

1962

In the afterglow of spring in the Low Country it's time to look toward fall. Following the Charleston 70th birthday party, **Ted Beal** raised an interesting question on the listserv that is worth pondering here with a larger audience: Is it possible that some classmates who have been unable, for whatever reason, to participate in our mini-reunions over the years might now feel like "outsiders"—like there is an "inner circle" of class participants, so to speak—and might those same classmates therefore be reluctant to return to reunions because they don't want to feel "out of it?" The overwhelming listserv response to Ted's question was: (1) there is no "inner circle," (2) "once a '62 always a '62," and (3) it has been as rewarding to meet new friends as it is to see old ones. So don't wait. The more, the merrier. Our numbers are dwindling fast but there's still time, brother. Come on back to the mini October 15-16 (**Woody Chittick** and **Mike Schaefer** are putting together another fun time) and also get ready to gear-up for the 50th. While you're at it, send your humble secretary some news for this column. It would be great to see some new names. It's never too late.

One classmate who epitomizes the *carpe diem* outlook is **John Coe**. A music major at Dartmouth, John was active in the band and various other musical venues at the College. After graduation he joined the Peace Corps, went to Ethiopia, and embarked on a life-changing mission working with the people in Addis Ababa, beginning the Orchestra Ethiopia, and composing and performing for Emperor Haile Selassie. John went on to work for the arts councils of several states in the U.S. but always wanted someday to return to Ethiopia. Happily, word now comes that he plans to do just that, this time with Habitat for Humanity.

"Our volunteer team will consist of 16 Americans ranging in age from college to the 70s," John writes. "Four of us are former Peace Corps Volunteers who served in Ethiopia in the early '60s. We will build several houses that will feature 'chicka,' a special mud and straw mixture that will cover the walls made of tree saplings spaced a few inches apart. The roof will be metal, not grass like the 'sarbet' or 'tukoi' I helped build in 1964." Too late to make a difference? Never.

Bob Andrew, a classmate who some years ago opted for the watery way of life, living on a sailboat in Florida, has recently moved to historic Mystic, Connecticut, being drawn, I suspect, rather like Ishmael, closer to ships and the sea. (Bob's Facebook photo is of the mahogany engine cover of an antique Chris-Craft woody.) Still working three days a week for Pitney Bowes in Stamford, Connecticut, Bob plans to sell his condo there and stay with his daughter on the days he's in town. His wife, Janet, has retired and he says unequivocally, "We will be back in Hanover in October this year." Another good move!

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