

Dartmouth Undying



Hodgson, Givens, Lower, Kenerson and Leach

1960 NEWSLETTER

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Camping Out in Hanover, Touring Hades, Conversing in Kiswahili, and Obsessing on Chaos

OCTOBER 2003

What have you guys been drinking lately? I have a record number of Green Cards from you, 20 to be exact, plus a slew of emails. Perhaps you are finally listening to your better halves. That's a good thing to do. Another good thing would be to send me your reaction to this new, white-paper format.

Most of you probably think that the big stories these days are Ahnold's victory in California, the still unfound WMD in Iraq or maybe the daily bleatings of a former US ambassador about the "outing" of his young CIA wife. In fact, the really important story came out at the Hanover Inn dinner Saturday night during our Class mini-reunion when it was revealed that the rain that discouraged just

about everyone but Martha **Vaules** from attending the Penn game was—are you ready for this?—due to the fact that Dartmouth College, in all its politically correct wisdom, had outlawed Indian Summer. So we tailgated Saturday under the '60 tent by the observatory and then disappeared to various indoor activities until some 88 of us showed up at the Inn for an outstanding dinner.

Our Fall '03 Mini saw a number of new faces in Hanover such as those of Bob and Allyn **Colyer**, Tom **Trimarco**, Axel and Mary **Grabowsky**, and Chuck and Jackie **Darrow** (who protested that it was not that long ago that they had journeyed to Hanover). The Colyers, by the way, proved that 40 years in the real world is no guarantee of common sense and good judgment: despite the rain, they camped in a tent at Storr's Pond and declined an invitation from one Hanover-based classmate to occupy a spare futon. So who all was

here? Here's who: **Adler, Alvord, Batt, Benson, Boye, Brock, Brooks, Darrow, Emery, Foley, Frankel, Freedman** (Walt), **Freud, Gould, Goyette, Grabowsky, Hager** (there were no air crashes or hurricanes over the weekend), **Hanlon, Heitner, Hirschey, Johansen, Kohn, Lower, Lyman, Marlow, Maurer, Mitchell, Moorman, Morgan, Paul, Prouty, Reich, Roesch, Roisman, Sailer, Schaefer, Sheffield, Shields, Smith** (Dudley), **Stone, Stowe, Trimarco, Vaules, Weg, Weider, Wittson, and Zissu**. If I missed anyone besides me, apologies. The vast majority of this crew was accompanied by ladies, some even their wives, who invariably looked ten to twenty years younger than we recent Medicare beneficiaries. There were a few new faces on the distaff side, including one, Massy Safai, M.D., who is scheduled to become Mrs. Richard **Foley** in a few weeks. And you thought there were no such things as miracles. Hank and Laurel **Greer** were no-shows, with this weak excuse: "SorryÉbut we're moving into our newly renovated home in SC. The home was taken down to the studs...and there's mucho to do, Señor."

This Fall extravaganza featured a discussion of the book all freshpersons were to read over the summer, Pattern Recognition by William Gibson, and which some, but not all, of those present at the faculty-led discussion had in fact read. I, for one, can tell you that based on the first 100 pages it's a terrible book. But many, who waded through the whole thing, had distinctly positive things to report. We were also given an introduction to the Dartmouth Film and Media Studies department, the smallest on campus but clearly one of the more dynamic.

We enjoyed a faculty-led discussion and tour Friday afternoon of the truly impressive exhibit now running at the Hood on "Coming of Age in Ancient Greece." Friday evening we gathered for cocktails and too many good things to eat at Jim and Brooke **Adler's** in Norwich. Saturday morning was our Class Meeting and a chance to learn more about four programs our Class supports, SEAD (see Bill **Gould**, below), Class Scholars, Dorm Art, and Athletic Sponsors. We had the usual boring reports from people like the Newsletter editor and learned of our being named Class of the Year by the College (something you must already know since you all routinely, I'm sure, look at our Class website (<http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/60>)). There was also a good bit of discussion of finances and the importance of Class dues.

As the College trims its sails in certain areas—less subsidizing of newsletters, for example—payment of your class dues becomes that much more important. You should have recently received in the mail the annual request from Jay **Emery** for payment. Almost 40 percent of us didn't pay last year, which means others end up underwriting the *Alumni Magazine* and this Newsletter. All these photos of you beautiful people don't come cheap. Ergo.....and try to add something more, if you can, for our special class projects such as Dorm Art.

Ann Hanlon's tailgate fare Saturday was, I think, better than ever, with **Lyman, Emery, Stone, and Adler** cranking out healthy, charcoaled, fat-saturated sausages in the rain. Joel and Lisa **Alvord** popped over for the morning but were heading to Boston to watch the Red Sox win that night against Oakland. Would Roy **Eisenhardt** also have been there? Well, there was no way they would both go home happy.

The Webster Room of the Hanover Inn proved about the best and certainly the most convenient venue we could have asked for for the Saturday dinner. The ladies looked great, the guys mostly managed to find neckties but that didn't really help much, though it's about time Walt **Freedman** got some gray hair like the rest of us. There was a brunch Sunday morning attended by about half those who came, and I am told it was both nice and expensive. In sum, a truly fine weekend, despite rain and a loss to Penn.

