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Tallahassee is a lovely place—somewhat New Englandish in appearance. In 1969 I could not have imagined myself here, working at a newspaper. That’s what I do—Vice President/Operations for the Tallahassee Democrat. Very interesting, exciting, and even frustrating—never dull—with advertising division folks bumping me from the right and the journalists from the left, and I like them all.

For those of you who remember me heading off to law school, I ended up as an M.B.A. and C.P.A. instead.

Still married to Candy, since 1971, and the family’s improved with Jessica (1978) and Megan (1986).

I remember many things, but the fondest is the overall quality oflife and experience at Trumbull. Potty-Court Frisbee, courtyard kegs, softball with George Plimpton, Joseph Heller’s opening-night crowd, the Colonel’s Green Lizzies, and all the people, mainly the people. That’s what’s frightening—seeing people after twenty-five years can harm those memories. I doubt it, but it’s scary.

Final memory—June 9, 1969, upon returning home after graduation, a preinduction, report for physical, bring your toothbrush notice was waiting for me in Massachusetts. Failed physical, bad knees, but what a graduation present that initial notice to report was.