

smaurer1@swarthmore.edu
Fran_Stier@cs.com
lnmaurer@home.com
a.j.maurer@worldnet.att.net

206 Benjamin West Ave
Swarthmore PA 19081-1421
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Dear

I was looking at chicken in the supermarket a few weeks ago. (I shop at downscale Pathmark one week; Fran shops at upscale Genuardis the next. That's how we stay married.) A woman worker was putting out more packages and noticed me walking back and forth. "Are you looking for something?" she asked. "Oh no, I'm just comparing prices", I said. "Yes", she said, "I remember you showing your little boy how to comparison shop." I started thinking, she must be confusing me with someone else. "What was his name", she continued, "Leo?"

"Yes, Leon", I said, "that was a long time ago." "How old is he now?" she asked. "15, and this high", I replied, holding my hand an inch or so over my head.

As a teacher, one of the sweet things is when students from long ago appear (or send email) and tell you about something that made an impression. Sometimes I remember it, sometimes I don't. This year we had occasion to visit with two of my best students from Exeter days, one now a math professor at Oxford, the other a mathematical biologist at NIH. They both had stories to tell of what they remembered from my teaching, and I was pleased that my kids listened attentively.

Yes, I had walked back and forth with Leon at the Pathmark, maybe when he was 6 or 7, showing him how to compare prices and how to factor that into one's decisions. And someone had been listening and remembers to this day.

Work. I continue as Associate Provost for Information Technology (APIT). I seem to be making progress for the College. We have never had a technology fund for big projects and innovations – a fund like a plant capital fund that gets a steady income flow to prepare for lumpy expenditures – and now we seem on a course towards developing one. You would think that a million here a million there would be no problem for a school with a \$billion endowment, but it ain't so (and wouldn't be so even if the endowment hadn't shrunk to .85B on our benchmark Sept 30). The imaginative people around here think up lots of uses for the money, and you can't prudently spend too much of an endowment anyway. However, my best skill is taking a complicated situation and making sense out of it, then presenting it in writing and speech in a clear top down way; so I am getting through to the President and maybe I will get through to the Board.

One of the specific issues absorbing my time has been Film and Media Studies. We started a concentration a few years ago but neglected to set aside enough money for the production end. We are not trying to education future Spielbergs; just to be a movie critic, you need to appreciate the production aspects. Anyway, the very same equipment needed for modern electronic editing is also

part of the equipment for something much bigger – the role of multimedia in teaching and research. Already, faculty research and student reports are not only paper documents, but sometimes multimedia documents (hyperlinked files with sound clips, video clips, whole video documentaries, special interactive software, etc.), which take a lot more equipment and staff assistance to produce. Some institutions have elaborate New Media Centers for all this. What is Swarthmore going to do to support the fledgling efforts already going on here?

I continue to teach 2/5 time, one course a semester. To give me a little more time, I've been allowed the same courses each year: Honors Linear Algebra in the Fall and Discrete Mathematics in the Spring. Still, every group of students is different, and I can't help fiddling with my courses anyway. For several years I've had fairly substantial websites for my courses, but this Fall Swarthmore got Blackboard, a front end that makes it easy for Luddites (less easy for experts) to put up a course website. It turns out that students prefer Blackboard because it gives them a uniform electronic front end for all their courses. I thought it prudent for me to be one of the pioneers, so I ended up porting everything to Blackboard as well as maintaining my original site. And I decided I might as well try putting up multimedia too, not just copies of assignments, solutions, readings, etc. So I became a movie star. Want to see a 15-minute minilecture on the Gram-Schmidt algorithm? Just a first try, but there may be more coming. The idea is: if we can offload some of the more formal parts of our courses, then there is more time in the classroom for what Swarthmore does best – personalized seminar interaction.

Unfortunately, I have still other jobs to do. I run first-year math placement. I am overdue on revising my discrete math textbook. I am President of the local PBK chapter. Well, last spring I dropped one job: I resigned as editor of a national discrete math module series. I resigned rather abruptly, but I should have resigned long ago. I did no one a favor by mostly sitting on the work.

Unfortunately, I also have to take on a new job: President of the local Swim Club, starting in February. I've been doing all right as Treasurer and membership chair, but I may be rising to my level of incompetence. I bet I will be the first President whose kids had no interest in the swim team, but there was no one else ready to do it, and I had already begged off one year.