Speaking of Bob **Colyer**, he apparently survived tenting at Storrs Pond and emailed this follow-up: "...We've just done things in a different order than most of my classmates. I doubt that any other '60 waited until 1978 to marry, but it's more than worth it for the right woman. Of course, the flip side is that [daughter] Blythe, Haverford '05, has been our priority ahead of reunions, and with HC now at \$40,000+, retirement is still down the road....[W]e had a wonderful time, Allyn meeting many she'd only read about through the Class Newsletter. It was so good to be among our classmates, unpretentious despite the fantastic litany of their accomplishments. We definitely plan to join the Class as often as we can. Thanks so much to you and all the others who welcomed us back into the active fold." (This was Bob's first attendance at any Class function since our 15th reunion. So where are some of the rest of you, for example, just to grab a few names at random from the Green Book, Borden **Powers**, Frank **Yeager**, Jack **Nunn**, or Tim **Holland**?)

The peripatetic Spencer **Morgan** made it to Hanover with a lovely lass, Cindi Crist, from CA. Spencer is trying to foment revolution here now. After Dartmouth's fourth straight football loss (to Yale) he emailed: "Trust the local classmates spared themselves the ignominy of road tripping to New Haven. The western NC view is that our major college sports teams have reached new depths."

Harvard doesn't have Indian Summer either, just Cambridge smog and rain, but Rick and Hila **Lyman** will be at their old tailgate stand around 11 a.m. for the Dartmouth-Havud game November 1. Look for them in a red Volvo station wagon in the paved parking lot on Soldier's Field Rd. on the Charles River across from Day's Inn or whatever that large motel is called now, just west of TV station WBZ. They will serve hamburgers, beer, wine, Bloody Mary's and soft drinks at a cost of \$10 per classmate. This cost includes spouse (or significant other) plus kids. Reservations, including the number of people in the party, must be made with Rick and the ten bucks pre-paid by Wednesday Oct. 29. The \$10 is non-refundable and should be sent to Rick at PO Box 442, E. Falmouth, MA 02536 (phone 508-548-0841).

Any classmate with kids named 9 and Ross McKenny Sanders and who has spent a lifetime in Alaska surely deserves a little extra attention. Bob **Sanders** writes from Anchorage, "I finally eased off work to 1/2 time with the Corps of Engineers so that I can spend more time at my cabin on a lake 130 miles north of here. I should quit completely as I earn less than I would get if retired, but I have some projects that I'd like to see through. Jo, wife, and I will probably be traveling a bit—we have kids in Colorado and Oregon and one in Anchorage." Bob's email: bobsanders@alaska.com I know I'm not the only one intrigued over the years by someone named 9. Bob, one of these days you—or 9—must tell us how this has worked out for your daughter. Frankly, I think it's pretty neat.

Don and Harriet **Weitzman** have a new home address, 4 Whitney Glen, Westport, CT 06880 and can be reached at 203-226-4595. Harriet writes: "[We] have moved from NJ to CT. Don has been sick for several years with a form of dementia and was no longer able to be cared for safely at home. He has moved into a nursing home in CT. Our youngest daughter just had her first baby and we wanted to be near her and our sixth grandchild. We are sorry to have missed all the recent reunions but do keep in touch with Gene **Kohn** and Alan **Friedman**."

Reed **Browning** reports by Green Card that he has followed up his book on Cy Young with this: "Umass Press published my Baseball's Greatest Season, 1924, this summer. It's about the only year in which the Washington Senators won the World Series. If a major league franchise moves to the D.C. area, it may even turn out to be timely." You will be relieved to know that I have already counseled Reed that baseball's greatest season was actually 1948, when the Indians won the World Series and got there via a one-game playoff against, whom else?, the Red Sox. If you doubt the truth of that statement, deal with **Fairbank, Sohm, Cowan, Herrick, Loveman, Crumline**, or any of the other brilliant '60 baseball scholars from the Greatest Location in the Nation. (Well, it was before the river caught fire.) Reed is still hanging out in Gambier, OH, at browninr@kenyon.edu

Only Hap **Dunning** saw fit to comment on a certain item in the last NL: "In the newsletter, you quoted a Smithie as saying the average person has sex 3,000 times in a lifetime. If you assume a sexually active span of fifty years, that's 60 times a year, just barely over once a week. Surely the average for Smithies must be a lot more!" Surely someone must have a further comment, but it ain't gonna be me, married as I am to one of those Northampton types.

