

1960 NEWSLETTER

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Curating Whitman, Rumbling in the Jungle, and Duking It Out, 1618-48.

SEPTEMBER 2004

Once again, knowing you have nothing better to read this summer than the '60 Newsletter, I have kayaked two miles into a stiff south wind, uphill, to reach electricity and a computer. This in lieu of an afternoon's nap or some good reading while looking out at a beautiful Canadian Lake, a feat Phil Kron continues to find impossible. If you don't view kayaking uphill, no electricity and no phone or Internet connection as particularly attractive, consider this: no TV, no newspapers, no Bush, no Kerry. No kidding.

With that annual nonsense out of the way, let us move to important matters. Our Class Fall Mini-reunion cometh soon, October 8-11 to be exact. These gatherings just

seem to be getting better and better, more and more like a full-fledged June reunion (but a lot cheaper), so read carefully the insert from Rick Roesch and give some serious thought to a Hanover visit. We need your reply by September 15.

While we're thinking reunions, perhaps you will want to respond to the following: Tom McBurney and Jim Adler, who have agreed to co-chair organizing the symposia for our 45th Reunion next June, would welcome ideas for subjects of broad interest to classmates and their partners. At our 40th we covered community service opportunities, retirement travel and health issues. Anyone with thoughts for our 45th is encouraged to pass them along to either Tom: bmcburney@worldnet.att.net or Jim jim.adler@valley.net by not later than October 1st.

And while we remain on Class matters, gentle giant Ken Johansen, for whom a very loud Wah-hoo-wah, reports the following results on '60's response to the Dartmouth Fund for '03-'04: "Our class had a record year and also won the

Green Derby competition. Here are the numbers: Cash in = \$453,372. Best year ever by beating last year's record (\$447,890). Participation = 72.5%. We were also honored with the Dartmouth College Committee Award for the best all-around achievement by a class out for 15 years or more. This is the most competitive award given by the Fund."

Allan Cameron is "off to Scotland on August 21 for a couple of weeks in search of my roots and good whiskey. No point in sitting around while I am still mobile and have the energy to go! Then will spend a week in London in early December (Christmas shopping time), and am looking to go to Andalusia (Moorish Spain) in the Spring." Adds Allan: "You know you're getting old when . . . You look through the list of Hanover-area restaurants, and the only one you recognize (other than the various Inns is Lou's and it's now "Lou's Restaurant and Bakery!"

Phil Kron emailed to several classmates "that Millie Kondracke finally lost her long and arduous battle with Parkinson's Disease. A nice tribute was given [on Fox News Channel] to both Millie and to Mort; she for her courageous struggle and Mort for his tireless efforts on her behalf as well as for other sufferers of that terrible disease. Not only did Jim Angle, filling in for Brit Hume, make special note of it, but each of Mort's colleagues on the nightly panel paid a warm tribute to each of them. It represented a spontaneous outpouring. In case any of you want to drop Mort a note, his address is as follows:

Morton M. Kondracke
Apt 5CE
2230 California Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20008-3955
202-234-5824

Phil, it would seem is the purveyor of less than happy news. On June 23 he sent the following: "In conjunction with this year's DCF, I volunteered to try to hunt down Tony Rodolakis who we, as a Class, had lost touch with. He lived next door to me in Lord Hall during our Freshman year and has been suffering the progressive effects of Muscular Dystrophy for many years. In any event, through a little sleuthing and remembering that he came from Springfield, MA, I was able to locate him. . . . Tony has been at Western Mass Hospital, 91 East Mountain Road, Westfield, MA 01085 for the past three years. He can be reached at 413-562-4131, extension 336 and does have a speaker phone. I had a very brief conversation with him and then sent a follow-up letter to let him know that he has not been forgotten and that I would make sure the College has his current address so that he will be receiving such things as the *Alumni Magazine* and the Newsletter.

"I hope you can encourage those who knew him to call him or drop him a note. [And I hope this has.] Unfortunately, as we get older, we're going to have to be doing more of this. But I also think it's important to let those of our Classmates who are struggling with whatever, that there are a lot of Classmates out there who care. . . . We look forward to making it back to Hanover in October."

Where does a beat-up old rugger like Bob Phillips get the energy? "After my second masters at Columbia, this time in American Studies, I spent part of '03 publishing some papers (Great American Publishing Society.com) before taking up a couple of new endeavors. Several of my former Unilever associates and I started a products company through the purchase and licensing of several brands. Just like the 'old' days, but without the hassle of boards, and the pressure of quarterly earnings. In addition, I am co-curating a Walt Whitman exhibition at the South Street Seaport Museum with a Columbia professor to celebrate the 150th anniversary of 'Leaves of Grass' in Spring '05. Hope all will come see it. We are off to Alaska to do some climbing on Mt. McKinley. Life is full." To say the least.

