#### WALTER J. CUMMINGS III

601 Chiltern Road, Hillsborough, CA 94010  
(4C) 579-59H (ofc.)

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

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

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

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

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

Very little of this (and the powerful feelings allied with this) would have materialized had I not woken up, in 1985, to the immense havoc which alcohol, which killed my mother, was creating in my own life. Sobriety has been an In experience of a wonderful, life-giving, and life-filling kind. It has been a gift, a treasure.

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

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

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