



See page 10 for younger, smarter, more attractive verisons of Emery, Goodman, Goyette, Chase, Gundy, Smith, Roesch, Hanlon, Hannon, Ostebo.

## 1960 NEWSLETTER

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MAY 2003

### *Chicago, June 5-8; Hanover, Oct. 3-5; Old Stick Men, a \$53,000 Medical Discount, and Two Very Sad Losses*

There's been plenty of important news lately: the war in Iraq, the Middle East roadmap, the battle over tax cuts, Spencer Morgan's new beard. But nothing comes close to the demise of New Hampshire's Old Man of the Mountain in Franconia. Seems it came crashing down one recent Saturday night, unseen by anyone. An unreliable source tells me this was the work of Vermont feminists, miffed at nearly 200 years of worshipful attention paid to a New Hampshire male. So much for



*Morgan, bristling*

earth-shaking stories. Time for news of classmates, less dramatic, but almost certainly more outrageous.

Let us begin with a last cry for Chicago 65. Alan Danson, who has turned his life over to coordinating this grand gathering, while digging out from a record winter in Vail, sends this: "60's 65th is shaping up to be a great party and there is still time for those procrastinators among us to get our reservations in. If you email Alan at [aland@vail.net](mailto:aland@vail.net), he'll send you the information and registration form. Chicago's the place and June 5-8 are the dates. You really won't want to miss this event."

Here, courtesy of Jay Emery, is a list of those so far not planning to miss it: Jim and Brooke Adler, Bob and Mary Armknecht, Bryant and Mary Jane Barnes, Tom and Caryl Beadel, David and Diane Bond, Jim and Marty Brannen, Tom and Dorla Brock, Bob Brown and Nan Wheeler, Dick and Sage Chase, Mal and Nita

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**Churchill**, Jon **Cohen** and Allison Morrow, Joe and Donna **Cramer**, Alan and Silvia **Danson**, Hap **Dunning** and Carolyn Geiger, Joan **Flashner**, Dick **Foley**, Walt **Freedman** and Karen Harrison, Bob **Freedman** and Debra Ankeles, Paul and Janet **Freud**, Dick and Luisiana **Gale**, Steve and Shiela **Gell**, Wayne and Betty **Givens**, Allan and Marilyn **Glick**, Sid and Deborah **Goldman**, Allan and Hazel **Greenberg**, Bob and Honey **Hager**, John and Gretchen **Hannon**, Dave and Judy **Harrison**, No First Name and Inta **Hasenkamp**, Urban and Sally **Hirschey**, Jack and Barbie **Hodgson**, Gerry and Cat **Huttrer**, Russ and Pat **Ingersoll**, Bob and Becky **Irvine**, Murray and Shelly **Janus**, Howard and Judith **Jelinek**, Ken **Johansen**, Gene and Judy **Kohn**, Neil and Dorothy **Koreman**, Phil and Mary Lou **Kron**, Gus and Gail **Leach**, Dick and Sue **Levy**, Marty and Bobbie **Lower**, Joel and Susan **Martin**, Tom and Barbara **McBurney**, Bob and Linda **McClure**, Joe and Brenda **McHugh**, Sam **McMurtrie**, John **Mitchell** and Carol McQuate, Rory and Heather **Mullett**, John and DeDe **Passeggio**, Bob **Phillips**, Ken **Reich**, Bob and Jill **Reid**, Jim and Kathie **Reinhardt**, Rick and Linda **Roesch**, Dave and Lynda **Sloper**, Skip and Sally **Snyder**, Allen and Wendy **Stowe**, Tom **Trimarco** and Barbara Rouse, Gary and Barbara **Vandeweghe**, John and Jane **Wheaton**, Ken and Connie **Taber**, Graham and Ruth **Rogeness**, Doug and Helen **Bryant**, Barry and Mary Ann **MacLean**, Bill **Moorman**, Burt **Lloyd**, and Cliff **Anderson**. Ryan **Ostebo** and Mary Hepburn are likely additions. If you paid and your name isn't here, put a little money in your checking account.

Chicago is going to be one wonderful get-together, despite the best efforts of **Stowe** and **Lower** to muck it up with golf. Marty asks that we include this: "As of now, we have the following signed up to play Shoreacres on Thursday, June 5: Bryant and Mary Jane **Barnes**, Jim and Marty **Brannen**, Jack and Barbie **Hodgson**, Gus and Gail **Leach**, Burt **Lloyd**, Barry and Mary Ann **MacLean**, Bill **Moorman**, and Gary and Barbara **Vandeweghe**." Let Marty know if you have any changes.

Marty would also have you know of a Friday morning breakfast at the Meridian Hotel for Alpha Thetas, (to be followed, no doubt, by Hums practice). Expected so far are Marty, Jim **Brannen**, Bob **Freedman**, Bob **McClure** and Cliff **Anderson**. All are welcome, whether you can sing or not.