Ken Ingalls, now in North Hampton, NH, "has been retired from International Paper Co. for almost three years. Celebrated more than 40 year of marriage to my lovely wife, Geraldine, in April of this year, 2004. Now spend my time with golf, reading, and gardening. Recently had three '60s and their wives for dinner in my home. It was great to see Ben Parish, Larry Dingman, and Frank Killilea doing so well—health and happiness."

Gene Powell enjoys "living in Tumalo, OR (Bend address as Tumalo is too small to have a post office). Bought four mini-ranches and sold them to my kids (at a loss) who are moving here from Northern, CA. Five of our eight progeny own property in Tumalo and we are working on the other three. When they are all here I can run for mayor since Tumalo has only 200 people. Assuming the kids and spouses vote for me. Formed a couple of L.L.Cs and bought an office building and shopping center in the area. Nothing like being a large frog in a minuscule pond. Great golf, fishing, hiking and hunting in this part of Oregon. We are just north of Sunriver. . . . Still haven't met with Mike Hollern. Gene is at gpowell222@aol.com

Bob Messner sent a nice note thanking Jim Adler for his report on the Alumni Council (in the last NL). Wrote Bob: "Many thanks for taking the time to prepare the excellent report on the Meeting. It was most helpful in giving me an inkling of what is going on and the thought process of the organization. I sincerely appreciate your sharing the experience with us." Jim's response is worth noting: "I

meant what I said about letting me know if you ever have questions or concerns you'd like addressed. Can't guarantee I'll always be able to come up with a satisfactory response, but I can guarantee I'll try."

I knew Rotarians were a pretty conservative bunch, but Dave Horn is still pining for black ink on green paper, maybe so the photos won't show what he really looks like while gallivanting about the country in his 40-footer. Writes Dave: "Just read your latest - I still think it's too bad you can't use green paper."

Regarding the Reunion, I made my reservations at the Pine Valley RV Resort in WRJ a month ago. June 2005 will be in the first month of my year traveling around the country. Now that my nine-year commitment to Rotary in my district will be completed next year, I can do the trip. I'll be crossing the country in time for the Americade Motorcycle Rally in Lake George, NY, then our Reunion, and then flying back to Chicago for the Rotary International 100th Anniversary Convention. Now this is all going to be fun, but it gets even better. After the Convention, I'll fly back, pick up the dog and coach and head for Newfoundland. The plan is to stay there 5-6 weeks before coming back to spend the rest of the summer in the Maritimes. I'll then head back to Maine and start down the coast. As I travel down the coast in the Fall, I plan on visiting Civil War sites and Frank Lloyd Wright buildings, two of my interests. I figure this should keep me occupied for awhile. If you would like, I will copy you with my journal as I travel. [By all means.]

"I was deeply saddened to hear about Bill Watson. We were both at Loomis together and both belonged to Phi Tau while in Hanover. We had many good times then. He was a good man then and as I read about his later life, I see that carried over to those years. We got together once at the last Reunion he attended. He will be missed by many, I'm sure."

Bob Jervis says this next list of recommended films is "certainly not cut out of the same piece of cloth (film)!! Maybe this will bring out the critics [of whom, none so far].

Message in a Bottle	(1998)
Mr. Holland's Opus	(1995)
My Dog Skip	(1999)
Nine to Five	(1980)
No Way Out	(1987)
Once Around	(1991)
One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest	(1976)
Out of Africa	(1985)
Owd Bob	(1997)
Pacific Heights	(1990)

Bob Fairbank's new email: fairbank38@msn.com Bob sent copies of two obituaries, those of Rudy LaRusso '59 and Tony Lupien (baseball and freshman basketball coach in the good old days). "Amazingly," he writes, "the above two articles appeared July 10 right together on Dayton Daily News Sports pages. I couldn't believe it."

Department of '60s Everywhere: Emails Bob Caulfield: "I am not sure whether Al Stowe ever sent in the pix of him, Wendy, Margaret and me on the QM2 during its maiden Caribbean voyage last January. There were some 2,000 or so passengers on the ship, none of whom my wife or I knew...and then one evening I stepped onto an elevator and there was big Al. He and Wendy hosted a very nice cocktail party on board to which they kindly invited us. Great fun. Of course, we bumped into each other a couple of times in the Casino. Of the four of us, Wendy seemed to be the only consistent winner."

Later, on less important matters, Bob wrote: "I share your concern that our three choices this fall leave much to be desired. While I am lukewarm about Kerry, I am strongly anti-Bush. I am sure there are millions of voters with similar feelings. Kerry will likely not be a great president, but I am confident he will not be a bad one, either. At the very least, I expect him to begin to repair some of the major damage Bush has inflicted on our international relations and to begin a truly effective world-wide war on terrorism by involving, and getting more involved with, the UN, which, it seems to me, is the only hope we have for a long-term solution. Defeating terrorism transcends party or ideology affiliations; it is a cause we can all rally around even while disagreeing about other important issues. And I believe Bush's go-it-alone, school-yard bully approach is seriously flawed: the US simply cannot afford it in terms of manpower or dollars."

