



Chicago Planners: Freedmans, Dansons, Brannens, MacLeans

1960 NEWSLETTER

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Dinner with Chagall, a Pied-a-terre for 150, Sneaking around Old Europe, and Hi Ho Trigger

Apologies for dragging some of you away from Living History and others from your own private search for WMD, but it is time rejoin the real world with new tales of glorious deeds by the peripatetic Class of 1960. Which brings us straight to Chicago and the 65th Birthday extravaganza. I couldn't find a direct flight from West Leb so I missed the party, but using standard NY Times reportorial practices, I can nevertheless report authoritatively, dateline and all, and what follows is sure to become a Pulitzer-Prize-winning account.

We could sum it up nicely by saying it was a wonderful, extraordinary, beautifully planned and executed weekend, but that brief description would be unworthy of the Paper of Record, so here are young stringer Rick **Roesch's** first-hand observations:

Chicago

“60's 65th Birthday Party in Chicago was a truly exceptional experience that will be long remembered by all in attendance. Our hosts, justifiably proud of their fine city, shared its variety and splendor with us across four smoothly executed days of activities. Barry and Mary Ann **MacLean** began the weekend by generously hosting a cocktail/buffet reception in their 52nd floor Michigan Avenue “pied a terre.”

furnished to perfection with museum-quality Asian art and offering such a splendid view over Lake Michigan that one imbibor claimed to be able to see the tower of Baker Library.

“**F**riday commenced with a fascinating boat tour of Chicago’s stunning architecture, organized by Jim **Brannen** (who also organized double-decker bus transport to and from events). Back on land, David and Diane **Bond** led a lively discussion on retirement options based on their recent book, *Future Perfect*. David’s wit (he recommends teaching as the only job in entertainment with a guaranteed wage, paid by the audience in advance) was augmented by chocolate samples from their candy factory handed out by Bob and Linda **McClure** (winner of the ‘how to be famous in the eyes of your grandchildren’ category). The day ended with a typical Windy City feast organized by Karen **Harrison** and Walter **Freedman** at Stefani’s Restaurant, followed by Bob **Kenerson**’s midnight piano-ing for enthusiastic voicings of Dartmouth melodies (someone please send Gus **Leach** the politically correct words to “D’s in Town Again”).

“**S**aturday was Museum Day, and to see them all would take at least a month. Highlights were the Children’s Museum (complete with a plaque recognizing Karen’s and Walt’s many contributions), the interesting ‘Museum Campus’ – where the Adler Planetarium, Shedd Aquarium and Field Museum of Natural History are located — the Museum of Science and Industry, and the world-famous Art Institute of Chicago, where Barry is a Trustee and Chair of the Art School. The gala, black tie Birthday Dinner that evening was at the Art Institute, and for those who didn’t see all of its treasures during the day, Barry had arranged for a private docent-assisted tour of its fabulous impressionist collection followed by cocktails in front of the beautiful Chagall Windows. Dinner was in the famous, relocated Louis Sullivan-designed Stock Trading Room, elegantly decorated and organized by Mary Ann and Karen.

“**T**he San Francisco Four (Hap **Dunning**, Dick **Foley**, Dick **Gale** and Bruce **Hasenkamp**) raised a congratulatory toast to their Chicago successors; a

pianist (using authentic scores Mary Ann had obtained from the Dartmouth Music Library) accompanied a standing chorus of ‘Men of Dartmouth’ and played other Dartmouth tunes while scenes of Hanover, courtesy of the Co-op, floated across large screens in the front of the hall; and Barry introduced Tony Jones, renowned Director of the Art Institute School, who shared a brilliant history of the art scene in Chicago (plus an anecdote for those in kilts (John **Mitchell**) - or with a Mac in their name — about the generosity of Scots who will pour a

bit of their finest whiskey on your grave - but only after passing it through their kidneys). So spectacular an evening would not yield to bed, and once again the hotel lobby reverberated to voices raised over **Kenerson**’s fingers on ivory, with Joe **McHugh**’s “Danny Boy” bringing tears to eyes (and a visit from the church youth group upstairs).

“**O**n Sunday morning, Karen and Walter hosted a delightful brunch in their cheerful and architecturally significant home, the only Art-Deco historical landmark in Lincoln Park, with its signature 20’ by 12’ leaded glass window creating its front facade and a seeming Connecticut River mural on the back verandah for Walt’s nostalgic moments. The drawn-out departures began - but not before thoughts turned to the venue for our 70th - Boston, anyone?

“**A** final round of applause for the extraordinary efforts of the Chicago Six - Barry and Mary Ann, extraordinary hosts; Walter and Karen, who conceptualized the weekend and then implemented and hosted with flair; Jim **Brannen**, chief tour and transport organizer; and the Chair for the celebration,



Watch that hand, Carol: Mitchell, McQuake and Fancy Dress.