We return you now to our usual abnormal programming: Rick **Hite** ([hrickhite@rcm.com](mailto:hrickhite@rcm.com)) Green Cards (that's a Dartmouth verb used by too few of you, if you're wondering) from Norfolk: "In my happy retirement I have been translating works by several contemporary Spanish playwrights and poets. Most recently "If Anything Is

Sacred," a play by Fermin Cabral, was published in Spain by the Junta de Castilla y Leon (Government of Castilla and Leon). There is an off-off Broadway production planned for late this year or early next."

From Roger **Stephenson**: "With regrets, Harriet and I will not be able to make the mini-reunion in Chicago in June. I see Peter **Schwartz** (semi retired and semi living in Sarasota), Bob **Palmer**, Ed **Johanson**, and Ken **Rosenfield** (brother-in-law of Peter Schwartz) on occasion. I'm still serving as Pres. of the Dartmouth Club of Sarasota (240 members). Pres. Wright was here last Thursday, a nice luncheon event."

And, scribbled on a Green Card, this from Ed **Daumit**: "Aloha [from St. Louis?]-19 days salt water fly fishing during April in Australia on the Indian Ocean." Ed is at [Ed.Daumit@US.CFBC.COM](mailto:Ed.Daumit@US.CFBC.COM)

Dept. of Very Old News: From the UCLA "Daily Bruin" of Oct. 31, 1997: "It may look like a university, but UCLA is also a giant corporation - with some slippery pay scales. Last week, UCLA basketball head coach Steve Lavin signed a five-year, \$2.38 million contract with UCLA...Joseph **Mandel**, vice chancellor of legal affairs, will earn that kind of money after 16 years....Mandel also said the position of vice chancellor has no likeness in the private sector, partly because similar positions in the private sector pay much higher. 'I did have to take a pay cut to work here,' Mandel said, 'but money is not the sole criterion for deciding what job a person wants.'..... 'It's like a public service,' said Vice Chancellor Mandel."

Well, while we're on the topic of public servant **Mandel**, he sent this to one of my undisclosed sources: "Off to Paris on 2/16 for son Jon's wedding to the lovely Made-moiselle Daphne Bouvard. Should be a fabulous series of celebratory events. Jean and I are bubbling. Although we were severely limited in the number of guests - 40 - we could invite, we do have a nice Dartmouth contingent: Herb Schoenberg '59, Marty **Weiss** '60, Bill Collishaw '61, Paul Mandel '88, Jill Schoenberg '89 and Eric Mandel '94."

There is a slim volume in the local Hanover library entitled The Hanover Scene, published in 1957 by one William H. McCarter and dedicated to "Bill **McCarter** '60, A shrewd observer of the Hanover scene." My thanks to Rick **Roesch** for discovering this and passing it along to me. Here are a few choice excerpts: "The College grows in personnel and plant and purpose, but this summer has been more like old times, and what more could old-timers ask?" "One of the happiest summers of our life was spent sitting on the Inn porch watching the new library rise foot

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by foot over the shambles created by the removal of . . . the Graduate Club, and, finally, Butterfield Hall. . . . One might live, day and night, for years in the Library, as people are reputed to do in department stores, especially if the ink-dispensing machines also carried chocolate bars and jujubes.”

**A**nd more: “One foul March morning we inquired of a serious undergraduate, who had been in the College one semester after serving time at M.I.T., how he would compare Hanover and Cambridge. He gazed at us with owl-eyed imperturbability and announced: ‘Oh, sir, Hanover wins on all points. The snow here is white instead of black; there are trees rather than bushes; and there is absolutely no diversion.’” “Maybe we and our compeers couldn’t make the grade today. We had never heard of percentiles, and still don’t know exactly what they are. ‘Scholastic Aptitude’ had not been invented in our time, but we had at least two things now rare among secondary school pupils nurtured on social studies and driver training [who, us?]. We knew arithmetic, and we knew the alphabet.” “In his *Politics*, Aristotle warns against the . . . flute, as being an orgiastic rather than an ethical agent. How, we wonder, would he react to *Sh-boom?*” “...the College shifts, in September 1958, to a three-term, three-course program. . . . change is usually good, whether it’s good or bad.” “Through this song (*Dartmouth Undying*), unrivalled in its class, the gleaming, dreaming walls of the College remain—no matter what their architectural period—miraculously builded in our hearts.” Bill **McCarter’s** dad surely knew his alphabet. More from *our* Bill next NL.

**S**peaking of football and basketball, (we weren’t?) Murray **Janus**, from the capital of the Confederacy, is “looking forward to Chicago.” He’s also looking forward to seeing some changes made in Dartmouth sports, specifically football and men’s basketball. Murray enclosed two strong letters he wrote recently to the new director of athletics, and added on a Green Card: “Frustrating to this college sports aficionado who is a ‘loyal son of Dartmouth.’ There’s simply no excuse for the state of Dartmouth’s major men’s sports, especially to us ’60s who remember the ‘Golden Days.’” You won’t get no argument from me, counselor, but see men’s lacrosse, below.

