



*“Lifelong friends, beautiful women, spectacular scenery, and decent scotch will get you through your dotage!” So sayeth Tom Beadel. L to R: Hap Dunning, Sage Beadel, Dick Foley, and Urban Hirschey, with beautiful women.*

## 1960 NEWSLETTER

---

**President:** Frederick Roesch, PO Box 60, Etna, NH 03750-0060 (603) 643-9028

**Secretary:** Ken Reich, 5522 Nagle Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91401 Tel. (818) 994-9231; FAX: (213) 237-4712

**Treasurer:** William Moorman, P.O. Box 866, Hanover, NH 03755-0866 (603) 643-8209

**Head Agent:** Kenneth E. Johansen, 3629 Kite Landing Lane, Plano, TX 75074-7753 (972) 509-1990

**Gift Planning:** Dudley R. Smith, 12 Sandy Brae, Grantham, NH 03753-1335

**Mini-Reunion:** J. Roger Hanlon, 15 Rillbank Terrace, W. Hartford, CT 06107-1032

**Class Webmaster:** Walter E. Daniels, 802 Deer Street, Mohegan Lake, NY 10547-2000 (914) 245-1250

wdhiker@optonline.net

**Newsletter Editor:** Dennis Goodman, 472 Hanover Center Rd., Etna, NH 03750 (603) 643-9763

goodman@sover.net

Class website: [www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/60/](http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/60/)

---

JULY 2004

### *From GOP to ABB, CEO to Cleaning House, Old Car to Young Women, and Chief Al to Rafting the PCT; But Sad News from Australia*

If all those stories on Iraqi prisoners, the Reagan legacy, and Kerry vs. Bush make you think spam isn't all that bad, you've been reading the wrong stuff. Here in the Uppah Valley, we get the *real* story. Consider this headline from the May 29 "Valley News": "School Officials Call Police After Goat Farmer Swats Bus." Or this one the same day:

“Suspect Eats Bogus Check as Police Close In.” The kind of news that isn't fit to print in the “NY Times” is a lot better for your health than what you overeducated Ivy League types are imbibing every morning with your Cheerios and Metamucil. Or you could just read the 1960 Newsletter and get the *real* real story.

Well, here are two real stories. First, a penultimate (even the “Times” doesn't give you language like that) reminder that our **Fall Mini-reunion** will be October 8-11, built around a variety of activities, least of which will probably be the football game vs. Yale. (We are older and wiser now; or our wives are.) Rick **Roesch** and co. are lining up speakers, panels, food, you name it, and if you can still find your way to Hanover, you should try. More about this in our August/Sept. edition, including a sign-up form, but you really don't need more details. Just start making

plans. And get a copy of Refuge by Terry Tempest Williams. It's available in paperback. This is the book all freshpeople will be reading over the summer for discussion in September. We will get lectured on it at our mini. Do the homework.

Further down the road, but now just a year away is our, aaaaargh, **45<sup>th</sup> Reunion**. Dick Chase and Bill Gundy



*Roesch sweet-talking Chase*

have been sweet-talked into serving as co-chairs for this gathering and will soon be wondering what happened to their free time. Put it on your calendar, and if you don't have a calendar, tell your wife. She no doubt remembers things better than you do. The dates: Monday, June 13 to Thursday, June 16, 2005. Joe Cramer, out in Chicago, is already trying to stir a little interest. Writes he: "I'm trying to get started [emailing] 1960 Phi Gams to attend the 45th." Who invited the Phi Gams? But, if Joe can get Pete Erwin back, maybe it's not a bad idea.

Speaking of real stories and the power of this Newsletter, here's John Wheaton: "This is amazing! In the February newsletter there was a piece sent by Bruce Hasenkamp about my great great grandfather, William Rufus Wheaton, creating the first rules of baseball, which were used by the Knickerbocker Club of New York in 1845. In 1849 at the age of 35 William Rufus came to California. Even though we have a great deal of information about him after he arrived in California, the family knew nothing about William Rufus creating the rules of baseball and also being credited with being the first official umpire in a baseball game...."

"About a week ago I get an e-mail from a John Thorn, [a] baseball writer, asking if I am a relative of William Rufus Wheaton, as he has a great interest in finding out more about the fellow, but could not find any contact. I e-mailed back that I was a descendant. I asked how he ever found me. He said he put "William Rufus Wheaton" into Google and up popped '60NL'—the only item listed. He

clicked on 60NL and up came February's '60 Newsletter. From there Thorn went to 'Dartmouth '60 Alumni' and got through to our fine class Webmaster, Walter Daniels, who forwarded John Thorn's e-mail to me. John Thorn has now found his contact. Someday a book could be forthcoming.! This is at least a story to tell the Newsletter Editor....Very interesting article by Barry Pavelec which debunks the theory that Doubleday 'invented' modern day baseball. I have copies (but not very good quality) if anyone [Reed Browning, perhaps, author of a book on Cy Young] is interested. From the Left Coast JRW" JWR is at [jwheaton@winfirst.com](mailto:jwheaton@winfirst.com) 916-359-7224.

A few choice headlines from the "Daily D": NCAA report calls for more minority athletes. (If we find them will they come?); Faucher resigns after 20 years; Trustees approve 4.5% tuition hike; '08 admit rate holds at 18%; College announces return to fall rush; Dartmouth bookstore in final selling talks; Immelt '78 tapped for commencement; Students question choice of CEO as graduation speaker; Admittance rates differ drastically by race for Class of 2008; College's endowment jumps by 16%; 1,095 prospectives choose Dartmouth; Men's hoops usher in new head coach; Phi delt regains fraternity status; Rugby breaks ground for clubhouse.

