

*The crowd  
from the  
tall mountains  
viewing the tall  
buildings of Chicago*



## 1960 NEWSLETTER

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SEPTEMBER 2003

### *Male/Female Golf Score Predictions, Lying Right Wing Republicans, A \$39,000 Trip to a Dictatorship, and A Barefoot Wedding*

Greetings from the Great White North, aka **Leach**- and **Bond**-Land, aka, in Dave Barry's words, "Canada, almost a country." Having once again kayaked great distances in a strong north wind—OK, it's only a half-hour and I was heading south—to a little electricity, a phone hookup and a computer, I think you should know that the big story these days is not Iraq, or Liberia, or even the new Jennifer Lopez flick, but rather that just the other night our almost

two-year-old granddaughter, visiting here from Poland, finally said her first words. I just knew you'd want to hear about that. And maybe you'd like to hear a little about your always interesting classmates, of which there is plenty of news, though I have yet to see any new Green Cards, the forwarding of mail to the Great White North taking more than a little time.

First on the agenda, however, is a last reminder that our **Fall Mini-reunion** is scheduled for **October 3-5**, with plenty planned to make a journey to Hanover worth your while. Rick **Roesch** writes the following:

“Save the Dates—Friday October 3 through Sunday October 5 for our 2003 Mini-Reunion in Hanover. Friday seminars include a discussion with incoming freshpeople on the book they are asked to read before arrival, Pattern Recognition by William Gibson (you can read the first two chapters on Amazon.com and

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—then buy it for \$18.17 new or \$8.74 used), plus a lecture and tours of the Hood’s newest exhibit, “Coming of Age in Ancient Greece,” which travels next to the Getty in Los Angeles—see it here first (and free). Cocktails at the **Adlers** that evening with dinner options. Class Meeting with our Class Scholars on Saturday followed by tailgating and the game/hiking/shopping/finishing off the conversations that started in Chicago. Dinner in the elegant Webster Room of the Hanover Inn followed by voices around the piano, **Kenerson** or **Prouty** willing. Sunday brunch in Collis and more outdoor activities. Autumn colors should be magnificent, early October timing may give us a real Indian Summer. Plan a New England vacation around the event!

“Enclosed is another copy of the agenda for the weekend plus the sign-up form, in case you’ve misplaced the ones sent earlier with my letter. If you want dinner reservations on Friday night at the Norwich Inn, ring them in advance at 802-649-1143 and tell them you’d like to be seated with the other ’60s.”

And now, some words from the rest of you.

**Cliff Russell** “retired from teaching and running the Institute for Public Policy Studies at Vanderbilt at the end of 2002. Just before Xmas, Susan and I moved up here [to Mike **Daley**/Lloyd **Lawrence**/Alan **Shaver** country], returning (roughly) to our roots. Our home is an 1860 one-room schoolhouse that has been serially converted by previous owners into a year-round home. We are doing our part to continue the process. The so-far-only grandchild lives in Nashville, so Southwest out of Manchester will no doubt see a revenue surge. Charlie and Bette **Flichinger** will visit in early August.” Cliff is now at 15 Head Tide Church Rd., Alna, ME 04535, reachable at 207-586-6788.

While we’re in our Maine mode, this from Alan **Shaver**: “Didn’t get to Chicago for our 65th. Had to be in New York, instead. Besides, I spent a lot of time going through Chicago early in my career and did not develop a fondness for it. Sorry to have missed seeing so many members of the Class, however. But, on to other things.

“My spouse of more than 42 years—Ellen—in September begins an intensive training program in spiritual direction at the Center for Religious Development affiliated with the Weston Jesuit Theological Seminary in Cambridge, MA. She participated in a practicum this past year, which necessitated being in Cambridge one day a week. (Ellen is an ordained Episcopal priest, having engaged in an active ministry for more than 20 years.) This new program requires her to be there four days a week for nine months. So, we have rented an apartment on Beacon Hill in Boston, I am taking a leave from all my volunteer and community activities, and we will—beginning in September—live in Boston during the week and here in Maine on weekends. We are very eagerly and happily looking forward to this experience.