More Caulfield: "...I wasn't sure if you saw a news item that did not get much attention in the media; namely, that Spain, after pulling its troops out of Iraq, has agreed to increase its military presence in Afghanistan. I bring this up only because I am still mindful of your concerns about the unreliability of our so-called friends, and by extension, your lack of confidence in the UN. I still feel strongly that international terrorism can most effectively be fought by international cooperation, and we should be doing much more to bolster the UN with all its problems. Our "so-called" friends such as Spain, Germany and France can strongly disagree with the US about the quagmire we have created in Iraq but still shoulder up to their responsibility in the larger issue of eliminating terrorism."

Andy Paul wrote to confirm my choice of a new digital camera, partly on the basis of his recommendation. "We

have found that the resolution on the [Canon] A70 is terrific, even when we enlarge to 8x11's, but we do that so infrequently that it doesn't make any difference." With everyone and his brother sporting digital cameras these days, perhaps someone out there can provide the Class with real expertise on this "new" technology.

Andy offered these observations, which perhaps Bob Caulfield and others will find interesting: ".....if there is a change in administration this Fall, we are in for a period of such internationalism and appeasement much like the Europeans have adopted that in the long run will only serve to encourage more terrorism. I guess we have lost our national will to shopping malls and SUV's!

The personalization of politics here has been what I think is at the heart of the mess.....[T]here has been an ideological and guerrilla war that has gone to the pale with the sole regard being whether it serves a political purpose. In all the time I have spent here, I have never seen such bitterness, vitriol and polarization that only seems to increase each year. I'm glad I don't have to work the Hill any more.

In the meantime, I am still consulting for a defense armaments firm but have shifted away from lobbying to working on strategic market planning on the infantryman of the future and what weapons systems he is going to use. More about that when I see you. Britt-Marie will retire from the Swedish Embassy late this year, and we have bought a condo in Vero Beach and so have joined a good crowd of '60's there led by Tuff Stowe. Never thought I would be a snowbird, but there you have it. We have made our reservations for October so will see you then if not sooner."

My loyal Left Coast spy, T-shirt maven Hasenkamp, sends the following on a recent Class lunch in that benighted part of the country: "Eleven '60s gathered for the sixth edition of the Left Coast Lunch at the University Club in San Francisco on June 17. For two—Tom Hannan and Lee Horschman—it was their first time with the group, and they helped swell the attendance to the largest to date.

Tom is a lawyer who invests in numerous ideas and start-ups and maybes and, if or when the investment goes south, practices law to pay the bills. (He is probably somewhat more successful at this than he lets on.) Lee, a retired Kodak executive, is new to the Bay area (from Rochester, N. Y., naturally, and everyone agreed that he had bettered his position geographically) and a relative newlywed—to his high school sweetheart, whose phone number from those days he can still recite. It is, he says,

an interesting merger of the corporate culture with a Berkeley commune. (Dave Sammons noted that Cincinnati, where he did a pastoral stint early in his career as a Unitarian Universalist minister, was a surprisingly Berkeley sort of place, at least in the '60s, so that take on life is more widespread than one sometimes thinks.)

Hannan took the prize for best e-mail address: fore-play@lh-sf.com. and, despite Lee's recent nuptials, Sam Parke at seven months still holds the title of newest groom in the group. Peter Farquhar is recently back from a trip to Austria and Czechoslovakia, which also included a hydrofoil down the Danube from Vienna to Budapest, a city new to him that he recommends enthusiastically, especially for the food, although he could not recall tasting the cold cherry soup that Hap Dunning remembers with fondness.

Speaking of food, Hap, a retired law professor from UC-Davis, California's land grant agricultural school originally, expects there to be tremendous advantages from genetically modified crops, just as there are from the research and product development by Dick Levy's company, Varian Medical Systems. Varian's newest technique has taken survival from early stage (1 and 2) prostate cancer from 50% to 98% and stage 4 survival from 30 to 70%. Dartmouth Hitchcock, Stanford and a number of other major hospitals have the Varian equipment. But many health centers do not, and, if one runs into this older-male problem, whether or not one's hospital owns Dick's radiation machine seems a wise inquiry to make.