Writes Richard Strehle: "A brief update on my ex-pat life, for what it's worth, is that I retired last August 1st, after 20 years, from my international career with Deutsche Bank's Asset Management Division. I was always permanently-based in Frankfurt, Germany, but did have extensive stints abroad, primarily in Australia. Retirement is hardly the appropriate word to describe these past six months, however, as my life, similar to other 'retirees' or so I am always hearing, has never been so hectic....I've now decided Europe is where my life is and where I belong. So I now plan to stay here, based in Frankfurt, at least for the foreseeable future. It's so easy to travel in and about Europe from Frankfurt, something I love doing and do a lot of.

"Since retiring I've lived through a serious renovation of my apartment, traveled within Germany and neighbouring [he even spells like a European, or, good grief, a Canadian] countries on short trips quite a bit and spent more than two months in Italy, one of which was spent at a language school in Rome obtaining my TEFL International Certificate (Teacher of English as a Second Language). Although I was the oldest student in the class of 26 by a wide margin, I was pleased to find that I could more than hold my own and succeeded in obtaining my

---

certificate with honours. This was very much a stimulating and rewarding 'back-to-school' experience. My next goal is to take and pass the official German-English translator's examination in Germany. To this end I will attend an advanced German course at the Wolfgang Goethe University in Frankfurt two days per week starting after Easter with the intention of sitting for the state exam next fall. As it is a tough exam, and German is a difficult language from the standpoint of grammar, a language which I speak fluently but have never properly studied, passing it will be a major challenge. I definitely have my work cut out for me in the coming months.

"In the meantime, in mid-February I'm off to northern Italy, for a week of skiing with friends, going on a two-week Eastern Mediterranean cruise in late-March, and to Rhodes, Greece, in early-April - over the two Easters, western & orthodox - on a combination golf/duplicate bridge trip. So, you can see, I'm keeping busy. As to Dartmouth activities, I do candidate interviewing and organize social events for the Dartmouth Club of Germany in the Frankfurt area a couple of times a year. I'm hoping to make it back to Hanover for our mini-reunion at Homecoming this next October."

More philosophizing on retirement: Don **Belcher** emails, "I guess it is well past time to respond to your appropriately persistent greencard. I guess my recent visit to the local Social Security office to fill out appropriate applications was an extremely unpleasant reminder of the passage of time. It was a surreal experience to be in line with all of these elderly Senior Citizens and to suddenly realize that we now fall in that category. I couldn't wait to get out of there."

"Since I'm finally writing, the following is a brief update on the Belchers.

- At the end of last December, Marie and I celebrated four decades of marriage (she said it seems like five).
- I am retiring in April, 2004, after nearly ten years as Chairman and CEO of Banta Corporation (BN, NYSE). Banta's by-laws require throwing the rascals out at age 65, and while I haven't seen unrestrained employee enthusiasm for my departure, I haven't noted a lot of sobbing either. Seriously, Marie and I feel very fortunate and appreciative for our years at Banta; it's been a great ride with great people and a great company.
- Of course, all three of our children are wonderful and well above average, as are our three grandkids.

- We are moving to Pauma Valley, California in May, 2004, and steeling ourselves for the difficult acclimation to 340+ days of sunshine, just when we were starting to get the hang of Wisconsin ice fishing in minus 40-degree weather.

- I'm beginning to look forward to lunch at home each day and to bringing my leadership and management skills to bear in helping Marie better organize her kitchen cabinets, improve her housecleaning and shopping habits, etc. [You forgot washing dishes.] She has suggested that I will be more comfortable in the guesthouse.

- Even with the passing years, some kids never grow up; we still enjoy flying helicopters, scuba diving, sailing, and exploring exotic parts of the world (most recently ten West African countries including such hot tourist destinations as Algeria, Sao Tomé and Príncipe, Angola, Cameroon, Mali and Central African Republic). The time in the jungle with twelve nearly-naked Pygmy women hunters was particularly interesting; call for more details."

"Sad news comes from Melbourne, Australia, that our classmate, William S. **Watson**, died on March 27, 2004 of the complications of lung cancer." Ken Reich's report continues: "Our classmate, Jon **Cohen**, a longtime friend, was able to go to Australia to see him about a month before he died."

"Bill realized a lifelong dream of a career in International Banking and Business, living in Australia the last 30 years of his life. He and his family were granted Australian citizenship, although they retained their American citizenship as well. His wife, Clarisse ('Pinky'), who was from San Francisco, told me that after their business tour in Australia, they had been slated to return to the U.S. East Coast, but they had a family meeting and decided they wanted to remain in their beautiful home outside Melbourne. Bill and Pinky's children, John and Tori (her full name actually is Victoria, the name of the Australian state in which she was born), grew up in Australia, and Tori not long ago married an Australian farmer."

"Bill was a fixture in the business life of Melbourne, very active in cultural affairs and American-Australian relations. Three hundred friends attended his funeral and the American consul-general in the city presented Pinky there with an American flag in Bill's honor."

"Our classmate, Gordon **Haw**, who was Bill's roommate when they were both attending the Tuck school in Hanover, sent me this remembrance of his old friend, and here it is, lightly abridged: 'Bill was born of Scottish

parents in Mount Vernon, N.Y., in lower Westchester County...He attended the Loomis School before Dartmouth. At Dartmouth, Bill was an international affairs major and graduated from Tuck with honors in accounting...He was also cox for the Varsity lightweight crew. He was a member of Phi Tau fraternity. He graduated from the Army ROTC program. Aside from being a wonderful person in every way, Bill infected everyone around him with his biting sense of humor. Even today, many of us walk around with nicknames, not always complimentary, that Bill assigned to us. "I only kid people I like," he said.

