



HARVARD CLUB OF AUSTRALIA

2 August, 2011

The Harvard Krokodiloes of 2011
12 Holyoke Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts, USA.

Dear ...

Andrew, B.A., Ben, Daniel, Daniel, Henry,
Kevin, Jesse, Ketan, Michael, Patrick and Yi Jun

... wherever in the world you may be

... enjoying your Last Supper.

So – your tour is at an end. Almost ... at least until the crocodile sings.

Hmmm – problem. I don't recall you had a crocodile in the group.

Oh, oh! Maybe your summer will never end? Maybe you will be suspended in animation, never to recommence your studies of the Aponashad (?) never to deconstruct the human genome ...
Condemned to keep on trotting out those OLD jokes, confined to the House Of Blue Lights or stuck by the bonnie broken banks of somewhere ... wearing those green ties ... A delicious thought.

Delicious – but fanciful. No doubt you will find a crocodile on the street ... probably press it into service - taking it for a ride on Sunday in your fixed-up automobile - so finalizing a memory-packed summer.

You brought the warmth of that summer into our winter down under. The Beautiful Minds with the velvet voices entertained us - while the positive personalities and American accents amused us. Though we only heard you once this time, your melodies were marvelous and the new material, new musical arrangements, masterly musicianship and quirky choreography left us smiling and uplifted.

We enjoyed having you in Sydney and, I am sure, so did the lucky folk in Canberra. We look forward to seeing many of you again, either in 2012 or after the genome is decoded. We wish each of you much success in the coming year, whether at Harvard or in your first post-H jobs. And we won't forget you.

Nunc est laborandum. Veritas.

Yours sincerely,

Ted Blamey
Impressario Primo
Chair, Harvard Club of Australia Nonprofit Programs