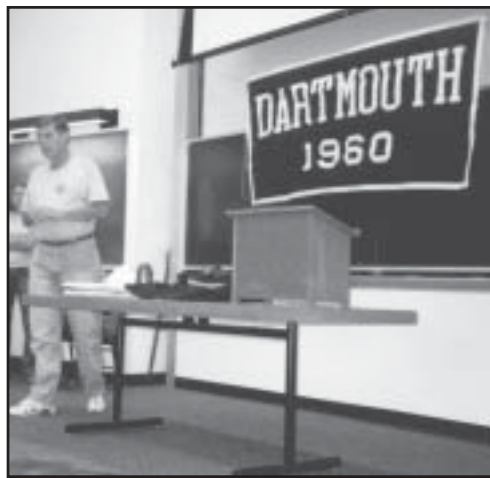
Ryan **Ostebo**, recently back from a biking trip in Tuscany. Very successful—only fell off once. But you don't have to travel to Italy to face challenges.

Bob **Jervis** is organizing a small (up to 12 people) Desert Ecology Field Trip to Arizona, March 30-April 8, 2004 that will study desert vegetation and wildlife, western wildflowers, trees, and birds, geologic diversity, and much more. You will visit five national parks and monuments. Cost, not including airfare, is only \$960. That covers lodging, meals, local transportation, etc. The full notice may be found on the Class website under "Trip reports," or call Bob at 802 223-2712, email rjerv@aol.com

First call—sort of—for our **45th Reunion**, from slow reader Mal **Churchill**: "I was still working my way through the July newsletter when the September one arrived, so I'm a little late to comment on Chicago, but not too late to say something about our 45th in 2005. As I looked up a few names in the Green Book, the pictures of those who weren't in Chicago got me to thinking that the only thing lacking in a marvelous get-together was those who weren't there. And from contacting classmates for our 25th, I know that even back then there were those reluctant to come for fear they wouldn't remember anyone

or no one would remember them or they'd have no one to talk to, etc. To all those, I would like to say, that's just not the way it goes at a Dartmouth '60 event—and you're precisely the ones we really want to see just because it has been 40+ years. [See **Colyer**, above.] We've only got two Hanover reunions left before we really get old so now's the time to start changing your mindset or contacting your friends or whatever it takes."

Bill Gould has been mentoring the younger set. No kidding. Cards Mr. Gould: "I spent three weeks in July as



an academic tutor and mentor to two groups of 20 disadvantaged school kids in the Summer Enrichment at Dartmouth (SEAD) program. As you know, our class contributes significant financial support

to SEAD. I lived in a Choate complex dorm with the kids and the rest of the staff. What a difference 45 years makes. There was a staff of about 17 others (most all Dartmouth), and each high school kid had a Dartmouth sophomore mentor. After me in this group, the oldest was 23. It was an interesting and rewarding experience; especially fitting in with 20-something teaching teenagers...I hope to continue doing this every year." Were those kids designated "disadvantaged" before or after Bill's mentoring? In fact, Bill gave a terrific presentation on October 4, decked out in his SEAD Staff T-shirt. This is only the most recent of the four major programs the Class supports. All of them make a lot of sense.

Brad Palmer continues to bury any news about himself, other than that he lives in Grand Rapids and can be reached by email at bhpalmer@comcast.net. But he has Green Carded, whether tongue in cheek or not I leave to the rest of you, as follows: "Re: Jay **Emery**'s garden 'tip' 'if you pull on a plant and it comes out easily it is valuable.' I have it on the best authority this is exactly wrong. Perhaps we have a 'Master Gardner' in the class who can set the matter straight before too many gardens are laid waste." Well, I once pulled a few dandelions, but soon learned what a waste of time that was. How 'bout an

answer from one of you on the distaff side? If Emery proves all wrong, who should be surprised?

Reg Regestein has refocused his attention, from his earlier interest in fish psychology to a current attachment to chaos. Chaos? Green Cards brother Reg: "Just because you're organized doesn't mean your life is not chaotic, that is, predicted by a modeling viewpoint called 'deterministic chaos.' As a lifelong dilettante, I continue to be interested in practically everything. Given that my time is finite, this is another way of saying not interested in anything very deeply. My latest obsession is chaos theory, which seems to explain almost everything I previously considered unpredictable. It is the world of dynamical systems, sensitive dependence and strange attractors. Some day, the newspapers (if any of them survive) will have stopped reporting on politics, the economy, crime, education, family, Iraq, and celebrities, and will instead report the state of the system." If you can understand any of that, email Reg at Qregestein@partners.org

Tom Marx has a new email address, TomMarx@comcast.net, but nothing more. I have a note from an anonymous classmate that I fear sums up the thinking of too many of you. He emailed: "I'd send you personal news, but I don't think anyone has interest in the details of my life. This is, of course, due to me. I've only kept up with one classmate." Not true, not true. I am convinced that everyone is interested in everyone, whatever you may have done or be doing, whatever your views on anything. But too many of us are too modest. Pete **Hawks**'s new email is randoneeman@yahoo.com. Dick **Davidson**'s new email is Richard@DavidsonOnWeb.com

Speaking of Peter **Hawks**, he has been up to his usual outlandish activities: "My son and I were swept up in the Mt. Bike scene this summer; hence my absence at the Tues. lunch. The news is I successfully survived this year's events and I am fully committed to withdrawal from the Masters Mountain Bike DH racing scene. This year I entered 3 national races and managed to win all three including the National Championship in Durango, Colo. this past August. While my son, Ryan, and I were out there we hooked up with Gerry **Huttrer** and Mike **Wood** for an X-C mt. bike ride and had a great time chasing them over hill and dale. Alan and Sylvie [**Danson**]graciously hosted us after a 'walk' to a high country lake near Vail.

