



1960 NEWSLETTER

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FEBRUARY 2003

Natural Golf, Church Aisles Built with Care, Left Coast Flattery, and How Not to Have a Weight Problem

The international scene is changing rapidly these days. If truth be told (as it rarely is in this Newsletter), I haven't a clue what is going on. Maybe that comes from living around Hanover. On February 5, the Secretary of State was speaking at the UN on the subject of Iraq. The day before, the crew of Columbia was remembered at a memorial ceremony in Houston. In our local paper, the "Valley News," the headline read "Vt. Woman Acquitted of Pet Abuse." Clearly, I have retired to the right place. Or the wrong place.

Better to think domestic, as in "Chicago, Chicago." You should all have received a February mailing from Alan **Danson** and his St. Valentine's Day Gang. So, sign up, if you can. And, if you need one, Rick **Roesch** has extra copies of "More Musings" (while they last) for the price of postage.

Winter Carnival weekend has just passed most successfully. There was a truly worthy statue in the middle of the Green; the weather was perfect; snow conditions perfect; the ski team won the competition for the first time since 1984; and the men's basketball team, happily, was out of town and out of sight (losing twice). On Friday night they showed in 105 Dartmouth the 1939 movie "Winter Carnival," starring Ann Sheridan and filmed at the College. It

is a terrible movie, but it was wonderful to watch. And the many students who showed up seemed to love it. Given that it seemed horribly dated to us old guys 40-plus years out, one can only wonder how kids born in the early '80s could relate. But they seemed to. Those kids, as a recent email notes, have never owned a record player, have no recollection of the Reagan years or the Cold War, have never used a typewriter, and don't even know who J.R. was, much less who shot him. The Viet Nam war is about as ancient to them as the Crash of '29 was to us.

I haven't heard any further griping about this rag's alleged leftist political slant, despite the contributions from Ned **Hanauer** and Dave **Sammons** in the last issue, but I did hear a comment or two about too much news from the same guys and not enough from the silent majority. Only you can remedy that problem, if you think it's a problem. You should be aware that of the 700 Green Cards sent last time, only *four* came back. That is partly a tribute to the ease of communicating by email no doubt, and partly because email is rendering our handwriting undecipherable.

Starting with those Green Cards, Gene **Powell** has a new address, 65290 Gerking Market Rd., Bend, OR 97701. Writes Gene, "Moved from Virginia (D.C. area) to Bend. Great golf, fishing, skiing, etc. Our ranch is the 'Hamster Ranch' with a guest house called the Habit Trail. Still have offices in Virginia and Northern CA (Bay Area) where I run my property management business. Teach Prop. Mgmt. In Japan a couple of times a year for 3-7 weeks. Got a couple of artificial hips so my golf handicap went up but still single digits. Took up 'Natural Golf' and handicap is going down. It is much easier on your back and hips. I highly recommend it." Tom **Kirby**, what is "natural golf"? A number of you, I understand, are into "natural afternoon naps."

Speaking of golf: My, my, how times have changed. Years ago, when 100 white men chased one black man, they called it a lynching party; today they call it the PGA Tour.

Reg Regestein does not send the usual sort of news. In late Dec. he wrote from Boston, "Having yesterday visited the MIT Coop, I came away with the following predictions: 1) Sociocultural and

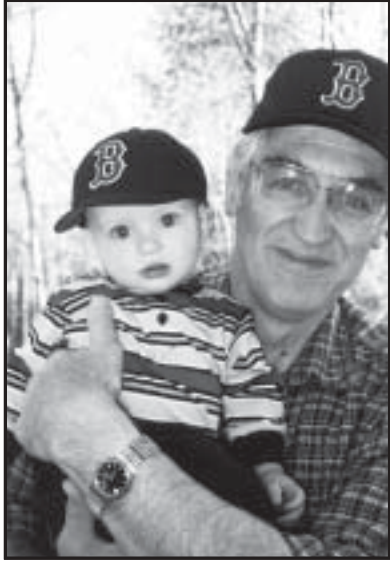
neurocognitive input will increasingly shape econometric models of decision-making. 2) Atherosclerosis and Alzheimer's disease will be tellingly inhibited, aggravating the parking problem. 3) Procedures that combine stochastic methods with fuzzy logic will increase our understanding of politicians, but nothing will change. 4) Good elementary school teachers will be massively cloned." I doubt anyone ever exited **Stowe's** and **Kohn's** Coop in Hanover with such intellectual inspiration.

And from Hans **Wurster** in Breckenridge, CO: "...I was surprised to read about Mal **Churchill's** rowing at the U.S. Nationals in D.C. last summer. My partner and I raced against him in that very event.There are so few of us in this sport I would like to provide some encouragement. My wife, Mary Jane, and I are still rowing—she is much better than I with four gold medals at the Nationals last summer." Reach Hans at wursters@colorado.net where I did and asked him about a certain rowing machine. His response: "Can't stand the Concept 2. Prefer outdoor stuff like Nordic skiing. It takes longer every year to get through the transition from rowing to skiing. Close to six weeks this year to get up to speed. This will be our tenth Birkebeiner ski race. They have been easier since we started living at 9500."

