



Form of 1970 — Left to right front row: C. R. Phillips, R. B. Roberts, G. C. Burgwin, S. A. Haverstick, A. McC. Stewart, D. F. Lippincott III, T. G. Holsapple, N. G. Host; 2nd row: C. C. Karsten, T. A. Bedford, G. Nouri, S. W. Johnson, C. B. Wood III, F. E. Kenison, W. T. Glidden, Jr., R. G. Stone III '71; 3rd row: P. H. Blair, Jr., B. H. Bossidy, B. N. Honea III, A. N. Breckinridge IV, P. F. Culver, N. W. Niles II, J. R. Eldridge; 4th row: C. Read, A. Houghton III, C. H. Bartle, B. L. Crawford, Jr., S. J. Crandall, G. Eckfeldt, Jr., J. S. Ledbetter. Also present at Anniversary: P. R. Currie.

## 20th Reunion of 1970

The 20th Reunion of the Form of 1970 provided both a weekend to remember and a solid base for a bigger, better bash on our not-so-far away 25th. Approximately 30 of our brethren made it back from various points of residence with the long distance award going to the Holsapples, who flew in from Seattle for the fun.

The Form's festivities commenced Friday night at the Concord home of Frank and Pam Kenison where friends rediscovered each other, and spouses began to associate names they had heard of for years with faces of actual human beings. The potential destruction of myth occasioned by this ("I thought you said Lex Breckenridge was big") proved to be limited to our respective appearances, for as the evening progressed, we each seemed to revert to Pauline if not Jungian archetype. Pat Currie led the charge into the past on Friday night by falling asleep in one of



his traditionally favorite spots only to be closely followed on Saturday afternoon by Sandy Stewart's virtuoso stickball performance so reminiscent of our VI Form daze.

Saturday's weather was terrific and afforded most of us an excuse to avoid watching Phillips and Haverstick on stage at the Alumni Association meeting and instead to wander around what will always be an astoundingly beautiful school. Lunch at the Cage provided the opportunity to catch up with those who dropped by just for the day (good to see you, Skeeter. Stay longer next time) and to marvel at how much nicer it is to eat in a facility that no longer has a dirty floor. Other than the performance by MVP Stewart, the afternoon stickball game proved only that most of us could no longer hit. Nonetheless, we drubbed the Form of 1980, some of whose members were heard to complain that Nouri and Eldridge were refugees from Mexican baseball. Sorry, guys, that only happens at Andover!

Saturday night's dinner at the Sheraton Wayfarer had a number of highlights other than the food. Frank Kenison was presented with the Nat Wheelwright Memorial Moose and sternly admonished to start planning for the 25th. On that same topic Steve Crandall made a lengthy speech that nobody understood but which received lusty applause. He was finally cut short by Amo Houghton's presentation to the Haversticks of the Langenberg Fertility Award, which at the time of publication had yet to be put to good use. Much ap-

plause was also accorded Bedford, Honea, and Culver for not making speeches and allowing us to get on with dinner.

Perhaps the highlight of the evening was the crashing of a local high school reunion by those intrepid terpsichoreans, the Blairs and the Bossidys. And while it was heartening to see how well people of our generation could dance to Young MC, a collective sigh of relief could be heard when the DJ switched to the Temptations in honor of the "older folks" in the room. Could they have possibly been talking about us?

Sunday brought departure and with it that strange combination of joy and sadness that increasingly seems part of these gatherings—joy at our ability to so quickly rediscover each other and sadness that it is for so short a time. It's a testimony to the strength of the Form and the School that those of us from the heart of the troubled years can find so much fun and meaning in reuniting. But our togetherness is not a paradox. After all, we were December's children . . . and everybody's.

—S. Alexander Haverstick II '70

