

boo

The Ros

Age Fifteen to almost age Eighty good friends for a long time high school, college, careers, parenting, death of parents, retirement.... a hell of a lot!...

We were roommates at Yale....Timothy Dwight College. Life was good, beautiful women were imported on weekends, and beer was ordered by the dozencases,... and we studied too. The Ros, Duke (Bill Porter), Hardy Brereton, and I managed well together in our own orbits. I rode and raced bicycles. Hardy ...music, Duke.... worked, and Jack had a different energy level. I was shocked to learn he later in life that he became an avid tennis player. Energy Level? 40 years...yeah 40 years ago, at our cabin in Canada Jack spent his time floating on the lake on an air mattress, while Jackie and I caught dinner and Jen cooked.

He arrived with a pile of books books, and read them all!!

“Threads Man” were important for Jack and not just for the Cotillion Ball, but all the time. In those days we had coat and tie rules for meals. Jack actually tied a tie going into the dining room, not just pulling a gravy stained clip on out of his coat pocket. — — -Think clip on on a tee shirt... His frugality showed when he removed the frayed collars from his buttoned down shirts turned them over and sewed the ‘almost new’ collars back on.

Cars, Jack always had to have a convertible, and think about it, ...this was growing up in Minnesota winters. In high school it was a green Oldsmobile with electric windows then an Austin Healy. At Yale he went too far with the open air scene, and damn near didn’t make it. He and Curt went together and bought a motorcycle. Not just any motorcycle, but a BSA 750!! Hot, fancy, fast, sexy....it fit all The Ros parametersexcept safety. In pulling up over the curb to park, the bike lurched, Jack fell back twisting the throttle, and the bike and Jack shot through a cast iron fence as piece of cast iron cut into his thigh just missing a critical artery. Relieved, we smuggled in beer in and had a party in his hospital room.

We studied too. Jack, Duke and I took a case study business course together taught by a wonderful Scot. The three of us spent a lot of time arguing over how best

to solve the business problems posed, then repaired to out rooms and wrote our papers. One day the professor asked the three of us to stay a moment. He mentioned that our papers often seemed quite similar. When we explained we were roommates and spent an enjoyable time in discussion, but then wrote of papers separately, he, quite relieved, encouraged us to keep up the good work.

Sailing: Jen and I had a great time sailing with Jack and Jackie off the West Coast..... of Wisconsin.many a warm summer afternoon cruising Lake Pepin. Windermere was lovely, and she always sparkled under Jack's meticulous care. the end of lines whipped and all cotter pins taped. The stronger the wind, the better for both Jack and me ,,,,we loved to trim it in and the bury the rail. Jackie? not so much. Jack's meticulous maintenance changed below deck and his frugality took over. On their new boat in Miami, he saved money and didn't get an oil and filter change. Our cruise was cut short by the blaring of the engine warning horn.the rusty oil filter had let loose and most of the oil from that little Volvo ended up in the bilge.oh well, we were close to the slip, not somewhere critical with winds or tides pushing us ashore.