And the final Green Card, from my near neighbor in Lyme Center, NH, the peripatetic, now retired, Eric **Sailer**: "Joanne and I are just back from six weeks in New Zealand, one of the most fascinating places we've ever been. Lots of hiking including glaciers, rain forests, volcanoes and the famous five-day Milford Track, called the finest walk in the world. N.Z. is the most visitor friendly country in the world—we winged most of the trip by rental car with no plans and had no trouble at all. Everyone should visit the 'Kiwis.' Regret I never saw Alex **McGinnis** in later years. I have no doubt he sacrificed a great part of his life to medicine and probably died early for that reason. I fondly remember his piano playing and song leading at the C&G house." Eric continues to march to his own drum: no computer or email, and, while Joanne showed up at the ladies' section of our monthly class lunch in Norwich in January, Eric went skiing. Which apparently he does every single day now.

A special memorial fund has been set up in Alex's name at his church. The address is: First Presbyterian Church, 1027 South 24th St., Quincy, IL 62301

Gung-ho grads department: Scoops **Farnsworth** writes Dec. 29 that he and Spencer **Morgan** "went to the finals of the Poinsettia (men's basketball) Classic this afternoon. Approx 500 other people joined us to see Dartmouth win. It wasn't pretty but a win is a win, plus a trophy. It's Furman University's annual holiday tournament. Not quite an hour's drive from here to F.U. in Greenville, S.C." Spencer's take on the evening: "...



Scoops Farnsworth and grandson Jack

Dartmouth played very intelligently and beat a team that was superior in almost every respect. Dave Faucher did very little coaching and had none of his usual histrionics. We had fun." Spencer, having read the article in the *Alumni Magazine* on Slade Gorton, wants to know what has become of Nat. So tell us, brother **Gorton**.

Last edition I made the mistake of promising to send you a sample of Mike **Daley's** poetic skills. This is down east poetry at its best (I think), but you have to hear Mr. Daley recite it in pure Maine-ease to get the full flavor:

"The aisles in churches are built with care/by top-notch craftsmen and yet I dare/suspect that something's 'out of whack'/for why else would church goers always sit in back?/ Here's one conclusion that I drew,/The craftsmen's levels must 'be askew'/for if they weren't there is no doubt/ parishioners would be spread throughout./ Just watch the flock next Sunday morn/how ushers try to urge them on/up the aisle—closer to the sermon,/and how parishioners just as determined/slow down quickly after a step or two/and quickly choose a 'way back' pew./ do you suppose they view the aisle as

something steep,/struggle upward, tire then repeat/the same old process every week/ because their hearts are weak?/ or Do you suppose/we all fear to expose/our backs too long to those/whom we fear don't think we 'belong'?/ or Do you suppose/The levels used with skill/don't really make aisles run uphill,/but rather our insides don't 'level and square'/with the Lord who brings to bear/our common fear of all we lack,/and that's the reason we sit in back?/ for No matter which church nor what the season/all congregations fill from back to front/and not the other way around/like at a movie/where we've found/the story is best up front—unfettered and free,/But then again it's dark in there./ But our church has Light/so we've got to dare/to sit closer/where/the Word will come inside/to give us everlasting Life!/ So in this coming year/let's fill our church/from front to rear."

If you liked that, you word lovers will like this: <http://www.chiasmus.com/mastersofchiasmus/ridley2.shtml> Dr. Mardy's quotes of the week, "A Weekly Celebration of Chiastic, Oxymoronic, & Paradoxical Quotations."

Shelly Gisser, having given thanks at Thanksgiving time "that the Dartmouth football season was over," [at Passover, Shel, you may say a prayer of thanks for the end of the basketball season], writes of his son-in-law in Missoula, who took a course at the U of Montana with one Harry **Fritz**, aka Abe Lincoln of San Francisco Bay. It was "the best course he had taken there," reports Shel, who has sent an article from the Nov. 30 "Missoulian" headlined "Humanities Awards." "Two Missoulians are among the five people honored with 2003 Montana Governor's Humanities Awards. . . . Harry **Fritz** will receive the award [in] February in Helena. Former Gov. Marc Racicot established the awards in 1995 to commemorate accomplishments in humanities scholarship, service and education. . . . Fritz teaches early American history, American military history and Montana history, and also lectures statewide as part of the Montana Committee for the Humanities Speakers Bureau. He has served in both the House and Senate of the state Legislature." Wah-hoo-wah, Mr. Lincoln.

Counselor Gisser, meanwhile, had plans to retire by the end of January. He reports "an extremely enjoyable dinner (in NYC last October) with my old

roommate and wife Al and Marilyn **Glick**.” Somehow, that doesn’t sound quite the way he meant it.