"After Durango I set my sights on the World Masters Championships in Bromont, Que. My mission was to defend my title although this year I am riding in a different

class, 65+. The course was completely new this year and extremely difficult. It left a lot of the riders nursing wounds. I had 15 practice runs and never successfully negotiated the course until the actual race. On race day I had the best run I have ever been able to coax out of this old body. I stopped going over the bars and ‘cleaned’ the course. What a great way to say sayonara to this bone-rattling amusement. I would conclude this chapter by saying that the thrill of a great ride exceeded by large measure the trinkets of victory.

“This winter will find me at the Sugarbush Ski Area serving as an Outback Guide. Translated, it means taking skiers off the ski trails into the woods (where the powder is) and seeing how many we come back with. I would love to entertain any ’60s who happen to be interested to come and join the party.” You crazies can reach Pete at his new email address.

Jim D. Graham, one who has been too modest for too long, did write in late August, as follows: “.....As so many of those young guys from the Class of 1960 are finally ‘coming of age’ in 2003, it’s natural to look back on how we have grown/gone in different ways, as well as to reflect on some of our best and brightest classmates whose lively energies remain with us now only in spirit. Even though I’ve seen very few classmates during the past decades, those brief ‘hail-fellow, well-met’ experiences have resonated deeply within me—especially since reading about the passing of good men like Alex **McGinnis** and Wes **Roodhouse**....Meanwhile, our classmates might be interested in the enclosed article about how Gail **Warden** who, after a newsworthy 15 years as CEO of the Henry Ford Health System, claims to be ‘flunking retirement’! Though our individual paths in metropolitan Detroit haven’t crossed, this article indicates how highly respected he has become among regional and state-wide leaders here, and why he remains in such demand as a public health consultant.

“Another local classmate (whose path has crossed my own) is Mel **Small**—a distinguished author, graduate advisor and sometime Chair of the Department of History at Wayne State University—who has told me that he is not yet ready to retire. Mel is also highly respected and in much demand throughout our region, primarily as an engaging and energizing public speaker/commentator/historian on a variety of controversial topics (from Vietnam or the Richard Nixon presidency to reviews of scholarly works or local eateries). I clearly remember the young Mel (along with Reed **Browning** and Bob **Hager**) as one of the more intrepid student participants in Prof.

Adams’ history lectures at Dartmouth; subsequently, I’ve come to appreciate his genuine warmth, quick wit and thoughtful insights as a professorial colleague.

“Unlike Mel, I’ve officially retired from the professorate, after 35 years of teaching about the history and culture of Africa as well as analytical writing. Having overcome a bothersome speech impairment while living in Africa (by grace of discovering I could converse normally in Kiswahili, then also in English, without stuttering), I’ve more effectively devoted myself to lecturing well and to the other endless/bottomless challenges of teaching undergraduates at a regional state university. Now that I’ve been fortunate enough to reach retirement age, I look forward to a fuller pursuit of deferred passions—e.g., reading, reflecting and writing more widely, contemplating and discussing current and historic political cultures more deeply, walking and doing my yoga more regularly, and cocooning with my stimulating and supportive wife Kristine here amidst the Great Lakes of Michigan. [What about bulldozing a few Theta Deltas in a fraternity football game?]

“Please extend my warmest greetings to our classmates, especially to other retiring folks (like myself) who may not be among the most active alumni but nonetheless enjoy reading your newsletters (particularly those interspersed with your uniquely cranky conservative comments).” Jim sent along an invitation to his “Coming of Age Party!” on August 23. There was to be beer and wine served. Hard to believe, remembering what we all remember about JD. Cranky conservative comments? Moi?

Here are some excerpts from the “Detroit Free Press” article JD sent on Gail **Warden**: “Just when Warden was stepping down in May after 15 years as chief executive of Henry Ford Health System, Michigan Governor Jennifer Granholm tapped him to help shape the vision for a public health authority that would provide safety-net care for 700,000 poor and uninsured people in or near Detroit. ‘They’re looking to get a legal agreement drafted by Oct. 1 [Warden said] binding the city of Detroit, Wayne County and the state together as partners in the authority....Warden...had other plans for his retirement and he wants to get on with them eventually. He’s on the University of Michigan faculty and scheduled to teach a 3-hour health policy course in the spring term. He also chairs four national boards.” Perhaps Gail could explain Medicare to the rest of us “coming of agers.”

Speaking of “coming of age,” John **Goyette**, as usual, finds the glass half full: “By the way, this age 65 stuff ain’t bad. When I checked through the gate at Rocky Mountain National Park in Estes, Colorado, the ranger said, ‘Sir, this is your lucky day’ and issued me a Golden Age Pass which entitles me to free, or reduced, admission at all national parks. Voila!! I’ve been using it like crazy, most recently this weekend when I climbed Garfield with the NH AMC club. To avoid the national forest access \$3 holdup, I simply displayed the GAP on my dashboard. Life at 65 is going to be so sweet.”