Alan **Danson**, who chose the site and meticulously supported the operation start to finish. Also assisting in the success of the weekend were our ever-faithful Treasurer, Jay **Emery** and Bill **Batt** from nearby Indianapolis. Many stories are still to be told of encounters and revelations from the folks in attendance, but one observation was the amazement that so many young men of unproved talent and virtue were able to team up with so many brilliant and beautiful women. On to the 70th!”

In an email to the organizing committee, Class Pres Rick added this:

“How can the Class say a big enough thanks to you for a truly superb experience, start to finish!? You did more for the Class spirit than a winning football team! The most sincere reflection was the suggestion from many that we should start celebrating our birthdays annually from now on - HELP! THANKS! Rick”

Alan Danson, who, from Vail, rode herd on the Chicago mafia, summed it all up nicely: “A warm and heartfelt thanks to the dedicated team that contributed to making 60’s 65th a truly memorable occasion. The weekend could not have been better! The City showed itself off to great effect. The events went off without a hitch. The hotel was a winner. The food was delicious. The Friday discussion was stimulating. And the Cubs beat the Yankees. What more could one ask? I enjoyed working with all of you - you were great!”

Rick and Alan were hardly the only enthusiasts. Gary **Vandeweghe** generously sacrificed a few minutes of links time to offer some comments via

Green Card (the *only* Green Card I have seen in three months, I’m sure you’ll want to know). Gary was described to me at lunch at the Hanover Inn the other day by Allen **Stowe** and Gene **Kohn** as looking “terrific, ready to run a marathon—but not as good looking as his wife Barbara and not as good a golfer either.” Kohn and Stowe, incidentally, do not look quite ready to run a marathon. Maybe the Co-op, but not a marathon. Scribbled Gary: “The 65th in Chicago was terrific. Many thanks to **Dansons, Freedmans, Brannens, and MacLeans**—and particularly to the last for golf at Shoreacres, cocktails at their awesome

apartment and the Art Institute. The guys looked pretty good....the wives looked much better! How do those girls do it?” [“It”?]

David Bond, a major contributor himself, added this: “...Di and I found it to be a delightful weekend that proved the great thought and care that the organizing committee put into the entire weekend. From the cocktails at the **MacLeans** to the final dinner bash on Saturday evening, it was outstanding. What perhaps made it special, at least for us, was the chance to meet several classmates that we never had really met before. I didn’t take pictures (our class president was doing that relentlessly) but

we share many warm memories.”

Joe Cramer, operating on his home IL turf, offered this: “...thought you might like to see a mini report I sent to some Phi Gam fraternity brothers about the Chicago 1960 Birthday Party. In the run-up to the Birthday party, I was in touch with quite a few brothers/classmates, as follows: John **Appleford**, Max **Eveleth**, George **Rush**, Tom **Murphy**, Tom **Reilly**, Pete **Erwin**, Nat **Gorton**, Steve **Moody**, Dave **Hambleton**, Bob **Harrach**, Shrimp **Clarke**, Tom **Torinus**, Phil **Clark**- hope I didn’t forget anyone who replied. I actually tried to reach every 1960 by snail mail. All these named guys sounded pretty robust. My aim was to get all these and all other 1960 Phi Gams out to Chicago. Alas, family and work (some of these guys actually still work!!) and maybe a touch



Chicago: The Walt and Barry Show

of provincialism or two, prevented any other Fiji's from making it. The note below is a testimony to what they missed. The upside is, there weren't more Fiji's there to louse up the **Kenerson**-led "Hums" in the hotel lobby. But I represented Fiji's pretty well (off key) in this regard. Can you put a short blurb in the next newsletter that I hope to get a rousing 1960 Fiji turnout at the Hanover 45th in 2005? Will turn to this seriously after my daughter Heidi's wedding in Wisconsin this September. Noting publicly here that **Dave Hambleton** and **Nat Gorton** plus **Murphy** and **Rush** have indicated a willingness to help. Thanks guys, I'll be back in touch in Sept/Oct."

If the Fijis were mostly missing in action, at least two from DTD made it to the Windy City. Here's a word from **Hap Dunning** on two others as well: "It was a treat within a few days to share some time and a meal in three different locations with classmates from Delta Tau Delta/ Bones Gate: **Sam Parke** and his friend **Mandy** in California; **Rory Mullett** and his wife **Heather** at the Chicago birthday party; and **Ed Daumit** and his friend **Celeste** in St. Louis. **Sam** and **Rory** look great and clearly are loving their retirements. **Ed** looks just as good, despite working fulltime with no plans for retirement."

