



HARVARD-RADCLIFFE CLASS OF 1966

Dear Classmates,

February 2023

Herewith our February newsletter, but first why I like Feb. better than Jan. In the days when I would get up early and take a 40-minute run, January's run was always in the dark. But February provided enough light at the early to announce the coming of spring.

OK, now the news:

Mary Mackey:

On October 20 my husband of 37 years, Angus Wright died of brain cancer two months after first being diagnosed. I nursed him through it 24 hours a day, which I believe was one of the best things I've ever done in life. In mid-November, I caught Covid and was very sick for a couple of days but thanks to Paxlovid, my symptoms abated quickly, and I was only tired for about three weeks.

Shortly after I recovered from Covid, I had an x-ray which revealed that I needed immediate hip replacement surgery because I had severe osteoarthritis in my right hip. I had the surgery on January 26, five days after my 78th birthday. I am now recuperating at home and look forward to the time when I can drive again and get out of the house, which should be about six weeks from now.

I sent affectionate regards to all my classmates, and hope you are well, thriving, and enjoying the prospect of the approaching spring.

Russell Maulitz:

We downsized to spend half each year in our Italy home, rarely suffering the consequences thereof, from limited space, when in the US. Right now, I'm fighting with myself as to whether I want to invest more time building out my little health IT company, or picking up piano seriously again. Since I was a primary care physician and build solutions for the one part of health care no one wants to invest in — primary care, of course — I'm pondering resuming lessons,

(I studied earnestly for 10 years before Harvard, and another 5-10 years in mid-life. I got to the point I could acquit myself honestly of midrange Mozart concertos, with my teacher playing the orchestra reduction. In Philly I have a concert quality grand but, in Italy, settled for a cheap keyboard. I got so disgusted with the keyboard I recently donated it to our *palazzo comunale* (town hall) for their music rooms.

So anyway, I find we have this classmate, Mike, who builds and restores pianos and harpsichords. Which is wonderful. I'd love to get in touch with him and find out if there's a harpsichord, or perhaps a fortepiano, in my future in Tuscany. He may, for example, know of some builders in Italy. My newly-identified teacher, in my village, from [this institution](#) over next door in Montepulciano, may of course have some answers as well. But I've not yet commenced my study with her owing to the pandemic and a now completed three-year-long renovation.

Tom's note:

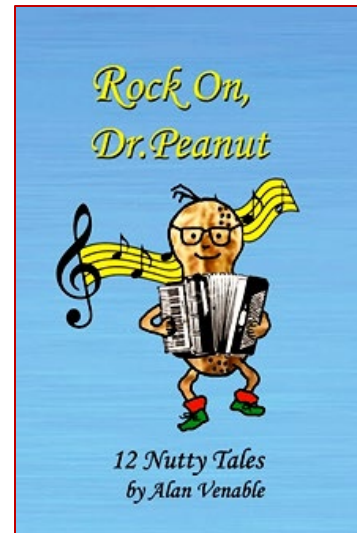
Russell is referring to **Edmund Michael Frederick** who appeared in an article of Harvard Magazine:

<https://www.harvardmagazine.com/2023/03/montage-frederick-historical-piano-collection>

Alan Venable:

I must finally confess that the most personally meaningful book I read in college was Don Marquis' enduring "the lives and times of archy & mehitabel." As assistant librarian, I was able to have it added to the Adams House library collection. This must be why I'm able to announce my latest book for children and wise adults, "Rock on Dr. Peanut: 12 Nutty Tales"! Dr. Peanut and his people live in the shadowy world of squirrels and giants always hungry for a snack. Still, as a peanutrician, he carries on, advancing the leguminous frontiers of reason, science and kindness. Serious reading for curious minds ages about 7 and up.

Contents: 1. Nutty to Meet You. 2. Slimy. 3. Too Many Squirrels. 4. Where Peanuts Come From. 5. The C-in-P. 6. Before you Bite. 7. The Big Sneeze. 8. Sock Rock. 9. Is English Nuts? 10. What Peanuts Eat. 11. Podless. 12. The No-Bells King.



William Neaves:



Photographing wildlife at our mesa-top home in Northwest Texas continues to distract me from less pleasant matters. Here's a female northern cardinal (*Cardinalis cardinalis*) wondering if spring is about to happen.

Mark Packer:

Attached please find my proposal for taming federal budget deficits, originally conceived back in 1983. I call it "Pay When You Go." The attached is my 2020 latest draft. I doubt it will ever get enacted, but I thought it might be a nifty way for all of us to face reality, but on a deferred basis, of course. I also note that I even referenced it as far back as my 25th Reunion Class Report in 1991!