Our Bill **Modahl** is not entirely happy with the performance of university administrators. From Santa Fe he writes (in “Inside Academe,” a publication of the American Council of Trustees and Alumni) “There is...often unbelievably poor administrative management and ballooning administrative costs that could never be tolerated in a private business.” But he also notes that excessive compensation packages are unlikely to be as great as in the private sector. Bill also cites the failure of universities “to maintain intellectual diversity and permitting the educational setting to become dominated by particular political views, the proponents of which actively seek, frequently successfully, to exclude not only other views, but any person supporting such views. Faculty careerism runs unchecked with any notion of responsibility for transmitting a core of knowledge utterly abandoned....It seems to me a good part of this can be traced to the lack of active, truly independent boards of trustees.”

Does this sound familiar to some of you? Bob **Kenerson** writes that “our holidays were mainly spent in helping our youngest daughter, Lisa, relocate from Seattle to Burlington, VT. We were scrubbing, painting, and helping to make decisions about her new condo there.” And let’s hope this does: “Health is good. So all is well. We traveled to Switzerland last May via Munich and

Salzburg, for the wedding of my Goddaughter, Ruth’s niece, in Gstaad, where we were married. It was lovely. Hours in my practice are just as satisfying as ever. I work somewhat less, and enjoy it more. Teaching is still gratifying. The residents are just as fine and stimulating as ever, even though the field they enter has growing problems.” Any psychiatrist that happy probably needs a psychiatrist.

We had Canadian house guests recently, and as we watched the network news one night, I thought to impress on them how plugged in I was. First, there was Bob **Hager** expounding on the Columbia disaster on NBC. Switching channels to get a little “news, fair and balanced,” there was Mort **Kondracke** on Fox, expounding on Iraq. I was really impressed, though our Canadian friends didn’t seem to be. A “Newsday” column which ran in our local paper last Oct. referred to Mort as “one of the best known journalists in Washington,” but added, “he is much prouder of his role in combating Parkinson’s disease, which has afflicted his wife since 1987.”

For you cognoscenti on the right who routinely tune to Brit Hume on Fox for the latest political insights from one of our classmates, this will be perfectly understandable. Fred Barnes, not a classmate, writes in the “Weekly Standard”: “Being on yip-yap shows on TV means you get recognized from time to time.... But I’m more often stopped by people with another question: ‘Say, aren’t you Mort **Kondracke**?’”

“**D**aily D” headline wisdom: College cuts swim, diving teams; 500 students say kegs are eco-friendly option; College applications surge to all-time record; Greeks criticize new alcohol policy; Students protest against “racist war”; Phi Delt alumni return for rush; Skiway hosts Special Olympics; Swim team to stay afloat.

John **Goyette** must have started his own newspaper. He calls it the “The Telegram” and it covers news from Central New Hampshire, but it might better be labeled “The Goyette Gazette.” And so its December



Kenerson at the keys, Sailer, Vaules, Hanlon, Kohn, Goldman, and Roesch attempting to sing, Fall Mini-Reunion.

5 editorial, about a new downtown revitalization for the town of Franklin, says, “We don’t know how much it cost to hire John Goyette to build the plan but it was worth every penny.” A front page story relates that “John Goyette—whose association with several arts-related groups, including Dartmouth College’s Hopkins Center and the Lebanon Opera House, put him in a unique position for assessing the strengths and weaknesses of Franklin’s 110-year-old facility that doubles as City Hall—offered a 10-year plan for the development of a ‘Twin Rivers gathering place for arts and entertainment.’” This, you should know, is the same character who is on record as saying the arts will replace sports in the 21st Century. Maybe John’s right. These days the show at the Hop is generally better than the one at Leede Arena.

And here, perhaps, is proof: Ran into three other ’60s (**Roesch**, **Dick Chase**, and **John Hannon**) (with Linda, Sage, and Gretchen, naturally) one night at a local theater performance in White River, but only a single classmate, **Don Sheffield**, at the Dartmouth-Holy Cross football game October 19 and only **Jay Emery** at the Brown game Nov. 16. **Jim Freedman** would be proud of us.

For those of you (everyone but **Ryan Ostebo**) struggling to keep your weight down, this wisdom from **Mike McGinnis**, the class’s premier rope skipper: “The way not to have a weight problem is not to have a scale.” **McGinnis** claims never to have lost a pound, but I’m not sure how he knows that.

I think I emailed something about converting Memorial Stadium and Rolfe field to dorms, prompting this blast from former ballplayer **Roger Schaefer**: “Wow, what did you put on your Wheaties this morning?.... What would **Chuck**, **Woodie Woodworth**, **Rog Hanlon**, **Dan Gordon**, me, et al. think if we couldn’t relive the past by looking out over Red Rolfe field and dreaming a little about those games we played?.... Actually, I agree with you to a certain extent. I have always felt that an individual needs to develop both the mental and the physical. The world is very competitive, very very competitive these days. Students compete in the classroom and so should they on the athletic fields. They should strive to be the very best, just as we did in our undergraduate days. Dartmouth’s administration

should recognize this and, athletically, put the very best product on the field while staying within the rules. Living so close to Princeton, as I do, I can’t believe how they are near the top athletically year after year in most sports, male and female. We can do the same if **Josie** and **Jim** come to their senses. And just think how the Alumni Fund would grow, let alone the fans in the stands, if we regained our winning ways!!