**T**here was an acceptance rate for the Class of ’07 of 17.5%. A record number of applications: 11,853. Lowest acceptance rate ever. SATs of those accepted: Verbal 717, math 725. International students comprise a record 8% of all admissions and are from 53 countries. “Students of color” comprise 39% of all acceptances: 361 Asian-Americans, a record; 213 African-Americans, also a

record. 64% from public schools, highest in four years. (What happened to Deerfield?) 112 legacies, lowest in four years. 46-48% expected to get some sort of financial aid, the average amount \$22,000. By comparison, these figures from the “Daily Princetonian”: a record 15,725 applications; acceptance rate of 9.9 percent, down from 10.8 last year vs. Harvard’s admissions rate of 9.8 percent.

**T**he Dean of Students for Pluralism and Leadership (you gotta be kidding) presented the fraternity Award for Inclusiveness to Sigma Nu on April 28. So what’s the big deal? That house once included the likes of **Grabowsky, Caulfield, Notaro, Dimling, Huttner, Barchilon, and Fromholtz**, not to mention **Grow** and **Radigan**. Talk about diversity—some might say insanity—and no award either. With TEP kaput, Sig Ep walked away with academic honors—most Rufus Choate scholars and most Phi Betes (30 percent of their membership in these categories). Now that is indeed a change from the days of **Booker, Guilford, Hasenkamp, Taber, Latham, and Landzettel**.

**T**he Left Coast Luncheon Mavens have met again and have plans for more. Scribes organizer **Hasenkamp**: “Left Coast Lunch II was as pleasant as #1. We were five (There are about 36 in all northern California, an area roughly the size of New England, I think): Ed **Berkowitz**, Hap **Dunning**, Axel **Grabowsky**, Hasenkamp (all four with perfect attendance records so far) and Bob **Bentel**, whom I haven’t seen since 1960. He’s a retired United California Banker. . . . mostly international career, with a lot of time in Asia. He’s now on the board of a small Korean-organized bank here. . . . and lives in San Francisco, where he grew up.

**“H**ap was politically out-numbered this time, and we did talk international stuff quite a bit. Axel asked who could name the last war that France won. (It was under Napoleon.) . . . Axel and Mary have bought a house (actually Mary bought; Axel hasn’t yet seen, but he says Mary buys all their houses and he has always liked what she bought) in Natick, Mass., which he says is next to Wellesley, and they move the end of June. Axel claims that his son-in-law has committed to shoveling the snow. That sounds like a good system! **Berkowitz** is soon off again to canoe in Alaska. He gets dropped by a small plane on a sandbar in a river in the Brooks Range and canoes downstream to the sea and a town with an air strip from which something commercial returns him to civilization. He has done this several times already and swears by the experience. We meet next on Wednesday, September 10, noon, University Club of San Francisco. Feel free to publicize it! More guys will be even merrier.”

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**Spike Hamilton** and **John Goyette**, along with **Rog Schaefer**, **Dudley Smith** and me, spent a recent Friday evening in the **Ray Moulton** lounge of the tennis center enjoying a picnic dinner courtesy of the Dartmouth Club of the Uppah Valley, **Jas. Adler** pres. (Dudley Smith previous pres.—this is the second largest D Club in the world, so it's clear that there's life in the old class yet). All this was preliminary to the Dartmouth-Harvard men's lacrosse game, which D needed to win to grab a third of the Ivy title. D did win, 5-4, prompting a huge game-ending bear hug on Goyette, courtesy of Hamilton. We sat between these two old stick men (no comment) and listened as they relived past glories. It was a great evening for Dartmouth sports, and for those more used to football and basketball, a welcome change. More than 2000 fans were there to watch it under the lights. As Goyette put it in an email, "It seems that at Dartmouth the 'minor sports' are becoming 'major,' and vice-versa. Perhaps that's the way it's meant to be."

**W**hat brought Spike and John all the way to Hanover from rural VT and NH was the Green's win the previous week against "unbeatable" Princeton. That victory roused from his slumber another ancient stick man, the legendary Rafter **Jack Patterson**, who in his usual way described it all to a T in an email he sent to the Dartmouth coach, with this cover note to me: "Hey guy - Huge win here - HUGE don't you think . I sent this to **Jack Hodgson** , **Winnie (Robinson)** Pat Walsh and Moose. Rafter

**A**nd here is a little of Rafter's prose to the lax coach: "I hiked from Georgia to Maine last year on the Appalachian Trail . One of the ways I kept 'at it' was to relive / replay our 1959 loss to them (Princeton). It was down there and they persevered to win by a score of 6 to 5 when their star John Hyde got free and scored in the last minute..... On the trail I played and replayed it....But now it has ACTUALLY happened. Way , way , way , way , WAY to go to you personally and to all the team. Wonderful , wonderful , wonderful ! I am, and I am sure all who follow Dartmouth Lacrosse are as well HUGELY thrilled." So why do I include all this about a couple of lacrosse games? Lacrosse? Well, when is the last time you were that enthusiastic over something. Anything?

