

DAVID MARBURY DONALDSON was born on April 27, 1938, in Lincoln, Massachusetts. He died September 18, 1994, at his hometown. He prepared at Weston (Massachusetts) High School. A member of Kirkland House, Dave graduated with an A.B. *cum laude* in Philosophy in 1960 and went on to Harvard Law School from which he received an L.L.B. *cum laude* in 1963. Dave, then, taught at the University of Singapore Law School for two years before returning to his native Massachusetts to practice tax law and corporate finance at Ropes & Gray in Boston. He became a partner and practiced in the firm until his death. Dave was the author of the Harvard manual, "Tax Aspects of Charitable Giving" and was considered an expert on tax-exempt organizations and charitable giving.

Dave married Lynn Burrows (Smith College, 1960) on August 25, 1962 and had three children, Sarah (1964, Yale 1985), Robert Douglass (1966, Harvard 1988) and Rachel (1969, Harvard 1991).

Dave became the Harvard Class of 1960 Class Secretary in 1970 (or, perhaps a year or two before), serving as such until his death (when he was succeeded by Hank Keohane). Famously, in 1970, Dave called together a group of classmates in the Boston area with the objective of developing Class camaraderie and a cadre of Class leaders for the future. This initiative resulted in a series of four or five Class luncheons annually that has served the Class very well and has continued until this day.

Dave was a member of the Lincoln planning board from 1966 to 1978 and, then became Town Moderator. He was a member of the board of Carroll School, president of the National Association of College and University Attorneys, a director of the Federal Tax Institute of New England, and a trustee of Radcliffe College, Emerson Hospital, the Hurricane Island–Outward Bound School, WGBH, the Computer Museum, and Codman Community Farm.

David Donaldson's
Farewell to the Class

David Donaldson's personal farewell to the Class, printed originally in the Harvard '60 Thirty-fifth Anniversary Report, is reprinted here in this Forty-fifth Anniversary Report at the suggestion of Dev Barker.

Dave was our Class Secretary . . . and so much more. After providing leadership for our Tenth Reunion, my understanding is that it was Dave who suggested that regular Harvard '60 luncheons would develop and strengthen camaraderie established amongst us while attending Harvard . . . and provide us with mutual support as we encounter life's trials and tribulations. Dave ensured that these unique-amongst-Harvard-classes luncheons continue five or six times a year to this day. It is with fondness for Dave and with knowledge of this spirit of his that I have to believe that Dave is happy for us---for his Harvard '60 classmates and his Radcliffe '60 classmates---still playing the game.

As was the case for so many of us, I found Dave to be a true friend. Once, he asked me for a little help and, in the process . . . and I suspect he knew what he was doing . . . he opened up for me a veritable treasure chest of rewarding human relationships that continue to nourish me today. I view his message as much more a beacon of inspiration than a reminder of our own mortality. But, Dave's words speak uniquely to each one of us. I urge you to take the opportunity now to let them speak to you.

Henry O. Marcy 4th
H'60 Class Report Co-chair

It's been a great game. For the first six-and-a-half innings. I've had more than my share of hits, assists, putouts, and errors, some of which I may have learned from. A wonderful sustaining marriage to my lover and best

friend, three interesting young adults of whom I am enormously proud (they once were my kids), a chance to practice law at the cutting edge on a national scale, opportunities to serve the public good as an elected official and charitable board member and, with a little savvy and a lot of luck, sufficient financial security so that I can afford to put my money where my mouth is and give something back.

If anything's changed in the last five years, I guess I would have to report, as I did to my law school classmates, that while I am still enchanted with the practice of law, I have grown increasingly disenchanted with the business of law and the selfish, narrow-minded perspective that is hard to avoid when good people focus too intently on the bottom line. Thus, ever ready to bite the hand that feeds me, I have, over the past five years, disentangled myself from administrative responsibilities in the firm, stepping down from the chair of the tax department and declining to serve as the chair of the education department. I have instead found a good deal of satisfaction in serving on boards of various charitable and public organizations where, rather than making money, I can make a difference. It is enjoyable, challenging work that uses all of my skills and experience and it provides an enormously rewarding sense of accomplishment.

I wish I could leave it there, with good numbers up on the board, eagerly looking forward to my next turn at bat, contemplating spending the last three innings as an eminence grise, or, more likely, as an irascible old goat. But fortune smiles and fortune frowns. Though I had always enjoyed robust, athletic good health and seemingly boundless energy; two years ago I was diagnosed with a fairly aggressive cancer in my tailpipe, and now, after a horrendous operation, radiation, several courses of chemotherapy and countless CAT scans and other kinds of probes, the cancer has, as was expected, returned in a non-operable form that saps my energy and is killing me slowly and silently. Death, the inevitable result of being alive and the inescapable conclusion to every story in this book, now sits more closely and painfully on my shoulder than I would like, whispering: "Now? Next?" Time, the trusty friend that used to cure and heal, now simply clocks the deterioration.

I cannot ignore it or deny it, and it is a waste of time and energy to battle with it. The best antidote seems to be to respond, "Not now, not yet," for there are still differences to make. As a trustee of Radcliffe there is the challenge of trying to readjust the relationship between Radcliffe and Harvard so that it will make sense for both institutions; as a director of Emerson Hospital, there is the challenge of developing effective alliances with other health care providers so that my community does not get lost in the health reform shuffle; as a director of Hurricane Island-Outward Bound School there is the challenge of putting that wonderful little institution on a sound, sustainable financial base; as a board member and immediate past president of NACUA there is the challenge of restructuring that organization to deal with an increasingly electronic future; as the moderator of the Town of Lincoln there is the challenge of ensuring that the report of my governance task force is carried out effectively. There is a book to rewrite, I want to convince my partners to give up their unholy dependence on the billable hour as a measure of value, and there are clients with fascinating problems. And then there are family and friends to enjoy (and an estate to organize). Or maybe I'll just go sailing. I won't accomplish it all, and unless I can get the pain under control, not even a significant part, but boredom will not be listed as a cause of death.

This premeditated death may, in the end, be easier on the survivors, but I must admit that I would rather be cut down suddenly while trying to go from first to third on a single than to have to crawl slowly and painfully off the field while everybody feels sorry for me. But the choice is not always ours, and I guess it is better than having to be led off the field because I couldn't remember where third base was.

I hope I can make it back to Cambridge to renew ties with all of you (and make new friends, which is always a wonderful fallout of a Reunion), but, quite frankly, now, in August of 1994, June of 1995 is beyond my horizon. If I don't make it, play on; it's a great game.

Adapted from the "Harvard Class of 1960 35th Anniversary Report", pages 342-344.