Also in the time category is Aaron's Bar Mitzvah in April. Fortunately, Fran is doing most of the work; I just sigh and sign the checks. Well, whenever Fran's effort to get Aaron to chant his passages right dissolves into a shouting match, I get called in as visiting fireman and pronunciation coach.

Finally, I have spent even more time with the news, in my case mostly through the NY Times and its website, since Sept 11. On Sept 12, looking at the papers, I thought, with photos like these, who needs disaster movies? But some years hence, once most of the pieces of this immense puzzle have been put together, there *will be* a disaster movie, with the structure of *Tora Tora Tora*, but much more gripping. I can see scenes now. Bin Laden on a rug, giving the go-ahead. The view from the cockpit as the first plane hits the WTC. The view of a red-hot girder buckling. And so on. Please forgive my cold analysis.

Anyway, I'm pretty busy.

Travel. After many proposals, we settled on a return trip to England, mostly in the West Country we hadn't seen in 1997. Let me just list some of my personal favorites, especially less well-known places. Fran will say more below.

- The Clifton Suspension Bridge, Bristol: first drive under it from the north then find a road up and walk across for free. Some day I'll do a whole UK trip with the engineering work of the two Brunels as the theme.

- The view near the crest of any ridge of over 1000', e.g., the ridge to the east of Ludlow. For the most part drivers can't sightsee while driving in Britain; the motorways are boring and the other roads are narrow, twisty and closed in by hedges. But Britain has only 8% tree cover. Get up on any ridge and suddenly even the driver can see forever.

- Dartmoor: the highest parts look like the mountains of west Texas, only greener.

- Maiden Castle near Dorchester. A hill fort conquered by Vespasian.

- The Vale of the White Horse. One of many large chalk carvings in the hills, this one prehistoric. Walk to it and then to the ridge above it.

- Glastonbury Tor.

- Bath: the Postal Museum as well as the Roman Museum. I didn't know stamps were invented so recently, or that the mailbox is due to Anthony Trollop.

- The restored reading room at the British Museum.

Children. I worry less about Leon than I did last year but more about Aaron.

It seems that the way to raise kids these days is to keep them endlessly busy with extracurricular activities. Selective colleges promote this, or at least schools and parents think so. Our local schools have certainly bought in. Except for long projects, they seldom require much homework or grade very strictly, but they put all sorts of efforts into their extracurricular activities.

However, our own children haven't bought into a heavy extracurricular schedule. So they have a lot of time on their hands.

Actually, I haven't bought in either. I would much prefer kids to do a few things well. I want kids to learn

how to work hard, and even more, to learn that some things take time and it's worth it to commit yourself to a long haul to accomplish them.

I think Leon has learned this. He is committed to the FIRST Robotics competition. While this emphasizes crash schedule team engineering and basketball-tournament-like hoopla more than science and programming, it's clearly worthy. See his report below. Next, this past summer Leon took a 325-mile bike trip in Vermont with SHP (Student Hostelling Program), got excited by what he could do, and now plans to take a 1000-mile bike trip with them this coming summer. (Since he was serious, we paid for a \$700 bike this Fall.) He plans to continue with the basketball league (he isn't great, but he puts in an effort and he was on the league champion team last year). In addition, he has gotten fairly serious about squash, and asks me to play with him – so I am still good for something in his eyes. I still beat him, but now he tires me out. He continues with Scouts, though still with no interest in making Eagle. And finally, he convinced us to get him a VisaBuxx card (giving him an online allowance each month), which he uses to buy all sorts of old computer machinery. His room and our new shed are littered with his experiments in computer electronics. I don't know if he accomplishes anything, and I don't know if colleges will be impressed, but he's happily self-directed. I wish he would go the extra mile in his classes, rather than settling for an A- average, but all we can do at this point is make suggestions and hope his response is not too sarcastic.

Aaron is a different story. He quit band (and thus music) last winter. He goes 3 days a week to Hebrew school and Bar Mitzvah lessons, but this ends in the Spring and I am sure he won't continue to the Hebrew high school. His volunteering one afternoon/wk at his old nursery school may end too, since that is a Bar Mitzvah service project. (He says he may continue; he likes it and is good with little kids.) That leaves just the occasional enrichment seminar and Boy Scouts, in which he too has made no effort outside of meetings to advance since making First Class last spring (required to attend the Jamboree this summer). As for regular school work, to his great credit all his report card grades have been varieties of A's; he has also gotten better at scheduling his homework and has overcome most of his writer's block. But if a teacher is not explicit to the contrary, he still does perfunctory work, happily spending many hours after school and weekends watching TV and playing computer games instead.