Bill Batt drove over from Indianapolis and came away with these recollections of the weekend: "In the lobby of the Le Meridian hotel was a piano. I guess there was singing Friday night and maybe Thursday, but Saturday night, **Bob Kenerson** tickled the ivories for quite some time as many of us sang our way through the Dartmouth Song Book — the one with the picture of an Injun on the cover — and another book with all kinds of old favorites in it. At one point when we were singing a rousing rendition of The Battle Hymn of the Republic, a group of African Americans ... came on down and joined their voices with ours. They were part of a church youth group dressed to the nines. A brief moment or two of sharing for all of us.

"**M**any classmates experienced Chicago for the first time and went away impressed and pleased, vowing to come back and see more. We had a brief, but to me, special visit from my soph and junior year

roommate, **Cliff Anderson** and his wife **Nancy**. They had been vacationing in England and were on their way home to New Orleans with a change of planes in Chicago. Knowing we would be gathering, they changed their tickets to a 24-hour layover and were with us for the cocktail party at **MacLeans** and the architecture tour boat ride.

"**Bob McClure** and his wife live in Lisle, Illinois, just west of Chicago. One of his businesses is making candy — some sold private label and some sold under the label 'The Chocolate Store' or maybe it is 'The Chocolate Factory.' The factory is in Minnesota. Anyway, at the Friday afternoon session at the Gleacher Center where **David Bond** and his wife talked about retirement, **Bob** and his wife passed around large bags of a variety of their chocolates. All very good indeed. That was a nice touch....

"**MacLeans'** condo is a museum in and of itself.... All **Barry** would say when comments were made was that they had so much fun collecting the things.... **Barry** is also the President — I think that's right — of the Art Institute's Board or at least the Board that is responsible for the school connected with the Institute. The Director really sang **Barry's** praises.

"....**David Bond** and his wife, **Diane** gave quite a program about retirement thoughts. I didn't know **David** very well in school if I knew him at all. I think he was born to be a speaker. He was alert, alive, interactive, humorous and informative. [You talking about *our* **David**?] It was a refreshing time together. There was an Upper Valley contingent of sorts there — **Rick Roesch** (does he still have a wife? I don't recall if she was there.), [Does he have a wife? Wow! Where were you hiding, **Linda**?] the **Weiders**, **Kohns**, **John Mitchell** from Rutland and his friend **Carol McQuate**, and probably some others I have forgotten [like **John** and **Gretchen Hannon**, keeping their usual low profile]."

Given that we have already allowed **Bond** to have his say, here are a few comments from his countryman, **Gus Leach**: "The event was marvelous. The Committee did an outstanding job organizing everything. Chicago is some city. The varying

architectural designs of the office buildings in the downtown core is awesome to behold. I think there were about 70 - 75 classmates plus about 60 spouses/partners present. There were enough present to provide lots of fun & interaction, but it's a shame that more weren't present.

“**Bob Kenerson** is a marvelous pianist. He entertained at a piano in the hotel lobby after dinner each of Friday & Saturday nights, and we all got hoarse from singing the old College songs. How odd it is, though, that nobody seems to know the proper words to Dartmouth's in Town Again ... we all just know the raunchy version!!”

After the first night of the gathering, ace gossip columnists Marty and Bobbie **Lower** furnished the following, then seemed to disappear permanently into the fleshpots of the big city: “So far, we have run into Bob **Brown** and his fiance, Nancy Wheeler. They are planning to get married in October. Nancy is familiar with Dartmouth, having attended Bob's first two Winter Carnivals. They were high school classmates. John **Passeggio** and DeDe and Dick **Levy** and Sue were in the lobby waiting for other members of Alpha Chi. Supposedly five brothers are attending. I told them you wanted pictures so Dick went over and bought a camera [the results of which are still apparently locked in the Varian vault]. We talked about his company which hit a high on the stock market today. Not too many people who can make that statement. Dick has been CEO of a spinout of Varian. **Leaches** and **Hodgsons** are also in. More later. Marty P.S. I'm typing this for the local gossip. Bobbie”

Asked like some others to serve as a stringer, No-First-Name **Hasenkamp** replied, “I'll leave the photos to Rick, but will pick up what intelligence I can. What if I stumble on WMDs?” Having heard nothing further, I can but conclude that he is no smarter than he was before Chicago or has fallen into a barrel of anthrax.

Phil Kron, trying to atone for his recent trip with the **Lowers** to France, (see below) sent this: “...here's some input from the 65th Birthday Party Reunion which was absolutely fantastic. The team of **McLean**,

Freedman, **Danson**, and **Brannen** did a great job of endearing us all to Chicago with an able assist from the spouses. You missed a good one!