A classmate far, far from the peace and quiet of retirement is Dave **Schofield**, Episcopal Bishop of San Joaquin, CA. In his column in the September issue of the Church’s “San Joaquin Star” (provided by ever-watchful Bruce **Hasenkamp**), Dave leaves no doubt where he stands on the controversial issue of homosexuality in the Church: “No doubt,” he writes, “you already are aware through the public media of some of the alarming decisions made at Convention that depart from the Church’s traditional teaching on sexual morality and marriage. This has been a most trying time for your convention deputies and for me as we sought to uphold Biblical authority on two matters in particular. First, you need to know that our deputation voted against.....the consecration of a man who is a practicing homosexual to become a bishop of this Church in New Hampshire. And second, we also voted against the resolution that now allows the blessing of same sex unions in the Episcopal Church.....No service purporting to be a blessing of same-sex unions shall be allowed in this diocese by this bishop.....The General Convention may have abandoned the historic teaching of the Church on matters of human sexuality but we have not and will not. Further, as your bishop I repudiate and disassociate us from the decision to consecrate an openly gay man as a bishop.....I am fully aware that there are those who are homosexual persons in our own congregations. Surely they must be hearing this pastoral letter with dismay. I must add that one’s sexual orientation has never been considered as a matter for judgment. One is not a sinner because he or she has a homosexual orientation any more than a man or woman of heterosexual orientation is good or bad. The Church is judging only behavior. Sexual acts outside the bounds of holy matrimony are sinful—no matter who is involved, homosexual or heterosexual.”

The previous NL included a letter from Ken **Reich** to the Alumni travel office complaining about a \$39,000 travel package that included time in dictatorial Burma. Round John **Mitchell** offers this reaction: “Apropos the Road-to-

Burma caper (see the junta pluck out the fingernails. Thrill to the screams of pesky peasants), what we need next is the Orpheus and Eurydice Hades Tour. For a mere \$50,000, see Orpheus cause Eurydice to vanish into the Stygian depths of Hell. Watch in awe as the women of Thrace tear Orpheus into pieces and hurl his head into the River Hebrus. What the hell, when you believe in everything, you believe in nothing.” As for Mitchell, he is, as I write, traveling with friend Carol McQuate on the goulash circuit between Budapest and Vienna. Before he left, he circulated “The Tao of Zen Judaism,” including this: Be aware of your body. Be aware of your perceptions. Keep in mind that not every physical sensation is a symptom of a terminal illness. (But, it does seem like it at times.)

Writes Tom **Hannan** from Ahnold country: “It was nice to catch up with news of many classmates from Chicago, Europe and elsewhere. Life is quite good living in a triangle, primarily on the east shore of Lake Tahoe in Glenbrook, Nevada, secondly in San Francisco and thirdly in the Southern California desert at the Bermuda Dunes Country Club. I have enjoyed the pleasure in the last year of a visit from President **Roeschmore** and much of his family in Glenbrook as well as a visit with Rick and Linda in San Francisco. One other classmate I have been in touch with is Jon **Richardson**. Jon is living in Canon City, Colorado, hopefully enjoying a good life in pleasant surroundings. Jon is certainly one of the notable class treasures. Reading about Gary **Vandeweghe’s** golf exploits (second to his wife’s) and those of Bryant **Barnes**, I am impressed. I recently played in a tournament at the famed Spy Glass Hill, where the tournament officials were immensely impressed that I was a classmate and fraternity brother of Gary. My game is of inferior quality, but the passion for the game burns strong. The recent highlight, I am part of a foursome, plus a pro, that has qualified for the national championship in the Buck Scramble, which is to be held in Orlando between the 8th and 12th of October. The winners will be awarded a trophy by Tiger, but don’t hold your breath. Another good part of life is the law practice. Same partner for 33 years, an office in San Francisco, and a fascinating and constantly changing litigation practice. No wife, but a long suffering wonderful female companion who is much younger, smarter and more successful. How can life not be good?”

It begins to seem as if some of you guys are taking measures to live forever: Bruce **Clark** biking all over Colorado, Dave **Harrison** into triathlons, Rafter Jack **Patterson** hiking the length of the AT, Pete **Hawks** taking up mountain bike racing at his advanced age, Hans

Wurster biking and rowing, Mal **Churchill** rowing, and now George and Jean **Bruder**: “Jean and I completed a 350 mile bike ride from Georgetown in D.C. to Cumberland, MD. The ride was taken in phases (from A to B, then ride back from B to A (drive bikes home with us). Next week drive with bikes to B and ride from there to C and back to B, etc. Total miles covered: 350, 175 each way. We currently are preparing for a trip to the Baltic states (Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania).” George is at gfbruder@erols.com

Patrick “I only went two years to Dartmouth but it is still very important to me” **Morris** “Just saw Bob **McClure** and his wife Linda at our 50th High school reunion at Flathead Lake (Montana). He was fine as I am. It was good to see him. Wish everyone well. Pictures are getting interesting. Some look old like I am and some still look young. Is there a fountain of youth?” Ask **Clark, Patterson, Wurster**, et al. Home for Pat is Rockville, MD, email is pmorrism@aol.com But how he and McClure had a 50th high school reunion 47 years out of high school goes unexplained. Probably learned their math from Montana history prof Harry **Fritz**.