"I met Bill in ROTC class our sophomore year...Early on, we planned a trip to Europe at the end of our senior year. We made the three-month trip along with Jim Sanford '59, Dave **Hodson** '60 and Butch Small '61, covering all of Europe for \$1,000 apiece. Bill was an Army officer out of ROTC, getting infantry and intelligence training and serving in strategic planning for the 82nd Airborne Division at Fort Bragg.

"He began his banking career in 1963 in the International Department of Irving Trust Co. He started working the Middle East and then switched to Asia. He married Pinky Lawrence, a fellow worker...In between assignments to Australia and the Philippines, he and Pinky lived in Ramsey and Ridgewood, N.J. He and his family left the Philippines under threats to their lives. Bill explained that he must have done a good job uncovering fraud as he was replaced by five people from New York. Don't mess with a Tuck accounting major...Subsequently, Bill worked for Statestreet Bank in Boston and Bank of Boston in Australia. When he retired, he was working with Bank of New York in Melbourne.

"Bill was a lot more than an American expatriate in Australia...He was well known by everyone in banking and business circles. He had an excellent reputation as a hard-working professional banker, humorist and beer consumer, qualities much appreciated by his fellow Aussies."

"Bill made it back home to attend several Dartmouth reunions and sent his regrets for missing the last one."

Sign of the times: Sigma Nu held an "Early '80s" Carnival party. So how old does that make you feel? Jay **Emery** says, "Maybe it was for people in their early eighties rather than a 1980's party. Wait a year or two and we can crash it."

Would it be fair to say that there are three kinds of '60s now: those who golf, those who ski, and those who sit at their computers? Oh, yes, and those who travel.

In January Jack and Priscilla **Benson** and Al and Pam **Roberts** were two weeks in New Zealand on a Dartmouth-sponsored tour. "We spent a few days in Queenstown, took a cruise along the east coast of both islands and ended with three days in Auckland," writes Jack. "We saw much beautiful scenery, tasted some wine and took a train ride into the 'Southern Alps.'

"One of the highlights was a visit to Waimangu, a volcanic valley with steaming crevices, hot springs and streams. We were welcomed to the valley by a group of Maori re-enactors who performed a ceremony welcoming us to the Valley. Here is picture of 'Chief' Roberts representing our group at the ceremony.

"The treatment of Maoris in New Zealand is quite enlightened in comparison to our treatment of American Indians.

The schools are all bilingual, as are many signs. Various land issues are being sorted out, albeit with



*Chief Roberts*

acrimony and distress on both sides. The Maori culture seems to get a great deal of respect." Can anyone imagine listening to two weeks of Roberts's political rantings? Writes Jack, "Actually Roberts only became intolerable after his elevation to Chief!"

Jack has also sent a long and rather exciting report of another, more recent **Benson** trip, to Belize, where their tourist bus was robbed at gunpoint, but that will have to await our August edition. If you can't wait, look on the class website.

Others engaged in exotic travel are Albert and Ellen **Stark**, who describe in fine and fascinating detail a recent adventure in Viet Nam, their second trip there. That, too,

---

will have to await a future edition or your effort to check our website.

And one more travel tale, this from Tom **Stone**, now resident in, where else?, Hanover: “Sally and I took advantage of a Dartmouth tour for a visit to Poland, East Germany (via the Elbe) and Prague in early May. It was our first European jaunt (excepting an extended visit to the Frankfurt airport en route to and from India a number of years ago) and I would certainly recommend this particular offering from the College to any classmates if it comes around again. The faculty lecturers were Gene Lyons from the government department here and Bohenza Shallcross, a native of Poland and Professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at the University of Chicago. The time in Poland—especially Krakow—was probably the high point of the tour for me. Strolling the old (medieval) city was an absolute delight, and we enjoyed the chance to meet a lot of friendly locals. Traveling by train from Krakow to Warsaw and Warsaw to Berlin gave us a good look at the Polish countryside and a sense of the rural, as well as the urban, face of the country.

“Poland entered the European Union the day we arrived in Krakow, the most recent step in what on the ground struck me as a remarkable transition that the country has managed to accomplish in the last 15 years. [As a three-time visitor to our kids there, I agree; I don’t tell ‘Polish jokes’ anymore.] The event was marked by considerable celebration, but was also accompanied by no little anxiety on the part of the Polish farmers. The farms here are very small, traditional low-tech operations—average size something on the order of 10 acres, if I recall correctly—and agriculture employs some 23% of the country’s workforce. The primary hope that the farmers hold out for survival in the new economic context is a growing European market for ‘organic’ agricultural products.



*Pole-ophile Stone*

“I returned home from the trip with only one misgiving: After hearing Gene Lyons’ lectures on the EU (its history and evolution, current functioning, issues and prospects, etc.) I could only deeply regret that I never took a course from him as an undergrad!”

Art and Martha **Needham** have also been on the road. A few words from China: “Yesterday, we sailed down the beautiful Li River. We saw the most amazing ‘karst’ topography that has been cut into the limestone. Last night, we flew to Hong Kong; today, we rode around HK in a tour bus. Most recently, Martha and I toured the Hong Kong Museum. China is really on a roll. China is the country of the PRESENT as well as the country of the future!”