**O**K, so tell us about it on email or on that Green Card.

**O**nce again, not all is fun and frolic with news of the Class. Here are two obituaries from **Ken Reich**:

**W**ord comes from San Diego of the death at home of our classmate, **Paul H. Boeker**, just weeks after undergoing an operation for the brain tumor that took his life. Paul was a distinguished diplomat, with 27 years at the State

Department. He served as U.S. Ambassador to Bolivia in 1977-80 in the Carter Administration, and Ambassador to Jordan in 1984-87 in the Reagan Administration. In Amman, he proved himself invaluable by brokering a series of secret negotiating meetings between the Jordanians and the Israelis. Also at the State Department, Paul was a speechwriter for Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, served on the Policy Planning Council of two secretaries of state, was director of the Foreign Service Institute training diplomats, and served in Colombia and Germany.

**A**fter he retired from State, Paul served 14 years as president of the Institute of the Americas, which was headquartered on the campus of the University of California at San Diego. The privately-financed institute worked to improve political, economic and social ties with Latin America, and he frequently traveled south in connection with this work. In the 2000 edition of *Musings*, he told of having flown two million miles in the preceding five years, although part of this was to see his children back East.

**P**aul was born in St. Louis and as a fifth grader moved with his family to Darien, Ct., where he became acquainted with two future classmates who were to become his roommates at Dartmouth, **Haley Fromholz** in his Freshman year and **Al Pieper** in the last three years. They were all in elementary school together. Haley, now a Superior Court judge in Los Angeles, recalled Paul as a brilliant student, who majored in economics and graduated Phi Beta Kappa and Magna Cum Laude from Dartmouth, but noted that 'at the same time, he had a great sense of humor. It was always bubbling right under the surface. He would burst into uncontrollable laughter.' Haley was impressed at Paul's services in San Diego when messages remembering him were read from Kissinger, former Secretary of State George Schulz, former President Carter, President Sanchez de Lozada of Bolivia and King Abdullah II of Jordan. Al, who has long had a career in manufacturing, remembered that on his own wedding day, Sept. 9, 1961, Paul successfully proposed to Peggy Macon Campbell, a Skidmore graduate who later accompanied him on his various diplomatic assignments.

**A**nother Dartmouth roommate, **Richard Skolnik**, now a history professor at CCNY, remembers that he was somewhat taken aback, as a 16-year-old Jew from the lower East Side of New York, to be thrown in in his Freshman year with Paul and Haley, two upper class Protestants from Connecticut. 'But they were consummate gentlemen,' he recalled. 'They embraced me, welcomed me and it worked out beautifully.' In fact, he

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said, his appreciation of classical music came from listening to Paul play it. In 1985, when he wrote his entry for the first *Musings*, Paul observed, 'In terms of personal satisfaction being U.S. Ambassador in a troubled part of the world is about the best job I know, and I consider myself lucky to be doing this for the second time...Living in a totally different culture is a continual process of learning, surprise and stimulation.' He spoke of his pride that his daughter, Michelle, had been able to work with Bolivian orphans and his wife had gone on a trek explaining American values to 15,000 people in remote Andean towns. However, he also noted, 'Facing violence against our diplomats is now the most painful part of life abroad.' Paul is survived by his wife, Peggy, three children, Michelle Horn, Kent and Madison, and two grandchildren. All three of his children lived on four continents and have been involved in international endeavors."

**Allan Cameron** added this: "...Paul, a fellow International Relations major, was one of our best and brightest. He has left us at what seems to me to be an unfortunately young age." And from John **Walker**, "[Paul's death was] a terrible shock to me, since I did not know that he had been ill. He looked great at the reunion in 2000. I have always been impressed with his intellect, sound judgment, and humanity. What a loss!"

**Elliott Carr** roomed with Paul at Princeton in '60-'61 and offered this glimpse of Paul: "Paul and I didn't know each other at Dartmouth. But when we and Bill **Veech** became the three members of the Class of '60 at Princeton the next fall, Paul and I soon persuaded two others to swap rooms so we could become roommates. Even though - perhaps because - both of us soon realized we didn't fit into the graduate school routine and moved on to better things after one year - it was a memorable year. Both of us had been used to being considered among the studious types at Dartmouth but occupied the other end of the social spectrum at Princeton, spending much time developing our taste for wine and enjoying our common interest for opera. We made frequent trips to nearby New York City, traveling Route 1 to avoid the turnpike tolls and parking at the same fire hydrant to avoid fees. Paul met his wife Peggy, who was a student at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital that year. The three of us spent so much time together I sometimes felt like the third party to the romance, despite her efforts to fix me up with many of her colleagues. Although we have never lived closer than 600 miles of each other since, Paul remained one of those people who you never want to let out of your life. His sense of humor, common sense, and desire to make the world a better place stand out in a world spinning amok."

