March 10, 1999

Dear Carol and Ivan—

Success! We found the 1966 descriptions, and you were on the same page. I'm enclosing three copies.

It was a pleasure chatting with you about the program. As I mentioned, I've heard Ben and Jeanne talk about you so much that I feel like we're old friends, even though we haven't met. I hope you'll call whenever your travels bring you to Chicago so that we can indeed meet.

Meanwhile, we'll send you the brochure when it's finished (with luck, this summer). We're planning 24 pages organized in a time-line format with many illustrations (some from Ben's picture file!).

Very best wishes to both of you.

Roger Boye
Her room is the Grand Central Station of Allison Hall. Female cherubs constantly beat a path to her door for advice, a pat on the back, or change for quarters. She undoubtedly receives more phone calls and busses than anyone else on the floor.

This amiable inhabitant of room 3036 can often be seen hiking down the hall adorned in a flowered robe. To some cherubs, she's their mom away from mom. She's like a true friend—never minding being critical when she thinks it will help, and always able to offer a special word of encouragement when it's needed the most.

She reminds others of their favorite gym teacher—active and on the go, but with time to be kind.

We have never seen her pout, become angry, or lose her sense of humor. Her humor is natural and goes completely with her easy-going manner. Her friendly features are always in action as she speaks. Her merry brown eyes twinkle being their blue frames, and her nose twitches as a mouse approaching a bit of cheese.

—Jean Martin

Ivan Doig

He is balding, but not yet 30. His caroté-colored hair is cut close to his chalk-white head, and he wears thick glasses.

I see him in the hall at Elder and he always says hello. He has a slanted smile and a radio announcer's voice. He leaves the male cherubs notes on the bulletin board, and these read like wise service releases.

He lectures us a lot, formally and informally. Often, he dispenses fatherly advice; and, like our fathers, he can be firm. At house meetings he glances at notes on a green portfolio, and he prefixes all his remarks with the greeting, "Listen, guys."

He projects the friendly image to the counselors, too. At meals they sit around him, and he apparently directs the conversation. While he has camped us from time to time, it is usually at the advice of another counselor.

Sometimes he is alone in his room by the stairs, and I walk in to pay a debt or hand in a C.T. If he isn't busy, I talk to him. Sometimes I tell him about a problem or aggravation; sometimes we exchange small pleasantries.

He speaks and I listen. I speak and he listens. He understands.

—Frank Rich
Carol Doig

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