More the stay-at-home type is Rey **Moulton**, here described in a feature story from his local paper last December: “No rest in Rey: Moulton redefines ‘retirement.’ Good deeds are many for two-time Chamber Man of the Year: Rey Moulton leans against the back wall of a local coffee shop, not ordering coffee just yet, but already capable of tasting the iced coffee he will, in time, order. He’s best able to watch everyone else inside the shop from this vantage point and, conversely, he’s best seen sitting here. In the span of an hour or so, four different people wave at him and ask how he’s doing. Moulton has an easy smile for each of them, greeting each by name. His secretary meets him at this same coffee shop some mornings. She hands off papers for him to sign and he asks for what he next needs. Welcome to retirement, Moulton-style. ‘I never did like taking time off,’ he says. ‘I never planned for retirement.’ And he’s still attempting to plan his retirement, deciding which consulting jobs to take, which to decline. Since selling his multi-million dollar insurance company in October, he’s seen firsthand what retirement will be like, and he doesn’t much like it. It’s not for him, this being free to watch television or travel or catch up on nearly 30 years of sleep missed steering his insurance company, R.E. Moulton, since its 1976 formation.” Full text of the article is on our website.

Writes Allan **Cameron**: “We’re moving toward spring in the DC area, a process with a great end result. In the meanwhile, my 36-year-old car (what, you’d think that by this time I could afford a newer one!) has been in the beauty shop for the winter and will emerge in a month or so all slicked up and with a new soft top to allow tooling around in style during the warmer months. It’s sobering to realize that I sometimes go out with women younger than

my car! (1968 Mercedes-Benz 280SL). (My backup car is a Volvo, though.) Still footloose and fancy free, though I find that I creak more when I get up in the morning.

“The 280SL has about 275,000 K miles (I bought it with 49K miles in 1976).....Over the years, I’ve put enough money into it to buy several new cars, but I’m pretty fond of it — it was my daily driver until just four or five years ago. It’s still not worth much money as those things go, but we’ve bonded together (the fact that my ex didn’t really like it, and REALLY didn’t like it as a convertible, probably gives you a clue).

“I read John **Mitchell’s** travel report with interest since I’m off to spend three weeks in Vienna and points north (Bratislava, Prague, Dresden, Leipzig) in May. I’ve never been to any of them and it’s about time. The real reason for the trip is to be in Prague for the opening night of the Prague Spring festival — the Prague Symphony Orchestra plays the complete Smetana ‘Ma Vlast’ symphonic cycle (‘The Moldau’ and all that), and it’s reputed to be the Central European equivalent of The Last Night at The Proms. I got my hand on the last (and probably the worst) seat in the house, but it will be a blast nonetheless. (Because my father spent most of his life in the nuclear weapons business, travel on the other side of the Iron Curtain was a no-no. It’s a new world!) I’m hoping maybe to get to Scotland in August, and of course I’ll be in London in early December for Christmas shopping and other foolishness.”

And separately from Allan, “My current reading (I do too little) is Jan (or James) Morris’s The World of Venice, though I confess that I get confused from time to time reading an author for whom the proper pronoun (he or she?) is so uncertain. But I read his/her book about Trieste just the other day and couldn’t resist moving on to Venice — it’s good writing. Have you discovered Robertson Davies?”

**F**rom Art **LaFrance** in March: “.....I’ll be at the Club Officers’ weekend at the College, this weekend. While there, the Title Company will transfer papers on a beach house we have purchased at Rockaway Beach on the coast of Oregon, a nice enough place, tho modest, two blocks from the beach and backing up on wetlands. Our hope is that it will gather kids and grandchildren for vacations and events...Our place near Camden Maine failed to do that since we had moved here 20 years ago, so we sold it last summer and used the proceeds to get a place two hours commute instead of two days!

“**T**he Dartmouth Glee Club will be our (the Oregon Club’s) guests next Monday, the 22d of March...They’ll perform at the Chapel on the Lewis & Clark campus, where I teach. We’re hoping to have a good turnout, and looking forward to the fun of putting up undergraduates overnight in our homes.

“**M**y two stepchildren are now both at Bucknell, and so for the first time in decades, I am enjoying space and quiet, which prompted Margie and me to fly to France at the end of August with bikes, to tour Paris and the Seine River Valley. Much easier, and much more fun, than it sounds.

“**M**y year long sabbatical continues, with the manuscripts (one on Medicare/Medicaid, the other on a bioethics case I tried on the coast two years ago) moving along, but the real objective is to see how I like being at home, not in an office/academic setting, as a preview of retirement...So far, it’s swell, with lots of time for tennis.” [Like **Belcher** and the rest of us, Art might want to learn something about washing dishes.]

See the beautiful people on their skis, courtesy of Dave **Harrison**, who emails: “Hans **Wurster**, Dave **Harrison** & Spence **Morgan** — token 60’s — skiing in Keystone, Colorado at 14th Annual “Animal House” reunion, hosted by Bob Downey, class of ’58. Hans is living in

Breckenridge (around the corner), Dave is in Sun Valley, Idaho, and Spence is in Flat Rock (who?), North Carolina. The reunion draws from a nucleus of ADs classes 1958 to 1962, but other luminaries sometimes join



*Wurster, Harrison, and Morgan – eat, drink, and ski.*

the fun; for example, Bob’s GS Partner, Peter Fahey ’68, a Dartmouth Trustee gave us a short presentation on College finances, fund raising and recruitment, but mostly its eat, drink, and ski.”

Speaking of that infamous fraternity, if we must, there was a half-page “Daily D” announcement from AD, once

---

a proud and proper model for “Animal House,” of their annual Richard Eberhart ’26 awards in *poetry* and *prose*. AD? What has this College, nay, world, come to? Perhaps **Herrick** or **Herrick** or **Lum** or **McGinnis** or **Paul** or **Stanley** would care to comment.