And, if I may add my own brief comment on Paul, we have surely lost one of our most distinguished classmates. I never had the privilege of working with him at State, but I know that he had one of the most successful and accomplished careers in that large and often impersonal bureaucracy that any Foreign Service Officer could have dreamed of. He was outstanding.

And, sadly, there is another from Ken **Reich**:

"Our classmate Dr. Simeon T. **Cantril** died on March 5, 2003 of a heart attack in Eugene, Ore., where he had gone to visit his two daughters and their families. In recent years, Sim had been living in Belgrade, Mt., and practicing his specialty of radiation oncology at Bozeman Deaconess Hospital's Cancer Treatment Center, which he was instrumental in creating. He had moved to Montana in 1993, in part to pursue an avocation as an outdoorsman. While living there, he and his wife, Cynthia, opened the CornerGait Ranch, an equine boarding and training facility, in 1995.

"Sim, son of a member of the Class of 1929, came to Dartmouth from Washington state, and initially roomed with two others in our class who later also became medical doctors, Joel **Baker** and Don **Bayles**. In Hanover, he was a member of Chi Phi. He graduated from Harvard Medical School in 1964, having married Mary Howell, a school teacher while studying there. Sim and Mary were the parents of three children, Alison, Sarah and Kevin. Mary died in 1981 and two years later, he married Cynthia Kersey, an oncology nurse, and adopted her son, Jonathan. He also had four grandchildren. Sim and Mary spent two years on the Navajo Reservation in Arizona, where he served as a medical officer, known, according to his Navajo nickname translated as "Tall Doctor Who Sees You Right Away."

"Soon after, Sim trained in radiation oncology in San Francisco and London. He was to treat thousands of patients in a clinical career spanning more than three decades, mainly in the San Francisco Bay Area. Sim also was, at various times, Associate Director for Cancer Centers at the National Cancer Institute, executive director of the West Coast Cancer Foundation and Associate Director for Cancer Control at the Northern California Cancer Program. The obituary in the Bozeman 'Daily Chronicle' newspaper commented, 'Breaking with his natural reserve was not easy for him, but Sim had a dry sense of humor and sharp wit that would often break through his intense manner. His pride in his children was always clear. Sim often expressed amazement that he'd been blessed to love and be loved by two magnificent women.'"

Usually, you have to include yourself in the photo to get your grandchildren published in an intellectual journal like this, but David and Martha Vaules's grands are so cute, they deserve the royal treatment. (OK, so *your* grands are, too. No kidding. Send photo—of them and you.) Writes David: “Becca, Sayaka, Alec (holding Charlie), Gregory and Maggie. Becca,



*David and Martha Vaules' grands*

Alec, and Charlie go together—mother '91 father, our son, an '89. Gregory and Maggie are a pair from our daughter '87. Sayaka is mentioned below. [Got that straight?] I now have a digital camera and you may be sorry. Hope your winter hasn't been as depressing as ours. I just don't like the cold and snow at 65 the way I once did. I am still working 2 days a week and watching the retirement \$ fritter away. I have faith in the system and I think there should be reasonable recovery by the time we are 80. I don't think we can continue to blame it all on the former administration. My broker thinks that if George decided to call off the war it would mean an immediate 15% gain in the market. The trouble is many of us need a 30% gain.”

It took Cai Raber four lines of email to tell us that he has a new email address ([caibarb@atmc.net](mailto:caibarb@atmc.net)), but not a word of news about Barbara and him.

I can never improve on Ken Reich's prose, so I will just quote his latest Class Notes column: “The next class mini-reunion will be Oct. 3-5, the weekend of the Penn game, and, as last year, we will be joining with the classes of '59 and '61 in an intellectual or artistic symposium on Friday afternoon, and then have our own class meeting and tailgate party Saturday morning before the game, a class dinner Saturday night, a brunch on Sunday and other events.” So start thinking beyond the summer and plan for this Hanover weekend in the fall. As to applying the words “intellectual” and “artistic” to the '59s or '61s, well, Ken is a professional writer and is allowed a certain amount of poetic license.

From Hans Wurster, viewing a photo of the Winter Carnival statues: “Thanks for the Carnival photos. We just finished the Breckenridge ice sculpture contest but, this is nothing on the scale of Dartmouth. Living in a place with six months of winter takes me back to those golden years.” Wrote Jack Sommer of the sculptures: “Thanks for the snaps! A couple of those sculptures were excellent and a couple I could not decipher—but then again there were times I couldn't when I

was there.”

And from Russ Ingersoll: Thanks for the Winter Carnival pictures. They restore memories that have faded from years of living in the southland. Pat



*Ingersolls cruising*

and I just returned from a 10- day cruise in the Caribbean, which we enjoyed a lot. Attached you should find a picture if all turns out as intended. I am in the countdown to retirement and can't wait.”