“It will enable us to fully experience Boston, to really get to know a city we have loved for a number of years. It will provide me ample time to pursue several activities for which I have not had adequate time. One will be a regimen of exercise to lose the excess weight I have accumulated and to return to better physical condition. The next will be time to devote to practicing the piano that I presently do not have. I resumed the study of piano about 2 years ago, after a hiatus of about 45 years. While my talent is limited, I do want to be able to play respectably well and that requires devoting the time to practice. Finally, I will have the days free to do whatever the spirit moves me to do—whether it is to spend several hours focusing on a small part of the Museum of Fine Arts, or trying to persuade the students at Suffolk Law School, across the street from our apartment, that there are better ways to spend their lives. Lastly, and not unimportant, is the ability to gracefully withdraw from all of my various activities here in Maine and, upon our return, to resume only those that most interest me and the demands of which I can better control.

“I am giving up—at least for awhile—the following:

- \* Serving as a volunteer and board member of Mid Coast Hunger Prevention Program, where I am completing service as co-vice chair of a capital campaign that raised nearly \$600,000 to build a new soup kitchen, food pantry and food bank.

- \* Serving as a volunteer ambulance driver for Harpswell Neck Fire & Rescue.
- \* Serving as a counselor and secretary for the Portland chapter of SCORE.
- \* Serving as chairman of the Budget Advisory Committee for the Town of Harpswell.
- \* And serving in several capacities for the Episcopal Diocese of Maine.

“After 8 years here in Maine, the only way to retire again is to go on sabbatical. My email address will remain unchanged so people can continue to send me jokes.” I would only add that anyone who willingly gives up the coast of Maine, even temporarily, for Beacon Hill and Boston traffic might want to consider seeking out Bob **Kenerson** in Cambridge sometime for a quick check-up.

Professor **Russell**, on the other hand, might want to keep in mind that in addition to joining such suspect company as **Daley**, **Lawrence**, and **Shaver**, you know you live in Maine when:

1. You only have four spices: salt, pepper, ketchup, and Tabasco.
2. Halloween costumes fit over parkas.
3. You have more than one recipe for moose.
4. Sexy lingerie is anything flannel with less than eight buttons.
5. The four seasons are: winter, still winter, almost winter, and construction.

While the rest of you at our 60<sup>th</sup> in the Napa Valley were busy guzzling every drop of free wine available, David **Bond** was carefully learning about volatilizing his esters and other important aspects of wine promotion nonsense, and now he is about to undertake the Grape Escape, if the fires in British Columbia don't spoil his fun. Emails the blustery Dr. Bond, who yearly threatens to keep me out of his almost country, “I have notified Canada Customs and Revenue Agency about your past convictions for both child molesting and drugs (both possession and dealing) so while Laura Beth (that long suffering damsel) will sail through, you will not cross the line so to speak. Not even given the thought that you will undoubtedly feed the mosquitos and thereby enhance the chances for West Nile. [We are definitely feeding

the mosquitoes, which he insists are spelled the way D. Quayle spelled potatoes.]

“**T**is true we are moving to the Okanagan Valley, Westbank BC to be exact. I have been elected the Chair of the British Columbia Wine Institute which is a lobbying group, and since it takes about 20 hours per week and since the Chair has to be in BC the person whose representative I am on the Institute's Board asked if I would move and provided the proper inducements (ah the wonders of the capitalist system). So come August 20th or thereabouts we shall return to BC.

“**T**his new house has a view to die for and we are but 200 yards from the winery for which I toil. .... a trip to the Okanagan is worthwhile and the quality of wines being produced in the region I think is outstanding.”

While we are out there somewhere on the Left Coast, here's a notice I hope reaches you funny-thinking classmates in time: **Dartmouth 1960 San Francisco Lunch III**: Wednesday, September 10, 2003, noon to 2 p.m. University Club, 300 California St. at Powell, 4<sup>th</sup> Floor; \$20 each for sumptuous all-you-can-eat buffet; parking: lot across California at Powell or Brockelband Building on Sacramento between Powell and Mason; RSVP by September 3 to: Bruce.H.**Hasenkamp**.60@alum.Dartmouth.org, or to Bruce at 2435 Skyfarm Dr., Hillsborough 94010; 640-343-6829. And here from Bruce is a preview on the meeting after, in December: “For our next one, early December, we're moving to Palo Alto courtesy of Dick Levy. He is CEO of one of the four companies into which Varian was broken up. Makes MRIs and that sort of thing. . . We'll lunch somewhere near or at Varian and Dick will take everyone on a tour.”