Considerable discussion ranged over grand master professors we had at Dartmouth—Lew Stilwell, Al Foley, Fran Gramlich, Herb West, Bancroft Brown (Hap has a certificate from Brown, because he was his 10,000th student), Rosenstock-Husey, numerous Sanborn House teachers, and Bob Huke (Geography), who recently died, among others. And grandchildren. John Wheaton said he had never been in a hurry for grandchildren, because that signified that one had reached that certain age when the curve starts going down, but most found the idea attractive. Rich Goodman asked if he was the only one to have had a grandchild at his wedding, and, among those married but once, he was. Rich and Mimi had a 25-year whirlwind courtship, Rich recounted, and Hap recalled days a number of years ago on Fiji and sailing the South Seas with Rich and Mimi's travel group.

Ed Berkowitz is spending the summer completing, he hopes, his book for scientists and engineers on intellectual property. There may be an autograph party at the next Left Coast Lunch on Wednesday, September 8, and the

one after that, in December, all decided, will be a dinner with wives or significant others.”

Speaking of grandchildren—and aren't we all of us most of the time?—John Goyette writes: “Well, I'm a grampa again. Little Evan John Cote was born on Friday, June 11 at DHMC. I'm just “Grampa”, nothing astonishing about that other than having somewhat of a youthful ‘bod.’ [He wrote that, not I.] Are you and Hap going to Nova Scotia?? [Yes. Suggestions of what to see most welcome.] Margie [love of John's life] and I leave for a 10-day trip July 31. When we return, she is running with me in Manchester. Margie is something very special...Took me to a Jewish wedding..... Kohn said, ‘We'll get you yet, Goyette.’ Mazel Tov. Have a great summer.”

Speaking of our grandparent names contest, to which the response has been underwhelming, Pam, better-half-of-Chief-Al, Roberts writes: “While I personally think there are no better or funnier (given the subjects) names than Grammy and Grumpy [mine and Laura-Beth's], ours are certainly weird. They are G-Ma and Homey, Homey being chosen by Al himself and G-Ma coming from our boys, Kirk and Mike, who wanted me to have something better than Grandma. Whatever.....” Of an impending visit of grandchildren, Pam notes wryly, “Natalie and Lindsay are 4 and 2, so we expect about 30 seconds of joy at seeing them before the problems start.”

Still on grands, Russ Ingersoll responds to a photo I sent him of our grandkids: “. . . isn't grandparenthood maybe the greatest estate under the sun? We think so, and I can tell that you both do, too.” I agree, and I don't argue with the guy who decked Pete Dawkins, and so many others. A new email address for the now retired Rev. Russ: rusty@zebray.com The Reverend Father Ingersoll also expounds on retirement: “Retirement continues to be ‘liberating,’ though every once in a while we get a nagging feeling we should be doing something ‘worthwhile’ and ‘meaningful’ (we take deep breaths and let the feelings pass!) We're home for two months, then off to England and Ireland for the month of May. We have a family wedding the weekend of the October mini-reunion but are planning on the 45th in 2005.” Well, as T.H. Huxley said back in the 19th Century, “A man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he like.” But on his memorial is inscribed the chiasmic saying, “Try to learn something about everything, and everything about something.”

Art LaFrance has “marked the October dates as well as the June dates. Please let me know if I can help in some fashion (to make up for all the reunions I have missed). I teach and publish in two areas of law, criminal procedure and bioethics, where there is a lot of interest and a lot of

controversy...if there is a panel or a program, perhaps I could contribute/participate.

“In terms of news here, I have just finished a supplement to my Criminal Procedure: Trial and Sentencing book; filed an Amicus brief pro bono for three law schools in the Northwest, opposing Blue Cross' application to go for-profit, a multi-billion dollar move that would have cost the public 100s of millions (denied last week, I also did an op-ed piece in the Seattle Times on Wednesday, July 14); caught the Red Sox at Safeco Monday and Tuesday with my son, stepdaughter, and my son's best friend; and accepted an appointment to teach second semester at Univ of Houston, which has the best health law program in the country, second semester.

“I have just been elected to the Alumni Council, and will attend my first meeting in December, so Jim Adler's Report on the May meeting (where I was elected) was very helpful. I hope he'll be at the October reunion, and he can get me up to speed.

Lance Armstrong look-alike dept.: Bruce Clark to Walt Sosnowski: “I . . . noted your plans to attend our 45th Reunion next June. I see from the Newsletter that the dates for the reunion will be Monday June 13 to Thursday, June 16. That means I will be scheduling my annual 75 mile Kankamagus ride for either the 17th or 18th following the reunion. I hope, given your health and previous interest, you will be joining us on that roundtrip from North Conway to Lincoln and return over the Pass. I'm also hoping there will be 4-5 of us and it will not be raining.

