



What to do when I grow up? Still don't know. All that can be done is describe the journey.



The road began at Barnard where **Mabel Krickpatrick** pulled hair (mine, not hers) to compel higher notes while teaching love of good music. There was 5 minutes of fame as class honcho in **Ms. Homlund's** room before being dethroned following snappy comments to a fellow pooh bah. Some way to treat an elected official! Years later, home-ported in

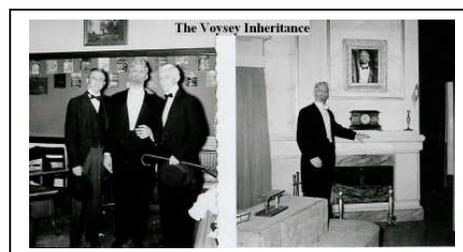
Japan, I remembered the lessons Louise Simmons taught about travel and people in foreign lands.

Then there was Horace Mann – “Good ol’ Horace Mann – the best school in the land;” more aptly turned into a detention center before becoming a parking lot. Remember that awful swimming pool and the inner (i.e., walled in) “play” yard? **John Touhey** and I were busted by that towering force of nature, **Deane Burch**, who cashiered us into the store room for talking *sotto voce* (she thundered down the aisle and there was no place to hide). The paddling was nothing in comparison to suppressing the explosive laughter held back until we escaped the classroom. In Glee Club, like Garrison Keillor’s choir boy, my singing was entirely dependent on catching the key and pitch from an adjacent chorister -- **Roland Meinholtz** (class of ‘55).

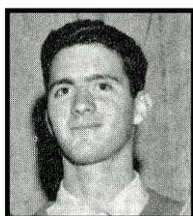
*THEN* Central. Looking back, scanning Tom Toms, there were so many comely classmates. But, mostly, I dated winsome juniors and even robbed the cradle (Great Spirit forbid!) dating sophomores. Well, **Barbara Stanley** did pen in a Tom Tom to remember her (yes I do) when I became famous (no I didn’t).

Central was full of great moments. Grease paint, Daze, interviewing raconteur Clifton Fadiman, for *School Life*, coughing out obnoxious words in **Virginia**

**Quesenberg's** Latin class, marveling as **Felix Vestal** demonstrated *specific heat* by standing **Dotty Westby** next to **Dick Robbins**, learning how to structure a



sentence but not write one (still working on that), Speakers Bureau, and a huge **Albert Martin** stage prop photo of the old man Voyagey himself. The apex of that world was **Laurine Hager's** classroom where she taught love of theater and how to pronounce it. Years later, **Marcia Rodd** and I spoke to her from Baltimore (Marcia in town to direct a play) and were rewarded with her joy when we called. Priceless. Alas, theater became a spectator sport after Central. But the love of literature, music, dance and fine arts remains. A magnificent gift.



White buck shoes signaled departure for the *Ivory* (44 and 100<sup>th</sup> % pure) League thanks to encouragement from **Erskine Stanberry**. **Jim Caldwell** and **Will Clark** were among the crew matriculating “Far Above Cayuga’s Waters.” One morning, at dawn, **Jack Siggins** and **Gary Martin** marched into my freshman dorm room, trumpet and trombone blaring the Princeton fight song. Don’t remember who won the game, but several dorm mates mentioned the reveille

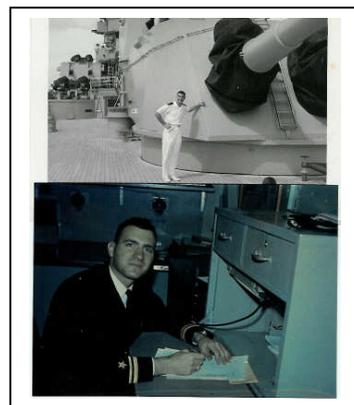
with understated enthusiasm.

Imagine how New York City opened the eyes of a Tulsa boy. There was Times Square and, right out of the soap opera, "GRRANNND Central Station." The old Metropolitan Opera, Broadway and one could inhale a single 50 cent beer until wee hours at the Metropole listening to Cozy Cole, Dizzy Gillespie and JJ Johnson teach American Jazz.

Cornell was not for the fainthearted. I learned that mere 16 year olds from the Bronx High School of Science could crank out a Phi Bate blindfolded while this "smart" fellow from CHS tried to figure out what hit him. They graduated *Summa Cum and Magna Cum Laude*, I was happy to exit *Thank You Laude*. A career decision was deferred with a commission as Ensign (read: scum with stripe) in the US Naval Reserve. Two exciting years in the Far East followed aboard the heavy cruiser, *USS Saint Paul*. What I was doing in Viet-Nam in 1960 is still a secret; but Mother would not have approved.