**M**ore from the Left Coast: John **Walker** emails that “I am giving you this website to inform you about the continuing efforts of Bob **Messner** to create a museum to memorialize the defeat of General Braddock by the French and their Indian allies. This is one of the pivotal points in 18<sup>th</sup> century North American history, as you may recall. As you will read, if you can access this website, Bob has really scored big in his request to secure funding from various foundations. It is quite a coup.”

<https://www.pittsburghfirst.com/localnews/20030717braddock0717p4.asp>

“We have recently moved out of Orange County, a jurisdiction which you undoubtedly consider too left-wing for your taste. [Moi?] For that reason we had to change our e-mail address. It is now wändenj@verizon.net . Our new address is: 3040A La Paz Ln., Diamond Bar, CA, 91765. We apologize for our street name, which must have come from a bunch of peace-niks. But anything is possible in California.” Even Arnold?

New email addresses for: JackNHodgson@cs.com and BarbaraMHodgson@cs.com

When not cavorting about the Florida keys, Sid **Goldman** actually hangs out in Detroit somewhere. Here’s a recent message and photo: “Dartmouth, primarily Thayer, competes each year in a race car design and performance meet here in Detroit. Entries are international and some schools have huge resources at their disposal with which to test the designs etc. The Dartmouth team has traditionally done quite well despite a limited budget and no official College backing. The guys this year were a terrific group. The car represented a one year result of design, build-out and performance testing. I’m not sure how high they scored but definitely way up there.

“After the competition we had a small picnic outing at the home of Rick Paul, local club president and great guy. It was hosted at his home with the race car on display to the delight of the team and the visitors and, of course, to two of my grandsons (seen perched on the front tires), Joey and Adam Yaker, ages four and two.”

July 4<sup>th</sup> is well past now, but here are a few words on the subject from Gary **Kanady**, Captain, US Navy, ret.: “July 4th shouldn’t just be a holiday, it should be



a celebration of our country’s founding. Here are some thoughts taken from a recent book by Dinesh D’Souza, What’s So Great About America, that I heartily recommend you read to set the stage for the celebration that America deserves. Teach it to your children. They won’t hear it in school or in the media. Then get on your knees and give thanks for what’s great about America. Happy Independence Day!”

A few more comments on Chicago 65: writes Marty **Lower**: “The Alpha Theta breakfast attendees on Fri. AM included Tom **Machura**, **Brannens**, **McClures**, **Freedmans** (Bob) and their son Jake, **Andersons** (Cliff), and **Lowers**. The entire group went on the Architecture Boat tour which was one of the highlights of the weekend. As a former Chicago resident I could not believe the transformation of the city. Morrison’s name was mentioned frequently. I never knew how many classmates took Art 16 and thought it was one of the most enjoyable courses they took at Dartmouth.”

For the three or four of you who play golf, this from Marty about the outing at Shore Acres which Barry **Maclean** set up: “The weather and golf course could not have been better. Participants were: Bryant and Mary Jane **Barnes**, Jim and Marty **Brannen**, Jack and Barbie **Hodgson**, Gus and Gail **Leach**, Barry **MacLean**, Bill **Moorman**, Howie **Jelinek**, Gary and Barb **Vandeweghe**, Bob and Ruth **Kenerson** and yours truly. My thanks to Mary Ann MacLean for backing out so I could play, presumably because she needed to get organized for the cocktail party. The results: Mary Jane Barnes (plus 2) and Marty Brannen (-3) made the best guess among the ladies as to their final score. Barry MacLean was the only player to guess his actual score and second place among the men

was Gary Vandeweghe who guessed 79 and shot 82. Low round for the ladies was Barb Vandeweghe (guessed 85; shot 76) and Bryant Barnes for the men with 81. With the exception of Mary Jane, all the ladies guessed they would have a higher score than they did. All the men scored poorer than estimated. I’m sure you’ll have fun with that one, Denny!” No need; some things just speak for themselves.

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But a little philosophizing, pilfered from the Internet, can't hurt: Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age (and maybe even about your golf score) and start bragging about them. Anyway, if you feel you'd like to be young again, think about trigonometry.

Adds Shel **Gisser**: "I missed the party in Chicago with much regret due to unavoidable date/event conflicts, but I did talk to a couple of guys who were there and raved about it. I'm nearly caught up after Nan and I returned late last Sunday night from a week in the Galapagos. We are now reviewing and editing 20 rolls of pictures." Shel has forwarded some photos, but computer problems dictate that they wait until I get back to the uncivilized United States (see para after next) and my own setup.