“My update from here is that I had a terrific June of cycling starting with a century, followed by the Kankamagus Highway in mid June and finally my annual Colorado week in the last week. I got back here on July 3rd after 450 miles. The ride went from Ft. Collins to Estes Park and the Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park Trail Ridge Ride (over 12,200' pass), Steamboat Springs and the final century from Walden back to Ft Collins. What a great last day that started with 31 miles of a 2000' climb followed by 70 miles of 2-3% grade downhill fun drafting and cornering at 29-35 mph. It was the easiest and fastest century I have ever done (helped considerably by about 3000' of elevation change). I can't wait for next year.

“I have obviously completely recovered from my tumble in the Texas State games in April. That fact was underscored by my setting new personal bests for the whole Kankamagus ride and for each of the climbs to the pass it includes. I guess the last 10 lbs of weight loss and the extra miles and early season start from my Texas adventure had an impact. Now if I can only get my left thumb

from tingling (from the hospital blood work screw-up) I'll be back.

“Carol is now working on her training program for our September trip to Italy’s Adriatic coast for a cycling trip. We’ve reserved a hotel on the coast.” Carol is also reading and sends this suggestion: “Would not presume to know anybody’s politics here (although I might take a guess here and there), but I found this a very interesting read: Losing America, by Senator Robert C. Byrd. Lots of history, both past and recent, and good references to what’s been happening recently. His premise is that the Constitution is at risk, and I think that’s something that we all, of whatever political persuasion, can agree is not a really terrific idea... Check it out, should you feel so inclined.”

Another reading recommendation: from Bruce Hasenkamp: “I am about half way through Star of the Sea by Joseph O’Connor (Harcourt paper), and put it on your list at or near the top. The novel deals with the passengers of an immigrant ship that sails from Ireland to NY in the midst of the Irish famines. It is masterly written and elegant. And the story is riveting.”

Class webmaster Walt Daniels has “posted the article on Rey Moulton and the two travel pieces (Stark and Benson). I, too, will be out of town, June 30-July 10 in Costa Rica. Our younger daughter, Ellen Holm, delivered our first grandchild, Emily Jane Holm, in May. We are now regular commuters to the Boston area. There are now eight generations of Emily Janes in my wife’s family dating from the early 1800s.”

Dan Wilkinson was “Really was surprised when I made it back for the first time to our 40th and found guys there knew who I was! Since then I’ve continued to run a commercial real estate company called Colliers Wilkinson Snowden. Luckily, we pretty well dominate the Memphis industrial market in terms of brokerage and management, and we’ve grown to over 30 employees. I can’t be forced into retirement, and am working harder than I ever have and still enjoy it immensely. Also still playing the banjo and my band, the Beale Street Jazz Band, will be performing at the Ogunquit Playhouse in Ogunquit, Maine on this coming Sunday evening. Band travels will take me from Missouri to Maine this year. I’ll try to plan for our 45th in June next year.”

Jack and Pricilla Benson, as I mentioned last time, took an all-too-interesting trip to Belize in March, part of which is reproduced here. The full text is on our website <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/60/> They call their adventure: “Rumble In The Jungle: Reefs and Rivers of

the Mayan World, March 21-31, 2004.” Here are some highlights:

“After spending the previous night in Miami, we flew to Belize City and boarded the MV Sea Lion about 2:00PM.....On Wednesday, we anchored off Seine Bright in Belize. After going ashore on a riverbank, we bussed for an hour to the Cockscomb Reserve. We then split up into small groups with a local guide and Lindblad naturalist. The guide led us on a three-mile walk through dense rain forest..... We soaked ourselves with Deet and managed to avoid being bitten. Those of us without bug spray got bitten quite badly. The birders, who positioned themselves near Park Headquarters, saw over 60 different birds!

“Saturday morning we left the ship and bussed to the town of Copan Ruinas, a five-hour trip which included a stop at a coffee finca (plantation). The nearby Mayan city of Copan flourished between 200-850 AD. It was abandoned, covered by the jungle and rediscovered in the mid-nineteenth century. After years of restoration efforts, the main buildings have been excavated and partially rebuilt, but there are hundreds of buildings remaining to be uncovered.

“Monday morning at 9 we took a short bus ride to a dirt airstrip and boarded a turbo prop for the flight to Flores, Guatemala, the nearest town to the Tikal ruins.....Tikal is many times larger in area than Copan and is situated in the midst of an even larger national preserve.....The structures are massive, and built of limestone quarried near the site.

“The next morning we left the hotel at 8 and were on our way down the Tikal access road, when masked bandits stopped the bus by dropping a log in the road and putting a gun to the head of the bus driver. We were forced to leave the road and drive down a narrow jungle track until we were out of sight of the highway. At that point some of us were concerned about a possible kidnapping. When the bus stopped, three or four masked men with machetes boarded the bus and started grabbing at watches and rings, asking for cash, meanwhile yelling and waving their machetes in the air. In retrospect they were very nervous and disorganized, but at the time they were pretty scary.

