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Oh how righteous we were. It was so clear in 1967 that the narrowminded, undereducated, spiritually desolate who were running the show did not have a clue as to what was right, meaningful, fair, or good. We, the golden off- spring of the depression/war generation, had masterful insight into how to run the world. How could we not? We knew better than anyone the world of no recession, no inflation, American domination, and a luciferian enemy representing all that could go wrong.

It was glorious, revelling in the symbols of freedom: sex, drugs, rock ‘n’ roll, hair, draft cards, after the revolution...watching ourselves on the nightly news (thank you Walter Cronkite). We knew, because Kingman Brewster and John Morton Blum told us, that we were the elite of America, who would, when our turn came, fix things: destroy racism, eliminate poverty, demytholo- gize the Soviet threat. We would raise up all men, demanding equality for all. We would declare victory and get the hell out of Vietnam.

Now it is our turn. One of our generation is in the White House, recipient of a Yale education. Classmates serve him. Others negotiate with him. Yet, though we hear echoes of our righteous youth, the words have lost their punch. The answers are not as clear any more. Our twenty-five years of trying has not made much progress in fixing things, if we think of things on the same scale that we did as undergraduates. Things are, in many ways worse, or at least more obvious. Our flaunted 1960s standards of decorum is now the in your face style of confrontation. Our hope to humanize and help has become entitlement. More kids are having kids, drive-by shootings claim lives hardly begun in neighborhoods without hope.

The righteousness ebbed as the demands of life, unsupported by the intellectual freedom of Yale and the dollars of our parents, unrelentingly have absorbed our energies. Provide the basics, focus on the realities of a job in a specific place, find and nurture love, create a family. Limits have come crowding in: diapers, mortgage payments, career advancement.

In our own private lives we have probably been just about as successful as any other generation. Some of us have succeeded in our careers beyond even our wildest imaginings. Some have enduring relationships. Some are content. Some are not.

While I have not changed the world, I have changed bits of it. A banker for twenty-odd years (with time out to be a member of the Charter Class at the Yale School of Organization and Management), I have financed businesses all around the world. Some large, some small. I have helped management groups reach independence, investors acquire businesses, and have worked with companies experiencing extreme adversity. Other challenges and opportunities arise from my activities on several not-for-profit boards in the arts and mental health, the local school board, and in Republican politics. I have found strength, constancy, and joy in my family. Three months after our twenty-fifth reunion I will celebrate my twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. I married Ann Lyman Bachelder, Vassar ’69, Yale Forestry ’71, whom I began to see sophomore year. Our son, Jeremiah, is Bowdoin ’97. Our daughter, Sarah, is Joseph Sears School ’95. Both are wonderful.

Is this good enough for twenty-five years of adulthood? Probably. Am I satisfied? No. The voice still beckons: I dream of what could be and ask, why not? We forty-somethings still have a lot of good years left.