Bruce Eaken, MIA at the October mini-reunion, has hit the big time media with a photo and quote in a story on the D Club of NYC, in the “Daily D” of July 25. The photo shows dapper Bruce in the close company of three comely co-eds, none more than a third his age. Says Bruce, president of the board of the club, “We are unique in that we are the only Dartmouth alumni club to have our own space and staff.”

“Just finished reading about the 65th Birthday Party in Chicago,” cards Bob **Cary**. “Congratulations. Sorry that Janet and I missed it. Semi-retired CPA working with a few longstanding clients, doing some fiduciary work, active director at my hometown cooperative Bank (Melrose, MA), busy with church helping to mount a much needed capital campaign this fall. (Unitarian Universalist Church in Reading, MA). Playing a little golf and looking forward to another ski season with many runs!” Bob is still in Swampscott, MA, email vsarypc@comcast.net

Sam McMurtrie says, “I know you want interesting, scintillating, etc. news, but I have none to report—not even a sighting of R. **Lyman** on the Woods Hole Golf Course. This Green Card is my enthusiastic thanks to the Organizing Committee and the Chicago Six for crafting a beautiful 65th. Above and beyond the call, W. **Freedman**

corrected my name card and J. **Brannen** sent me a real letter (I don’t do email) advising of the KH/WF brunch (which I didn’t attend because I got worried about making my plane). **Kenerson’s** piano work is outstanding! Your absence was disappointing.” Well, I’m still waiting for one bad word about Chicago so that I can stop feeling so guilty for not attending.

Also singing the praises of Chicago 65 is Ken **Taber**: “The Chicago party was a blast, a continuous one, too. Connie grew up in Evanston and she said she never had so much fun in her hometown as our classmates put on. After the weekend, Phil and Mary Ann **Kron**, and Bruce and Inta **Hasenkamp** visited Machinac Island and the Grand Hotel. The Grand Hotel is a favorite ‘stomping ground’ for Connie and me. I have become good friends with the owner, Dan Musser, Dartmouth ’55. I am encouraging the “Third Dartmouth Weekend” at the Grand Hotel for September 24-26, 2004. How about another Class of ’60 blast as part of that weekend? Save the date.” Rog **Hanlon**, take note.

Bob Kenerson has sent along some good photos of the golf outing at Shoreacres in Chicago, revealing clearly who the Class Fat Cats are. One would think a psychiatrist would have the good sense to stay away from the little white ball, but what do I know? Writes Bob, “. . .this summer was interrupted by two weeks in Switzerland (tough!) for another wedding in Ruth’s family. This time nearly all our offspring arranged their summers to attend. While we were there, Ruth’s family seized the moment for a family reunion. Ruth now has 21 nieces and nephews, and 21 grandnieces and grandnephews, not to mention her 36 first cousins with children and grandchildren. The Swiss know how to have a good time. The wine flowed. While we were there, our 37th wedding anniversary occurred. We went to the church where we married and repeated our vows in front of our offspring. Many wise cracks, lots of laughs.”

As I vaguely recall, Tom **Grow’s** politics are about as bad as his handwriting and, now, his baseball predictions. From Seattle on the Left Coast comes this: “1) the beneficial effects of ’60 Chicago ’03 will be felt when the Cubs play the Mariners in the World Series. [At least he didn’t say that would be in 2003.] 2) When you have heart trouble, from clogged arteries to failed romances, come be attended by our classmate John **Petersen**, MD; he’s a killer.” Killer? I think that’s what it says, but one can never tell from Tom’s scribbling. Pete, I think you may want to hire a new ad agency.

David Horn, as far as I know, is unique amongst us: “I’ve been on the road since June 2, 2002, a real fulltime rv’er. This is my home - my house in Ashland, OR sold last April. I’ve been staying on the west coast since I still have several Rotary committee



Horn on the road

assignments and it’s just easier to make the various meetings from here. Spent last winter down in southern California. And right now, I’m sitting in my motorhome looking out over Fidalgo Bay in Anacortes, WA. It’s beautiful up here in the summer. When you see the national weather map on TV and the whole country is red with 80+ temperatures and there’s this little spot in northwestern Washington with a 70 on it, that’s Anacortes. Other news over the past two years: 3 out of 4 kids (rather, young adults who are helping to keep Social Security solvent!) got married so I did do some other traveling, one in Georgia, one in Hawaii and the last in California. Still waiting for #4 and his significant other to make up their minds. Grandchildren cannot be far away I guess.”

