

61 Briarwood Circle  
Worcester, MA 01606  
December, 2008

Douglas P. Butler  
Julio Drive, Apt.  
Shrewsbury, MA 01545

Dear Doug:

I have some memories of Amherst that I'd like to share with you, and with the classmates who survive longer than I do.

I chose Amherst because of these factors: (a) it had the reputation as an outstanding small college; (b) Amherst did not require College Entrance Exams for students graduating in the top quarter of class standing at Worcester Classical High School; and (c) it was a convenient distance from both my home and from South Hadley, where my sister went to Mt. Holyoke and (I thought) would cooperate in enhancing my social activities (she did).

In my first week at Amherst, I witnessed: (a) a hurricane that blew down most of the trees, blew 80-pound shingles off some dormitories, and rolled the roof of Morrow into a copper ball about 25-feet in diameter, leaving it near Route 9. I heard Mr. King say: "We must r-r-r-ebuild Amherst College." I worked on a ten-man student crew, taking trees off buildings near the town-center, and found new friends, not just freshmen, great guys from every class at Amherst. I knew then that Amherst was a special place, and I have never changed that opinion. (Of course, I assume that if I applied for admission to Amherst today, I'd be turned down).

My college activities were varied. My sport was tennis. For four years, I was the #7 player on a six-man team, went on all the trips (just in case one of my teammates got injured getting off the bus) and sat out all the matches, never getting a letter or even an opportunity to play. I did better in the musical organizations: choir, band (French horn), Smith College Orchestra, Glee Club (substitute on occasion with the DQ). My friends from Worcester (Dick Myrick and Bill Rice) managed to get me into Beta Theta Pi, where I was House Manager for two years (i. e., mopped up on week ends after visits from drunken brothers from other colleges). I worked three years for Walter Dyer and the Amherst Press, doing general news with Dave Eastburn, '42, including an unforgettable interview with Eleanor Roosevelt following her visit to the College -- a great lady, kind, intelligent, forward-thinking, concerned for the under-privileged -- after which experience, I changed my politics from Republican to Independent.

One more life-changing experience at Amherst: The week before graduation, I was summoned to the President's Office to explain why I had been driving the College station wagon at 50 miles an hour in a 45 m.p.h. driving zone. I

demurred, and Mr. King exploded, threatening me with expulsion from the College. (He was even madder than the day Jim Walker drove his roadster up the sidewalk and parked in front of Johnson Chapel). I learned, once and for all, never demur to your boss, a most valuable lesson which served me well over the years, much more useful than my Phi Beta Kappa key.

In my senior year, I took a course in cryptanalysis (for academic credit). This led to serving three years in England, Africa and Europe with the U. S. Army Signal Intelligence Service, usually in the company of George Emerson, '42, who was in the same unit. We were "garritroopers" -- to close to the enemy to wear neckties, too far back to get shot at, much. My only brush with death: once, in Saverne, I had the honor of walking around a corner, knocking down Seventh Army's General Patch. He scolded me, and I remembered NOT to demur, and survived.

Following the war, I returned to Worcester and worked for fifty years for the same employer, State Mutual Life, as an investment officer; also, for twenty years, I had the job of developing proxy-voting policies and was in charge of procedures to keep officers and Directors from violating the Company's conflict-of-interest policies. The S.E.C. examiners of such matters loved me and our systems. (Of course, in those days, there were not so many crooks in high office, and none at State Mutual)

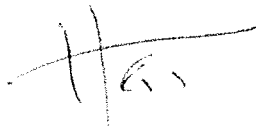
Another life-changing experience: I married Cynthia in 1951. We have a fine family: our son, formerly a software engineer, now completing preparation for a new career as a minister; and our daughter, mother of two beautiful daughters of her own. Cynthia and I still live in Worcester, in a retirement community, where we have joined many of our old friends and neighbors.

For most of my life, my hobbies have included: music (listening) and choral participation; golf; gardening; golf; skiing (until I was 85); golf; foreign travel (in retirement); reading; and golf. I seem to have played a lot of golf. I managed to "shoot my age" at 70 and continued to do so occasionally until I was 85. Since then, health problems have intervened, but I still love the game and try to play once or twice a week, even if its for only a few holes.

So, that's the whole story. I've have always been, and still am, a happy man; and when The Big Boss tells me its time to go, I promise not to demur.

\*\*\*\*\*

If the occasion arises, Douglas, you are welcome to use any of the foregoing for Amherst's "In Memory". I know I can trust someone who shared my play pen 86 years ago. It probably needs to be shortened. If Heisler is still Secretary, he can help cut it down to size. Best means of communication is e-Mail to < htaylor1331@charter.net (use black ink -- my printer doesn't do colors)

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'H. Taylor', written in a cursive style.