

January 1, 1984

Hi Folks--

Hello again and sorry for being late. We've adopted a new format and this caused some technical difficulties. The major news items are: Dad finished his book...again, Andre's in graduate school at Syracuse, Charles is still a BMOC at Haverford, Mother doubled her workload (just kidding), and Paul's almost done with college.

All five of us--and Kim, Andre's girlfriend--can be seen in the first picture. The occasion for this picture was the 30th wedding anniversary of France's aunt and uncle, Andree and Alex Juliard, last summer at Skytop in the Poconos. Our family cherishes its traditional get togethers at Christmas with the Juliard and Pruitt families near Philadelphia and at the end of the summer at Lewes Beach. Also, please don't invite my parents on Sunday nights, as that time is devoted to subsidizing Allnet and MCI with calls to their three (no longer children, no longer boys but) young men.

On the subject of Father, as we can see from his picture, he has finally actually begun learning to cook. He's starting with the easy things of course--pancakes, omelettes, Stouffer dinner packages, pressed duck. These are handy skills for him at home and in his apartment in Buffalo. Luckily, however, in Buffalo he gets invited out to dinner a lot and in Washington Mother comes home occasionally on time, so he doesn't have to depend on his promising but as yet unmatured cooking skills.

The book, as mentioned, was finally "finished," after remaining "almost done" for 12 out of 12 months. It is now being read by some vicidous peer reviewers. Paul has been thinking of secretly calling these scholars and telling them to go easy on the book so Dad doesn't have to "touch up"--that means completely rewrite--the book. They have no idea of the effect a few lightly considered words of criticism will have on Dad. The book, which he has written collaboratively with Jeff Rubin, is on social conflict. Dad is now heavily engaged in research and teaching on third-party mediation in social conflict. He is also editing an issue of the Journal of Social Issues on this topic. In addition, he still finds time to run a part-time mail order business in Chinese stamps. His firm, the Washington Stamp Company (a subsidiary of the world reknown Pruitt Associates, Inc.) will be listed on the Stock Exchange next year.

The next picture shows Andre expressing his opinion of cheap computers. Andre this year bought a fancy \$5,000 unpatriotic Japanese computer from the NEC company. He needed it for his graduate work in computer engineering at Syracuse University. He is working there on the high powered subject of computer graphics. Kim, his girlfriend, is in graduate school also, in plant genetics. That's fantastic except that she's at the University of Virginia. Andre and Kim obviously supported the AT&T breakup. Andre taught a course last semester in APL (Andre's Programming Language--as he tells his students). He was the big Joe professor and actually had 44 students. Only two of them failed the course...amazing.

Moving on to the little kid...whoops, the youngest young man...of the family, Charles kept himself busy the past two semester at Haverford with the course evaluation guide, men's volleyball team, women's volleyball team! (he was assistant coach again), directing the freshman class night program, weekly hockey, and four courses. In the picture, we see Charles leaving for midnight hockey. These dead hours are very convenient for his schedule and are the only time he and his equally hockey-addicted fellow Haverfordians and Haverfordesses can get the rink (according to Charles, the chief organizers of the midnight hockey games are women).

Charles—though he tries to hide it sometimes, so people won't say "You're just like your brother Andre"—is interested and talented in computers. He provides paternalistic help to the ordinary floundering, frustrated undergraduate who is struggling with the equipment at the Haverford Computer Center. Next semester, he may start a toll free mercy computer information hotline for those students whose theses have been eaten by the computer or whose programs contain endless loops that are netting them bills of thousands of dollars in computer time.

On to the matriarch. From the picture, as we can see, Mother has developed a new high tech, highly efficient method of organizing her time. She is, or probably will be, contemplating writing a self-help book on time management using her successful methods. (Paul is ready to quench any such masochistic thoughts after watching Dad agonizing over his volumes.)

With Dad still in Buffalo three days a week, Mother puts in a 50 hour work week at George Mason University administering, teaching and applying Dad's theories of negotiation for space and contracts. She has sustained her office with a successful English language institute and a few contracts from rich Arab nations for training students in English and other academic subjects. She hired seven new employees last year, many of whom have PhD's (what a thrill). Mother is also working as a volunteer for the Bethesda Food Coop, where she's on the Board of Directors. She's having fun wrapping cheeses on Saturdays. In her spare time, she cooks for the Senior Citizens Center at the Friends Meeting and prepares care packages for her homecooking deprived boys...whoops, young men.

Paul, the middle guy, as seen in the picture, needs money and is going to extremes to raise it. If you would like to alleviate the straits of this impoverished student, make your checks out to Paul P. and send them to him at Swarthmore College. Actually, Paul needs money because he worked last summer on a low paying job (which he enjoyed greatly) as a farm hand near Pittsburgh. The owners of the farm were the Connamachers, whom both Mother and Dad knew in their younger years. Paul milked goats, tended misbehaving sheep, built a crooked shed, and tried to grow peas. He enjoyed the work but learned that he was not meant to be a farmer.

In school this year he has been doing research on the growth process in baby zucchini. (Dad is sorry that he won't let those plants grow up, as it would save money on the food bill at college.) He will be going off to graduate school in the fall, barring bad grades or bad admission procedures, in plant physiology or agricultural research. Cornell's his top choice.

Well, those are the important details. We wish to express thanks for all the cards and letters received from you. (Sorry if it looked for a while like you weren't going to get something in return.) The following greetings were contributed by members of the family:

Dad: "Have a safe and productive new year."

Andres: "Hi and merry Christmas ("Christmas is past," says Dad)

"Um, um, um...", says Andre, "Stay away from cheap imports."

Charles: "I'm not a BMDC."

Mother: "May peace be with you throughout the year."

Paul: "O.K., already. I'll probably be doing this again."

Merry New Year."

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