Pay When You Go—As revised, September 2020

I would like to propose a conceptual solution to the present annual federal deficit/steeply escalating national debt issue:

Conceptually, we are all being "enriched," in an ironic sense perhaps, by the federal deficit spending; that is, we are getting more benefits from all of these programs, on a current basis than we are paying for, even though most of us would argue vehemently against some or even many of these so-called "benefits," such as the extent and nature of defense spending, farm subsidies, housing subsidies, and so forth. And the worry is that we will be passing down the burden of all this debt to our children and grandchildren to deal with.

So, instead of passing down that burden, I suggest, instead: "Pay When You Go;" that is, when we die.

It would work like this: Say the personal income tax receipts are 1.75 trillion and the deficit 1 trillion in a given federal fiscal year, which ends September 30..Theoretically, then, if each individual payer of income tax paid "only" 57% more in personal income tax, the broadest based of our taxes, the budget for that fiscal year would have been in balance. Sure it would – Not!! It would not because such a drastic current tax increase would warp all of our economic activity, resulting undoubtedly in massive tax evasion and distortions in economic decision-making. But instead, after the annual deficit has been calculated, by October of each year, assess a surcharge lien for the individual's tax year ending December 31, equal to that percentage shortfall in receipts, in my example the 57%, levied against all the property of the taxpayers, and payable on their demise. In other words, a deferral of the surcharge lien payment. Since the household and non-profit net worth of the nation, is supposed to be approximately 100 trillion dollars, according to the most recent quarterly Federal Reserve Flow-of Funds Report, there's a lot of net worth remaining, as it were, for the political establishment to work against. Each year of deficits would in turn produce its own surcharge lien. There is no need to accrue interest on the liens because the annual interest payments on the national debt are already included as a current expense in the annual budget deficits reported.

The idea is that once these annual surcharge liens start showing up as actual liabilities on people's financial statements, on the debt side of the ledger, they will then, finally, be activated, supercharged one might say, to send a little note or e-mail off to their elected representatives TO DO SOMETHING! That's precisely the discipline that is now lacking in the present log-rolling political process, where apparently it is only the activists and advocacy groups who are successful in making their special pleading cases heard. There are no less than 2,400 programs currently listed, for example, in the Catalog of Federal Domestic Assistance, beta.SAM.gov. The vague, diffuse and nebulous effects of all this deficit spending will suddenly emerge in sharpest outline into the light of day. The cliché about eliminating waste, fraud and abuse will transform itself into concrete steps for implementation.

Note also that this proposal does not, in and of itself, dictate any particular level of taxation or expenditure in any given year, nor does it say anything directly about the present system of deductions, credits, exclusions, incentives, stimulus, tax enforcement policy, etc.. Rather, it serves as a kind of TERMINAL SWEEP, the Grim Reaper's Scythe so to say, after all the budget negotiations and deals and compromises have been made by Congress and the President.

I hope my proposal can be enacted so as to save our nation's long-term fiscal health for our children's sake. In any event, it will be interesting to hear all the arguments made AGAINST my proposal, a proposal which, if enacted as a kind of national self- discipline measure, will see us as Americans finally impose on ourselves, even in this deferred manner, a test of democratic accountability

In Memoriam

Grace C. Grossman:

Sad to report that my husband **Sumner Ira Grossman** passed away on December 8, 2022. Ira was always proud to be a member of the Harvard class of 1966 – his stories about his college experiences are legendary among family and friends.

In Memoriam:

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|-----|--------------------------|----------|---------------------|
| '65 | Christopher Thomas Walsh | 1/10/23 | Menlo Park, CA |
| '65 | Michael Rein | 12/05/22 | Charlottesville, VA |
| '66 | Kenneth Rower | 7/12/22 | Newbury, VT |
| '66 | Donald Boulanger | 11/14/22 | San Clemente, CA |
| '67 | Richard Carson | 12/10/22 | Berkeley, CA |
| '67 | Phillip Fitzpatrick | 11/20/22 | Duluth, MN |
| '67 | Thomas Edward Engel | 11/15/22 | New York, NY |
| '67 | Gail Pool | 12/22/22 | Cambridge, MA |

A final thought from our departing president:

“Now, I challenge you to do the same and to do your part, whatever it may be, to seek out those who feel alone and abandoned, to do what is right even when it is very hard. The world – and Harvard – expect us to do no less.”

Larry Bacow

That's it for this month, except for this question: Why is a mouse when it spins? Answer next month!

Tom Black
co-class secretary