to completely renovate our home and have finally finished the living areas downstairs and the master bedroom suite upstairs. Outside, I my goal is to have all gardens or hardscape so I can get rid of my lawnmower. I'm about halfway there.

I am finishing my second term 4 year as Judge of Election in our voting precinct (can't stand politics but believe in democracy. Someday we will attain it....maybe). I am debating whether to run again. It will probably depend on the election results this coming November.

Marla and I both cook, she inside in our new kitchen, me mostly on the charcoal (NEVER gas) grill outside.

Seven years ago, we bought a cabin on a pond in Maine. A good portion of our time in retirement will be spent there. We are now limited to 4 weeks a year at the cabin.

Retirement, aging: Looking forward to retirement. Will stay busy visiting family, finishing the home, enjoying in Maine and traveling to several bucket list destinations. Will probably continue to work part time at NJDOH and find some charities to volunteer with (Coastal Maine Botanical Gardens, Loaves & Fishes food bank and animal rescue).

Aging sucks. Marla and I are in good health and still active. But I am watching my almost 100 year old neighbor and "mentor on aging" going downhill fast. As my mother often told me, "Aging ain't for wimps."



Randolph D. Zelov, Jr.

rdzjr@yahoo.com

A writer's hardest job is not the ideas, the content, the theme but mostly the editing. The masterpiece is done when it is finished ... not when the artist stops painting, or the author stops writing or the sculptor stops sculpting.

Oh, those Haverford years. I showed up on Haverford's doorstep leaving a public-school life of easy skating getting 'A's and 'B's with little or no effort. At Haverford you had to work even to get an 'F'? Oh, did I mention starting in Form III? While half the class it seemed, had been born there?

Mr. Mercer made me learn writing involved thinking and Brownlow made me read and think at the same time, who knew? What was it about that 'toro-pheces' stuff anyway? Heh, anyone remember that Capybara wandering and probably wondering around in bio class? Oh, and yes these were times B4 desktops, laptops, when calculators were almost bigger than a bag phone, stereos in your car were state of the art, and transistors were the RAM of their day? DBTW do any of you still have a slide rule [preferably a K+E!]?

Off to college years- is it engineering or architecting or a lot of both. The Cornell years [yes, ALL 5 of them, a B. Arch took five years] were a time of great fun; summers off hitchhiking across the country with a short stint with Paolo Soleri, a student of Frank Lloyd Wright's at the Taliesin West, Scottsdale, AZ. It was during this trip was the last time I saw Joe Byrne. I was hitchhiking in Tahoe and he picked me up! We toured his family's ski resort. That was the summer of 1971.

Biblical study years- It was in Emporia, KS [the geographical center of the US] where I met my true love of now over 40 years, while we both were learning Biblical studies and leadership. She was a small-town farm girl from the hinterlands of northern MN with so much class! We found ourselves shortly thereafter in west central OH, as I became the chief Architect for the same non-denominational research, teaching and fellowship Christian Ministry as we were with back in KS. Opportunities for design were overwhelming with a crew of up to 20; including civil engineers, architects and interior

designers from 1979- 1989, designing and building over \$20M worth in OH, KS, CO and IN [those were different dollars than we have today]. Meanwhile, our first and only and son was born in 1981 and the first of three girls was born in 1985. We lost one in between the first two children.

Family years- building buildings and a family. Part of it all and always central was our home Bible study group which we continue to this day. In 1989 we landed in Syracuse, NY still

architecting but in the public sector: from a downtown 1200 car parking garage to a polymer bio-research lab along with two more girls in 1989 and 1992. In 1994 we landed outside Raleigh, NC starting and building [not a building but a business] for automotive paint touch-up and restorations from scratch which is bigger

now than when we left. Kids begin to go off to college, designed and built our own modular prefab home. We were all but empty nesters with only one child left in college, now what?

Sure, why not buy a farm ... and in Lebanon, Ohio we did in 2011; raising 100% pastured Belted Galloway cattle, 'Belties' for short and nick named, 'Oreos,' my favorite cookie, with our own bulls no less, honey bees, chickens and pastured piggies with no chemicals, hormones or antibiotics, good clean everything with cooking classes to match; organ meat specialties anyone?

We planted, harvest all our own specialty pasture mixes to raise up one of the largest 100% pastured cattle herds in Ohio and Belty herds in the country. Brownie would be proud; I finally know what to do with all that 'toro pheces;' put it back in the earth ala regenerative agriculture learning the wealth of nations is in its soil! Well did it all, alright and almost all right ...

