##### RICHARD R. LARKIN

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Living happily ever after in sunny, sunny, sunny Southern California, having barely survived the “Massachusetts Miracle” and a three-year stint at the Harvard Art Museums. I am a fund-raiser by choice, deed, and professional calling. What else can an English major do?

I left the restaurant business in the early seventies and jumped jobs more rapidly than anyone would want, except to accelerate the learning curve: the Yale Alumni Fund, The Robert Louis Stevenson School, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center Fund, National Gallery of Art, Mystic Seaport Museum, the aforementioned nonprofit in Cambridge, and now The Webb Schools in Claremont.

I live under the bowers of connubial bliss with wife Laurie Cameron (Connecticut College ’69; continues to dance her heart out at Pomona College, teaching modern and choreography) and son Jamie (his erstwhile God Dog being our classmate James J. Schweitzer), born in 1980 on my father’s birthday, April 13. Both continue to demonstrate a remarkable tolerance for the personal shortcomings and lack of social grace that somehow, despite four years of earnest debauchery, draft ducking and despair, even Yale, Morse College, Fence Club, Mory’s, Wolf s Head, and, yes, even the God Squad, could never efface and properly reform. Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da.

Discovered Del Marring is working a few miles down the road from me; Herb Wright a few more miles away; discovered at lunch last week that a fresh- person from our girls’ school—Jennifer Buck—is the daughter of our classmate Charles Buck; I wonder at our ever-incredible, shrinking planet.

Summer of’90 I suffered severe deja vu all over again when walking into a bait shop in Holdemess, New Hampshire. I stared at the left breast of an attractive female stranger and read the “From Motown to Meltdown” inscription on her faded white T-shirt. Whose date/mate? I vaguely think I can recall watching her run from the Morse dining hall senior year after Mike Hertz won the sundae eating contest.

I find that I miss my Yale friends more and more as I am able to recall less and less about them—except for Bogaty and Schweitzer.

Hey B.D.? Is it true that in a reverse parallel universe, we won that Harvard Game? Say it’s so. I can’t wait for our twenty-fifth! May the good Lord bless the Class of 1969, our impending reunion, and all the innocent bystanders.