It’s too late for a heads-up on the June 17 Left Coast Lunch VI, but here is Bruce **Hasenkamp** on Lunch V: “Richard **Goodman** and Lee **Horschman** were unable to make it at the last minute, so a Gang of Nine tied our largest attendance to date. Two new faces at the table were Sam **Parke** and Roger **Hackley**. Sam and Mandy, both of whom spent their lives ‘til then in the Philadelphia area, were married last October 25 in Tiburon and, sensible people that they are.....now have a condo on the Bay in that town. Sam is a retired Philadelphia money manager....

“**Roger Hackley** is a retired City of San Francisco attorney who, but for his Dartmouth days, has lived all his life in San Francisco and environs. Roger and Peter **Farquhar**, also present, grew up in the same San Francisco neighborhood.....Today they have adjacent Echo Lake (read Sierras) ski cabins. Ed **Berkowitz**, also a regular at these gatherings, was for a time president of the Dartmouth alumni group that owns a cabin near Donner Lake, and Dick **Levy** reminded Roger that he bought his first skis and lace-up boots from him at Dartmouth for five dollars. Dick’s son, Cash Levy, is a stand-up comic in Los Angeles. Dick modestly mentions that Cash is really good and extremely clever at working his audiences, so classmates in the LA area should watch for his name.

“**Dave Sammons**, a Unitarian minister in Walnut Creek, tackled the currently hot San Francisco issue of gay marriage by telling the group that he solemnized his first gay marriage in 1970 in Ohio, so this stuff is hardly new.<sup>o</sup> Dave, who grew up as an Episcopalian and was graduated from Tuck, came to the clergy via his father’s mattress manufacturing business in Chicago. He was drawn to the Unitarians by their theology, plus he just plain likes churches. While he has served churches around the U. S., he first came to the Bay area to get his doctorate at the theological school in Berkeley.

“**The Unitarians**, according to Dave, have had gay ministers for more than 20 years, and to them sexual orientation (‘which is not a choice for most homosexuals; they were born that way’) is a non-issue. ‘As long as they follow the same kinds of moral strictures that I expect of others,’ Dave states, ‘I welcome them.’ Dave would,

however, divide the civil and religious marriage authority as it is in most of the non-English heritage world.”

**Continues** the Hasenkamp report: “If you have ever hungered to drive a Fiat 1200 for 2600 miles, largely off paved roads, Peter **Farquhar** recommends the Atlantic coast of Argentina through Tiera del Fuego and up the Pacific coast of Chile to the lake country. He and his wife did that for a month or so a few years ago, and the experience was breathtaking. Part way along they hooked up with an Argentine couple traveling the same route, which enhanced the experience, as did trying to guess whether there would be any gas stations at the point when their jerry cans would run dry. With appropriate help from Dick **Gale**, the only working stiff at the table, we toasted **Parke’s** marriage and Jay **Emery’s** great service to the class as treasurer (everyone at the table assured us he had paid his class dues).”

**In** Greenwich, CT, curmudgeon deputy mayor Peter **Crumbine** is about to put an end to winter fun by shutting down sledding, ice skating, and anything else like it done on town property. Poor (as in unfortunate, not pecuniarily) Greenwich just lost a \$6 million lawsuit over a sledding accident. According to the “NY Times”: “The town, which is challenging the award, would have to pay \$500,000 of the verdict,’ said Mr. Crumbine, the selectman. The remainder would be covered by insurance.”

**Maybe** Barry **MacLean** can bail them out. Barry and wife Mary Ann, have committed \$15 million (maybe that should be in bold and underlined) toward the College’s new engineering science center, which will be named for them. Groundbreaking for the new building took place in May. What is one to say except that that is one very generous gift.

**Sid Goldman** does have something to say: “I don’ t have the final stats of the competition but can say that a great group of students came to the Pontiac Silverdome (former home of the Detroit Lions) and raced their car on the track in the parking lot. Many schools were there (more than 100) from all around the world. Many schools from Japan. Dartmouth looked like they would finish in the top ten or so which is fantastic for a school without much in the way of working space and funding. Of course Barry **McLean** will change all that with his recent contribution to Thayer. Wah Hoo Wah....Have to work now. Staying busy until Sept 21 when I officially retire.”

And speaking of new buildings, we were invited by a Tuck student to a recent Asian night there. Here were her instructions: "It starts from 6:30 PM, at Whittmore. If you don't know where it is, we can meet in front of Feldburg." I didn't know where either was, and I live here. So she met us at Tuck Circle. Whitmore, incidentally, has the very large Cohen common room, thanks to Jon **Cohen**.

The Class on May 18 made its annual presentation of checks and certificates to senior art majors whose work we have purchased for display in the dorms and elsewhere. This remains a good program, much valued by the kids and by the College. For those who don't remember (your wives no doubt do), we purchase some \$4,000 worth of art each spring. There is a grand showing of senior works, including those chosen for the '60 awards, lots of people show up at the gallery at the Hop, and I get to talk about how old we are and how wonderful they are. Unemployed members of the Class, like **Hannon, Emery, Roesch, Adler,** and **D. Smith**, invariably wander in to show the flag and for the free food and drink.

This year there was a "work" featuring four shapely co-eds in weird dress (and undress, sort of) in frozen poses. Alas, this was not one selected for a '60 dorm art award.



