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Upon the occasion of our five-year class reunion (the only prior alumni sighting of your heretofore not so faithful correspondent), the silver-tongued Mac Thompson reported that “Lin Lawrence had come to New Haven from New York with his attractive wife, Cheryl, and their handsome young son and looks forward to being in Charlottesville next year, where he will be attending law school.” I am pleased to report that Cheryl is younger and more attractive (also blonder) than ever, Grant is older and more handsome, and we all look backward to surviving with relative grace and style—and even a modicum of success—the law school experience and my subsequent three years of Wall Street and Park Avenue apprenticeship with Shearman & Sterling. For the past dozen years I have been plying my trade in Westchester County with the law department of PepsiCo, Inc., which for many of those years also harbored the many-tongued Dick Williams. During much of the eighties I principally served the parent company as mergers and acquisitions counsel in connection with the expansion of PepsiCo’s beverage and restaurant businesses. In recent years my practice has been characterized by a far more diverse array of clients and professional challenges as vice president and division counsel to various successive operating divisions of Pepsi-Cola Company at an even more bucolic office site.

I shore do miss that subway when I’m wingin’ past them cows.

After two decades of gainful employment in radiology and sonography, Cheryl was kidnapped last year by the local chapter of the Junior League to run its “nearly new” clothing shop. Although Cheryl’s efforts have produced record profits to support many worthy eleemosynary community projects, her League and other volunteer activities have diverted her attention from her historical nurturing of the backyard birds and flowers and have supplanted a household profit center at a time when Grant has been seeking family funding to pursue a (hopefully not oxymoronic) aviation career. Last week (July 1993) he completed his first solo flight and will be enroute later this summer to a private pilot’s license and enrollment in Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University (touted recently in the press as “Aviation’s Ivy League,” an appellation far more palatable than the oft-used “Harvard of Aviation”). Grant assures us that the school’s location in Daytona Beach adjacent to the speedway and a short drive from the beachfront will offer no distractions.

In the “soft news” department, Cheryl (when on parole from the League) and I have been exploiting our location on the Hudson River through a nearby sailing facility whose convenience evokes fond memories of the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club. Unfortunately, the patina ofYCYC “union” dip which encrusts my vintage vinyl rock music collection has visited upon me and mine a compact disc plague that has now evolved well beyond Neil, Lou, Warren, Southside, and the like to encompass such afflictions as Irish harp and environmental discs. Most troubling is the spread of the holiday pestilence that requires me each year to play Christmas music continuously throughout the season, commencing promptly at 12:19 p.m. Thanksgiving Day immediately after the traditional noontime airing of Alice’s Restaurant. In partial response to my father’s inevitable Christmas morning question (“What would you people give each other if you didn’t own a record [sic] player?”), the music inventory competes for household space with a growing gallery of eighteenth and nineteenth century prints and maps, three dogs, two cats, and our family photo collection. Although bitterly disappointed that Steve Dunwell did not see fit to include in his recently published Yale pictorial any of his shots of our wedding, Cheryl and I continue to fantasize that he will one day appear on our doorstep to organize our pictures, absent which I may be forced to consider seriously the photo cd option. Hmm.

For a balanced perspective on our days at and after Yale, I respectfully refer you to my son’s enthusiastic announcement one afternoon during his early adolescence: “Dad, I just heard a song by a great new group—The Doors!”

Long may you run.