“**As** for news about people you don't hear a lot about, here's some input: Paul **Freud** is sort of phasing into retirement, especially after having bought a place at The Reserve in Port St. Lucie, Florida and having recently joined the Doylestown Country Club: both he and wife Janet have the golf bug which may take the edge off their exceptional tennis games. Paul is a Senior Principal Scientist (as befitting a Ph.D in Physics) at Microtrac Inc., a Unit of Nikkiso and works in the Doylestown area where they have lived for over 30 years. They have three kids, two in the Boston area and one in Albany, NY. Daughter Cathy is a Dartmouth engineering graduate. I think they really enjoyed the 65th and we might see them in Hanover in the Fall.

“**Bill McCarter** made the trek from Boston and it was good to see him back at a reunion. He seems to be doing well and is getting back to doing some lawyering. As a former member of The Glee Club, his was a welcomed voice around the piano each night at Le Meridien where **Kenerson** held forth in his typically entertaining way.

“**Tom** and Caryl **Beadel** stopped by for a couple of nights on their way from Santa Barbara to the Thousand Islands for the summer. Tom is suffering from multiple myeloma, but seems to be holding his own very well with a great and very caring assist from Caryl. Unless you knew he had this problem, you would think everything was fine because he acts like the old Beads we love and enjoy. He and Caryl were fun to have in Chicago.”

Emailed always loquacious Jack **Hodgson**: “A great success.”

Other, anonymous, sources like **Kohn**, **Stowe**, and **Hannon** offered additional information. The **MacLean** apartment is “awesome,” but you already know that. **Tom Beadel** just “keeps on going.” **Foley**, **Walt Freedman**, **Bob Freedman**, **McCarter**, **MacLean**, **Brock**, **Stowe**, and **Trimarco** all mortgaged their grandkids' college tuition for tickets

to the Saturday afternoon Cubs-Yankees game and saw one helluva contest, including Dartmouth alum Remlinger toss a key strikeout. Allan and Hazel **Greenberg** (who still haven't sent me any photos) were there from Florida. Allan is retired from doctoring, Hazel is still active with her travel business. Neil and Dorothy **Koreman**, both retired as doctors who used to practice together (and managed to stay married?) now have their own traveling business, meaning they are off to places like Africa, and enjoying grands. Allan and Neil, I am informed, attended Dartmouth, then medical school, and, at age 50, got MBAs, all together.

Joel Martin, there with Susan, and another of the Florida jet set of retired docs, was said to be in fantastic physical shape. The guess was that he must spend ten hours a day in the gym. The kind of guy you love to hate, right? If they can't provide their patients immortality, they are going to take a shot at it for themselves. One of you sent this, which seems appropriate enough: "Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing."

Dick Foley was there without (sic) a date. That's right, no date for Foley. Surely an explanation will be forthcoming from San Francisco. Bob **Phillips** has retired and just finished an MA at Columbia in American Studies. Bob **Reid**, is just retiring from his medical practice in Chicago. Graham **Rogeness** is still practicing medicine in San Antonio. Joan **Flashner** attended a number of events and hosted some of Bruce's classmate's at her home. [Ladies, we may leave you behind as individuals, but never as a Class, and that is as it should be.] Art **Seessel**, is out of the Memphis grocery business after many years, but looking for more in life than just golf. He is said to be as thin as he ever was. Put him in that "love to hate" category with **Martin**. Bryant **Barnes** is still busy in the financial field, but unlike Seessel, may be found in the **Vandeweghe** camp, where there is no such thing as too much golf. Murray **Janus** looks great and is still loving his criminal defense practice in Richmond. Lewis **Goodman**, like a ghost of Dartmouth past, appeared in "great form, mellow, and terrific." Said my anonymous stringer, it was the first time in memory anyone had seen him. Seth

Strickland was there, but Kathy got left behind, after Seth, reportedly, failed to inform her of the weekend until it was too late to fit it into her schedule. Or something like that. In any case, Kathy, I hope you are now mad enough at him finally to send me that long-promised contribution for this rag. Theta Deltas with too much time on their hands showed up in force: Dick **Gale**, John **Wheaton**, **McHugh**, **Stowe**, **Strickland**, and **Brock**. I hear that when they saw **Greer** and J.D. **Graham** were missing, they challenged the Kappa Sigs to another touch football game. Allan **Glick**, with Marilyn, of course, is looking fully recovered from a heart attack two years ago. He noted to someone that when he finally retires, relations with most of his business contacts will end, but the Dartmouth friendships will grow and strengthen. True, and worth thinking about. Something those of us who gather monthly at the Norwich Inn have known about for some time.

That leaves no news about **Gell**, **McBurney**, **Hirschey**, **Armknacht**, **Churchill**, **Trimarco**, **Taber**, **Bryant**, **Irvine**, **Huttrer**, and a whole lot more of you who were there (I think). If you twist my arm, I will print just about anything you have to say. See that Green Card on the table there.....?

