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Going back to Yale ’69 goes back a long ways. I started off really young at seventeen, did the PoliSci Seminar thing Freshman year; played a lot of piano, and hung out with Hazelton and Newhouse sophomore year; spent my junior year in Paris rooming with Steve Dauer; came back with Annette senior year; ducked my draft notice by teaching school; did Boston College Law School after every other law school rejected me; went to Washington, D.C., to be a trust- buster for Justice, then the U.S. Attorney’s Office in Virginia; and here I am, forty-five, and typing these notes. Over the years I have treasured the friendship of the few classmates with whom I have kept in touch, particularly Harry Wise, Marc Klein, and Dick Tucker. And I have felt some pride in reading about the many others who have done some significant things or found some happiness or both.

It’s interesting that the questionnaire puts “work” ahead of “loves” and puts “loves” in plural; meaning “work” is always just “work” although still No. 1, but “loves” has a rainbow of meanings and personae even if it rates No. 2. Then it goes on to “achievements,” the softer word “disappointments” instead of failures, “education, honors, offices, awards” but then says “no curriculum vitae please.” But my thanks to Brian and Tom for making a big effort in getting our asses in gear for this yearbook. Most of us, including me, barely make the effort to reconnect and hardly contribute $$$ while wistfully reading Doones- bury to see how much the characters still look like the people we knew. And true to form I will have to find the fax number to get these notes in on time, being typed on the night ofjuly 12th.

On the whole, the Stones’ “I Can’t Get No Satisfaction,” while one of the strong songs of our sixties, looks only playful now, nothing lyric-wise next to what our teenagers listen to, and hardly threatening or an anthem for something. I heard it on the radio last night driving home from sailing on Chesapeake Bay in Virginia and Jagger sounds so young and innocent. More important, from the folks from ’69 I have run into, I think we got satisfaction, especially in the last five years or so.

For me, “love” ahead of “work” became the defining thing, although it took a long time for me to let No. 2 pull ahead of No. 1 in my head. My true love of college days, Annette, whom I met in Naples on my twentieth birthday and who came over from Belgium to help coeduate Yale senior year, is still taking care of me as I go through forty-five years plus. With Annette I got to spend a couple of crazy summers canal barging through France, got adopted by her French-speaking family, and spend a lot of time scheming how to get over there for our golden years. I needed the backdrop of a waterfall on a beach in Greece to get this beautiful person to fall in love with me. Amazingly, she still loves me as we share the ups and downs Of course while I was chasing the goals of “work” Annette largely raised my other loves, Corine (seventeen) and Valerie (nineteen). Valerie is a modern dancer at Connecticut College, and Corine is great company and all-around fun while finishing up high school. They give me a lot of “love ya” and very little grief.

. Another love is piano, which I am playing more than ever due to getting asked to play for the choir at the Unitarian Church. All of which has led to a lot of Schubert and Rachmaninoff of late and listening to Corine play my old pieces.

For the last dozen years or so I have practiced law with a compatible bunch of guys in a town which has not gotten too big to not know each other and where we try to take interesting cases. The result is a sixteen-person firm where the work atmosphere is collegial, there is a sense of justice in what we do, but the money is just okay. I only knock myself for trying to do too much, too long, working too hard and weekends like I was running scared (of what??), particularly in the thirty-something years. Friends claim the girls and Annette have caused me to slow down and mellow, as hard as that can be to beheve for those who knew me back in New Haven. Lately, I have gotten halfway out of litigation and into immigration work, where I have met some fascinating people while encouraging foreign businesses to relocate to Virginia.

About ten years ago Annette and I wrote in to the Yale Alumni Magazine inviting any acquaintances to come by, get reacquainted, or share a new adventure together. That invite still is out there and we would love to see any classmate passing through Virginia.