

Andy was going to come up with a GHI-type multiple choice question (one, naturally, where the possible answers are even more difficult to figure out than the question) but time has run out and it hasn't happened and he's out of the country. So I send the following missive about our lives in its place.

Andy and I were married in August 1962 (Lowell Braxton was our Best Man) and started graduate school in geology at the University of Illinois.

Six years later Andy had his PhD and I had my MS and two children and had worked at the Illinois Geologic Survey for several years. I haven't worked as a geologist since.

His degree is in geology with a minor in civil engineering so he's an engineering geologist. The combination was useful - being able to look at problems in hydroelectric project construction (dams and tunnels and underground chambers) from both the geologic side (what the rock was like) and the engineering side (what was needed).

Our first construction camp was in Churchill Falls, Labrador where we lived for over two years. At that time it was the largest hydroelectric project in the free world (meaning that the Soviet Union had something larger). The winters were long and very cold, but the snow kept very clean, and the aurora borealis was spectacular. Our third child was born there - I was flown to Labrador City to await his birth - no maternity ward or incubator in the construction camp.

Then to Colombia where we spent several years at the Alto Anchicayá hydroelectric project - a completely different construction environment from Labrador. Labrador was North American efficiency, everything on schedule, within budget - completely organized and planned and carried out. The project in Colombia was successful, but it was behind schedule, beyond budget, and Andy really learned the meaning of mañana. It's not, as we think, that I'll do it tomorrow. More often than not he learned that the person had no intention of doing it at all.

We loved both construction camps. They were an adventure for us. It was a different life, and especially in Colombia a different culture. Alto Anchicayá was a project in the tropical jungle rain forest of the northern Andes. In two years we saw the moon once and the stars four times. Here the sunrises were spectacular, with clouds rising up out of the valleys behind successive mountain ridges. I'd take the three kids out for a walk along the camp roads (just to get outside) and construction trucks would stop to see if I needed assistance. I always said no, we were just out for a walk. They couldn't believe I would be so crazy as to go out walking in the rain with my kids. We thought it was fun! To step off the road meant to step into the jungle....we stayed on the roads. I learned Spanish - slowly but eventually with great satisfaction. Andy learned it a lot faster - he had to - he heard it and had to speak it. I studied and therefore wanted to know where the indirect object goes - not an efficient way to learn a language. One of the advantages of living in a tropical rain forest is that one could have a gin and tonic by the construction camp pool at 10:00 Sunday morning. By noon it would be raining. We both fell in love with Colombia, with Colombians, with their music, their history, and their sangria.

Andy was working for Acres, a Canadian engineering company. When not in construction camps we lived in Niagara Falls, Ontario, and every time we visited Andy's parents who by then were living in Buffalo we had to show documentation that we were not draft dodgers. Eventually

the border guards just smiled and waved us through. We moved to Gainesville FL in 1973 when Andy's former PhD professor, now living in Gainesville, invited him to join in a two-man consulting firm: Consultants in Engineering Geology and Applied Rock Mechanics.

In 1981 Andy went out on his own and we have led a most unusual life by most standards since then. He has worked on hydroelectric projects everywhere from Ghana to Malaysia, Turkey to Nepal, Manitoba to China (not Three Gorges), Morocco to Sulawesi, Malawi to Papua New Guinea, and all over Latin America, being gone 1-3 weeks at a time. He is a sponge for history and culture and we've learned much from his travels. I think our daughter Karen was in 3rd grade when her teacher, trying to expand the minds of her students, asked an obviously unanswerable question - what is the capital of Honduras? Karen's hand shot up and said "Tegucigalpa". We always had maps on the wall showing where Dad was.

These days Andy is working not quite so much and the destinations are much closer - San Francisco, Vancouver, Atlanta, Milwaukee, Boston (not the Big Dig) and is still keeping his hand in various Latin American countries. Even if dams aren't being built, if there's a tunnel to be excavated Andy likes the challenge of being a part of it. In the debate about global energy production and consumption, there is still no source that is as clean and renewable as hydroelectric.