Speaking of “Chuck” (and that would be **Kaufman**)) here is some nostalgia from the Department of Ancient History, for all you guys who had nothing better to do those cold winter weekends than cram into Memorial Gym and make life miserable for visiting teams. If the current basketball program at Dartmouth (current means 1960-2003) is less than promising, think back to the good old days. I found the following on **Chuck** on a website. “**Kaufman** was a vital member of Dartmouth College’s Ivy League champion teams in 1958 and 1959 — the last time the school won the conference title and played in the postseason. His senior year (1959-60), **Kaufman** was named All-Ivy League in two sports, basketball and baseball (he hit .333 at shortstop).

“An excellent all-around athlete, **Kaufman** had a stellar career at Dartmouth as he teamed with future NBA player, **Rudy LaRusso** [and **Sos**, **Gary**, **Scoops**, **Barney**, and **Banks**] to lead the Big Green to two consecutive conference championships and the postseason. In 1958, **Kaufman** was named second team All-Ivy League as he finished tenth in the conference with 13.9 points per game. He and **LaRusso** led the Big Green to the Ivy League title with a 11-3 conference record and entered the NCAA tournament with a 22-5 overall record. In the first round, **Kaufman** scored 24 points and grabbed 4 rebounds as Dartmouth defeated Connecticut 75-64. In the East Regional Semifinal, the Big Green beat Manhattan 79-62 as **Chuck** had another great game with 22 points and 2 rebounds. In the East Final, however, **Kaufman** was held to only 9 points (he had 5 rebounds) as Temple [and **Guy Rogers**] beat Dartmouth 69-50.

“In 1959, **Kaufman** had another marvelous season as he and **LaRusso** led Dartmouth to back-to-back Ivy League titles. **Kaufman** was named All-America

honorable mention and first team All-Ivy League as the Big Green finished tied for first place with Princeton in the conference with a 13-1 mark. After defeating Princeton in the championship play-off game, Dartmouth (22-6) returned to the NCAA tournament. In the first round, they faced West Virginia and its star player, Jerry West. The Mountaineers, the eventual National runner-up, defeated Dartmouth 82-68 in the game as Kaufman scored 13 points, and had 1 rebound and 3 assists. In his senior season (1960), Kaufman was named second team All-Ivy League as Dartmouth finished second in the conference with a record of 12-4 (14-9 overall) — at this time, only conference champions played in the NCAA tournament.”

And we had other great ones in those days. From a December 9 “Valley News” article on Dartmouth’s record-setting senior hockey goalie, Nick Boucher. “If he continues to play as he has through his first three seasons, Boucher could also leave in the spring with the best career save percentage; right now, he’s tied with 1960 graduate Tom **Wahman** at .906.” Well, we knew Wahman was good, but did we know how good? That’s a pretty long-standing record, and it ain’t broke yet.

A little late running this one from Phil **Kron**: “The enclosed item is from a clipping from the August 4th copy of the New Jersey “Star Ledger.” We were going through our regular Sunday morning paper ritual when Mary Lou exclaimed, ‘Hey, there’s Dick **Griggs**!’ Sure enough, there was a picture of our erstwhile classmate with a quintessential Griggs quizzical expression. He made the picture, but no mention in the accompanying article. Evidently, he’s trying to have some new culinary skills beyond boiling water. If you



“During a cooking class....Dick Griggs watches how egg whites, beaten stiff, will stick to the bowl.”

need more, you’ll have to get it from him.” So, Dick, got any good recipes for us?

Department of We Were Born 42 Years Too Soon: Announcement in a recent “Daily D”: “Women and Pleasure: The Art and Mechanics of Sexual Expression. Presented by the new manager of the Women’s Health Program at Dick’s House. Women’s sexual pleasure will be explored and explained explicitly but not esoterically in this presentation for all genders and orientations. Look for the Men’s Sexuality Program on October 28.”

You are no doubt wondering just what kind of advice might have been dispensed at that Women and Pleasure gathering. Well, without getting into too many specifics, the “D” reported next day that “[The lady from Dick’s House]...cited the top three unusual places to kiss a woman—behind the knee, along the ribs and inside the upper arm and encouraged women to use sex toys as a different form of stimulation.” Behind the knee??

Well, if you think all that was some sort of aberration, the following is from the Dartmouth Calendar: “Thursday, February 13: 5pm Sex Festival Sponsored by the Center for Women and Gender, Collis Common Ground, More Info: Each winter, the Center for Women and Gender focuses its programming efforts on talking about sex, sexual expression, and sexuality in its myriad manifestations and complexities. This year we are hosting a Sex Festival featuring engaging and educational activities on the subject of sex. The festival is an opportunity to get the facts and learn how to demystify the myths. There will be prizes, free latex, and a grand prize raffle.” “People of all [all?] genders are invited to participate, and men are especially invited to take the “These Hands Don’t Hurt” pledge at the Men’s Project booth.”