I asked Shel to inquire of a very liberal, old high school mate of mine, with whom he regularly plays poker in Cleveland, which of the nine Democratic candidates I should vote for. Back came the following: "I passed on your query to Sid. His response was: 'I'll answer that when Dennis tells me where, in Iraq, are/were the weapons of mass destruction?' [I would, of course, tell him, but he lacks the proper clearances.] Shel continues: "I must admit that I'm not too excited about the... candidates and don't know which one to vote for (although there are several who I know I won't vote for).....I'm also considering moving to Toronto and changing my citizenship—I considered this once before—when another lying right wing Republican, Nixon, was president. I, too, would like to know where the WMDs are/were, besides the fertile imaginations of Messrs. Bush, Rumsfeld, etc., and, while I'm asking that one, how can you (and the rest of the right-wingers and Bush-loving apologists) rationalize/justify going into Iraq without knowing in advance how we're going to get out????"

"Enjoy your vacation in Canada! As you know, the people there are much more civilized and civil than those in the US; they don't go around looking for places to flex their muscles and kill people, including their young men. They don't have as their leader a liar who takes his advice from other liars, all of whom are on big ego trips and have little concern for the lives of people who are not related to them or who

don't pay them." Since it would take more than a newsletter to reply these scurrilous charges—and to think they are coming from a fellow Clevelander—I will have demur and go fishing.

Back to Chicago, from **Hasenkamp**: "John **Mitchell** attended the Saturday night dinner at the Art Institute in kilt—actually the whole outfit including dagger. Not sure how he went through airport machines, but he is rather magnificent in all that stuff. Barry **MacLean**, who also—from 'More Musings' photo—has such an outfit, was in non-Scottish black tie.

"Many were anxious to meet Dick **Foley**'s fiancée, Massy Safai, but she was unable to attend. She is a doc and was on call, so the mystery persists of who she is that has finally landed Richard. [Somebody had better get to her fast.]

The entire 60th birthday committee from San Francisco (**Dunning, Foley, Gale, Hasenkamp**) was there and offered a collective toast to the 65<sup>th</sup> birthday committee at the Saturday evening dinner. These things just keep getting better and better. We had lots of time to talk with almost everyone, enhanced by the addition of the Sunday brunch at the **Freedmans**."

Summer reading: for me: Churchill's multi-volume history of WW II. Terrific stuff. Gulliver's Travels. Hitler thought it was a great book. I suppose it is, but it gets a little tedious. Wallace Stenger's Angle of Repose (still to be opened). Hasenkamp suggests: "...The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down by Anne Fadiman, daughter of Clifton. Terrific book on the Hmong in America, which may not be a top issue to anyone outside the California Central Valley, but the book is a wonderful read on immigrants making their way or not in America. Splendid volume. I have also recently read and liked The Museum Guard by Howard Norman (as I did his previous book, The Bird Artist) and The Mulberry Empire by Philip Hensher, a novelized version of the British conquest of Afghanistan in the 19th century that should be cautionary for us in Iraq."

Tom Conger, a lowly '61 who happened to be the best running back on campus in "our days" but who now has a way with words and literature offers this: "Must add to In Pale Battalions another extraordinary piece I have just finished: The Wind-up Bird

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Chronicle by Haruki Murakami 1997, Knopf. Absolutely spellbinding! I mean, there are lots of fine books out there (see: Banana Moon...), but the above pair are beyond comparison.” (Banana Moon, incidentally, just happens to be by someone with the same name, Tom Conger.)

Class webmaster and AT hiker Walt **Daniels** was nominated to be a director on the AT Board in New York and by now, these elections being like those in Liberia, should be elected. Writes Walt: “This will be my third and final term (term limits). However my wife had the previous 3 terms and I am trying to get my daughter to run to continue the tradition:).”

Asks a recent article in the “NY Times”: “Where else could Romania’s former first couple, Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu, mingle with the founder of the Soviet secret police, Feliks Dzerzhinsky, and Gavrilo Princip, the Serbian assassin who helped set in motion World War I? Only in Texas. Nearly 20 statues of leaders and heroes of authoritarian regimes occupy the rolling private garden of Harlan R. Crow, a Dallas real estate investor. Heavyweights like Stalin, Mao and Lenin stand among lesser-knowns like Klement Gottwald, the first Communist president of Czechoslovakia.

