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I remember attending our fifth reunion, thinking that the alumni attending reunions from earlier classes offered a sneak preview of how a Yalie’s life should develop. I noticed how their hair thinned, their waists thickened, their children grew up, and they looked more prosperous with each increasing five- year reunion. And now we are at the midpoint of that sneak preview, ready to examine how we have managed that ultimate scarce resource, time.

I also remember attending our twentieth, and how disappointed I was that almost none of my friends and fellow Calhoun-men attended. (Did they know I was coming and cancel their plans?) Despite these multiple no-shows, I discovered that I had much in common with my other classmates, even though I had scarcely known them when we were at Yale. I also recall the memorial service at Battell Chapel during that reunion, when members from all of the classes came together to remember our classmates who were no longer with us. In that service I understood how much we have in common as Yalies, across all classes. That service also demonstrated that a reunion missed can never be reclaimed.

This is it, guys. The big two five. Life’s midpoint, if we’re lucky. I remember you fondly from Yale, have done a poor job of keeping in touch with you, and hope you will drink a beer with me and bring me up to date next spring. You will be glad you attended.

It will not surprise you to hear that I lead a conventional life. I am still married to my first wife, though I couldn’t make the commitment until just thir- teen years ago. We first met in 1969 when she was finishing her degree at the University of Georgia. Kathy is a graphic designer and mother of our three splendid kids.

Bleecker is my eldest and will be eleven at our reunion. He is the jock his father wishes he had been and the good student his father should have been. Loves all sports and already outskates, outskis, outshoots (soccer and archery), and almost outruns me, although we are still evenly matched in ping-pong. He especially enjoys playing the pressure position of goalie on his soccer and hockey teams.

Katherine will be ten and is mad about animals. She has a zillion stuffed animals and scarcely a single doll. She bursts with creative energy and is a fleet soccer player. She has a talent with numbers, perhaps.

Olivia will be six at our reunion and is easily the most organized member of the family. Did Mom misplace the car keys? Ask Olivia where they are. She is just learning to swim and rides her two-wheeler with great confidence. She will care for her aged parents very well some day.

We live in a big comfy Victorian a mile west of Harvard Square. We love the intellectual energy of Cambridge and the diversity of its residents. Imagine how great Yale would be if it were anyplace other than New Haven. I think my neighbors in 02138 tolerate me as their token nonliberal.

Just in the last few years my career has finally come together. In late 1989 I founded a money management boutique called Numeric Investors. We use whiz-bang quantitative techniques developed by yours truly and my partners to aggressively manage portfolios of U.S. equities. Our investment returns rank at the very top of our industry, so our business has grown very nicely. I would like to believe that we have a reputation among money managers and clients as the preeminent firm in our field. I am astonished to find myself in an income bracket deemed politically incorrect by Bill and Hillary and must now pay much more in taxes. I wish that I had had the courage, insight, and good luck to start this business several years earlier when tax rates were lower.

I enjoy portfolio management for its intellectual challenge and because your skill and your judgment come through in an unmistakable way in your portfolio’s returns. Having been fired from almost every other job because of my conspicuous lack of political skills, I find that the hard, cold world of the stock market suits me perfectly. Interestingly, I must credit much of my success to my Yale engineering education. I have a view of the markets and a mathematical framework that have permitted me to see and exploit things not detected by other, conventionally-educated market participants.

After Yale, the Navy, and Harvard Business School, I had a tough time figuring out what I really wanted to do with my career. After stints in management consulting and marketing I spent four years on my farm in southern Vermont, tinkering with my stock selection models and gradually depleting my wife’s dowry. Fortunately, she is a talented artist and she produced a modest income, but we lived a very basic lifestyle with much of our food homegrown, while Daddy tinkered on his Apple II.

In summary, our twenty-fifth reunion finds me pleased with my current life from many aspects. Having mismanaged a goodly portion of the last twenty- five years, however, I am especially appreciative that things came together recently, finally, and at last. I look forward to hearing your story next spring. Be there or be square!