“They got over \$100 cash from us, plus a digital camera and binoculars....[T]hey grabbed at [Priscilla’s] engagement ring, but one of the robbers started waving his machete over her hand as if to amputate her finger. This provided sufficient incentive, and she was able to get the ring off. In less than five minutes it was all over. The robbers vanished into the jungle. The bus driver was able to back the bus out of the jungle on to the road, and we

headed back to the hotel. Needless to say, we were all shaken and upset. . . . After a call from one of our group, the US Embassy got the attention of the national police, who provided a police escort for those wishing to go back to Tikal.”

While we’re traveling to exotic places, here is a much-shortened version of a long trip report from Albert and Ellen Stark, about their second visit to Viet Nam: The full text is on our website.

“A clean, modern airport terminal, a spanking new Toyota taxi, and a cement high-speed highway greeted us in Hanoi, a city of four million people, in March, 2003. Bicyclists, without masks, pedaled on paved paths alongside the highway. Old black sans-muffler motorbikes were now shiny, multi-colored Hondas and Suzukis. The tin shacks at the gateway to the city in 1998 had been replaced by a high-rise Sofitel hotel. ‘There are over a million motorbikes in Hanoi,’ our taxi driver said. In 1998, there had been only a half-million.

“The Old City, a warren of streets, filled with motor scooters, bicycles, and people trading and eating on the sidewalks, had retained its flavor. The streets were still divided according to craft. Hawkers chased tourists on a street filled with stores selling silk. Children’s toys filled the shops on another. Women in conical hats balanced loads of fruit, chickens, hot soup, and bricks. Bicycles carried piles of towels, vegetables, flowers, and glass-every thing imaginable that could be sold.

“A 1950’s vintage train, worn but clean, took us overnight from Hanoi to Lao Cai, located on the border between Vietnam and China. . . . We transferred to a four-wheel drive Russian jeep, and life, as we had never seen it, flashed in front of us.

“As the late afternoon sun fell behind the mountain peaks, we reached our home stay in Sin Chai, a Dao village of thatched houses with outbuildings for pigs and chickens. Our boots were encrusted with mud and our rain jackets soaked from a late afternoon cloudburst. We met our family, members of the Red Dao tribe. Red turbans with flowing tassels on the back covered the heads of a mother, her daughter-in-law, and granddaughter. The father, who was the shaman of the village, short and wiry, sat on his haunches on a stool three inches above a dirt floor in front of a burning fire. . . . Time was not a factor in their lives. Everyday was a hand-to-mouth existence. Life was difficult. People were poor. Yet they were happy and trusting. Their kindness, beauty, artistic accomplishments, and respect for each other had impressed all of us. There were no locks on doors and no worry about street crime.

“Trekking and bicycling to Bac Ha, we passed through breathtaking agricultural villages. Chickens, pigs, and water buffalo dotted the path. . . .

Joe suggested we buy a water buffalo for a needy family to whom he had delivered chickens and a pig the past November. He informed us that the gifts had made a big difference in their lives. A water buffalo would make it easier for the family to work the rice paddies and till soil.

Thrilled with the idea of helping someone, each member of the group chipped in fifteen dollars. After a spirited negotiation, the buffalo was loaded into a truck that had backed up to a hill that provided a makeshift ramp. The family welcomed us as if we were delivering manna from heaven. The woman of the house, with her four daughters, poured us tea, repeating over and over that it was one of the happiest days of her life.

“Halong Bay, one of the wonders of the world, is a prosperous tourist destination. For three days, we paddled kayaks through unmapped caves, into lagoons encircled by towering limestone outcrops, and to floating fishing villages where people lived in houses built on rafts made from oilcans and planks. True boat people, they spent their lives in the narrow confines of their small vessels, still practicing an ancient cult of worshipping creatures of the sea. . . .

“Now we are in Princeton and memories and thoughts percolate. Images appear out of the blue- a fisherman offering us a bowl of rice, smiles of children, a party in a cave, the tears of joy in a woman who now had a water buffalo. The images of horror implanted in our minds are still there. The kindness of the Vietnamese people and the dynamism of Hanoi are not easy to forget. We would love to return.”

Curmudgeon David Bond, who has the good sense to spend his summers in Canada offers a few words of wisdom and a reply to Mal Churchill’s comments in the last NL: “Hope the mosquitoes [Canada’s national symbol] are not eating you alive. And now you have CBC. . . . I can sympathize with you and the CBC. They just have a mind set sort of like a soft Fox news network.

“Unfortunately when we do watch US television trying to escape from the Bush Kerry thing is almost impossible but thank God for the mute button. Am busy writing my history of the formation of the Canadian banking oligopoly at the start of the last century and still doing the wine thing. Other than that, long walks, lots of reading and just the joy of living.