Aaron's Bar Mitzvah study is a case in point. Fran has suggested it will go easier and be more interesting if he learns what the words mean, but he insists on learning it from the tapes by rote, and hardly even concentrates on the letters. (Fortunately he has a decent ear for pitch, but he has a weak ear for phonics.)

Aaron does read a lot, even more than Leon, though in spurts. They both are quite reflective. Aaron for his age is surprisingly interested in grown-up issues, and they both

hold their own in dinner table debates. I even made a little progress in getting Aaron to get physical exercise. Late this summer, after years of prodding, I finally got Aaron to learn how to ride a bike. He had claimed he saw no point in it. For a few weeks we took half-hour bike rides together, though he balked if I included more than one hill, and then for a while during our glorious warm Fall he took some rides on his own.

My greatest concern, though, is his attitude that either you are good at something or you are not, and if you are not there is no point in trying to get better. How frustrating to see this attitude in my own child when as an educator I am always fighting it. (The math community is vigorously fighting this you-can-or-you-can't attitude because Americans believe it so much about mathematics; quite the opposite belief holds in Asia.) Mathematics is not Aaron's problem, but he doesn't push himself very hard in most other subjects. Even in math, if he doesn't understand something I mention to Leon, or doesn't see how to do a calculation I suggest he could do in his head, he wants to change the topic rather than ask for a hint or an explanation.

I am hopeful that his Bar Mitzvah will eventually teach Aaron that one can have pride in accomplishment through hard work. Whether he (or I) thinks the accomplishment has intrinsic worth doesn't matter, if this one lesson is learned.

This fall, in APIT background reading, I came across an old article by Herbert Simon. The words that struck me most struck me personally: "Parents all come to understand the impossibility of foretelling how their children are going to turn out; how much more futile it would be for them to try to imagine what their great-great-great-great-grandchildren will be like."

It's hard to think of a gripping opening to a letter that's (thank Heavens) free of drama. Steve and I get grayer and stouter, the kids get taller. I'm grateful to be sitting at my desk, looking back at 19 years of annual letters, and leafing through my year's journal, trying to pick out the juicy bits..

Kids: Leon seems to have topped out at 6'2". He's grown a scraggly goatee. He distributes a series of occasional essays with the following disclaimer: Leon Maurer does not claim to be an expert in the subjects of which he writes; he simply is a human who thinks and uses the knowledge he has gained in fifteen years of life.

Aaron's several inches taller than me, too.

Robotics took up most of Leon's winter. This year's FIRST competition was to design a robot that could move over a see-saw bridge, pick up a beach ball on the other side and put it on top of a 3' plastic cylinder on a wheeled base, then tow that cylinder and a second one back to the bridge and balance on it. The Positronic Panthers (the high school robotics team) came in 4th in a field of 50+.

He worked for the Swarthmore Computer department in July, hauling new computers around and occasionally

helping set them up. And he successfully networked our computers to share a cable modem - we no longer fight over who gets the second phone line in the evening.

Both kids went to the Boy Scout Jamboree - a worldwide gathering of about 50,000 scouts at US Army Camp A.P. Hill, Virginia in mid-summer. At departure, Leon looked amazingly soldierlike in his uniform and short hair. Aaron had his usual 4-week old buzz cut (3/4" long, sticking perpendicular to his head) and had forgotten to put on his name-tag, and he and Steve had to unpack A's duffel in the parking lot, and never did quite get it to close again.

Aaron called and left a message on the machine: "Hello, Mom. I'm all right. This is Aaron. I'm not dead yet. I haven't taken a shower. And I stink. Goodbye".

The US Army Corps of Engineers exhibited a cross between a bulldozer and a tank. Paratroopers showed scouts how to pack a parachute. The army cooking corps passed out cookies. The Army National Guard was giving out hats. The NRA had certified instructors and a video at the shooting range (which both kids used). Leon maintained that it was all a giant military recruitment scheme.