*Senior Art, alas not purchased*

Gretchen **Hannon**, who can survive life with John, found some of the art a little hard to live with. Said she: "The art show was stimulating if somewhat puzzling. Hair on rayon? Hair on a hanging slip? Oh me." But the thank-you notes have been coming in from the students and the College, so think about a small (or large) gift to the program when next you pony up to Treasurer Bill **Moorman** with your Class dues. One such thank-you note, from Victoria Wilk '04, reads in part, "Thank you once again for the lovely gift for my artwork. I'm very pleased to leave a piece of

me behind like this." Wrote Emily Pearl '04, "The class of 1960 purchase awards mean a great deal to us Studio Art majors...It is a continued reminder of our peers' talent and the interconnectedness of all Dartmouth students."



*Moorman will cash your check*

**Dud Weider** is an otolaryngologist. So now you know. He also took third place in his age group at both the 25-km and 50-km distances in the 2004 U.S.

Marathon Speed-Skating Championship. Sometimes I think that quiet, self-effacing guy must have a large red S on his chest. I could devote



*Weider graduates*

most of this NL to Dud's many activities and accomplishments. How he does all this and still manages to look as out of shape as the rest of us is beyond me. A few days ago, you will be glad to know (see photo), he finally graduated. Well, marched with other Dartmouth faculty.

Another doc is **Bob Prouty**. He and Maura "went on our 4th Dartmouth Alumni Abroad trip to Sorrento, Italy in November (previous trips to Wales, Ireland, and the Lakes region of Italy). All were well organized, enjoyable, and educational. Staying in one hotel for the week is much easier than living out of a suitcase in different hotels. The trips are a good value, and I recommend them. Am still enjoying skiing in N.H., and one of the benefits of aging is

the 'senior' ticket available at most areas once you hit 65. Went to St. Kitts in February, and will go to Curacao in late March with Bill **Gould** and friend. Still enjoying Pediatrics—no retirement in sight.” If he’s never at home in Norwell, MA, he’s reachable at [wrproutymd@yahoo.com](mailto:wrproutymd@yahoo.com)

**A**nother guy from MA who seems to do some traveling is Tom **Trimarco**. If this message doesn’t stir a small firestorm from all you right-wing nut cases, nothing will. Emails Tom: “Barbara and I had a delightful visit with Marty and Bobbie **Lower** at their wonderful place on Via Napoli (my kind of place) in Naples. Great day of golf topped by elegant dinner at the Ritz. An absolutely perfect day had but one awkward moment when I confessed to my loyal Republican roomie (who over our years together in Mass. generously contributed to worthy GOP candidates, frequently at my behest) that I was a member of the ABB club. How can you vote for Kerry? asked Marty. With difficulty was my lame reply. Truth be told, Denny, God has stopped Blessing America. How else can you explain our choices of W, jfk (no typo) and Nader! SHE must really be unhappy with us.. Ciao”

**H**ard to believe that Allen **Stowe** would allow himself to be put someplace where he couldn’t play golf, but he emailed in

April,  
“Wendy and I sailed on the first Carribean cruise of the QUEEN MARY 2 for 11 days in Feb....I have sailed on ALL the Queens



*Stowe grands on Little QM2*

starting with the old QUEEN MARY in 1956 going to England to race for The Kent School at the Henley Royal Regatta in July before our Freshman Year....The QUEEN ELIZABETH in 1958 and numerous times on the QUEEN ELIZABETH 2.... Bob **Caulfield** and his wife , Margaret , were on the cruise on the QM 2 and we toasted the class on several occasions.” (I’ll bet they did.)

**C**ards Roger **Wolf** from Tucson: “Rewards of retirement: getting up at 6:15 every morning, winter and summer, to swim two kilometers at an outdoor city pool. The sunrise

over the Rincon Mountains is visible from the water. Two swimmers talked me into doing 500 meters at Olympic speeds. (Did I say senior Olympic speeds?) I’m running for the board of the National Audubon Society as the Rocky Mt. Region rep. If elected I will lobby for your favorite avifauna. ...Wife Cheryl and I are signed up for Dartmouth cruise of the British Isles and Normandy in August.” More from Roger at [wolf@azimm.com](mailto:wolf@azimm.com)

**J**on **Tuerk**, who for some reason beyond my ken chooses to live in the District of Columbia, sends this: “Regarding Bishop **Schofield’s** letter, and Russ **Ingersoll’s** reply, I totally agree that open dialog is appropriate. I wonder if this is possible where religion and individual interpretation are concerned. I applaud Russ’s comments. Given the tenet that homosexuality is a biologic given (which I, and many others believe) there can be no other conclusion than his. Does Bishop Schofield live in sin because he does not offer animal sacrifice in his church, because he may eat fish without fins or scales? I doubt it. Times change, knowledge increases, institutions evolve. Bravo for Rusty. By the way, my wife, son, daughter, and I are alive and well. My son Joshua and his partner for the past eight years have two adopted kids, and are a thriving family. My daughter Jennifer and husband Brad Levy own ‘Fire-fly,’ a restaurant in San Francisco. Try it.”

Perhaps, **Hasenkamp**, a site for a Left Coast ’60 lunch? Jon is at [JonTuerk@aol.com](mailto:JonTuerk@aol.com)

**B**ut not everyone is in full agreement with Russ or opposed to David. Gary **Vandeweghe** notes that “Sex is for procreation. Homosex is not. That just does not add up to ‘good and natural,’” Gay marriages, continues Gary, “violate California law. No doubt about it. So are they right? Certainly not legal. Right might be debatable. Are they sinful? Not for me to say. They are sure inconsistent with my sex-procreatiion link. If that link is valid, such marriages are unnatural, and that’s as close to sinful as a simple layman like me can get.....I’m keeping an open mind.”

