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My wife is Connie Noterman. We have two boys: Zachary will be seven on August 29th (1993) and Andy was five on March 7th. My family is my love and the leveling force in my life. I work as a lawyer, but regard so many other jobs as more useful and socially beneficial. While I don’t hate trying lawsuits or being a lawyer, I would not hope for either Zach or Andy to do it. The longer 1 do it, the more certain I am that it is a bullshit game. Fortunately for me, I have been well adapted to it. The only serious question left is how long I will do it.

I didn’t marry until I was thirty-eight. I just never met anyone before Connie with whom I felt I wanted to spend the rest of my life. I had many loves, but none I wanted to age with. Connie is probably the most evenly balanced person I’ve ever met. And I love the fact that she does not have an Eastern, privately educated background.

The “guys” are my good friends, although small ones. I cannot imagine that they one day will be grown. It has been so sweet and comforting to have them as little guys who can climb around on me without risk of breaking one of my ribs.

I came to Minnesota in 1975 simply because I liked it. I knew no one here. I love the outdoors and have annually canoed in the BWCA along the Canadian border. We built a log cabin on a lake in the woods not far from the BWCA, and I find great peace and comfort there. I saw my first timber wolf a few weeks ago, after nearly twenty yean of canoeing and packing in the woods. It was one of the biggest thrills of my life. It was all the more special because Connie, Zach, and Andy saw it as well. Give me a canoe, a fishing pole, and six cold beers, and I am as close to my version of heaven as I am likely to get.

I appreciate Yale as I get more distance from it. Until only a few years ago I had no Yale logo hats, sweatshirts, etc., because it seemed too much to wear that stuff. Now I have a baseball cap I wear out while running. I look back with great fondness on my football experience at Yale and have affection for the members of our teams in 1967 and 1968. I was too shy, in a way, to get to know any of them very well while I was there. Yale was pretty intimidating for a kid from a small Indiana town who had not been East of Dayton, Ohio, before 1965. I now look back with respect and emotion at Yale. It was a crucible of great change for me.

Anyway, I plan to be there next year for the reunion.

P.S. The most important single year of my life, and the one about which I feel the most proud, was my year as a VISTA volunteer in 1969-70 in the inner city in Kansas City, Missouri.