Well, so much for Chicago. But the '60 show goes on. October 3-5, to be precise. And here is what mini-reunion chairman Roger **Hanlon** has put together.

Fall Mini-Reunion

The class fall mini-reunion will be over the weekend of October 3,4 and 5, even earlier than last year. It should be warmer, lighter and more colorful than last year. Some of the color will be the leaves - it should be peak leaf season and Dartmouth will be at its prettiest. The tried and true formula for the last several fall weekends is evident in the schedule with some exciting changes in our Saturday dinner and Sunday brunch sites. Here's the irresistible schedule:

Friday - Panel discussion with faculty and students of the book all incoming freshman are required to read, Pattern Recognition by William Gibson. Read

the first chapter on his website, then get the book to put your head where today's pea greeners are thinking (what if the Class of 1917 had read "Catcher in the Rye" in 1960?). Followed by cocktails, munchies and constant chatter at the **Adlers** in Norwich - 6 to 8 or so. Dinner - on your own - the Norwich Inn is just down Main Street (if there is enough interest, we will try to make reservations which may have to be prepaid).

Saturday - 9:00 Class meeting at 101 Fairchild (same as last year) - come and meet our class scholars, artists, and athletes. Fabulous tailgate party in the Observatory parking lot - 11 to game time. Football—Dartmouth v Penn. Alternative activities—try the Roger Hanlon hike to get into the fall scenery or a canoe trip on the Connecticut River or use your imagination. Post game—free time - do something fun - we'll have some ideas for you. Cocktails on the Hanover Inn terrace - 6:30. Dinner in the Webster Room at the Hanover Inn - 7:00. Post dinner - singing and mature carousing - not too late.

Sunday - Brunch with the '59s and '61s - still in the works but probably in Collis, second floor overlooking the Green (catered by the Hanover Inn). Remember that leaf peeper season is a busy time in the Hanover area - make your room reservations early - local chambers of commerce have lodging listings on their websites - if all else fails, contact one of your local classmates! There will be more detail and a signup form with the next Newsletter.

And on to other news. On May 20, the Class presented its annual Dorm Art awards to senior art majors at the Hopkins Center. A good 200 students showed up, (OK, I can't



Dorm Art Prize winners

prove they were good) and there has been a genuine expression of appreciation from the artists and the

College Administration. It's a good program, for the kids, the College, and the Class. Here are a few comments from some: "The purchase prize is a fantastic program in terms of encouraging, retaining, and displaying the efforts of Dartmouth's studio artists." "Your program helps young artists as well as adding to the visual beauty of the Greater Dartmouth Community." "I want to thank you for your generosity (and good taste in art!!)...it is such a thrill to have my art sold and put up for the whole Dartmouth Community to



*Dorm Art —
courtesy of the
Class of 1960*

enjoy." "It gives me great pleasure to know that my work will be visible to Dartmouth students for years to come." And from the director of the studio art exhibition program: "I write to thank the Class of 1960 once again for your ongoing generosity and support for our senior majors. The Class of 1960 Purchase Award continues to be a major highlight for our students....[We] greatly appreciate all that you have done for our students. Let's hope this encourages them to do likewise as Dartmouth Alums."

If a few more of you on the distaff side (we know you're sneaking a look at this) were as forthcoming as Doris **Sosnowski**, my job would be a breeze. "Dear Denny," she writes, "I am always ready to supply good news. Thank you for asking. The last week in May, Walter participated in the National Senior Games that were held in Virginia Beach, Virginia. The National games are held every two years. Walter is a cyclist in the 65 - 69 year old division. There were 4 races. The 5K time trial and 40K road race were held on the same day. Two days later the 10K time trial and the 20K road race were held. Walter won the gold medal in the 5K time trial race. He won silver medals in the 40K, 10K, and the 20K. What is interesting to note — the gentleman that was 1st in the 10K time trial, did not ride in the road races and the gentleman that was the 1st in the road races, did

not ride in the trial trials. Walter was the big winner! [So, Bruce **Clark**, now that you are at last a married man, maybe you can compete with Sos.]

“We drove to Virginia with Walter’s two bikes. On the way, we stopped for a visit with Mary & Dave **Farnsworth** in North Carolina. We had such a good time with the Farnsworths we stopped again on our way home to Dallas. They have a wonderful family and live in a beautiful area.”

Speaking of Scoops, he has provided this useful information: If the population of China walked past you, in single file, the line would never end because of the rate of reproduction. So think about that one for awhile. And he has sent me this nice rumor: “Any truth to the wire story that the NH governor has asked you to have your profile replace the Old Man of the Mountain?”

