Tom Galbraith, "An Analysis of a Stanford Student Political Party: "The Establishment" SCM0453

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Biographical / Historical

Various people mentioned in my schoolboy paper ended up with me at Yale Law. Mike Walsh, John Bryson, Paul Strasburg and I played on the same (undefeated) intramural touch football team. Mike Jeffery was one of my first year roommates. My Otero House sponsor, Jim Woolsey, was a year ahead of us and Jim's friend Bill Buttler was in my law school class. Walsh and Bryson became Fortune 500 CEOs; Woolsey head of the CIA; Bryson Secretary of Commerce until he had a neurological problem that made it necessary to resign; Jeffery studied a meditation-type religion in India for seven years before returning to Alaska where he became the northernmost state trial judge in the United States. Strasburg transferred to the Woodrow Wilson School and worked with great skill for many years for important non-profit foundations before retiring to his real love, a farm in the Berkshires. Walsh converted to liberal democrat and a good friend to Bryson and to me. Tragically, Mike, already a business legend, died at age 49, a victim of brain cancer.

Al Lowenstein still made occasional appearances in New Haven and they were always an event. During the spring of 1967, when Johnson was at the zenith of his power, Al gathered a group of us together for lunch at his usual place, the White Castle, and announced that Johnson would not run again for president. We all were certain Al had taken leave of his senses. Bud Wedin received a PhD in philosophy and spent many years as head of the Philosophy Department at U.C. Davis. We were unaware at the time that Skip Martin's father was a four star admiral whose was effectively the quartermaster for the Vietnam War. Skip did navy ROTC and two years in a destroyer then somehow talked the Wall Street Journal into hiring him as a journalist despite his complete lack of resume qualifications. Skip became a bureau head in Tokyo and later in London and ended his career as a CEO of a WSJ subsidiary. Me? A simple trial lawyer in Phoenix who according to all my friends married above himself when he somehow captured a Navajo/Seminole artist, a gorgeous lady who deserves most of the credit for raising our two surprisingly accomplished, entertaining sons. As I draw to an end, I realize that my postscript recounts what undoubtedly is an unremarkable history of any group of us who were privileged to spend 1962 - 1966 at Stanford, and probably dull stuff compared to those in the classes that followed right after ours. For their story, begin with Dreams Die Hard by David Harris, a real book, not a student paper, and a very good one at that.

Subjects and Indexing Terms

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