While all that was going on, we now have three married children with two grandchildren to show for it. So, we did buy the farm, now we're selling the farm, to buy another, but smaller, as we are truly older and hopefully wiser and in need of downsizing. In fact, we just found another in the Garden State to do similar things and maybe more, but all on a much smaller scale. When we get settled, we'll let you know.

"A writer's hardest job is not the ideas, the content, the theme but mostly the editing. The masterpiece is done when it is finished...not when the artist stops painting, or the author stops writing or the sculptor stops sculpting."

Gus Ziesing

guszies@aol.com

After Haverford, I attended Beloit College in Beloit, Wisconsin. Fred Schmidt and Joe Byrne from the class of 1970 attended also. I had played drums in high school but had gotten interested in the sax and I rented an alto saxophone and took sax lessons through the College. I remember taking a History course at Beloit. The professor stood in a very large amphitheater hall and just recited dates of historical events from the 1600s that we were supposed to memorize,

one after the other, no explanation ... that was when I realized what good history classes I had at Haverford. I do remember enjoying the geology course at Beloit but I didn't stick with it. I ended up staying for a calendar year at Beloit, and then dropped out. I recall thinking at the time that the 4k/yr my parents were paying for tuition was too much.

In the next few years I had various jobs as lumberyard driver, carpenter's helper and house painter, living briefly in Vermont, Ohio, and then at 29th and Poplar in downtown Philly. I was playing tenor and soprano sax when I got home from work, but strictly as an amateur as there were too many world class players in Philly to even consider going to a jam session. So when a musician friend of mine visited from Vermont in 1975, and invited me to join his blues band in that state, I jumped at the offer. A bunch of 1970 classmates ended up moving to Vermont around that time, including Rich Simpson, Paul Schnabel, Hugh Roberts, and Rick Schwag.

I wasn't that good at playing saxophone but in Vermont I was a small fish in an even smaller pond. I played R and B sax for decades in a succession of local bands based out of Burlington Vt, bands like the Nzones, Tom Farhenheit and the Mercurys, the X-Rays, and others. It really was a golden age for live music, and we drove all over the beautiful state of Vermont to play. At various times we opened for NRBQ, the Neville Bros, and other national acts.

In 1986 I saw Queen Ida, a zydeco accordion player from Louisiana, when she came to Burlington. I loved the music and was inspired to learn the three row Tex Mex accordion (buttons on both sides). After that I was in local zydeco bands in Vt, the longest lasting band being Mango Jam, which started in 1991 and is still going. We played gigs in Newport, RI, Jackson Hole WY, NYC and Washington DC as well as Vt. Probably our claim to fame is that our band played for the Burlington kickoff of Bernie Sander's first presidential run in 2016. We have



Mango Jam with Bernie Sanders on his Birthday cruise, 2018. I'm second from the left and Emily Ryan is on the right.

known Bernie and have played annual birthday cruises for him for the past 20 years or so, so we wish him well this year!

Since 1989, I have had a recording studio in Burlington, Low Tech Studio. I have recorded, mixed, and mastered many local CDs for mostly local artists, but some that got wider fame like Michael Hurley, and The Slip. We started out recording on analog tape, then went to digital tape, then computer. The last project I did put out their record on digital download and vinyl, just like we had in high school, so I guess it has gone full circle.

I have also kept up with house painting in the summers over the years as a source of income and I can say now I am very skilled at house painting!

In 1996 I met my life partner, Emily Ryan, when we were both invited to play a wedding as sax players, having not met each other previously. The first song called was "Into The Mystic" by Van Morrison, we hit the sax harmonies perfectly, and we've been together ever since. It is always nice to have your spouse be a musician too.

Through Emily's daughter from a previous marriage, we have two grandchildren, 7 and 11 years old, who are a delight to be with.

Haverford was a tough slog at times for me (I was there from 4th grade on) but I have always appreciated the education I got there. I remember the quiet dignity of Mr. Kingham, the great History classes with Mr. Maenak, Western Safaris with Neil Buckley, and being called an *espece d'idiot* in French class by Mr. Keppelman. Perhaps in revenge I now sing some songs in Cajun French in my band.

I have felt the natural desire to be semi-retired in recent years, to do less. But in a sense I have been semi-retired my whole life. Playing music is something I would like to keep doing as long as I can. I appreciate all the great local musicians and artists that I have met over the years and feel fortunate to have found such a great "tribe" of like minded friends.



