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Having missed all Class reunions, having been included in the “whatever became of’ group highlighted a while back by our esteemed Class Secretary, but knowing better than to be suckered by that sly invitation into writing directly to Will, I have to date successfully avoided being brutally skewered in the Alumni Notes. Responding to the kinder gentler invitation from Brian and Tom, my Twenty-fifth Reunion Class Book condensed chronology follows.

After graduation I signed up for four years in the Army Security Agency. I also grew a mustache. The taxpayers trained me (and coincidently in the same class of nine “spooks” Lance Konselman) as an Arabic—Iraqi linguist. Arabic is a skill that, if I ever really mastered, I have long since forgotten. I’ll find out if Lance has done any better at the twenty-fifth. We were stationed at the Defense Language Institute in Monterey, California. Coincidently, so was Nick Rieti. Nick was learning, and perhaps even retaining, a more western language assignment.

Nick and I found time to do a reprise on an 8 x 13 foot mural of the Middle East, which we painted on the coffee room wall. The brass and the military press liked it at the time, but on a subsequent revisit I discovered it had gone the way of our prior Diplomacy mural in Davenport. I fared better in other areas, however, improving my golf game and almost breaking eighty at Pebble Beach. With the downsizing of the military in 1972, all the members of my “class” were offered an “early out” (no reflection on our contribution), which opportunity, not too surprisingly, all of us took. Thus suddenly, my brilliant military career was at an end. I still have the mustache.

In search of a more permanent career, I obtained two master’s degrees in three years from the University of Massachusetts, first in regional planning and then in landscape architecture. More significantly, while at University of Massachusetts, I met Sue Kirby, a native of Portland, Oregon, and we married in 1974, my best “career” move to date. (I hope she reads this.)

Not satisfied with two postgraduate degrees, however, and seeking a “highly respected” career in the Pacific Northwest, I enrolled at Willamette University Law School in Salem. I graduated in 1978 and went to work for one of the larger law firms in Portland, practicing primarily in the land use, real estate, and finance areas. In 1981 1 joined two other lawyers starting up a new firm. The firm has since grown to seventeen lawyers with offices in Seattle, Portland and Corvallis, Oregon. For anyone truly interested, the firm resume is available upon request.

Our first of three daughters, Kerby, was born in 1979. She was joined by Lisa in 1982 and Jill in 1988. The marriage has turned out great (I really hope she reads this) and so have the kids. I’m not certain if the career is highly respected, but the jokes sure are. Portland and the Northwest have lived up to their reputation. Come out and see for yourself. David and Martha Howorth did, and they stayed. I’m staying too.