As I recently emailed an anonymous classmate, “Maybe you haven’t heard from Tony [**Roisman**] because he’s been busy, according to yesterday’s local paper, hosting Mrs. Joe Lieberman at a campaign meeting at his house in Lyme.” Replied our classmate, obviously not one from the group reading Living History, “Argghhhhhhh!”

Mike Heitner has emailed me a lengthy article with this comment: “A terrific article about Albie **Stark**. Who is his agent?” The article, from “US 1 Newspaper,” which is probably owned by the Stark family, is long enough to fill one of these newsletters. Here’s an excerpt: “A murder is about to take place.....Albert Stark, new author and principal in the 218-person Lenox Drive law firm of Stark & Stark, is not yet sure where the murderer in his novel-in-progress will strike. But he does have a working title — Outrage — and is closing in on final details of plot, character, and motivation.....Stark & Stark, a full-service firm that had just 12 attorneys as recently as

the 1980s, now has some 80 attorneys, a staff of over 200, and offices in three cities. It is the largest law firm in the Princeton area.

“In his book, Stark writes that his father was largely content with a small, slow-paced practice and not initially thrilled to have his son join — and substantially grow — his firm. Stark himself, the young Stark in “Beyond the Bar,” was also ambivalent about growth when he first began to manage the practice. But, by taking the advice of his consultant, he has been able to reap the advantages of growth without having it take over his life.” If you want to read the whole article—and it’s pretty interesting—email me or Mike at MHEIT@herrick.com Re Mr. Stark, who has been getting entirely too much ink in these pages, one Mr. **Stowe** has a different take. Accompanying a notice of a May 14 book signing by Albie for his volume Beyond the Bar: Challenges in a Lawyer’s Life, (all proceeds to charity, and reportedly they amounted to \$65,000 on May 14 alone), Allen writes of Albert: “Albie said in 40th Musings: ‘Retired—NEVER.’ So he goes to his office, handles a *few* cases (reason he’s not coming to Chicago) and WRITES.”

Normally I try to keep my mug out of this rag so the rest of you don’t feel too bad when you see how



Goodmans and Farnsworth do the French Quarter

young I look, but this spring I got myself photographed in the French Quarter at Mardi Gras time with Scoops and Mary **Farnsworth**, in New Orleans for the day on a fancy cruise ship, and in Krakow, Poland with Hap **Dunning** and Carolyn Geiger, there on a ski and travel trek about eastern Europe. We were in Poland to visit our grand-

daughter. Oh, yes, and our daughter Kim ’91 and husband Scott, a math teacher at the American School in Warsaw. So I include the photographic results of two pleasant gatherings. (see page 9 for more photos)



*Krakow gathering—
Dunning '60, Genzer '91, Goodman '60*



Carolyn Geiger and Hap dunning in "New Europe"

Well, speaking of foreign travel, I suppose I should give you the details on the misguided, misbegotten **Kron/Lower** excursion to Old Europe. Writes Phil, with a photo from, of all places, the top of the Arc de Triomphe, with the Eiffel Tower in the background just to rub it in: "Here's proof positive that the Krons and the Lowers made it to Europe this spring.... We left the U.S. on the evening of April 26th and arrived back May 14. In between, we spent four nights in Amsterdam and were unexpectedly trapped in that city on April 30 which is a national holiday, Koninginnedag, where the Dutch celebrate the Queen's Birthday. Two million people fill the streets and canals (in boats) for a big party all dressed in orange. It was a very festive "Happening." Stopped at the Keukenhof Gardens to see the tulips and at the Delft Pottery factory in Delft on the drive to Brussels where we spent three nights.



Kron, Lower, Kron, Lower in Old Europe

"While in Brussels, we did a day trip to Brugge. Next we drove to Bayeaux in Normandy and spent five nights there. Two days were spent at the D Day beaches and museums (the Americans surely drew the

short straw with Omaha Beach), a day at Le Mort du Ste. Michel and a day in Hissfleure. On our way to Paris, we stopped in Giverny to enjoy Monet's Gardens. We finished with five nights and four days in Paris. I was the designated driver and Marty was a superb navigator.... Worst/scariest bit of driving that I've experienced anywhere, including most major cities in the U.S. and seven foreign countries, was 180 degrees or halfway around the Etoile in Paris—glad to get out alive and couldn't even figure out the proper traffic patterns by looking down from the top of the Arc de Triomphe. Needless to say, the trip was a grand success and was without incident despite a lot of advice from family and friends that this was either not a safe time to go to Europe or that it was plain un-American to go to France." [Both.]

If your wife put a photo like this one in the local paper on your 65th birthday, what would you do? Here's Tony **Roisman** a few years ago, seated on Trigger, probably debating with Roy Rogers.