“Mr. Crow has Tie **Sosnowski**, a tall, soft-spoken 36-year-old fellow Texan, negotiate the purchase of the statues and bring them to Dallas. This is not always easy....Mr. Sosnowski, whose primary business is real estate development in Sarajevo and Moscow, said his motivation for putting the collection together was “a love of adventure and history.” Needless to add, young Tie belongs to old Walter (and youthful Doris).

Newly-wed Bruce **Clark** is alive, but if he keeps up this fitness nonsense, it may not be for long. Emails Bruce: “...Re your brief announcement of my wedding to Carol as a part of my fraternity brother Walt Sosnowski’s Senior Games achievements. I wasn’t sure of your meaning. Is it that I would have more, or less, energy? Or, that I now will have more time to train to beat Sos? Or, what? [Definitely “what.” If you’re looking for “meaning,” this rag is the last place to cast your eyes.] I’ll write Sos an email to see whether some joint adventures have interest.

“An update of my past year, if I haven’t already done so, is appropriate. You already know of the May 31 wedding to Carol. I have attached a picture for your files. I was involved in three accidents requiring hospital attention between December 2001 and July 2002. In July 2002, I hit a pothole near Durango, CO, and broke my right femur very close to the hip joint. After being screwed together and 3 1/2 months on crutches I started walking in late November, biking in late December, limped around Washington, DC with Carol and then threw away the cane in January. My recovery is now about 100% and I recently completed my fifth Colorado bike tour including a climb of the 14,250’ Mt. Evans. Also attached is a photo of me taken during the Tour on US Route 50 east of Salida, Co, near the Arkansas River, just to prove I can still walk.”

As with other recently-received photos, this will have to await the next NL.

As multi-lateral talks with North Korea, and the new NFL season get underway, you might want to keep this in mind from last season: according to foreign policy expert A. Borowitz, “An aide to North Korean President Kim Jung-Il shed new light on the dictator’s enigmatic psychology today, revealing that Kim’s anger at a spate of bad calls by NFL officials had caused him to restart his country’s nuclear weapons program.”

From the Alumni Office: “The Alumni Online Directory and alumni start page is live and ready to use—a service brought to you by the Office of Alumni Relations. This directory is available only to Dartmouth undergraduate, graduate and professional school alumni, is secure and password protected, will allow you to search for friends and classmates, and to update and edit your own record. First requirement and most important: your Vox Alumni Network (VAN) email account needs to be activated to access the directory.

“Need a password? Authentication is based on your alumni email login, so if you already have a password, please do not request another one. Go to: <<https://dartmouth.org/van/help/passwordreq.html>> to obtain a password if you do not remember or have lost your email password. See yourself in the Vox Alumni Network (VAN) new online directory. It’s

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easy to sign up: Go to <http://myvan.dartmouth.org> You can update your alumni profile (the old update form will no longer be available for updating Alumni Records). Your information can be removed or added from view by checking the boxes marked “Block or Unblock Information” located on the “Update Information” page <<https://myvan.dartmouth.org/directory/updateInformation.asp>>. PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE ACCURATE INFORMATION FROM YOUR PROFILE. Checking the block box is all you have to do to prevent the displayed information from appearing in the online directory. You can search for friends and classmates by name (including name when a student at Dartmouth), class year, city, state, zip code, school and country.”

**F**rom an unnamed email correspondent (a Smithie to be precise, so you know this is good information): On average, a human being will have sex more than 3,000 times and spend two weeks kissing in their lifetime. If a good night’s sleep is more your thing these days—after all, that’s a 65<sup>th</sup> birthday we celebrated in Chicago—remember this: Duct tape won’t help: In the course of an average lifetime you will, while sleeping, eat 70 assorted insects and 10 spiders. Now don’t you feel better educated? Gotta love those Smithies.

Some of you might want to remind your kids that the High Holidays have nothing to do with marijuana.

**Bill McCarter** wrote back in March: “It was fun having lunch with the 4<sup>th</sup> Tues. group last week....When I left Norwich, I drove to the campus and decided to visit the Rauner Special Collections Library...I mentioned to the staff member that my father had at one time been Assistant Librarian of the College and, low and behold, she produced a rather thick file of newspaper clippings, obits, a few things that my father had written, etc. Apparently there is some sort of file for every deceased alumnus....When the Class of ’60 arrived on campus, Dad had recently completed his seventeen year stint as Athletic Director. Our classmates that met him knew him as an English teacher, and few were aware of his prior position.