**M**al **Churchill** and Greg **Johnson** continue to tutor in an inner-city D.C. high school. It’s a worthwhile effort that others in the Washington area might want to look into. Mal is at 202-364-8471. Mal writes further inquiring about who will be the next DOC head (see Eric **Sailer’s** comments in the previous NL). Well, a new head has just been named, a Dartmouth grad, even, one with the unfortunate name of Andrew Harvard ’71, and at least one local, whose husband worked long years at the Skiway,

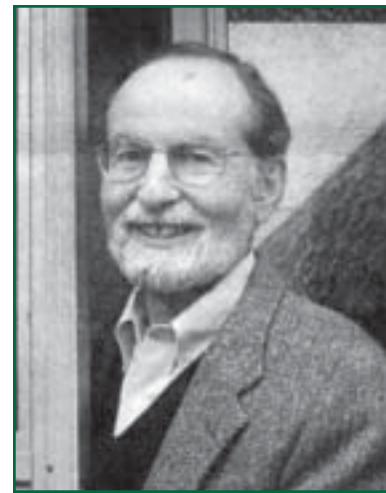
tells me it's a great appointment. Mal has a few words of reply to Dave **Bond's** earlier NL contribution about US fiscal policy. "While I share David Bond's concern about our budget deficit, on trade" he writes, "it is not 'the Chinese and Japanese who have been financing the gigantic trade deficit...,' but rather, they are *causing* it through their exchange rate policies. Japan is actively manipulating the exchange rate to promote its own exports. If one doesn't believe this, then ask yourself why Japan has acquired \$653 billion in reserves, \$202 billion if it in 2003. And why no other developed country has more than about \$40 billion in reserves. Also, tariff barriers against agricultural exports of LDCs are 31.4% for the U.S., 32.7% for Canada, and 93.7% for Japan. Aggregate protection (all sectors) is 4.5% for the U.S., 17.7% Japan. The U.S. may have its faults, but on trade we're more sinned against than sinner." Over to you, Dr. **Bond**.

This rag apparently has become so sanitized that Tom **Beadel** asks "What happened to all of the drunks, underachievers, scofflaws, miscreants, and curmudgeons whom I knew at Dartmouth?" Never having known such guys, I can hardly write about them, but Tom writes at length of a '58 outcast who ended up a '60, Peter **Jaquith**, "kicked out for peeing in the bushes at Topcliffe by the ever vigilant Hanover police and Dean Joe MacDonald."

**M**any of you, I know, saw the August 24, 2003 "NY Times" piece on Peter entitled "From Wall Street to Mean Street," about how he got hooked on cocaine and went from riches to rags. Writes Tom, "How Mr. Jaquith managed to pass his undergraduate courses while a practicing alcoholic at Dartmouth was always a source of amazement to me....At any rate, I was enduring an eight-hour infusion of Rituxin at the USC Medical Center (which is brilliantly keeping me 'north of the grass') when onto the Oprah Winfrey show comes the tale of a man, now 'living under a bridge in Los Angeles who was once worth \$20 million.' The more I watched the show, the more familiar this man looked. Even though I hadn't seen him in forty-four years, the unmistakable candor and voice of my old buddy, Peter Jaquith, came roaring through. Sure enough, the alcoholism and the old compulsions had finally taken their toll, but the brilliant mind and the unrelenting candor survived. To make a long story longer, I succeeded in reaching him by phone at his walk-up in Pasadena. The distinct privilege of his company was enjoyed at Smitty's Steak House in Pasadena on February 4. I am more than happy to report that he is alive but poor and fulfilled by his active involvement in AA and giving

talks to high school students. I have to say that I was very moved by the experience of re-acquainting myself with somebody I consider to be a Class of '60 treasure."

The *Boston Globe* in March ran a feature on our Ned **Hanauer** entitled "Activist pushes for Palestinian cause." Thanks to **Gene Kohn** for forwarding it. Says the article, in part: "Should he ever run for office, Ned Hanauer would be a conservative attack



*Hanauer searches for justice*

adman's dream come true. It's easy to imagine the script: left-leaning, Israel-bashing, Palestinian-loving, Dennis Kucinich-voting peacenik. There's even fodder in the biographical sketches that Dartmouth's class of 1960 compiled for its 25<sup>th</sup> reunion; in his career description, Hanauer included 'agitator.'....The wiry 66-year-old is the sole staffer of an organization he founded 32 years ago to push for Palestinian rights, Search for Justice and Equality in Palestine/Israel....Titularly the executive director of Search for Justice, he lectures, writes opinion pieces, lobbies journalists, and brokers meetings between them and Middle East specialists and human rights activists....Hanauer said the United States should 'drop its 'blanket, one-sided, knee-jerk support of Israel,' insist that the Jewish state sledge-hammer its settlements in the West Bank and Gaza, and grant greater rights to Palestinians as part of a two-state peace deal....Hannauer's interest in the conflict stems in part from being Jewish and having 'an interest in the Middle East maybe more than, say, the Korean peninsula.' The son of 'very conservative' parents, he found his liberal instincts blossoming in the synagogue and the academy, including a college course on imperialism in the Third World, which touched a natural empathy with weak."

**I**n late May, Doris **Sosnowski** sent this out this brief message: "The good news — I brought him home yesterday. He was in the hospital 12 days [for open heart surgery]. The tumor was non-malignant. He is doing well. I could say more, but I need to fix dinner for Walter." So what was this all about? Earlier, Doris had written: "He was on a bike ride [in Austin] with a bike

---

club. They pulled over at a stop. When he stopped everything went blank for a second, then he could not move his right leg and arm. They called an ambulance....They ran tests, etc. Found nothing. [Later, back in Dallas] he had an MRI and an MRA.....The MRI showed he had multi strokes in his head. The doctors (5) were all surprised because his cholesterol is 163. Blood pressure good, not overweight, in excellent shape, not a smoker. They ordered all kinds of tests — every test was coming back normal. Yesterday they did a procedure down his throat to the back of the heart and bingo — there was the mass. They all agreed it caused the strokes and the mass had to come out. Walter has no damage from the strokes.”