Post active duty, higher education beckoned at the University of Michigan where I learned to read, and quickly forgot, Russian. Protest professional Tom Hayden worked his black magic on naïve students. The faculty was sharp and the music (Ormandy, Sutherland and Stravinsky himself) was excellent. There was the privilege and inspiration hearing a young minister named Martin Luther King.

Michigan produced the requisite degrees for becoming an oxymoron -- Political Scientist. More, I met and married my *beshert* (meant to be) Barbara Pash, awarding-winning journalist, loving and tolerant wife of 42 years. Barbara made sure that Naomi, Andrew and Ruth studied hard, had fun, married well and got off the family payroll. We now reap the reward with six wondrous grandchildren and another on the way.



On the professional side, I joined the founding faculty at the University of Maryland Baltimore County. Opening a Political Science Department, I had to put my international and soviet studies aside and plumb core polity thinkers from Aristotle to Locke. Teaching was rewarding, writing less so. Horizons expanded during summer sessions, making ends meet, and introducing urban students to environmental and energy issues. An appointment to a state nuclear power plant siting committee showed that, after 11 years of publishing (adequate remedy for insomnia) *and* perishing, a change was in order. I served four governors as czar of Maryland's energy programs. This twenty year tenure ran from allocating fuel to helping create the National Association of State Energy Officials. Along the way, I chaired a few boards of trustees, wrote some legislation, helped folks manage their energy consumption prudently and learned the business of "educating" Maryland lawmakers and members of the US Congress.

The term political appointee cuts two ways. Eventually a new governor fielded a fresh team and ten years ago, I entered the private sector where I now help states and other energy stakeholders evaluate opportunities and plan. Several states, including Oklahoma, have energy emergency plans in play that I was privileged to develop.



Outside of professional life, it's great to visit with classmates. **Gay Hammond Betzer** used to live across 39<sup>th</sup> from my parents, Will and Ginny Clark attend Cornell reunions, **Ron Viner** is like family in Tulsa and we see **Jack Siggins, Paul Edwards** and sometimes, **Linda Rowland Christenson** at Christmas time. We remain in Baltimore, a town large enough to support excellent music, theater and sometimes winning

sport teams, but small enough to know neighbors. I have maintained close ties with the Jewish faith and have served as president of my congregation twice (The Japanese say, "He who not climb Fuji once is fool; he who climb twice is bigger fool). The more learned about my religion, and others, the more I see similarities and opportunities for good will. I've enjoyed some hearty laughs with fellow "wardens" of faith congregations sharing experiences in

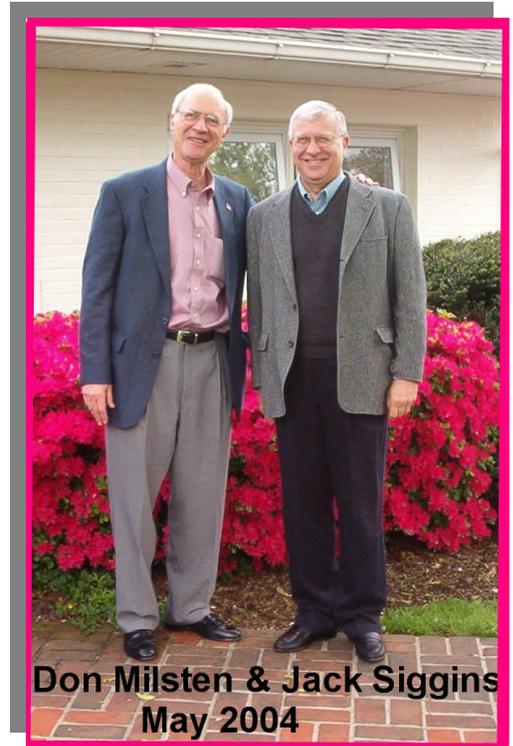
working with donors and high-strung congregants. It is indeed, sacred, if not challenging, work.

I still don't know what to do when I grow up. Perhaps a passion for fly fishing will turn into fish catching. Fame never knocked but success has.

Every time a friend connects, Barbara smiles, our children call to say hello and a grandchild beams out "Pop-Pop and bounds into my arms, I know this journey is worth it. Central was, well central, in learning to work hard, solve problems, keep friends and mark the flowers along the way.



Gratitude goes to those tolerant men and women for whom teaching was a true calling. All honor to them; and, thanks for the use of the hall.



**See ya at  
The 50<sup>th</sup> Don!**