As a patrol leader, Leon often led grace; the troop leader said the whole troop now knew borei p"i ha-adama. Leon dubbed the meat Gefultecow - beef the texture of gefulte fish. Aaron's tent-mate dived into the tent during one thunderstorm, and broke the tent-pole. Another scout got almost struck by lightning. Leon washed clothes; Aaron did not. (All clothing had to be official boy scout, at outrageous prices).

Leon read Newsweek's articles on the jamboree and the court case over gays in scouting, and the role of the Latter Day Saints in Boy Scouts, and we had some good discussions at dinner. Last year, he hadn't wanted to think about it.

Overall, they liked the Jamboree. The troop leader had a gift for bad-but-clean jokes, and led singing contests against the neighboring campsite. Every morning, he strode through the camp, calling out "uppy duppy!! it's a bright, crisp, sparking, exuberant, Jamboree morning!".

Leon then set off on a two week bike trip through Vermont - he and Steve would have long phone conversations about the route and the scenery. Aaron went back to Tockwaugh, a Y camp on the Eastern Shore of MD, where he sailed and cooked.

Aside from Boy Scout trips and Tockwaugh, Aaron's chief loves are math (he's doing an 8th grade accelerated course), reading, and Diablo II. We agonized a little about Diablo II. Aaron maintained all his friends had it, well maybe not DW, because his parents are even more conservative than us, but N does. L says many of his friends have it, and all you do is go level by level killing little monsters who go AAARGH as they die. Then you get to kill the big devil. He thinks it's dull. We broke down and bought it, of course, and Leon spent surprising

amounts of time killing monsters from level to level and hearing them go AAARGH as they died.

A has me wound around his finger. Last weekend, he had agreed to go to services, but then didn't want to get up. "How about I give you a hug and a kiss on the cheek and pat you on the head and call you a silly little Mommy, and you let me go next week instead".

To the extent we converse, it's mostly at dinner. E.g.: "S made this awful meatloaf with leftover seder ingredients: Jerusalem artichokes, almonds, horseradish, but no egg because he doesn't like egg in meatloaf. But L had a good time abusing the meatloaf and guessing ingredients, and they'd had good days at school".
12/13/01: "A v. funny about science experiment. The teacher had kids press their fingers into agar dishes, then incubated them. The boys' hands created huge colonies of bacteria. The girls' fingers created only tiny spots. A stopped in the boys room to wash his hands before the next class."

I think one reason parents find life with teens stressful is that their own, remembered, teenaged selves come often to mind. I was pretty unhappy and difficult in those years, and seeing the kids enjoy what they're doing, and enjoy being with each other - even if the activities aren't particularly constructive or educational - is reassuring.

Work: Pretty good year. Finished a couple of conversion projects. I have a reportee now who handles the systems end of running tests and coaxing the programs to run (part is custom made software, and prone to error and collapse).

I spent a couple of weeks in Tokyo in October, meeting the people I'd been corresponding with by email. It was wonderful to do a daily 3-mile jog around the Imperial Palace compound, along massive stone walls and moats, and through the 17th century gates. I'd learned a tiny amount of Japanese, and wished I knew more. However, getting around wasn't hard. Before I ventured anywhere, the ex-pat actuary's secretary gave me xeroxed maps showing the location of AIG's two offices in Tokyo, and the addresses in Japanese-I felt like a kid on a field trip, with my name, school, and class pinned to my shirt.

In fact, though, getting around within Tokyo wasn't hard. The Japanese subways and commuter trains are very clearly signed (in English as well as Japanese). The local Jewish Community center had a xeroxed list of the Japanese names for fishes, and armed with it I could verify the identities of the sushi plates that passed by in a conveyor belt sushi-ya (sushi shop).

Provident (my old company) will be acquired next year by Nationwide, and here have been rounds of layoffs and early retirement offers.

Synagogue: I've gotten more involved in the synagogue than before. Got put in charge of Social Action, and we're helping with a house renovation in Chester (a very poor city two towns over from Swarthmore). I'm on the Board now, and our rabbi left for another pulpit in July. There was disagreement over

what led to his departure, and also over how to deal with budget shortfalls, and our president resigned in mid-year. There's been a bit more of the human comedy on view than some would care to see.