The next day’s “D” headline: “Students through first annual Sex Festival.” According to the article, “The theme of the night was protection—both of body and spirit....There were tables for pro-

choice information, safe sex items, sex toys and even an ‘ask an older woman’ booth where young women could get sound sexual advice from more experienced women.” Don’t know who was manning that last booth, but if anyone is looking for a job.....

And you thought these kids were supposed to know it all by 10th grade? Well, you get the idea, and if you think this sort of stuff doesn’t belong in the 1960 Newsletter, which, of course, it doesn’t, then tell that guy you live with to send me a Green card or an email, or else do it yourself. (And that is a gentle reminder to Ms. K. **Strickland**.)

Speaking of those we don’t often speak of, this from Art **LaFrance**, law prof at Lewis & Clark Law School, who shared a plane west with Hap **Dunning** in January and was prompted to go public:

“Herewith, a bit of news. I will be teaching my Bioethics course and my constitutional/criminal procedure course again this spring, looking for a two week bicycling trip in the south of France in May, then on (I hope) to a sabbatical, maybe with a Fulbright to Malaysia in the Fall. My wife (Smith ’73) is an MD with the Providence Health Plan, responsible for provider relations...making the system work (or at least work better). My stepson Eddie is a sophomore at Bucknell and my stepdaughter Meagan is a senior at Lakeridge High School here, looking at some second rate schools (Amherst, Wesleyan etc)...both great kids: bright, funny, good achievers and nice people. My own kids and grandchildren have been doing equally well. I’ll bring pix to the 65th birthday party in Chicago. Lest this seem an obnoxiously Teflon portrayal, the last ten years have been very difficult, but luck and hard work and love have a way of winning through.”

Hap’s flight with Art was preceded by a drive from D.C. to Philly with Laura-Beth and me and lunch near Philly with the newest “honorary member” of our class, Hap’s mother, Kay, also a Dartmouth widow. Welcome, Mrs. Dunning.



Hap and honorary '60 Mom Dunning

Retired math teacher Art **Needham**, who refers to himself as “the arch conservative,” has a new email address, Artneedham@aol.com from which he sent the following in early December: “I have heard that Pres. Bush is about to start making a dent in our near-east problems. That is a lot more than is happening in public education. Sunday’s ‘Boston Globe,’ 8 December, carried several major articles on education reform, etc. One article pointed out there is a suspicion that maybe elementary school teachers don’t know enough math. No sh—, Sherlock Holmes!!! For instance, the writer of one article suggested that Second Grade teachers should know enough math necessary to succeed in Third Grade. Let me know when it becomes law, or common practice, that students at the end of Second Grade, are required to know enough math so they — students — can also succeed at Third Grade...”

“The next time you are looking for some stimulating reading, pick up a copy of The Soldier and the State, by Samuel Putnam Huntington. The Dartmouth Library probably does not have a copy. After all, this is the same guy who wrote, in Clash of Cultures, 1998, that Islam might go to war against the west. The mere fact Huntington is a history prof at Harvard, and that he has been proven correct, in blood and flame (9/11) is not enough to impress the other academics. He is cordially hated at Harvard by the rest of the faculty for not being politically correct.”

Three cheers, and one cheer more, for Bill **McClung** and Dick **Prior**, who had a major role in rescuing the swimming team from going to the bottom. Both wrote letters, sent emails, and organized the troops. Here’s an excerpt from a McClung-gram to Jim Wright: “As far as I can tell, it is the opinion of almost everyone who has looked closely that this decision was handled poorly and does not reflect the level of analysis it deserved. In addition to Aquatics, it has broad implications to public and internal image, alumni relations and fundraising.

Dean Larimore's quote relative to priorities and programs not being set by 'outside parties' was likely taken out of context. Unfortunately, it sounds arrogant and not sensitive to Dartmouth's 'stakeholders.' I presume the Alumni Council Resolution is not viewed as being from 'outsiders.' In my business career with IBM some of the best decisions made were to reverse bad ones. (Much admired Lou Gerstner '63 did that with IBM's retirement plan; Coca Cola did it with New Coke.) A quick and effectively stated retraction can go a long way toward image building.

“On the positive side there is the chance for a ‘silver lining.’ The interest has been extraordinary and seems to have opened the potential for incremental support to the college. As a contributor for about 40 consecutive years I have concluded that I could do more and believe many alumni and friends feel likewise. The chance exists for a financial and public relations turnaround.”

Powerful—and obviously effective—language.

Peter Crumline's reaction on hearing of the intended cancellation of swimming: “...to cut both programs doesn't make any sense at all. What's next—filling in the pools? Karl Michael must be turning over in his grave.” Well, no longer.