Movie recommendations, for those who won't read books, from Hap Dunning (who does read books): “Glad you liked Rabbit Fence. Two others I liked recently: Bend it Like Beckham, and, even better, Nowhere in Africa. The second one is about a German Jewish lawyer who sensed what was coming in 1937 and moved with his family to Kenya. It is especially about how his young daughter dealt with Africa and how her parents dealt with Africa and each other. Very well done - got the Oscar this year for best foreign film.” Other movie recommendations?

Art Needham fancies himself as “TAC,” The Arch Conservative, and I would not presume to argue with that description. Writes he in March: “Chalk it up to Spring-

time. The first shoot of rhubarb thrust up through the snow and mud in my garden today. The first crocus appeared in the flower garden next to the house. This afternoon, I was able to clear my head with a long walk in the mud. From the February 2003 issue of the 1960 Newsletter, I note 183 donors represent a participation percent of 29.7. If anyone questions such a low participation, just refer them to the garbage on page 6 of your Newsletter, in re the College's ideas on "Women and Pleasure." Then, remind them of all the high-sounding reasons why Dartmouth chose to go coeducational in the early 1960s. (Then recall that the class of 1960 opposed, by a ratio of 9 to 1, the idea that Dartmouth should go coed.) At one time, Dartmouth alums could be distinguished by their green blood. Now, more than twice as many '60s prefer not to give to Dartmouth. In case I have never explained this to you, '60s did not desert the College. The College deserted us!" *Editor's note: Class participation by the June 30th closing of the campaign has historically been around 70 percent and is expected to approach that level this year.*

Well, here are some updated figures on Class participation in the Alumni Fund, based on information received through May 2, 2003 from Ken **Johansen**:

- Class Goal for 2003 = \$401,960
- Gifts and pledges = \$317,402
- Percentage of goal = 77.1%
- Number of donors = 248
- Participation percent = 40.5%
- Participation goal = 70%
- Leadership donors = 55 (81 last year)

Hearing my "plaintive call from the wilderness" for NL news, Bob **Boye** emails: "Dory [half-dog, half person] and I are walking a longer, daily route on the golf course. I am feeling really well, regaining strength and stamina. Raked the yard yesterday. Nancy, too, is getting better every day. Her surgeon told her that she still had to do a lot of healing, internally, before she would be 100%. But, he saw no reason why she couldn't paddle her kayak. So, life is almost back to normal — whatever that is.

"Imagine running up over \$75,000 in medical bills over a five day binge. As your reward, the insurance company that has been jacking up your premiums yearly at rates of 35-40%, notifies you that 'Due to your failure to seek a second opinion or prior clearance for the procedure, we are not liable for this claim.' These wonderful, caring folks had approved the diagnostic procedure of an angiogram. But, when it

produced negative results, disavowed the entire claim. It took several phone calls and threats of going to the newspapers and state insurance commissioner, before their 'review committee' reconsidered and paid the claim, which, of course, was grossly reduced by their bargaining power to \$22,000. Maybe one of the class medical care geniuses can explain how hospitals, surgeons, etc. can charge \$75,000 as 'cost' but settle for \$22,000 in payment. Do they make up their loses with volume? Very clearly, they were quite willing to charge me full freight. I can't imagine what medical care really costs. Where does the money go?"

**Roger** and **Carolyn Schaefer** in April were "getting ready to spend a few days at The Greenbriar celebrating our 40th. Wow! How could she put up with me for so long?" A Hasenkamp T shirt to anyone who can answer that one. Roger's brother, Dave '63, notes, "The Schaefer clan had a 65th birthday party for Rog in mid April.....He plans to keep working until the end of the year."

Some gossip from Cub Reporter **Spencer Morgan**: "Understand Melville (Mickey) **Straus** just had hip replacement surgery. This news from **Jon Richardson**. I skied with **Bill Lum** and **Dave Harrison** + their sons at Keystone, CO two weeks ago. Great fun, but youngsters made me feel old. This was part of Bob Downey '58 group which numbered 57 at its



*Dick and Sage Chase*

peak, not all Dartmouth, but most peeing green." And, in February, this: It sure makes one feel good to be the friend of someone [**Russ Ingersoll**] who has accomplished so much and is so reserved about receiving praise. I think last night was a mini-'60s dinner in



*Hannon and Gundy*

Vero Beach with **Marcy & Arnold Sigler**, **Malora & Bill Gundy** and **Gail & Dave Hiley** joining **Wendy & Allen Stowe**. I think Gundy is having both knees operated on at some point." (In the fall, after they get settled in a new house in New London.). A May gathering at **Dick and Sage Chase's** beautiful new home near New London,

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welcomed the Gundys back to NH (*see '60 mob in attached photos*).