“Mal is quite correct in pointing out the deficiencies in the Japanese trade policy most especially as it applies to

agriculture which has been the bastion of support for the Japanese Liberal Democratic party. That said, the agricultural policies followed by the US with respect to sugar, cotton, and wheat among others have served to really screw up world markets. While no nation is free of sin, even us righteous Canadians, as the world's largest economic power the leadership in trade matters should be by the USA. So protecting sugar at an enormous cost to the US consumer, subsidizing the growing of cotton on irrigated land, and the farm subsidy programs for wheat are really almost as bad as the Japanese and the Europeans who, as Mal points out, are leaders in economic policies that cause enormous distortion in agriculture markets.

“The domestic expenditure deficit which is soaking up vast amounts of available loanable funds is not a great deal for the US except in building in a permanent interest expenditure item in the budget that can only be reduced when the debt is actually reduced.” Over to you, Mr. Churchill, and remember, the good reputation of the State Department is riding on your words. (“Good reputation of the State Dept.” is not an oxymoron. Is it?)

And while we're on high culture [Bond has a PhD], Jack Hodgson (and when did you last see “culture” and “Hodgson” in the same paragraph?) urges you to do some reading: “We have had the excitement of getting to know Eric and Karen Hazelhoff this winter. You can get the book and the movie (Soldier of Orange) from Amazon - but perhaps for not too much longer because I do not know if there is going to be a second edition. I'm writing you because I'm sure you would think the story of this man of so many lives is incredible. They are very warm people. He has led a life that will captivate you. Do yourself a favor and order the book. If you love the book, you'll then order the movie.” And he adds, “I believe I have already touted two other biographies to you: Born a Foreigner by Charles Cross and In Pursuit of Life by Eric Hazelhoff. Born a Foreigner ... is a memoir of the American presence in Asia and available from Amazon. Cross was born the son of American missionaries in China, went to Carleton College for one year, spent WWII in the Pacific as an intelligence officer with the Marine Corps and spent the rest of his working life after education in the Foreign Service in multiple assignments, many in Asia and Vietnam during the war. He presents an unemotional honest representation of his own observations from much first hand experience. In this day and age, I found it pleasant to read someone who wasn't selling you his point of view.”

Art, the self-proclaimed Arch Conservative Curmudgeon (is that better than a neo-con these days?) Needham

scribbles: “Even as so-called ‘professional educators’ argue that ‘basic understanding’ is more important than the skills they view with such scorn and condescension, it should be at least interesting that the rest of the world attaches great importance to basic skills.

“Everywhere — except in public education, anyone who wishes a license to practice a trade or a profession MUST display MASTERY of certain BASIC SKILLS. It is not necessary to employ an extreme example like Medicine as in, ‘No one would want to be operated on by a surgeon who displays only a ‘basic understanding’ of the human body.’ Rather, let us employ examples from such mundane fields as plumbing, electricity, welding, civil engineering, etc.

“No one would want to live in a house, or drive a car over a bridge built by, or fly in an airplane serviced by, people who had no more than a vague ‘understanding’ of plumbing, or mechanics. Neither is anyone even allowed to practice such, until he has undergone years of training and experience and PASSED licensing tests — except in public education.

“Yes, I know, even private education is beginning to submit to lower so-called ‘standards.’ It is human to react to lesser competition by lowering one's own standards. Fortunately, the country is not suffering — yet — because there are so many smart, trained educated immigrants who can do the jobs Americans can't.”

Reed Browning writes from Kenyon (that's a college in Ohio, not a country in East Africa): “Since you were encouraging several years ago, I thought you might appreciate knowing that the piece you printed in the Class of '60 newsletter appeared (with some important contextual adjustments) in the April 9th issue of the Chronicle of Higher Education. Thanks.” Full text of the article is available on the web at <http://chronicle.com/temp/email.php?id=2jjmxc3653368s22xbudv1llgs5v9fr4> or on our own class web site. Here's a bit of Reed's article, “How to Hire Conservative Faculty Members”:

“Over the past several months, David Horowitz, a conservative commentator, has been urging state legislatures and Congress to adopt an “Academic Bill of Rights” that would encourage colleges to foster a plurality of political and religious beliefs in hiring faculty members, making tenure decisions, and performing other academic activities. At its core, the “Academic Bill of Rights” deals with the single most important issue facing higher education today — that the humanities and social-science faculties of American colleges are preponderantly, and in many instances overwhelmingly, liberal or left-leaning

from a political perspective. That skewing limits the possibility for truly free and open debate on campus, easily slides into political bias against students in the classroom, and — a less noticed but equally important consequence — hinders faculty members' understanding of the world in which they live.