It was minus 27 one recent February morning in Hanover Center and that is not so unusual this winter. I am beginning to think the “good old days” weren't. Here's neighbor **Roesch's** perverted interpretation of this weather: “OK so it's cold - but its warmed up to 0 here now. And don't forget that it was the long frigid winters that kept bright minds indoors and not foraging that allowed time for contemplation and domesticating animals and thinking up weapons that permitted those Europeans to annihilate the Native Americans so you could have your cozy little plot

with the safe paths through the woods for cross country skiing.” Say what?

Bruce Clark writes in November of a “bittersweet summer and fall. In July, I went back to the mountain roads in Colorado for the fourth year dragging along four friends. After 4 days of biking from Gunnison, Co to Durango three of us decided to take the narrow gauge RR to Silverton and then bicycle the 50 miles back over two passes. Both the RR trip as well as the ride back were terrific except for the last mile. I hit a small pothole just north of Durango and went down hard on my right thigh and sustained a displaced fracture of the neck (the area just below the ball joint) of my right femur. After being screwed together in mid July and now several months of PT the doctor told me this morning to throw away my crutches and walk (no running or jumping for awhile). He said biking was the best therapy. I almost kissed him! So, I missed the last 175 miles of the bike tour and the



Crumline, Prior, and McClung are in there somewhere.

rest of the summer and fall biking but that will be it. Sorry I missed the fall reunion but Carol's mother took sick and changed our plans. And then Dartmouth went on and won the football game. Poor timing on our part. Sorry to have missed everyone.” On January 20 came this more up-to-date message: “Last Saturday evening, Carol & I announced our engagement to be married. We plan to marry in

Danbury on this coming May 31 which is the Saturday following Memorial Day weekend.” Well, wah-hoo-wah!

If you're looking for foreign policy expertise these days, maybe your man is **Al Roberts**. Just as the Iraqis were submitting their 12,000 page report to the UN in early December, he emailed me the following: “I wish it would be as simple as Iraq handing over thousands of useless pages and making the decision obvious. I fear they may be too smart for that, and will instead disgorge just the amount of information and WMD material which they think will be

sufficient to satisfy the UN (and the antiwar lobby). This could make it very difficult politically for us to initiate, or even unilaterally take, the necessary aggressive action. So I hope that either they are stupid or we can come up with a persuasive argument to take action based on whatever their response is. Even if we can't come up with a conclusive argument, well, I hope we take action anyway, but it would be better if it could be done with general agreement of the free world and within this country. After all, we have other things to do after Iraq and it would be better not to be bickering over round one."

Proof that you never want to ask an expert is this from Andy **Paul**, written a week later: "...In the meantime, I am starting to do some work with our Special Ops friends so it's nice to have a hand, no matter how small, in the pie. I expect some serious fireworks to start in the next month so perhaps being in Hanover is the right place!" Well, he's not the only one who predicted something for January. So did I. Then again, another with real expertise in the area, Allan **Cameron**, wrote me exactly a year ago with this bit of accurate wisdom (can there be inaccurate wisdom?): "If it makes you feel any better about arms control, most of my interesting work is with chemical companies. I don't really understand how this administration functions, but most of what I worry about takes place a couple of levels down anyhow. I wouldn't hold my breath about Iraq — we used up most of the PGMs [precision guided munitions?] in Afghanistan and they have to rebuild the inventory."

Then there are the thoughts of Chairman John (**Goyette**): "I finally got around to the newsletter and read Bruce **Hasenkamp's** comments on war with Iraq. He said we should attack because it's a 'no-brainer.' Have Bruce and Inta been drinking too much wine? No question that Saddam is evil, but war is worse. I'm amazed Bush has made the connection between Al Qaeda and Iraq, and the public has bought it. 9/11 has done irreparable damage to the American psyche I'm affeared."

Finally, at long last, a classmate who agrees with something I wrote in the Newsletter. From Alan "Chicago, Chicago" **Danson**: "I have now finished two chapters of How Green Was My Valley. I had tears in my eyes at the end of each. What an evocative writer Llewelyn is. Many thanks for the

recommendation. [And **Hasenkamp** agrees: "...thanks for How Green Was My Valley. I am about 80% through it and love it."] .Regarding A Soldier of the Great War," continues Alan, "that is our very favorite book ever. I read it twice, last year and ten or so years ago — the first time I can remember ever rereading a book—and it was even better the second time around. If you haven't read it, be sure to do so. You also might like Atonement by Ian McEwan. **Ducker** and I both loved it."

Speaking of books, **Hasenkamp** would have everyone know that "If you go to Amazon.ca [sic] site on the Internet and ask for it, they will sell you Future Perfect by David and Diane **Bond**. C\$21.21. A deal. We just ordered." The Amazon site includes this: "Essential reading for anyone contemplating a full and satisfying retirement--it will transform the way you think about and plan for your future....A great deal has been written about the financial side of planning for retirement, but there is relatively little written about the central quandary of what to do with the 2500 hours a year you used to give to your employer, or business or clients....David Bond retired as the Hong Kong Bank of Canada's Chief Economist and Vice-President, Public Affairs in 1998. He is a public speaker, writer and media commentator and continues to provide consulting services to HSBC Bank of Canada. Diane Bond founded her own company, Images of Canada Marketing, after working in banking and arts administration. They live in Canmore, Alberta."