And a little gossip from Marty **Lower**: Tom **Trimarco** is prepared to match the Utah climber and cut his arm off for some tickets to the Cub-Yankees in Chicago during the 65<sup>th</sup>. It's the first time ever the two teams will have met there and tickets are at a premium. Bob **Freedman** apparently came up with five such tickets and is refinancing his house to pay for them. The **Lowers** and the **Krons** were off in April to Amsterdam, Brussels, the Normandy Coast, and Paris. What next? Cuba? Iran? North Korea? Dick **Davidson** is "feeling great," with a clear CAT scan of late.

If Tom **Kirby** doesn't know what "natural golf" is, nobody does, proving somebody better keep a close eye on Gene **Powell's** mulligans. Emails Tom: "Still doing more golf things than ever. Just finished the Long Island Golf Association Year Book with 50 pages and about 30 of my photos. I'm not sure what 'natural golf' is. However, the members of my club who



*Kirby golfing, naturally*

have not acquired melanoma as yet are still playing the 4th tee to the 16th green without shirts. Germaine and I just came back from two weeks in France and Switzerland where the skiing was great at Courchevelle. Plenty of powder and no lift lines. Through very clean living we did not put on any weight even though assaulted daily with great cooking. **Griggs** can try the risotto with asparagus mixed in a 44 kilo parmesan cheese that we had in Geneva....I am attaching a picture of myself trying to play winter golf at GCGC in February.....We are planning a trip to Florida in April and probably some fishing in Scotland in May. Makes for a pretty good spring."

**Bob Kenerson** is too kind to kill me, but he is probably going to mess with my mind next time he's in Hanover. He sent me pages of bios on our Class Scholars back in November, and, despite my frequent bleats for more news from the rest of you, I still haven't found space to print them. Including in this issue. But when you get long typewritten letters from Dick **Griggs** that you can actually

read (**Daumit, Grow**, the rest of you, take note), you resort to triage. So here's from Dick:

"I've been serving as Secretary of The American Jazz Hall of Fame for about five years. It has been a true labor of love. Jazz has been a passion of mine since high school, when I played trumpet in a group along with Dick Reynolds. My playing ended then. Dick went on to perform in the Barbary Coast while we were in Hanover.

"All I do for the Hall of Fame is organize the balloting each year, and then contact the inductees or their families. It has been exciting to be involved with some of the electors, who have included Benny Carter, Marian McPartland, Doc Cheatham, and some jazz commentators whose names may not be so familiar. They all take the process very seriously, and come up with six to eight inductees each year. Then, I've had the kick of tracking down the inductees or their families.....

"Unlike most of our classmates, I have kept my 'day job,' and am still happily involved with the business I started 40 years ago in the financial services field; but, The American Jazz Hall of Fame has been a fun sideline." And this final Griggs note: "Bruce **Ducker** got wind of the fact that I was skiing in New Mexico last month. He and Jaren and Steve and Martha **Carrol** flew in to Taos for a few days and we had a great time! You can take the boy out of Dartmouth but you can't take Dartmouth out of the boy."

Recent "Daily D" stories: Cycling team finishes season as the Ivy League's best; Debaters take second at nationals; Psi U's annual mudbowl held on fraternity's front lawn; U.S. News drops Tuck to tenth; College tweaks alcohol policy; As war continues, students prepare for military service; Over 70 participate in vigil for peace; Men's hockey gains respect and success in memorable campaign [and the women did even better, going to the Final Four].

**Albie Stark** never seems to rest: "Ellen and I are cross country skiing all over Princeton. [If you can't stomp on them, this will do.] On Monday, we shuussed ... right down the middle of Nassau Street. I know you will ask, so here's the answer. Our next trip is to Singapore, Cambodia, and Viet Nam. [That's better—slightly—than France and Belgium, **Kron** and **Lower**.]. We will kayak, hike, and bike in Nam. We hiked in Viet Nam a few years ago. Ellen is turning 60 on March 28 and chose this trip instead of a party (which of course, she gets anyway). The one country we have not visited out there is Cambodia and she is dying to see Angkor Wat.

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“As for me, I am writing up a storm, working on three cases that interest me, and enjoying my boat during the summer when I am not playing tennis. I have taken on the chairmanship of Leadership Trenton, a program designed to create the future leaders of our city. I am raising 100K for a scholarship program through the sale of a book I wrote about the first fifteen years of my law career. Check it out at [www.xlibris.com/BeyondtheBar.html](http://www.xlibris.com/BeyondtheBar.html).” For tennis buffs, this additional from Albie: “I am relearning the game. I play with three seniors-nationally ranked....we have three rules: have fun, don’t get hurt, and hit every ball inside the baseline! try it—it is a blast.”