“**I** don’t have too much to mention about myself. After leaving the law firm I was with in 1980 and branching off on my own, I had somewhat of a roller

coaster career. Shortly after turning 62, I decided to ‘retire’ and elected to receive early social security benefits. Recently my business has started to pick up, and I now find myself as busy as I have been in twenty years. I enjoy working out of my home....I am getting involved with one or two ‘home businesses’ on the side. In fact, anyone interested in buying practically any product ‘on line need only log on to [www.smt.unfranchise.com](http://www.smt.unfranchise.com) for a purchaser’s dream come true.. I’ve seen Elliott **Carr** a couple of times recently. He is still President of the Cape Cod Five and is finishing up a book on Massachusetts banking.”

**A**t least four years ago, Reg **Regestein** wrote us something about the psychology of fish and the suffering they endured when caught, thrashing about and all that. And I’ve been teasing Reg in these pages ever since. Now, as if they’ve made a great discovery, the “NY Times” and NPR are running stories with headlines like “Fish Feel Pain When Hooked, Scientists in Britain Say.” Reg could have told them that in the late ’90s.

**Bob Jervis**, as I found out at a recent ’60 lunch in Norwich, has a movie collection on video that numbers some 6,000. He probably spent as much time at the Nugget as George **Tolford**. Bob has promised to tell us more about this collection in the near future and to recommend a few flicks.

**T**his being summer and gardening season for those of you too old to fish or paddle a kayak, Jay **Emery** offers the following wisdom: When weeding, the best way to make sure you are removing a weed and not a valuable plant is to pull on it. If it comes out of the ground easily, it is a valuable plant.

**H**ere is an actual quote about the photo of VT/NH wives that appeared at the end of the May newsletter. I think it prudent for obvious reasons to offer it anonymously: “The bottom of that last page should be in “Playboy” (well, maybe “Vogue”): Wow! What a bevy of drop-dead gorgeous babes, to the woman! And I happen to know that not all of them are late-in-life trophy wives.”

**Bob Brown** has been doing a bit of reminiscing: “.....I didn’t know what to do when I graduated, so I just stayed on for another year as a TF in

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chemistry and completed that major in addition to my previous geology major.....then spent two years at UCSD in oceanography and physical organic chemistry...of course, I wound up working as a photographic engineer for 29 years at Kodak....go figure!

“Since leaving Kodak in 1992, I’ve worked as a Registered US Patent Agent, writing and prosecuting patent applications through several law firms in Rochester, NY.....I moved from Rochester to Tallahassee last year, and still work for the same firms via e-mail and fax, with the occasional trip north, such as last week to see my youngest graduate from SUNY Brockport at age 33!!”.....And later, regarding the Oct. 3-5 mini-reunion, “...Sorry, Nan (my high school sweetheart) and I will not be present because, at the exact time of the Class Meeting on Saturday morning, we will be getting married in Florida, a bare-foot beach wedding at St. George Island!!! So maybe next year for Hanover.....and of course, any ’60s who would rather be in Florida than New Hampshire on that date are welcome to attend! Just RSVP so we’ll have a spot at the reception! Nan and I have cohabited for the past year plus in Tallahassee. Miss Howard is no stranger to Dartmouth, having experienced our freshman and sophomore year Winter Carnivals.”

**Tony Roisman** circulated to a number of classmates this email with a letter to the College from **Ken Reich**. The rest of you may find it of interest: “For those of you who want to know whether the fire in the belly dies out after 65, I am sending along this letter from our esteemed classmate Ken Reich. I think he has a very good point and urge any of the rest of you to let Dartmouth know how you feel about this. Tony”

From: Ken Reich  
Sent: Thursday, July 24, 2003  
To: AR.ACE@dartmouth.edu  
Subject: \$39,000 trip offer

To: Roberta M Moore, Director

Dartmouth Alumni Continuing Education

Dear Ms. Moore,

It is, I believe, wrong for Dartmouth to sponsor a trip to territory controlled by a tyrannical regime,

such as the Burmese junta. Burma is listed as one of the destinations on the \$39,000 air tour you offered this week.