Proof that not all ideas originate in California (though plenty of bad ones do): **Hasenkamp** again: "Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, Rick [**Roesch**] and I convened a 1960 lunch yesterday in the board room of the University Club in San Francisco. Jay got some labels for all 60 '60s in the state and Rick mailed invitations. Ten accepted, another eight said 'next time' due to conflicts, and nine of us showed and gabbed for two hours. Hap **Dunning**, Peter **Farquhar**, Bob **Caulfield**, Dick **Gale**, John **Wheaton**, Axel **Grabowsky**, Ken **Reich**, Rick and I. At the end we agreed to try doing this quarterly. Next date to be announced. '60 may be on to yet another innovation. I know this is San Francisco and the Left Coast, but Rick, Axel and I were clearly outnumbered by all those who marched

in the peace march and thought Bush was an idiot, a gun-crazed maniac, and following a master plan to destroy the environment rather than just kill a few of Clinton's last-ditch enviro rules."

Bill Gundy has seen the light, closed up in Boston and headed for New Hampshire. Writes Bill: "I have been quiet for a while and unfortunately missed the fall event due to surgery. I am now back in service following three surgeries over the past six months—knee, nose and neck. Now its hopefully a case of getting another year or two out of these 100-year-old knees (that's how my orthopedic guy described them) before I have to replace them. They are both border line with bone on bone.

"**Anyhow**, the bigger news is that my wife, Malora, and I have decided to change the configuration of our domiciles from the current Wellesley, Falmouth, and Vero Beach to New London NH and Vero Beach. The plans we had been working on to sell Wellesley and add to Falmouth just didn't seem to come together for us...or just didn't seem to resonate as expected. New London entered the picture starting last summer and the more we looked the better it looked and just seemed to be the right answer for us. Concentration of friends, family, highly desirable life style, as well as proximity to Hanover were all key considerations. Malora's son's family with four kids landed a vacation home on Lake Sunapee recently which will place them 5 minutes from us during the summer. We are buying a house on Main St. across the street and a hundred yards down from Colby-Sawyer College which was built in 1812 and was known as "Herrick's Tavern" —used by travelers from Boston to Canada. It was renovated 5 years ago and moved further back by 75 feet from the road. The back yard looks directly at Mt. Sunapee.look forward tomaking the monthly luncheons at the Norwich Inn sometime later on in 2003."

John (with an 'h') **Richardson** just keeps on a'going. This is from his Christmas letter: "This letter's venue, a house trailer adjoining our Hume, Virginia construction site.With an unerring eye, after a year or more of searching, Emily chose an exceptionally beautiful 10 acre lot with gentle slopes that provide variety but are not too steep for mowing, a wood lot, stream, and ample pasture space for her

horses.When not riding, [Emily] divides the hours of her full days and evenings between the roles of construction supervisor and University Professor, teaching computer facilitated distance education courses for the University of Maryland's University College.

"**Moving** to Hume has meant that Emily and I live our lives mostly in parallel, with periodic weekend intersections. Hume and American University are separated by an 80 mile commute.my solution to this dilemma was the 'Faculty Residence Experiment.' I moved into a modest but comfortable apartment in American University's largest residence hall, with more than 800 first and second year students as neighbors.'Faculty resident' has become a second job. a most fulfilling, invigorating and challenging one.

My 'first job,' Director of American University's Center for Teaching Excellence has become something quite different than I anticipated.The challenge of working on technology issues with an enthusiastic, capable cadre of seven professional staff members and 30 or more part-time 'staff technology consultants' has been mind-stretching, and rewarding, though more demanding than I imagined.Then there is the near-culmination of my latest multi-year book project, now titled Development and Deadly Conflict: Lessons for Politicians and Practitioners from Sri Lanka's Civil Wars."

As of Feb. 3, these figures on '60 giving to the Alumni Fund: Class Goal for 2003 = \$401,960; Gifts and pledges = \$245,090; Percentage of goal = 61.0%; Number of donors = 183; Participation percent = 29.7%; Participation goal = 70%; Leadership donors = 36 (81 last year).

Martin Luther King 31, Washington, Lincoln, et al. 0: those are the number of events on the College calendar celebrating their respective birthdays. Someone enlighten me.

Recovering: Bob **Boye**, from quadruple by-pass surgery in mid-January, wife Nancy, from abdominal surgery in mid-February. Postponed, one long-planned trip to Africa. Writes Nancy, "We are thankful that we were not needing medical attention in an animal preserve."

The accompanying photo of the idle-ocracy at play shows Pam and Al **Roberts**, Helaine **Cantor**, Jim and Brooke **Adler**, and Rick and Linda **Roesch** (with husbands reversed) standing on a corner in front of City Hall in San Francisco on a typically sunny January Saturday. Why? All are members of the Bentley Fellows (supporters of the Hopkins Center) who travel annually to enjoy the performing arts scene in a major city. Mickey and Leila **Straus**, Allan and Marilyn **Glick** and (of course) Paul **Cantor** are also Bentley Fellows but weren't able to make this trip. The class of 1960 has more Bentley Fellows than any other single class, but there's room for more - if you're interested, contact Jim or Rick.