Joe Byrne

1952 - 2007

I knew two different Joe Byrnes, and I liked them both. One was the creative, funny, mellow, accepting, supportive guy who worked on and contributed to everything creative at Haverford, particularly the literary magazine, *The Journal*, which he edited our senior year. The other was the outside linebacker playing 135-pound football. Joe wasn't big, he didn't look tough, and he tended

to tackle standing upright, with a bear hug and quick-feet, but there was something about his energy, the frenzy with which he would sprint off the line towards the ballcarrier, that made him one of our best players, and a leader. Watching him reminded us what fun it could be.

—*Brock Dethier*

I have many high school memories of partying over at Joe's house in our junior and senior years with many of the other



Joe Byrne and David Thompson Bird—photo by Will Vogt

hippie (hipster?) crowd of the Class of 1970. Joe was the youngest of his family and had three older brothers I believe. He regaled us with tales about his big Irish family. Joe was always quick to smile and laugh and always saw the humor and absurdity in any situation. He was a great storyteller but sort of a loner, even amongst his friends. He knew what he wanted to do already – he stated he wanted

to be a writer. He was already writing for *The Journal*. He and I both attended Beloit College as freshmen in 1970. On campus, Joe was his own man. As we checked into our new dorms I remember he was rolling a cigarette with one hand as he walked across campus. I ended up leaving Beloit after one year and lost touch with Joe, but I was glad to hear much later that he had become a teacher and writer in his adult life, just as he had wanted way back when.

—*Gus Ziesin*

Robert “Bob” Mayfield

1951 - 2001

Robert “Bob” Mayfield had a larger than life personality to match his 6'5" build. Always quick with a joke or an amusing story, Bob had the ability to light up a room and connect with people. After graduating from Haverford with the Class of 1970, Bob attended Kenyon College where he played football and served as President of his fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi. He returned to the Philadelphia area and worked in the insurance industry, eventually becoming Executive Vice President of Independence Blue Cross. Bob had two children — Rick '02 and Nina '05 (Agnes Irwin School). His hobbies consisted of woodworking, shotgun sports, boating,





and attempting to break 120 on the golf course. With great sadness, Bob passed away suddenly at the age of 50 from heart failure. Bob was active in the Haverford community having served on the Board of Trustees and as President of the Alumni Association. He also served on the Board of Trustees at the Agnes Irwin School. Bob truly valued the life skills gained from his Haverford experience, all of which contributed to his success later in life.



Bob Minter

by John Horan

All of us knew that Bob was a pretty good athlete from seeing him on the football and lacrosse fields, that low center of gravity on a search and destroy mission at all times. But to really appreciate Bob's talent, you had to ski with him. Many a time in Vermont or Colorado I would catch up to Bob, only to see him disappear down the next pitch before I could catch my breath. And his younger brother, George, was even better. I also got to know his younger sister, Susan, because senior year I drove Bob

to Haverford and we dropped Susan off at Shipley along the way. They are a wonderful family that I got to know better than most.

I lost track of Bob for a few years after college but one day in the 1980s, I was running in Riverside Park in New York and there was a somewhat svelte version of Bob Minter. Like me, he had taken up running and relied on determination to compensate for a physique not exactly conducive to the sport. Bob had married

and settled in New York as a freelance writer and I was just getting my newsletter business off the ground. He became my IT department because he already owned a Kaypro computer for his freelance work, and he would patiently explain what the damn machine was doing. Bob also helped me find a few freelance assignments to tide me over. That was Bob, always generous with his time and knowledge.

My lasting memory of Bob in class was the time that I walked into Mr. Hoffman's English class and he nailed me with a snowball right between the eyes. It wasn't personal. Bob had just made a snowball from the nearby window and decided that the

“You’d be hard pressed to find anyone with a nicer disposition than Bob.”

next person who walked through the door was his target. Better me than Davis Parker. Bob always had an impish side to him, but it was never mean. You'd be hard pressed to find anyone with a nicer disposition than Bob.

I'll never forget finding out that he had died. Olivia was reading the obituaries and saw the one for Bob Mayfield. I looked at that and saw Bob Minter's right below that. Two classmates were dead in one awful day. I wrote to the family and got a nice note from Susan. She probably didn't say 10 words all year from the back seat, but her note said she always felt so safe in that car, knowing that her big brother and I were up front. That was Bob—always there for his family and his friends.

Hugh Roberts

1951-2010

Although Hugh will always be remembered as an inspired and accomplished artist, those who knew him well understood that at his core, he was a poet-philosopher with a profound appreciation of the beauty and mysteries of life all around him.