I'm on the search committee for a new rabbi - we've interviewed 6-7 candidates and had 2 meet the congregation, but we haven't filled the post yet. Our emeritus rabbi came back part time, and lay people are trying to fill in some gaps. The internet is a great source for last minute d'var Torahs (little commentaries on the Torah that take the place of sermons) - one week, I searched for the Hebrew commandment "bal tashit" (do not waste) on Northernlights.com, and got 50 possibilities. Is this a great country or what?

Home: I finally talked Steve into converting our garage & overhang into a mudroom, family/guest room, and bath, so a lot of last winter was taken up with finding a contractor and agreeing on specs, and surviving the construction period. The joists supporting the 2nd floor were too narrow (and plumbing lines had been cut through them, weakening them), we had water beetle damage in one wall, and a load-bearing post was rotting from wet. I had to keep telling myself that if the walls had stood since 1938 in spite of damage, they weren't likely to collapse in the few days between when damage was discovered and repairs could be made.

Travel: Spent 10 days in southwest England. We had bought the tickets before the breakout of hoof and mouth, but by the time we arrived in June most restrictions had been lifted. Started near Avebury (a huge circle of rough-hewn megaliths, much older than Stonehenge), drove to Shropshire, where we stayed in a country house built 1754 with stewponds in back (see Sense & Sensibility)- I loved it; imagined myself a Jane Austin heroine as I descended the stairway into the central hall. (Leon was nervous that the stairway tilted from horizontal.)

Wells was a lovely little cathedral town, with a moated bishop's palace, and a tiny close (14th century) for a College of Vicars that have sung in the cathedral since 1140. Steve's and my room at the B&B had wall to wall white carpet, wallpaper and draperies and a huge canopied bed in blue flowered chintz. (the kids' room was plainer - they kept reminding us of the disparity). But there was one lovely evening Steve and I sat in the downstairs parlor after dinner watching the cathedral fade into the twilight.

Bath's Roman Baths museum was wonderful in spite of being jammed with schoolchildren - steaming waters from the spring of Sulis Minerva pour into the main caldarium and out a Roman drain to the River Avon. Display of curses that had been written on lead and thrown into the hot spring. As we left the museum, there was a group of African dancers of indeterminate origin: the men shirtless with furred leggings, the women in scanty tie-died camisoles and even scantier string skirts that barely covered their butts. I wondered what would dear Ms. Austin have said.

To Dartmoor (hiking and an open-air museum at an ancient tin mine), where the B&B host's Pekinese just delighted the kids - like a living shag rug, with a tiny, flat face peering out. Returning east, Steve insisted on driving by Cerne Abbas, which embarrassed Aaron greatly. Salisbury cathedral was wonderful - the cathedral school choir was practicing, and the Chapter House had a copy of the Magna Carta and wonderful scenes from Hebrew Scripture all around.

Spent a day at the British Museum, where we split up and then met a couple hours later to tell each other what we'd found. Leon had found an exhibit on the history of money. Aaron entranced by the mechanical clocks, and I loved the Lewes chess pieces - they were so stoic and baleful looking.

Saw Naval Museums at Portsmouth and toured the Victory (Nelson's ship at Trafalgar), but arrived too late at Winchester Cathedral to do more than glimpse Ms. Austin's grave.

Closing Fran's part: Fall was very dry and warm around here; the bright red and orange leaves of the ornamental maples hung on, long after other trees were bare. Every weekend, I'd walk around trying to memorize the color of the leaves, thinking maybe they'd disappear during the week. It's so good to look across at Leon and Aaron at dinner as they tell their days; they're alive and well and so confident. I'm so grateful we're together with them. Wishing for peace in the coming year, and comfort for the hurting among us.

Greetings,

Much has happened in the past year, although I was asleep for about a third of it :). Here's a run down of the important/interesting things that happened (the important/interesting factor is based on whether I remember an event well), and some of what will happen:

Robotics: As I predicted in last year's letter, my involvement in my school's FIRST robotics competition team used much of my time. However, it was well worth it. In the regional competition, in Philadelphia, we placed fourth in a field of about 50 teams. After that, we were paired with the 8th place team, and three teams of our choice in an alliance. However, our alliance was pitted against an alliance consisting of the first, and fifth ranked teams, and three teams of their choice. We lost, but it was very close, and the first place team's robot was built exclusively by Dupont engineers anyway. This year's competition will start January 6 with the announcement of what game this year's robots will have to play. I am, once again, the team's treasurer (all the officer's terms were extended one year). Last year we didn't get to go to the national competition at Disney World, however, this year, we received \$30,000 from McNeal Consumer Products (a unit of Johnson & Johnson), so this year we are going to Disney. Also, there's a good chance that I'll be president next year, seeing how all the other officers are seniors. The only other robotics related news is that FIRST's

founder released an over priced (but rather nifty) scooter, you may have heard the hype.