Russ and Pat Ingersoll's Feb. 7 retirement celebration must have been the event of the season in Asheville. I have reports from Scoops, Spencer, Russ, and the Asheville "Citizen-Times." Unreliable as newspapers are, this one has to be more trustworthy than any of those '60 characters. The headline reads "Headmaster retires from Christ School." A sub-headline quotes a senior (who obviously is worried about graduating) on Mr. Father Ingersoll: "He's one of the best listeners and most honest persons I've ever been around." It would be nice to print the whole article as every bit of it is positive and relevant, but space prohibits. A school board member spoke of the "astounding" improvements in the school since Russ took over. Of Russ he said, "He's just a thoroughly decent man who has a great love of education and young people." And there is this easy-to-understand quote from Russ: "I believe over the last 10 years we have made a strong and compelling case for the veracity of

single-gender education for boys." Now where did that sort of thinking come from? And not a word about making life miserable for Dartmouth hockey opponents.

Emailed attendee **Morgan**: "Soiree (retirement party) for Russ & Pat Ingersoll on Sat. nite was fabulous with attendance roughly 300..... 'Twas a well-deserved 'love fest' for a really great, yet humble, man. Am heading for Keystone Colorado on 2/26 for some serious skiing. Guest list now includes Dave **Harrison**, Bill **Lum**, Mike

Wood and me'all from our Class."

Scoops Farnsworth called the evening "a wonderful tribute" to Russ and Pat. "Many accolades were expressed by current and former Christ School people. Russ was described as humble, passionate about education for boys, a tireless worker who pulled the school up by its bootstraps, and as a leader with vision. He, of course, didn't want to let any of his Dartmouth classmates have the grasp of the microphone."

Here's Russ's take on the evening: "It turned out to be a beautiful evening. They went overboard — a lot

of hyperbole and hot air. At one point it sounded as if I was being nominated for sainthood. Fortunately I had five Dartmouth buddies in attendance to recognize with me the humor in such hyperbole and to set the



Gallagher, Farnsworth, Saint Russell, Morgan, and Sommer on a special occasion

record straight! **Scoops**, Jim **Gallagher**, Jack **Sommer**, and Spence **Morgan** (all '60s, of course) were joined by Roger Hartley '61 of Duluth....Roger has known me since fifth grade. We roomed together at Taft and played hockey together at both Taft and Dartmouth, so he could really recognize the humor in some of the claims being made.

“**E**ven with all the hyperbole and extravagant statements, it was a most happy time. We had family and friends from almost every phase of our lives. My sister and her husband, my aunt and many of my cousins flew in from Minneapolis for a mini family

reunion. So it was great. Friday Pat and I are off for a ten day cruise. When we get back it will be spring, and then graduation will be coming on fast. And just behind it our 65th birthday party in Chicago.”

Yes, Chicago! And in the meantime, could those of you who've been hiding in the hinterlands, come forward with a word or two about yourself, or Iraq, or the prurient nature of this newsletter, or something? Your old, old classmates would love to hear from you. DG (goodman@sover.net)



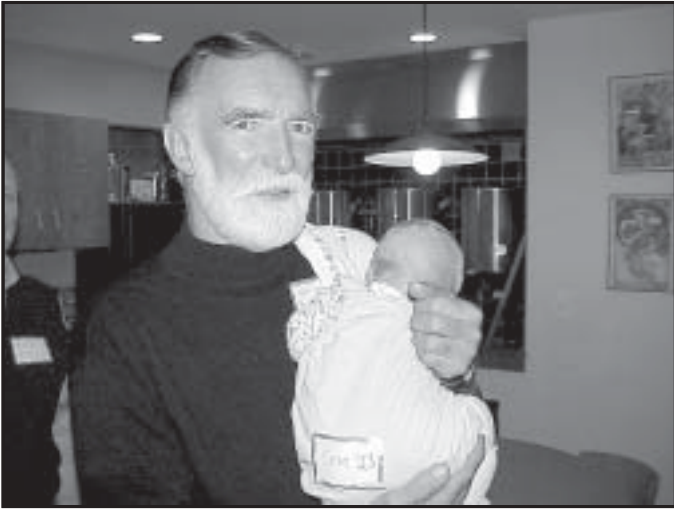
Craig Jameson, Gene Kohn, monthly Norwich Inn lunch



New Uppah Valley resident Dick Slosberg and Pres. Roesch at monthly Norwich Inn lunch



Bob Jervis and Dudley SMieth, Norwich Inn lunch



Gramps Hannon with Sam '23



Hodgsons, Armknechts, and lady friend, Spit, Croatia



Ken Reich, daughter Kathy, and new U.S. Navy inductee, son David Reich, with Navy Lt. Pat Paddock, June 2002