I wrote Gary **Kanady** about the horrendous hours my Navy son has been keeping as Weapons Officer on the USS Cole. Replied Gary: “His hours sound familiar. I spent 15 of my first 19 years in the Navy assigned to submarines, mostly at 15-18 hours a day, almost half of it at sea. When I got to the Pentagon and only worked 13 hours a day, 5 days a week, it was like a holiday! We get our money’s worth out of those guys. They’re a real bargain!”.....

Continues Gary, “I’ve just recently discovered an amazing man, John Taylor Gatto. Go to his web site at <http://www.johntaylorgatto.com/> and check him out. His tapes on “The Paradox of the Extended Child” and “A Short, Angry History of Education” will make your hair stand on end. He has cracked the code on what has happened to our schools, why it happened, and who did it. It’s at the core of our problem in this country.”

Jeff Fine sent the following plus a great family photo, putting him in my good citizen category, which is worth at least one non-existent **Hasenkamp** T-shirt. Wrote Jeff:

“....My main mission in life, at this point, is to get Carol and me adopted by the peripatetic **Krons** (Mary Lou always had a thing for me) or the **Lowers** so we can tour Europe and the Orient with them. Since that seems unlikely, Carol will continue her hot real estate career, now in Year 3, here in the lovely Farmington Valley of northwestern CT....And I’ll continue providing extraordinary market research insights to Fortune 1000 companies. After all, we’ve got a 5-year-old daughter to send through Dartmouth. [A mere, what?, \$90,000 a year by 2016?]



A Fine Family

“I must be going through some sort of life-stage because I really miss seeing guys like Don “Hit‘em Where it Hurts” **Betterton**, Bill “A ballistic trajectory...can’t figure it out, sir” **Veech**, Roger “El Lobo” **Wolf**, Dave “GQ” **Hiley**, Reuel “Bowling ‘R Us” **Stanley**, Patsy ‘Iron Man” **Patterson**, and, yes, even Joe “Yankees Rule” **Mandel**.

“I plead inertia for not having contacted Pete **Crumbine** and Bea ((former roomy and swimming buddy—Pete, that is), Roger **Hanlon**., and any other ‘60’s in Connecticut. If anyone would like to have a really MINI-reunion here at Casa Fine, (we offer swimming, volleyball, great hiking and good drink), give me a call at 860-693-2362. Al **Roberts** and I have been in touch and will definitely get together this summer. [Not if Al gets smart and spends it at his new home in NH.] Regards to All, Jeff Fine, 60 Wilder’s Pass, Canton, CT 06019”

We invited John **Goyette** to our “Junior Prom” on June 7 and got this off-the-wall reply: “What on earth is a “junior prom” for 60’s? Are we wearing letter sweaters, poodle skirts, and white bucks???

How about a video screening of “Grease” with Travolta and Olivia Newton-John? I have the CD. The only thing I don’t have is a “chick”!!! In the end, he couldn’t make it (couldn’t find a “chick,” no doubt), but Al and Pam **Roberts**, Jay and Wendy **Emery**, and Howie and Judy **Frankel** did. And what was the “Junior Prom”? This was an alternative lifestyle complement to what was going on at the Art Institute in Chicago that evening. We may have lacked for a Chagall stained glass and the second best collection of Impressionist paintings in the world, but we had the kind of cake, courtesy of Wendy’s earthy vocabulary and Lou’s Restaurant’s bakery that no one in Chicago probably thought of.



Alternative lifestyle Birthday cake

The following day was Commencement and the sun actually showed itself here on the East Coast, a rarity this spring. Commencement speaker David McCullough of Yale, author of two Pulitzer Prize histories, on John Adams and Harry Truman, gave a first-rate performance (meaning I agreed with him). Two '53s, both from the business world, got honoraries, so I can't issue my usual bleat about the lack of business people on the podium for honoraries. One honorary went to Billie Jean King, who is reportedly gloating that her challenge to Jack Herrick has gone unanswered.

During the ceremonies, I ran into Dudley Smith and Rog Hanlon engaged in conversation on the Green with Tom VanWinkle, here from Hawaii and a long law career there to watch daughter Laura, who had earlier made a wrong turn and ended up with an A.B. in '97 from Harvard, but who, with maturity and better judgement, landed at Tuck where she was an Edward Tuck Scholar and graduated "With High Distinction."



VanWinkles parents of an accomplished daughter

Classmates' comments on Iraq are now posted in full—thank you, Walt Daniels—on the Dartmouth website, reachable through the Class website under "Forum" or directly at <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/%7Eclasstk/>. Add your own two cents worth. If **McBurney**, **Cameron**, **Roberts**, and **Mitchell** can risk appearing there, so can you.