The Burmese regime is unlawfully holding the legally elected President of the country and has refused, for 13 years, to recognize that election. The U.S., Japan, Britain and other countries have taken sanctions against this foul group of Army dictators.

It would have been just as wrong for Dartmouth to sponsor a tour to South Africa during the apartheid period, to Iraq while Saddam Hussein and his sons were murdering dissidents by the hundreds of thousands or to Liberia, while its dictator was chopping the limbs off school children with great regularity.

We expect more of Dartmouth, and it is suggested to me by a friend who lives in the Hanover area that the College gets a kickback from tour agents offering such tours.

Quite frankly, Ms. Moore, you owe Dartmouth alumni an apology, and I hope to hear Burma has been abandoned as a destination for this trip, at least until the present regime changes course and recognizes the lawfully elected President, Daw Aung San Suu Kwi.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

What about that \$39,000 price tag? To which I might add that the College is also sponsoring a trip to Cuba. Would the same arguments apply?

When not penning poison letters to the College, Ken reports the following: “I’m now a grandparent. My daughter Kathy gave birth Monday to Abigail Rose Meyer, six pounds 10 ounces, at the Packard Children’s Hospital in Palo.”

**Russ** and Pat **Ingersoll** are now among the plutocratic unemployed, with time to scribble long missives to the Newsletter: “Following the birthday party Pat and I attended a July 4-5 wedding in Lake Placid. On the way we stopped in to Saxtons River to spend the night of July 3 with Ryan and Mary **Ostebo** who were busy getting ready for the July 4th Saxtons River parade in which Ryan always does something very creative, athletic, and off-the-wall. We were there to see the preparations and the parade the next morning before we had to leave. He was great with his four lovely ladies pictured in the attachment. [see

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next Newsletter.] Listening to people on the street, I realized Ryan has developed quite a reputation and following. People attend the parade from all over the area, most of them chiefly interested to discover what he will do this year to top last year. All were delighted with his Samba line routine. And it was terrific! [Would you believe that a few days ago I met someone up here in Temagami from Saxtons River who told me the exact same thing. He said he thought Ryan also sells a little life and long-term care insurance on the side.]

“We are moved into are new home in Hendersonville and are very pleased with it, though to date we have not spent much time in it. Since June 1 when we moved in, we have been mostly on the road with brief returns to Hendersonville to do the laundry, pick up messages, and pay the bills. We have one more trip—to Minnesota next week for a family reunion—and then we will spend some time rooting ourselves here in Hendersonville where some people would like me to get involved in Democratic politics and make a run for the state legislature. I just knew how that would please you—not! Not to worry—nobody remembers when the last Democrat was elected to anything here.

“We had drinks and dinner with Spence **Morgan** last night. He is in the process of selling his home and is considering moving into our development. We would love it if he does, though I wonder if The Oaks can handle two Dartmouth '60s. I think Spence might transform our club house/recreation building into Dragon South. Since I also was a Dragon, we would have a small nucleus from which to build. . . . We will hope to see you in the fall for our class's homecoming.”

**B**ig Green football begins shortly and that means basketball can't be far behind, so here are a few comments on the subject from Wall Street, Roger **Schaefer** to be exact: “From a business standpoint, it's a tough world out there AND a very competitive one—emphasis on ‘competitive.’ My feeling is no different when it comes to Dartmouth. The College has to be competitive in all aspects, including athletics, or the other Ivies will eat us alive. The students have to learn to compete, not only in the classroom but on the athletic fields as well. Dartmouth has to be the best it can be, but when we

see areas of the College that are lagging, it's time to fix them. In the business world, when a corporate CEO or management team fails over a period of years, they are replaced by other talented individuals. [I suspect there may not be universal agreement on that one.] Part of their failings might be a lack of revenue growth because the products are inferior.

“So, new management restructuring and vision is needed as well as developing improved products for consumption vs. competitors' products. Dartmouth needs to put competitive products out there on the athletic fields (Progress does seem to be at hand in the ladies sports and some of the men's sports like hockey and lax.) My point is that Dartmouth needs to raise revenue to support its athletic programs and football, basketball and hockey are the major revenue producers. It's time to put winning products out there and that starts with support from the College, from the Trustees on down, commitment from Josie which seems to be happening, new coaches in football and basketball to get away from the loser images and by all means recruiting the student-athletes away from the Princetons and Harvards, et al and rebuilding the winning traditions that you and I were used to as undergraduates.