After Haverford, Hugh attended The Rhode Island School of Design. At RISD, he flourished in the heady avant-garde atmosphere where he produced an eclectic array of paintings, sketches, and sculptures. There one of his roommates was David Byrne (soon to become the band leader of Talking Heads). Hugh and David collaborated on various art projects and supported each other in their evolving creative visions. Upon graduating from RISD, Hugh moved to Philadelphia where he had his first opening at the Mount Vernon Gallery. After a year or so, Hugh decided that the art scene in Philly was too quiet, so he moved to New York, where he dove headfirst into the evolving Punk-driven art scene. Life in the city as a best friend of Talking Heads, as the band gained world-wide fame, was an exciting, wild ride for Hugh. Although he was at the forefront of an evolving culture where he made lots of friends and contacts in the art and music world, he felt that he needed a more grounded, real place from which to create and express himself.

After contacting his former Haverford classmates who were living in Vermont (Paul Schnabel, Gus Ziesing, Rich Simpson,



and Rick Schwag), Hugh moved to Burlington and eventually settled in Southern Vermont where he lived in and around Brattleboro for the rest of his life. In Vermont, Hugh's life took a dramatic about face. He embraced a more healthy and monastic lifestyle, in which nature and the exploration of spirituality and health was his primary focus. Hugh's art reflected this transformation.

Although Hugh became more serious about life, his newfound outlook on art and his ability to create transformative works, his delightful sense of humor never faltered.

In Vermont, Hugh began to work initially with landscapes, gradually evolving into more abstract interpretations where

he often conjured a supernatural use of color and light in ways that were extremely powerful and totally original. Hugh's work became known in New England, and for over 20 years his work was widely exhibited in both public and private venues, including the Windham Art Gallery where he was a founding member. During his final two decades, Hugh was known for his kind sensitive nature, and for his generosity and openness with other artists in the community.



contemplate our reality, good and evil, using the classic metaphor of light emerging from darkness.”

While in Brattleboro, he met his beloved companion of 20 years, Annie McBroom. Annie has graciously provided us with Hugh's artwork for the upcoming exhibit where he will be the featured artist at the

Arts Festival on Alumni Weekend at the Haverford School, April 30 –May 2, 2020.

Hugh passed away unexpectedly from heart issues due to AFib on January 4, 2010.

Gus Ziesing had talked to him a week or so before that date, and Hugh was enthusiastic about attending the upcoming the 40th reunion in May of 2010. Unfortunately, that wasn't to be, but it showed Hugh's friendship and his high regard for the Class of 1970.

Reviewing an exhibit of Hugh's paintings at the Catherine Dianich Gallery in 2005, art critic and painter Scot Borofsky wrote that the paintings “imply a privately spiritual and outwardly visionary view.” He went on to describe Hugh as an “intensely honest painter, in love with and devotional in his creative process, emerges in a nostalgic palette as a finder of images which

Peter Schuette

1952-1994

From Peter's sisters, Karla Read, Paula Rinsky, Sandra Fielinger: After graduating from Haverford, Peter studied architecture at Washington University in St. Louis. His art teacher at Haverford, Peter Chamberlain, had been an encouraging and inspiring influence. Woodworking at Haverford led him to later make a dulcimer on his own which he loved to play. At college Peter discovered graphics and decided not to pursue a career in architecture. Seeking adventure, he moved to Portland where he learned to work with stained glass



which became a beautiful medium for his creative soul. He also met his wife Natalie there. Peter became an Alexander Technique practitioner and a certified Assistant Physical Therapist. [Wikipedia says of the Technique: “an educational process that was created to retrain habitual patterns of movement and posture.”] With two young children, Peter and Natalie moved back East to Claverack, N.Y. He had mixed feelings about leaving the great outdoors and an alternative life style of the West but being close to family was important to them. He juggled all his professions including making

Peter and kids 1993

stained glass windows. All those years, Peter stayed close with his school buddy Hugh Osborn. After Peter and Natalie separated, the children lived with him in Claverack. Tragically he died suddenly of heart failure a month before he turned 42. He would be happy and proud of his children who returned to live in Portland with their mother and are still in that area raising their own families.



Peter and a Hugh Osborn camping in the North West in the 70's

From Hugh Osborn:

I had many wonderful times with Peter. We camped out many times, including biking down Vancouver Island over about 10 days and had lots of very wet

service and the beautiful bonfire afterwards, with the sparks flowing up to the heavens to be with Peter. I wish I could be ...

fun. We camped in the temperate rain forest in western Washington and several other places. We also went to the Philadelphia Folk Festival several times and really enjoyed the atmosphere of authentic American music swirling among thousands of music lovers.