Cliff Russell from his new digs in Maine: “Charlie and Bette **Flickinger**, our first ’60 visitors here in Head Tide, just left after an all-too-short stay. We were able to show them lots of fog and a fair amount of rain, as the drought is said to be over in Maine. Charlie has stepped down as chair of a major department at the UVA Med School but continues to teach and do research. I retired from Vanderbilt at the end of 2002, taught one term at Bates as a segue and now just do enough research work to keep the little gray cells active and the travel opportunities coming.” Cliff’s new address: 15 Head Tide Church Rd., Alna, ME 04535; email-russells@tidewater.net

Bob Shields “just returned from a fabulous trip to Scotland to see our eldest daughter, Jennifer, graduate from the University of St. Andrews with a double Honors

Masters Degree in Russian and Economics. She has been working this summer in London for the Ambassador to London from Kyrgyzstan. This fall her first book will be published by Random House—Study Away—an Independent Guide to Colleges Abroad. It is a guide for American high school students to all the wonderful colleges and universities overseas. This coming year she will be in St. Petersburg at the European University at St. Petersburg immersed in an intensive program of Russian studies—and she will be starting to write her second book. Our younger daughter, Ginger, will be entering her junior year at St. Andrews in Scotland.”

While Jennifer Shields is “studying away,” Tom **McBurney** is (again) writing away. The Autumn 2003 volume of his Write Away has recently arrived here, 72 pages of essays on “The Middle East—Axioms for

Perspective and Progress,” “On the Streets of Paris,” “A New Arrangement of Orchestras,” and “A Disease for Our Time.” McB says “comments welcome.” Write for your own copy at bmcburney@worldnet.att.net and enjoy.

Normally when a class gets named by the College as **Class of the Year**, their newsletter editor happily features it prominently, but this Class of ’60 is—and this is no exaggeration—routinely the Class of the Year, whether the College deigns to recognize it as such annually or only every ten years or so in order to spread the wealth and not discourage others. We have been recognized by the powers that be for all that we are. Reads the tribute in part: “The Class probably derives as much pleasure from the success of their class projects as they do their parties. Over the past four decades, they have endowed four scholarships and are currently raising funds for a



Webmaster Daniels

fifth, maintain a memorial book fund and provide ongoing support to the Athletic Sponsors Program. Their 'Art for the Dorms' project is a unique approach to connecting with the students both academically and socially.....The members of the Class of 1960 have been extremely generous in all areas. Their participation rates of 62% in class dues and 68% in the Fund are very respectable and they raised over \$447,890 for the Dartmouth College Fund in 2003, setting a record for classes 43 years out. The Class of 1960 last won this award in 1991 although they have been the runner-up three times...." And further, **Walt Daniels** was named Webmaster of the Year. Well deserved. Check out our website to see why. To repeat: <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/60/>

Writes **Andy Paul**, "...you might want to read [Robert] Kagan's little treatise entitled Of Paradise and Power. It's a stunning discussion of the US and Europe and why so much is coming apart. I highly recommend it. [So did **Rick Roesch** and so do I.] I also read Clyde Prestowitz' Rogue Nation which is a pretty strong critique of the Bush-Clinton-Bush administrations, from a conservative who worked for Reagan no less.....[W]e have been in Sweden for almost three weeks seeing Brit-Marie's side of the family. The south of Sweden is gorgeous in the summertime, akin to New England, and I can see spending more summers there in the future."

Self-proclaimed "Arch Conservative" Art Needham offers this political comment and book recommendation: "In fact, the only people who expect George Bush to make it perfect in Iraq are Democrats. They expect it to be made perfect overnight, also. If you want a record of how successful Democrats have been, read the book, Treason, by Ann Coulter — if you can smuggle it into the Hanover area, or if it has not already been banned from all the local libraries." (We also print book suggestion from liberals. So where *are* you liberals?)

Our ace Left Coast cub reporter, Hasenkamp, reports on the third Norwich West Class luncheon September 10: "Seven classmates gathered at the University Club in San Francisco. **Rich Goodman**, who is a photographer these days after doing a fascinating string of other things, visited The Gambia a while back and took a slew of pictures. The President of the country invited him to dinner, where he took more pictures, including the four hours of dancing and drumming entertainment that the President laid on for his guests. Rich is returning later this year for two weeks of additional picture-taking to fill in some gaps and then will publish a book. He is also photographing Oakland,

where he lives, and hopes to shoot 50,000 photos that fully capture that city and leave them to Oakland as his legacy.

Who said, about Oakland, that there is no there there! Rich aims to show there is. You can see his Gambia photos at www.merriewood.com/Gambia.

"Peter Farquhar," continues Bruce, "spends a good deal of his time completing or guiding others to complete family histories, including text, photos and audio, including working with the Bancroft Library at Cal on their oral history program, which is extensive. His firm, Tombo Media, produced a CD on The Digital Archiving of Family History, which he gave to each of us. **Dick Gale** is just back from running about Ireland on a vintage motorcycle and a visit in Vicenza, where his wife Luisiana hails from. **Don Black** reflected on his three-year experience on the Alumni Council, which came across as not being the happiest of experiences."