We have three children - Kurt (1966), Karen (1967) and Glen (Hutch)(1968). They are all happily married and we have three very special grandchildren. Kurt and Jan live in Cross Creek so we see them and their children frequently. Karen and Elliot live in East Blue Hill, Maine, and Hutch and Monica and new baby live in New Braunfels, Texas.

I spent most of my working life at the University of Florida, ending up as the Administrative Assistant in the Department of Environmental Engineering. I was the budget/contracts & grant person and it was right up my alley. I loved working with the faculty and keeping track of the dollars, especially when computers became common and I could create spreadsheets and organize databases! I'm talking the mid to late '80s here. And I spent tons of time helping organize and run Youth Soccer and being an active "School Board Watcher" meaning I attended meetings and served on umpteen task forces. I never did run for the School Board but if I had wanted to run for something it certainly would have been that.

We always look forward to trips. We've rented cars, or bought Eurail passes, and have had a wonderful time, with the kids as teenagers, and then later on our own, exploring Europe and New Zealand. Andy bungy jumped in New Zealand - never has so much money disappeared so quickly - \$ for the jump, and then of course for the still pictures and the video taken of it, and a triumphant t-shirt afterwards. They told me I could jump for free if I was nude but I declined the offer. There were three places I wanted to visit with Andy on his jobs (so that his way would be paid) - Morocco, Turkey, and the Serengeti but unfortunately Andy's participation in the jobs ended before I figured out how to do it.

In the past two years we've made three trips out west and have wallowed in the geology we haven't seen since our summer field camps in 1961 and 1962. Last May and September we visited 17 dams in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho as well as our field camp sites. This May Andy rented a Harley (always a dream of his) and I rented an Avis and with my sister Marty, EC

'58 and also a geology major, we roamed around South Dakota and Nebraska with our Roadside Geology books on hand. We saw Devils Tower again which really is impressive whether one is a geologist or not. I imagine we will be heading out west again and again; we are captivated by the geology and the beautiful open spaces.

After living in Gainesville for 27 years we bought and built on 75 acres in Cross Creek, Florida in 2000. It is where Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings wrote *The Yearling* (and other books) and it is still very rural. We are surrounded by huge live oaks with Spanish moss, and any number of other large hardwoods and magnolias. It's a beautiful place to live. Days go by and we see only deer, wild turkeys, gopher tortoises (all named Tom the Turtle), hawks, and frequently playful bald eagles. (You hear them, look up, and they really are just playing.) Sandhill cranes arrive by the thousands every fall and leave all too soon in the spring. We're only 25 miles from Gainesville so we still enjoy culture (amazing for small town Gainesville - orchestras, ballets, Yo Yo Ma, Garrison Keillor, Alvin Ailey as well as The Full Monty and My Mother's Italian....) and UF Gator sports. What a year it has been for the Gators! We are great fans of volleyball, gymnastics, and baseball as well as football and basketball.

The property in Cross Creek came with an old Ford tractor and Andy's since bought a bright orange Kioti. Happiness for him is being out on one of the tractors doing whatever - from mowing the pasture to hauling away downed trees to taking Sarah (9) and Nathan (5) on hay rides. We used to own a condominium on the Atlantic and that was our 'get-away' spot. We sold it when we knew we didn't want to get away from Cross Creek.

I'm attaching two pictures. One is of Hutch, Karen, and Kurt a few years ago, and one of us taken at the same time. We plan on being at our reunion so this will help you recognize us.

Forty five years have somehow whizzed by for all of us. One of my favorite sayings is *Life Is What Happens While You're Making Other Plans* and all in all, when we look back, we know we have been very fortunate to have had the life that we have had.

We hope that lots of our class come for our 45th reunion. I remember at Earlham when these old fogies came for their reunions and they seemed so old. Egads, this is now us, and we aren't that old! If you have stayed with me this long it means you remember Eleanor and Andy, so please, let's get together in October. Our email is eleanormerritt@gru.net.