Wrote Webmaster Daniels: "Back from doing another 120 miles of the AT, about 655 miles left. Jane and I now are finally even as we did a piece that she had missed in 1999. Is anyone interested in a '60 hike in the NY/NJ area as a mini-event? I just finished posting the latest newsletter, the Last Call

notice, and created a new category in the Forum for Iraq."

Internet "humor": A successful man is one who makes more money than his wife can spend. A successful woman is one who finds such a man. A woman has the last word in any argument. Anything a man says after that is the beginning of a new argument.

The Dartmouth Club of the Piedmont (North Carolina) and Dartmouth Alumni Continuing Education invite you to "The Multiple Worlds of Shakespearean Comedy," a weekend of Shakespeare with Professor Peter Saccio from Friday, September 19 through Sunday, September 21, 2003.

Professor Saccio will discuss *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*. For more information, visit Alumni Continuing Education's Dartmouth Alumni Club Seminar webpage at: <http://www.dartmouth.edu/alumni/cont-ed/seminars/index.html>. or call Dartmouth Club of the Piedmont (919) 483-4777 - pj davidson@mindspring.com

Speaking of the Fall mini-reunion, (which I think we did somewhere up above) here's a comment on the last one, from John Walker, plus more: "We certainly enjoyed the mini-reunion last October, in addition to the fall colors and the general good feeling about returning to Hanover in that season. It was my wife's first visit to New England in the fall, and for the first time she understood how beautiful it is in that season. A visit to the Kenerson's home in Sugar Hill reinforced her positive feelings about autumn in New Hampshire.

"I am still teaching history and German and have no retirement plans at this point. In 1996 I returned to teaching after almost fifteen years in administration. At that time I did not know whether or not I would be capable of returning to serious academic research and writing, since I feared that those years as an administrator had left me with the attention span of a 7th grader and that my supervision of three accreditation visits had lowered my IQ about 30 points....In order

to test myself, I began a research project on the 19th century American historian and diplomat, John Lothrop Motley, a highly intelligent and versatile New Englander, whose chief defect was that he had gone to Harvard. I first became aware of him many years ago when I was writing my dissertation on Otto von Bismarck. Then I noted that Bismarck had met Motley while both were students at the Univ. of Göttingen, and that they remained friends for the rest of their lives. But I did little with that information, other than looking up Motley's name in a reference book which identified him as the author of several works on the history of the Netherlands and American ambassador to Austria and later to England.

“Last fall I had a one-semester sabbatical leave (my first in 30 years and for that I had to promise I would wait another 30 years before re-applying) to immerse myself in the life and times of John Lothrop Motley. During the first weeks of that period I read many of Motley's works and planned to continue this reading to the end of the semester without a thought of writing anything at all. Then I noted a solicitation for entries to a research essay contest at the Univ. of Texas at Arlington in conjunction with a conference on German-American relations over the last three centuries. I soon realized I could present Motley as a cultural intermediary between Germany and the U.S. I then changed the direction of my sabbatical by writing an article entitled: ‘John Lothrop Motley: Boston Brahmin and Transatlantic Man.’ Last February I was overjoyed to learn that my essay would be published in a book (Texas A&M University Press) which encompasses the papers of the conference presenter plus those of the two co-winners. It was a personal triumph for me, signifying the preservation of an adequate number of brain cells....

“And I think I surprised the faculty at Texas, who saw me for the first time when I attended the conference in March. I have the impression that they had thought I was a young instructor desperate for tenure. In the future, I plan to pursue other aspects of JLM's interesting and varied life in further articles, but without the benefit of a sabbatical it will go more slowly. I have a number of topics in mind. And when I retire, I hope to write a biography of Motley.

At least two academic friends have suggested a historical novel, but I don't have the genes for such an enterprise, I'm certain. I function much better as a dry and ponderous historian. All in all, things are going well for us here on the Left Coast.” If you are interested in reading a little of what John has written on Motley, please email me or you can find John at walkerjt@pacbell.net

The annual Dartmouth Fund campaign is about to end. Here, from chief arm twister **Ken Johansen**, are our figures as of June 17:

Class Goal for 2003 = \$401,960

Gifts and pledges = \$397,289

Percentage of goal = 98.8%

Number of donors = 325

Participation percent = 53.1

Participation goal = 70%

Leadership donors = 65 (81 last year)

Big weekend traffic director par excellence Ben Thompson has hung up his whistle, as of Commencement.

And, to conclude where we began, speaking of Living History, Ken **Reich** writes that “According to the New York Times' reviews by their two top



Ben Thompson retires

reviewers, it is perfectly worthless.” Get the latest Harry Potter instead. Author J.K. Rowling has a Dartmouth honorary and enough money to be considered a businessperson.

dg