From Allan Cameron: “The item on Chuck Kaufman, in the February 2003 Newsletter, brought to mind the first of the two Dartmouth appearances in the NCAA tournament, in 1958. I was the remote engineer for the WDCR (or maybe still WDBS) broadcast of the games against Manhattan and Temple from Charlotte, North Carolina. Bob Hager was one of the broadcasters, the other was from the class of ’59 and for the life of me I cannot remember his name, though I am sure that Bob can and that I should (but my ability to remember names has been the first casualty of age, as best I can recall). I recall that, before one of those games, we had one hell of a time getting a connection back to Hanover through the telephone system, which was the occasion for tension, taut words, and general unhappiness. But the broadcast worked out in the end, though the second game did not. I remember being stunned by Guy Rogers’s ability! I also remember meeting an absolutely gorgeous girl who was at Queens College in Charlotte; I went back to see her subsequently, which was fun but not permanent.

“Somewhere I still have a copy of The Soldier and the State by Sam Huntington, [recommended in the last NL by Art Needham] which was used in a Government course probably taught by Larry Radway. I recall thinking at the time that it was not as good as Arms and Men by Walter Millis, which I also still have. But they, and thousands of other books, are packed and in storage.

“I appreciate having been elevated to solon status by Andy Paul with regard to PGMs and Afghanistan, though it is undeserved. My current hope is that the Navy shoots all the Tomahawks in the inventory so that they can buy a system that has a big enough warhead to kill something significant at the receiving end. Pound for pound, there is no more expensive way to put HE on a target than a Tomahawk! I’d be interested in Dave and Diane Bond’s book about financial planning for retirement, were it not for the fact that it no doubt is cast in terms of Canadian dollars, and we know what has happened to THEM! I’m

still at the same corporate stand, though we (DynCorp) have been acquired by CSC.”

I have put together what I think is an interesting compilation of classmates’ thoughts on the war in Iraq. Space prevents running them all in this NL, but here are a few excerpts from some of those now posted on the web. The full text may be found in the “Forum” section of the Class website (<http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/60/forum.html>). Keep in mind the date the war began, March 20.

Andy Paul: (in February): “I would agree, and so would a lot of others, that Iraq has to change, and that the U.S. can be an agent for that. But it doesn’t mean we have to be the sole agent, and that is where I start to have trouble. Just because we have war-fighting technology that we can pretty much assume can give us a fast victory doesn’t mean that we have to do it - at least not right away - but that seems to be exactly what the military planners and the Rumsfeld side are saying.”

Al Roberts (who gets a non-existent Hasenkamp T-shirt for accurate predictions) (on March 5): “As to Iraq, I am at the point now where, if it were my call, I would be getting after it as quickly as possible, before there is further deterioration of public opinion, and even our remaining friends (especially Blair) lose heart. The action itself is likely to take less than a month; of course, there will be significant work to do afterwards.”

Tony Roisman (on March 27): “I believe it is widely agreed that if the US had been able to develop some clear criteria for inspections, if the US had been able to get the world -virtually all of which fears, despises and/or mocks Saddam - to unite behind a firm policy (not Resolution 1441) that contained real goals and real deadlines we could have avoided this war. It is that failure of diplomacy for which Bush and his advisors should be held to account and because of it the death of each American, each Englishman and each civilian in this war should be laid at the feet of those whose diplomatic ineptitude made the war necessary.”

Allan Cameron (a day after Saddam’s statue came down): “I was not and am not convinced that invasion was the best way to handle the problem, but I sure do find myself filled with admiration at what our forces have done. And I hope that Saddam is at the bottom of that rubble-filled crater!”

John Mitchell (on March 15): “You can’t negotiate with someone who does not want to negotiate. They don’t

want to negotiate with us, they want to kill us....If appeasement worked, we wouldn't have left all those bodies in France in the 40's.....We can't wait for the next outrage. We have to act now. Guess I'll get me a Cuban cigar, open a bottle of Champagne, lay out some Saudi dates and watch me a war. Kill 'um all and let Allah sort 'um out."

As the less fortunate among you are aware, Gus **Leach** is prone to circulating questionable jokes via email. So I sent him a particularly gross one that someone even worse than Gus (well, if you must know, it was Round



*Leach grand*

John **Mitchell**) sent to me. Replied Gus: "Denny: Grungy!! I don't think I'll pass it on ! The better I get to know you, the more I wonder about just what turns you on !!!!!" Well, you could ask my wife, or you could just send a Green Card. Those will do it every time. Gus would remind us all "to use your spellchecker to ensure you put the 'u' into various words!" So humour him a little. And me, with some email. Finally, Round John offers me this gratuitous comment: "You let your wife read your e-mail? And you went to Dartmouth?" Well, remember, there are two theories about arguing with women. Neither one works.

Happy Chicago 65. dg



*Ryan Ostebo, Mary Hepburn and a view from the new Chase abode*



*Sailer, Roesch, Adler, Emery on the slopes*



*Who belongs to these lasses? Emery, Ostebo, Roesch, Hanlon, Goodman, Gundy, Chase, Hannon, Smith*