But while the problem is genuine and pressing, the approach embodied in the “Academic Bill of Rights” is unwise, inviting unprecedented governmental and judicial intrusion into the personnel decisions of higher education. It is far better to engage colleges in a program of self-reform. . . . As a conservative who has experience both as a professor and an administrator, I recognize that any such reform will take time: There simply aren't lots of young conservative Ph.D.'s on the job market to change the composition of faculties quickly. . . .

What is needed is a new way of thinking about remedying this political imbalance, one that will require faculty members, administrators, and boards of trustees to exercise the reasonableness they publicly commend by examining the consequences that an educationally unhealthy imbalance imposes. Although a quick solution to the existing imbalance between liberal and conservative professors is not at hand, making progress, and laying the foundation for further progress built upon that progress, lies within the grasp of colleges. All of higher education — faculty members and students alike — will be the better for it.”

Lest you have an impression that Dartmouth today is mostly (still?) drinking and sports, Laura-Beth and I recently attended four honors theses presentations in the classics department. They covered such topics as “*Damnatio Memoriae*; Case Studies from the Roman Republic through the First Century A.D.” and “The Aesthetics of Desire in Sappho: a Comparative Reading with Charles Baudelaire.” Real scholarship, really impressive. And while we sat there listening in Rocky 3, the girl next to us was busily scribbling down musical notes in a lined notebook. Asked how she could do that, she said she was heading for a piano as soon as she could to see how her sudden inspiration would actually sound. All very encouraging. On the other hand, Dartmouth's ROTC program will this year commission exactly one new officer (which some of you may think one too many). But things on this score may be changing. One ROTC student emailed me in May, “We hope to be greatly increasing our numbers next year. About twenty-five prospective students have contacted ROTC in the last few months about joining the program at Dartmouth.”

Next time your lady friend questions what kind of shape you're in, the correct reply is, “I am in shape. Round is a shape.”

Gary Kanady takes things pretty seriously. Early in the year he wrote: “Hope you had a good holiday season. We had a blast with our grandchildren. Ended too soon, though. Tom Paine's prayer about troubled times in my life so my children might have peace really sums it up. I hope we don't sleep through it and let our kids live with the results.” Sometime before that, he emailed this quote from Thomas Jefferson: “A nation that believes that it can live long, free and ignorant, believes what never was and never will be.”

John Mitchell (who else?) offers a few words on the current world picture: “Dig into your Comparative Religion Memory bank (Prof. Robinson?) and call up the 30 Years' War. In 1618, the Catholics and the Protestants decide to settle whose God is the only one. Sound familiar? They duke it out until 1648 by which time 20% to 40% of the ‘greater German empire’ is dead of war or famine. In a word, they wake up to discover that one can't impose a religious belief by killing one's fellow humans.

The result was the ‘Enlightenment’ and the discovery by Westerners that owning property, keeping the fruits of one's labors, settling disputes in courts, and up-holding contracts eventually leads to a loFnger, more enjoyable life.

Alas, we shall have to kill enough of them to get them to say, ‘we've had it’ I hope it doesn't take 30 years. I'm not certain I got that many left. The saddest thing I can think of is that we know how to achieve staggering economic prosperity and un-paralleled freedom (just look at America). Yet the rest of the world keeps thinking that a tribe, a patron, or a central government can do it for them better than they can. I think I'll get a beer.”

Perhaps Reed Browning or another academic among you (John Walker? Mel Small? Jackson Taylor? Jack Sommer?) would care to comment. Or anyone else

Roger Schaefer attended the Wearers-of-the-Green affair in Boston this spring. Writes he, “Chuck Kaufman was honored along with the other special inductees. Also ran into Gene Kohn and Bill Gundy. We also learned Serrey's is closing so had to purchase a ‘larger size’ green blazer before they went of business. My brother told me about the Class-of-'63-sponsored Glee Club CD on sale at the Coop. It has all the ‘old’ words that we '60s love to hear and is the Glee Clubs of '63-'65. I bought one, naturally.”

Department of Just Thought You'd Like to Know:
"BERLIN (Reuters, May 3, 2004) - BMW drivers have more sex than owners of any other cars and are much more active than Porsche drivers, a new German car magazine has found. The German magazine "Men's Car" found in a survey of 2,253 motorists aged 20 to 50 published in its inaugural May issue that male BMW drivers say they have sex on average 2.2 times each week while Porsche drivers have sex 1.4 times per week. Following BMW drivers were Audi (2.1), Volkswagen

(1.9), Ford (1.7) and Mercedes (1.6). Drivers of foreign car makes were also behind BMW with Italian cars (2.0), French (1.9), Japanese (1.8), Swedish (1.6) and Korean cars (1.5) trailing after.

And on that sorry note, it's back to the kayak, the wind, the hill, and home. But first a final reminder about the October Mini-reunion. Get your reservations in by Sept. 15 if you possibly can. Then send me an email or a Green Card. dg