“If the teams (especially the major revenue ones) begin to win again-and win more-they( the fans of the Upper Valley and beyond) will come and will continue to attend sporting events. I can't believe how much excitement there was over the men's lacrosse team as an example. There is a diverse calendar of events for all to attend at the College and one's interests are also diverse. Athletic events are but one. The other events are top-notch. Why not athletics in this competitive world? Sorry for going off like this. . . . I guess living so close to Princeton gets my dander up when I see them winning title after title and still being considered one of the top educational institutions.”

**H**aving raised with Roger the question about replacing ineffective CEOs, I got these further thoughts: “I do want to report there is a little corporate and stockholder sanity creeping back into the system. Note some of the shareholder backlash votes these days at the annual meetings. The Big Boys are on notice status quo and all those plums

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they've been receiving aren't going to fly anymore. The same message applies to certain Dartmouth head coaches."

**W**hen head Class armtwister Ken Johansen, says "greetings all," hang on to your wallet, but this time it's to report on a very generous Class of 1960, with no further requests (for now) for whatever is left in that wallet. Writes Ken: "We raised \$447,890 for the college and along the way surpassed our own year-out record of \$410,242 set in 1999 and also shattered the year-out record of \$267,676 set by the class of 1955. Our participation rate was 67.5%. The college reached new levels of philanthropy in raising \$30,343,535 from over 21,000 donors."

**A**bout which Gene **Kohn** noted the following: "I looked at the non-reunion classes. The Class of 1960 raised the third highest dollar amount among all classes. Only 1964 and 1980 did more. The Class of 1960 had the second highest dollar increase this year over the last. Only 1977 did more and they were against two year's previous when we were not so deep in a mini-recession. The Class of 1960 has the largest number of donors of any class 26 years or more out—before the population changed. The Class of 1960 scoring base is significantly higher than other classes more than 26 years out. Just 13 classes in this period have higher scoring bases and our donor total outstrips every one of those classes. The Class of 1960 participation percentage was the eighth best among all classes, including the reunion classes. I cannot imagine why our leaders are not at the top of every award list. Who else came close?"

**S**urely this dry report needs a little John **Mitchell** humor. Round John offers this "allegory for our times": "As I'm walking past a wooden fence at the insane asylum, I hear all of the residents inside chanting 'Thirteen, thirteen, thirteen.' Quite curious about this, I find a hole in the fence and look in. Someone pokes me in the eye. Then everyone in the asylum starts chanting, 'Fourteen, fourteen, fourteen.'"

**S**o now, if nothing so far has made any sense, surely this bit of prattle from Rafter Jack **Patterson** will clarify everything for you: "I was 'near-ish' to you last weekend going to the River where Breyer and David - from Oregon ( the same Breyer who joined

me at Pinkham Notch . . .marvelous marvelous daughter . . . ) , Matt and Andrea - from Ohio . ) and both sisters ( Patty - Santa Barbara ; Tom **Beadel** says - again - he is going to look her up ; Tom intones such to me every visit - as often as Tom says Alio **Stowe** comes to Murray Island to say , " Goodbye , Tom . " , says, Tom . . . which number is - - - - 6 )( Kathie from Boulder who has a handle on Lymphoma / Hep " C " which ( Lymphoma )Tom says is , " a piece of cake . . . " ; " is curable " )( Tom to visit Pittsburgh soon for special handling there of what is nowadays called - tumor - by radiation like lasers , says Caryl . . . Tom , KICK BU-TT !! - says Rafter ) and husbands and brother plus cousins , guests , local Canadians , etc . , were there to the number of 35 . . . Can you top that Mr . Far North ? While your topping that would you send a cold front down . . . we are now in Bangladesh . I , native , do not remember so much sour weather as this year has brunged .(Patsy)" A mythical Hasenkamp T-shirt for a decent translation.

**Gus Leach** is on his own island somewhere in this almost country (Lake of the Woods) and offers this bit of wisdom: it's not so important to know where the rocks are; says Gus, "I only know paths where the rocks aren't !!" Words to live by. At least up here.

**Rick** and Hila Lyman will host a tailgate party before the Dartmouth-Harvard Football game in Cambridge on November 1; ring Rick at 508-548-0841 to sign up, get details and arrange how to pay your \$10 per classmate—what a bargain!

**F**inally, Groucho Marx emails the following: "Those are my principles, if you don't like them..... I have others." dg