Peter was a wonderful soul. He was fun and funny, wise and very engaging. I was devastated when he died. My wife and children and I remember the simple

Joseph Hudson Plumb Smith “Huddy” 1951 - 2019

“Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.”

Hud grew up in ‘Collingwood’, Port Kennedy, and spent most of his days running through Valley Forge Park, building dams in the stream, riding on the tractor, and hosting wild and unsupervised parties ...



His celebrity sighting was Sally Starr. She strode down the dock in Cape May in her spangled cowgirl regalia, and he, perched atop the mast of his dad’s boat, shouted her name. She hollered back “Ahoy sailor” and his lifelong crush was born! He spent his summers in Beach Haven swimming, sailing, surfing, and occasionally working at Flo’s Diner!

His nickname was Pick, and depending on who you speak to in the family — it either referred to his toothpick legs, or as Hud put it — the fact that he was the pick of the litter ...

He was a wrestler, and was fortunate enough to have been part of the Neil Buckley era at The Haverford School.

A reluctant traveler, he nevertheless started a business which took him around the world—China, Latvia, England, Ireland, Wales, Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, Fiji, Guatemala, and Israel. He not only designed and installed kettle chip plants, but would spend endless hours consulting his clients by phone, and developed deep and lasting friendships with all of them.



He knew how to make the most delicious peanut butter and jelly sandwich — and his secret being to slather a ton of softened butter on the side where you spread the peanut butter. Oh, and it had to be on white bread.

He was a gift giver. My favorite present ever was Penelope, the goat he gave me for my birthday in 11th grade. And she was the gift that kept on giving, as no one knew she was pregnant until she produced two kids

He loved what he did, and it was no wonder—it was in his blood. He grew up working at Valley Maid, a potato chip plant that his father started in Phoenixville. He then worked with his brother, Whitney at Dali Fresh, before starting his own company, International Snack Food Systems.

He was a MacGyver of sorts, a born problem solver. He could fix anything—sometimes elegantly, and sometimes with such an elaborately complex mouse trap sort of solution, it would have you bent over in laughter as he demonstrated how to operate his new “creation”.

He had a cell phone, but to my endless frustration, rarely turned it on, and despite being an engineering wiz, could never figure out how to send a text.

He was addicted to Frazier, and had pretty much memorized the lines to all 11 seasons.

during winter exams.

Hud loved sailing, working on his Cape Dorys, relaxing in a quiet anchorage, riding on his 1950 Farmall Cub, shooting his 1937 Winchester 410 shotgun, collecting old bits of equipment and letting it all rust, sharpening his various Plumb axes, watching the History Channel, reading anything to do with World War II, and puttering around his old farmhouse. He was a guy's guy- a straight shooter who was honest to a fault.

His own mother called him disagreeable, and yes he was a curmudgeon — stubborn, opinionated, and ornery, but he was also curious, caring, patient, loyal, smart, and funny. And when he loved, he loved deeply.

We met in 9th grade dance class, had our first date the next week, and were married 28 years later. I can safely say that we were each other's first and last loves. And I will miss him every day.

*“Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—
absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as
simply messing about in boats.”*

Charles D. Thomas, Jr. (Chip)

1951 - 1992

- ♥ Attended Boston University
- ♥ Graduated from Franconia College with a Degree in Visual Arts, 1975
- ♥ Post-graduation, Chip lived in Haverford and worked as a freelance artist specializing in Photography and Woodworking
- ♥ In 1979, he joined the Savoy Company performing in Gilbert & Sullivan Operettas for 4 years where he met and married Faffy Lycett in 1984.
- ♥ They had a daughter Allison Elizabeth Thomas in 1988 and a son Peter Lycett Thomas in 1991. Chip was a devoted father and husband and his children both inherited his unforgettable smile and sense of humor.
- ♥ He was employed by Hachik Distributors as a sales professional until his death and was highly regarded in the swimming pool and spa industry.
- ♥ Chip was also devoted to his Haverford School classmates and known for his hilarious pranks that kept everyone wondering what he would do or say next to leave them laughing.

“Chip was a devoted father and husband and his children both inherited his unforgettable smile and sense of humor.”



IN MEMORIAM



EDWIN B. McKOY

Ned McKoy came to the Haverford School in 1964 and soon became a popular and active member of his class. His inherent good humor and enthusiasm won him many friends.

Demonstrated on the soccer and lacrosse fields, Ned's natural athletic ability displayed his good sportsmanship and desire to win. Even when he did not achieve success, he never lost his gracious and friendly attitude. His death in a tragic car accident in the fall of 1967 brought sorrow to all who knew him. The class of 1970 regrets the loss of such an outstanding friend.

