

developed into a large, profitable business which I headed until I retired in 1977 - eventually selling my interest after my partner died of cancer. It is a still bigger business today. Starting and managing small businesses is fun, and with others I got involved in a restaurant chain (the Cook Books), a fly-fishing journal (the Royal Coachman), a gold mine (forget it!), antique business (Albion Antiques) and a cattle dude ranch (the HF Bar) in Saddlestring, Wyoming. All were fun and mostly rewarding. My late life hobbies included packing into the Big Horn mountains (now too old), fly-fishing (still active), model railroading (no room for it anymore) and golf (I'm terrible). Until a couple of years ago I also played the piano and banjo occasionally, however I still only know the songs we used to play with Joe Ferrer's Pied Pipers while at Princeton. The same old songs got a little tiresome and that, combined with a severe stroke I had in 1988 weakening my left side, caused me to give up music.

At age 65, statistics show that there are seven widows for each widower, leading to an interesting life for the widower if he is mobile, reasonably intelligent and solvent. I guess I qualified because after Freddie died, I certainly spent an interesting year meeting widows, airline stewardesses, nieces, aunts, sisters, friends and others. Yes, I married a third time. Again I was lucky to meet a wonderful gal, Betty Washburn, from Carmel, California. We have had and are having a great life together. My two children and her two have become great friends. They are all successful and happily married. We have ten grandchildren and two great grandchildren - it gets a little hard to keep everybody straight. In 1988, we moved into Carmel Valley Manor, a retirement home which we enjoy very much. Life is a bit different than it used to be perhaps, but we're a little different too.

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*President Townend, Frances & Matty Haythe and Herb Cragin, Class Marshal*

## POETS' CORNER

*Editor: You may have noticed that Warren Staebler is our only first time poet appearing in this issue - the other six are repeaters. If this suggests tunnel vision on the part of the editors, the truth is that we need more poets. So far no poet has failed to make it past our editorial board, which speaks to the fine quality of '33 poets. Our associate classmates, the ladies, have yet to be heard from, and we particularly want them to participate. (Curly Marsh)*

### PROMPTED BY '33'S NEWSLETTER

Blue seas in sparkling agitation,  
And coastal scenes spare vegetation—  
Though local scene is not herbaceous,  
The general outlook's fair and spacious.

A sailboat that is trim and gracious  
For exploration efficacious  
To islands topped with evergreen,  
Where seals and ospreys surely seen.

The ospreys float o'er tall cliff's edge,  
While seals take sun on rocky ledge;  
With nicely sheltered pebble beach  
Below the sea gull's raucous screech.

And wildly flaps a cormorant  
Beside a spruce tree aged and gaunt.  
A large and hungry black-backed gull  
Glides o'er the sailboat's sturdy hull.

While eider ducks bob, never idle,  
Call to skipper, Prexy Keidel,  
Majestically the great blue heron  
Calls to teammate, agent Theron.

*Henry Beerits*

### MULCH

These dropping leaves...  
To the mulch heap  
For another spring green.

Those mouldy thoughts...  
Whose time is past  
Or not arrived  
Hidden.  
Pile them together...  
Fruit will come.

Leaves blow away...  
Burn, are lost.  
Leaves need time...  
And other leaves.

Ideas need others too  
To warm the time for greening.  
Forced too soon  
Ideas from spindly stems  
Collapse.

*Charles B. Doak, Jr.*

### DISRESPECTFUL NOTE ON THE DIVINE PLAN

By sinning we get lots of things  
To entertain us while we're bored,  
But labored virtue only brings  
Virtue as its own reward.

I think it futile of the Lord,  
To say that goodness should result  
In such a very slim reward,  
When goodness is so difficult.

*Lewis Thomas*

## POETS' CORNER

### JOHN GREEVER

Poor John Greever one might see  
Reading journals on the quai;  
Poor John Greever sighed for beauty,  
Sighed and dreamed and shirked his duty.  
Poor John Greever wondered why  
Beauty never stayed near by,  
But always dwelt across the sea  
At Naples or in Tripoli.

Poor John Greever read all day,  
While proud old ships surged down the bay;  
Poor John Greever dreamed all night,  
While fog made pearls of every light.

*P. C. Horton*

### THE RAINBOW

Beloved,  
That bow that bends upward  
into heaven  
Rests on two places  
here on earth  
-An arcing radiance  
bridging two reaching poles.  
The poles thus meet in clouds:  
So with you and me-  
we meet in a high space  
Where through curtained rain  
and dark parting clouds  
The sun speaks his loveliness  
in joining us.

*George Constable*

### BARKING UP THE RIGHT TREE\*

No tree should stand higher in human esteem  
Than India's mystical, magical neem.  
The neem should be talked of and grown through the world,  
And banners in praise of it proudly unfurled.

The Spaniards who searched for the Fountain of Youth  
Believe it the source of rejuvenal youth.  
We know beyond doubt that was only a fable;  
No magic a palace can make of a stable.

The Garden of Eden, we're given to believe,  
Made a frictionless life for both Adam and Eve.  
But the Tree of Knowledge's beautiful fruit  
Became their undoing—God gave them the boot.

Yet a tree in India can now recreate  
That heavenly pre-lapsarian state,  
A true Tree of Knowledge whose juices and seed  
Can benefit people of every creed:

Allay their pain, preserve their health,  
Give strength to their land and increase the wealth  
Of our wasting, exploited and over-worked planet,  
Making it whole and enduring as granite.

*\*The National Research Council says the neem tree has such seemingly magical powers it deserves careful scientific scrutiny. An extract may work as a contraceptive, and oil from its seeds has antifungal and antiseptic properties. In a recent study the Council says: "If neem lives up to its early promise, it will help control many of the world's pests and diseases, as well as reduce erosion, desertification, deforestation and perhaps even slow the rate of increase in population".*

*Warren Staebler*

## POETS' CORNER

### POINT OF NO RETURN

Impending doom lurks down our crisis-weary path.

The media scream the rising flood of debt  
as thirteen-digit trillions build the sea of future chaos.  
We see the monster grow and understand his lethal force-our peril.  
We deplore. Little more.

The double sacrifice we know will stem—reverse the rising tide:  
To ask for less. To pay for more.

And yet, now near the fail-safe brink, much closer than we think,  
we look away and point-  
to special interests, the rich, the military, the corporations;  
to entitlements (not ours), the middle class, the Washington splurge;  
to whatever, whomever — else.

We look away and point and say:  
“Not I, until—in fairness—all these others pay their share.”  
A fair demand, indeed, but blind to urgent need.

In my young country, many times the people rose, united to save freedom.  
Their sacrifice was life style, health, and life itself.  
But those were wars.

Must we have wars to motivate our unity?  
Or can we mobilize in peace against our peacetime threats?  
Is not our economic strength the stuff of freedom  
and thus the heritage which we must not destroy but save—pass on?

The flood of debt runs high, building on itself.  
Shall we drown in futile deadlock  
past the point of no return?

*Theron L. Marsh*

# The Greenbrier, October 1992