Work: Over the summer I got my first real job! I lugged computers all around the Swarthmore campus (they replaced a fourth of their computers every year) for \$6.20, and later \$6.45 an hour (some raise). However, since I worked for several weeks, and my only expense was lunch at the local pizzeria (where a friend was working for more dough (bad pun)), I netted some money. I just wish FDR hadn't started social security... However, it was a good experience.

Physical activities: In August, I took part in a ~312 mile bike trip (~28 miles a day) that went mostly through Vermont. It was quite enjoyable, and I hope to take another, longer bike trip next summer. I still play squash twice a week, and may soon beat my Dad.

Computers: I managed to network all the computers in the house to access a cable modem, except my Dad's (he has some lame excuse). I also have a growing collection of old Macintosh computers (much to my mother's dismay). I find troubleshooting these computers quite enjoyable, and thanks to ebay, I can find about any part I need. The tricky part, however, is finding a use for them :). I'm also learning more computer science, in an attempt to take one of the AP exams for it.

A thought (question): Time is limited. There are always choices dealing with how to use this time. The things to do fall into three groups, things one wants to do, things others want one to do, and things that one could do, but has not thought of. Recently, a bunch of teachers decided that they wanted many different things done during the week preceding winter break (as teachers usually do). This caused a harder choice than usual. It also made me wonder: why do people do stuff they do not wish to do? I decided upon four prime reasons (real reasons being a combination of these).

- 1) One, for some reason, agreed to do it.
- 2) One does it because it will help one do something one likes, in the future.
- 3) Others expect them to do it.
- 4) One is masochistic, which may mean that one, actually, does enjoy doing it.

The work I was burdened with was mostly of the third category; I never agreed to it, it wasn't going to directly help me much (if at all) in the future, and I'm not masochistic. So why should I do it? There is one major indirect effect spawned by doing my school work; namely that I would get better grades, making my parents happy, thus possibly helping me do something I want to do in the future. Ok, so there is some use in my doing these cursed projects, but the use is only a future possibility. But back to the general case: why do people do things only because others expect it of them? A return favor? Like my teachers are going to do me something of equal toil just for me (although they may do something of equal uselessness, grade it). Perhaps many people don't wish to

make their own decisions, and thus substitute others' expectations for them. However, I haven't reached a real conclusion as to why. I now hand the thought over to you. If you have a good reason, I'd be happy to hear it.

NOTE: I don't believe that all schoolwork is useless, just that the projects that were wasting all my time were useless.

Interesting things read since last letter:

- Heinlein remains my favorite author, and I'm now through 18 novels and collections of short stories by him (5 more than last letter).
- I have also read several books by Arthur C. Clarke including the Rama series (some co-authored with Gentry Lee), Imperial Earth, and numerous short stories (the best being "History Lesson" and "Superiority").
- The Left Hand of Darkness, Ursula K. LeGuin
- A Case of Conscience, James Blish
- I finished Isaac Asimov's Foundation series by finding and reading its last (and, for some reason, out of print) book Foundation and Earth.
- Cat's Cradle and Slaughterhouse Five, Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
- Einstein's Dreams, Alan Lightman
- The Fountainhead, Ayn Rand (I'm still digesting it, but I like many of the ideas).
- Forest Gump, Winston Groom

Good Movies I've seen since last letter:

- Pi ()
- Quest for Fire
- The Fellowship of the Ring (amazing special effects used to create a mood)

You can visit my website at

<http://www.geocities.com/dlenmn/>

It contains more of my thoughts (including most of the essays that my Mom mentioned).

Editor's Note: All of us, including Aaron, saw earlier drafts of each person's section, and made suggestions and requests for changes. Aaron was encouraged to write his own section, and thought about it, but didn't. Maybe next year.

Many of you now get this annual by electronic means only. It sure is a lot easier to trash quickly that way, without waste. Give us your email address if you would like it electronically in the future. We send it as a formatted Word attachment and as plaintext email.

For several recent pictures of our family, go in a few days to Leon's site given above.