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While contemplating a strategy for realizing my “future occupation” goal, I was pleasantly sidetracked some eighteen-plus years ago; I met my wife Dody (Phinny), Wheaton 1973. She and our two daughters, Newell (fourteen) and Sally (twelve), are my present “occupation.” They are my love and joy. Even though Dody and I are the meanest parents in America, all of us dine, dream, learn, laugh, read, ride, walk, sail, bicycle, play tennis, and travel together.

Our older daughter has recently graduated from her grade school. She and her classmates endured a difficult year; fire destroyed their school building last fall. Yours truly has foolishly agreed to lead a capital campaign to finance a new structure.

Our younger daughter has become an animal rights advocate. She works part time in a veterinary clinic. We house and “love” many species, some stray and otherwise unwanted. Currently, a dog, two birds, a guinea pig, and a frog keep us company. In the past, we have also loved hamsters, turtles, fish, cats, and other dogs.

My wife does everything! She has a business designing clothing; she has

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created reading programs at our daughters’ school; she fund raises for the school; she works with the local children’s hospital; she assists with the museum; and she has raised and nurtured two children (and many here would say a third) who are a delight even in and at the dawn of their teenage years.

The practice of law (corporate and securities)? Oh well, it occupies part of the days. Around it, we really enjoy life. Once marked by the collegiality of its members and the loyalty and friendship of clients, the legal profession has devolved into a mixture of suspicion, resentment, competition, and marketing. No wonder Hollywood’s fascination with us, and the proliferation of lawyer “jokes.” I look forward to ranching!

As I reflect on the past twenty-five years, 1 wonder why and how Yale and other educational institutions, which allowed all of us such academic freedom and nurtured a confidence to think and do for ourselves, have produced a society where the desire of so many is to have most, if not all, of their needs attended to by others and in which our “leaders” impose rather than inspire. I hope that Yale continues to encourage the values of independence and self- determination.