

Musings Unlimited
C/O John M. Mitchell '60
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April, 2009

Dear Classmate,

Remarkably, in June, 2010, we shall collectively celebrate our fiftieth reunion. Musingly, I am reminded that the 50th class at our graduation was the class of 1910.

Those guys, after two world wars and a paucity of modern medicines, looked pretty darn old to us then. So here we are, through diligence, hard work, and dumb luck still alive at 70 in a world those guys in 1910 could not have dreamed of, looking pretty damn chipper.

From around 820 of us in 1956 to about 660 now, we each have a story to tell, a thought to impart, or some wisdom to transmit. I hope you are as keen as I to read those tales, up-dated from ten years ago, while we can still read and one hopes understand them. Therefore, I agreed at the last meeting of the class in Hanover to edit a book of musings to be distributed in connection with our fiftieth. Obviously, a mere editor must have something to edit to yield such a work of art. Diligent inquiry on my part of our prior editor, Bob Boye, revealed that the work is easy when contrasted with the effort to get you to send in a squib on a timely basis. He further disclosed that some are reluctant to tell their tale as they believe it's not gripping, or exciting, or spectacular enough to warrant imparting. Everyman has a story to tell. "No man is an island, entire to himself," says the poet. We age by having a community to share our common interests with. Otherwise demands Mr. Sartre, why bother?

I entreat you. Sit back in your easy chair with an adult beverage and perhaps an illicit Cuban cigar and muse. Then write, type, or scrawl your tale. Challenge us, inform us, amuse us, but don't ignore us. I can still read cursive writing, run obscure spellings through Word, or change "there" to "their" when called for so there is no excuse save abject sloth not to get your great issues (note the lower case initial caps) paper to us (note the collective editorial pronoun) by January 31, 2010. Keep in mind, we'll have hundreds of these to edit, print, and bind. And we still have to ski as well.

We'll send you a questionnaire not to be filled in like an application but to trigger some idea starters you may find helpful. Whether you love Dartmouth, despair of her, or wallow in indifference about her, we band of brothers who share a unique bond want to hear from you.

Cordially,

John