And still more from Bruce: "Dave **Sammons**, a Unitarian Universalist minister in Walnut Creek, with a congregation of some 450 plus 150 kids, represents, he says, a denomination that is highly consonant with the sorts of ideas that Don found prevalent among the Dartmouth faculty. His church, he said, is to the left of the Congregationalists, which, in this area at least, is saying something descriptive. The anti-Recall-Grey-Davis campaign and those opposed to a ballot initiative that would ensure the privacy of racial and ethnic data and descriptions of people are using his church for their campaigns. (Speaking of both these, a definitive survey of the '60s gathered on September 10 indicates that Gov. Davis will lose his job and that Lt. Gov. Bustamante, rather than Arnold, will be chosen to succeed him. If that happens on October 7, you heard it first from the Class of 1960.)" [First and last.]

And finally about those West Coast activists: "Ed **Berkowitz**, the high adventurer among us (unless you count Gale on his motorcycle) plans to head back to Alaska this winter to climb the Chilkut Trail in snow on snowshoes and then ski back down. This is the trail that the adventurers seeking gold in the Yukon traveled, of which there is that famous picture of all those black dots lugging thousands of pounds of equipment and provisions. And, speaking of such pioneers, **Farquhar's** great grandfather arrived in San Francisco Bay in 1849 on a sailing ship. He's the first '49er descendent I ever met—that's Gold Rush '49er, not football '49er! Best to all. We [**Hasenkamps**] are off to Mozart's Requiem tonight at Grace Cathedral in the City, a fitting observance of this

day. Two years ago we were in ancient Troy when the world changed for America.”

Allan Cameron should be gallivanting about Old—or is it New?—Europe now: “.....I’m off to Italy on October 1 (Trieste, Ravenna, Venice, and points in between) and London on December 2 (my second annual trip, a tradition that I hope to continue). I’m looking at East Europe next spring, and Scotland maybe at the end of the summer. I’m going to have to fit in a knee replacement somewhere — 40 years of a destroyed knee (blocked from the side while playing touch football in graduate school) may be the maximum possible, even though it was well repaired by a really good orthopedic surgeon in 1972 or so. It sounds as if you are doing well, and certainly many members of our class continue to display the vigor and interest in the world around them that has marked them since 1956 (at least).”

From Dave Harrison: “Judy and I are packing our bags this morning and heading to Deer Isle, Maine to celebrate our 45th wedding anniversary. We’ll be joined by kids and grandkids and

a few old friends, for two weeks of sea kayaking, biking and leaf peeping. Time to reflect on a great life and an excellent year. We’ve managed to stay in touch with family from coast to coast. Saw

many classmates — even a few roommates — at the Chicago gathering, a great affair in a wonderful city. We were joined in Chicago by our daughter Nancy with husband and kids for the museum gig. Great racing season, too. In Boston, daughter Juli and I raced (as did her two daughters) a 5k run in Ipswich, and canoed to a 2nd place finish in the mixed-rec division of the Run of The Charles (a professional marathon canoe race, not to be confused with the Head of the Charles crew races!). Our son, David jr, here in Sun Valley wrote a training program and coached me to an age group win — three age groups, in fact — in the Idaho State Triathlon championships, in August, while Judy picked up after me, and picked me up, after. I was the oldest competitor in the race, re-affirming



Dave H. and Dave, Jr

the adage that 90% of life is ‘showing up.’ The Deer Isle trip will be my fourth trip back to New England this year. Last month I met my sister, Gail, daughter, Juli, in Boston, and we drove to Arlington, Vermont to celebrate my Uncle Chick’s (John S. Harrison, class of 1935) 90th birthday. The climate seemed more like Indonesia than I remember. I see there’s another class get together in Hanover about the time we reach Maine, so let’s hope for some Indian summer for all of us.” (Not a chance.)

Ken Reich, of the infamous LA Times, on California politics: “I’m thinking actually of denying I’ve ever had anything to do with California. That would seem to be the most politic thing to say.”

With this edition we begin a new feature. From **Bob Jervis**, who has accumulated thousands of movies on video. Writes Bob: “The total list, dating back to 1982, is 8700. I’ll divide my top 70 alphabetically (this has been my hang-up to date, trying to prioritize from that pile!). Just say I’m happy to share some favorites, some of which will already be on everyone’s list, but some of which may be totally new treasures.

1. An Affair to Remember (1957)
2. The American President (1996)
3. Babe : Pig in the City (1998)
4. Bagdad Cafe (1987)
5. Being There (1979)
6. Blessed Assurance (1997)
7. Breakfast at Tiffany’s (1961)
8. The Bridges of Madison County (1995)
9. Captain Corelli’s Mandolin (2001)
10. Charms for the Easy Life (2002)

Well, that’s more than enough. We close with this email from Lucille Ball: “The secret of staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly, and lie about your age.”

Send me another 20 Green Cards or just email a little of your life history. dg