And what does Sos have to say about all this? On June 10 he emailed: “I am looking for a full recovery and the ability to do everything I did before the tumor was discovered and removed. The doctors have said that since it was a tumor in a healthy heart there should be no further problems (unless it grows back of course). I was able to literally walk out of the hospital (slowly) 6 days after surgery and have begun a walking and stretching program. In talking to Chuck **Kaufman** who you know has had heart problems, the biggest problem will be overcoming the mental fear of putting 100% stress on the heart again. I will start on a stationary bike next week with a goal to compete in the Texas state senior games this fall as the first two finishers in the 4 cycling events qualify for the national seniors next year. I will keep you posted.”

**Doris** writes that they already have reservations at the Inn for our 45<sup>th</sup>. And I’ll bet they also buy green bananas.

In the good cause of putting Green Cards to use, I am hereby starting a new contest for the best grandparent names. Some of you, like maybe Walt **Freedman**, have so many grandkids you can’t keep track of all the names they call you. Others have only one or two to deal with. Whatever. What are your grandparent names? A mythical **Hasenkamp** T-shirt to the winner(s). Here to start it off are some examples: **Leach**: Nama and Tapa; **Hannon**: Gruff and I don’t-know-what; **Roesch**: Bapa and JoJo; **Goodman**: Grammy and Grumpy. Surely you are doing better than that. So tell all.

So, you say you have missed the inimitable prose of Rafter Jack **Patterson**, ’60 Hiker Supreme? You didn’t say that? You should have. Patsy is out there once again. Having mastered the AT and the East Coast, he is now seeking to conquer the Left Coast. Here he is in late April in his usual glorious style, mostly unedited: “Yo Dennis -I

fly out to San Diego Sunday to commence a trek north on Tuesday on the PCT - Pacific Crest Trail . It is my current intention to hike the trail from the first blaze at the Mexican border to the last blaze at the Canadian border - 2, 650 miles . God willing I will get to use the custom ‘s pass issued to me by the Canadian Immigration Service allowing me to cross from Washington State into Manning , BC . . . in the Fall . Keep you posted! Rafter”

And a few days later: “Thank you , Dude . I will see who I can scare up in the WEST ; maybe , too , you could ‘ word ‘ something for the rag ? Like : ‘Rafter Jack lost in Mojave Dessert . Anyone care ?’ Or , ‘Rafter hiking PCT Mexico to Canada , he SAYS.....I hope , say , such as John **Wheaton** may be near enough for me to see he and Jane . Would welcome others / any . I have already talked to Jack **Hodgson** and will be seeing him whence Rafter jogs by there in the Cascades with an eye even to the Canadian border . { PS I do have - from my younger Appalachian Trail days , a remedy for mosquitoes . Remind me sometime to share / go over it , with you - all. It’s four parts and you ( not me ) ingest it . Probably I could sell it for the big bucks to Bait and Bullet . . . Gadzooks ! } Be in touch Do please put out a word. Patsy”

I emailed Rafter news of the June 17 Left Coast luncheon and heard from him on June 14: “I am in - about to leave , Kernville , CA . Is East of Bakersfield on Kern River ( Rafting . . . ) and some north , I think . My girlfriend , Gitte , is making noises for the first time about joining me for a week on the trail ; it may be that I will need to go to SF .....Have Bruce info and will retain and contact him direct.”

We now return you to the English language.

**Big Ken Johansen** reports thusly on the Dartmouth Fund to date: “We have reached \$368,413 or 77.9% of the way toward achieving our 2004 goal of \$473,000. Here is where we stand as of May 24, 2004. Class participation goal = 73%. Participation as of 5/24/04 = 58.1% (354 gifts/pledges)

**Ken Reich** emails May 23 that he has been “enjoying my first days of retirement, and am off to Washington, D.C. Friday to see my son.” Yet another reason not to read the now-Reichless “LA Times.” Now that he’s retired, I can begin to tell you what Ken really thinks about certain things. Here’s the new retiree on the UN: “These terrorists aren’t all bad. Now, they’ve bombed the UN building in Damascus.”

Summer is movie time. Here's Bob **Jervis's** fourth set of ten, from his collection of 9,000 tapes.

I'm still waiting for someone to take issue with the first 30:

- 31. The Italian Job (2003)
- 32. Kind Hearts and Coronets (1949)
- 33. King of the Hill (1993)
- 34. Legends of the Fall (1994)
- 35. Life Is Beautiful (1998)
- 36. Local Hero (1983)
- 37. Love in the Afternoon (1957)
- 38. Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing (1955)
- 39. The Maid (1991)
- 40. The Marrying Man (1991)



*Class movie guru Jervis*

The first draft of this edition had 16,485 words. It's now down to about 8,292. Tune in next time for all that has gone missing. I'm off to the lake wilds of the Great White North (**Leach** and **Bond** Land), but if I can locate some electricity and a phone line, you will be able to read all that is missing about **Stark** and **Benson**, **Needham**, and **Browning**, and **Schaeffer**, **Mitchell**, **Kanady**, **Greer**, and **Powell**, and so many others. (That's my clever way of telling them they didn't write in vain.) Thanks for all your Green cards and emails. You're great. Just don't rest on your laurels. dg



### '04 Dorm Art Awardees

