



*Mt. Roeschmore hosts, Rick and Linda*

## 1960 NEWSLETTER

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### *‘Umped Fairways, Cool Dude Gould and Adoring Reed; But Sad News Once Again*

On rare occasions this thersitical rag has actually been known to get things more or less right. So in the last edition when we encouraged your attendance at the October mini-reunion by noting that “These gatherings just seem to be getting better and better, more and more like a full-fledged June reunion (but a



*Andy and Britt-Marie Paul*

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lot cheaper),” we were pretty much on target. The just-completed weekend was by any measure a grand success. Andy **Paul** summed it up as well as anyone: “I thought this was an unusually good mini-reunion. Maybe it was the good weather, maybe everyone is very comfortable with each other, or maybe it is something else, but regardless it was very enjoyable.” Wrote Don **Sheffield**: “We were blessed with great weather and, I thought, a terrific Class of ’60 turnout.”

So, who was there? Here are most of them: **Zissu** (who for once in his life deserves to go first), **Adler, Alvord, Batt, Boye, Brooks, Carroll (Mike), Carroll (Steve), Caulfield, Chase, Colyer, Derderian, Dunning, Emery, Frankel, Freud, Goldman, Goodman, Gould, Goyette, Grabowsky, Gundy, Guy, Hager, Hamilton, Hanlon, Hannon, Harrison, Heitner, Hitchcock, Johansen, Kaufman, Kenerson, Kirkpatrick, Kohn, Kron, LaFrance, Lower, Lum, Lyman, Marlow, McBurney, Mitchell, Moorman, Morgan, Muller, Paul, Prouty,**

**Reich, Roberts, Roesch, Roisman, Sailer, Schaefer, Sheffield, Shields, Smith (Dudley), Stone, Stowe, Vaules, and Witson.**

Friday night's intimate little gathering of about 100, hosted by Rick and Linda at Mt. **Roesch**more, a modest bungalow in rural Etna with a capacity to absorb, feed, and entertain vast quantities of chatty classmates, ended peacefully despite an endless supply of fine wine and the evening's presidential debate.

Saturday morning's Class meeting reacquainted us with some of the students we are helping put through



*Gentle Giant Johansen*

Dartmouth and with other programs this energetic Class has undertaken. We heard from Bob **Kenerson** on our scholars program, **Bill Gould** on SEAD (the summer program for disadvantaged high school students), **Ken Johansen** on our Dartmouth College Fund success, and from other characters such as **Ken Reich**, **Bill Moorman**, **Gene Kohn**, **Rog Hanlon**, and, on the coming 45<sup>th</sup> Reunion, **Dick Chase** and **Bill Gundy**. The meeting was followed by our usual tailgate near the observatory, organized and presented as in past years by Ann Hanlon. Great food that, in the case of **Jim Adler's** grilled sausages, stayed with you all afternoon, whether you climbed a hill in Lyme with Ann's lesser half, sat through a dull Dartmouth loss to Yale at Memorial Field, or, perhaps more wisely, chose to shop and sleep or to tour the Hood Museum or a display of orchids in the College greenhouse.

Our Class dinner, held in College Hall, where we once dined



*John Goyette and Margie Long*

in steel-tray splendor Freshman year, was attended by 112 classmates and ladies. The food was considerably better than good, the company even better than the food, **John Goyette's** plea for attendance at the Homecoming parade October 29 not as good as the food, and the tribute to **Jay Emery** for all he has done for this Class best of all.

**Jay** and **Wendy** were presented with a plaque that read as follows:

*The Dartmouth College Class of 1960  
Recognizes with Deep Appreciation  
The Extraordinary Achievements of One of its Own  
Jay O. Emery*

*Who, as Class Treasurer from 1984 to 2004, established a record as the longest serving Class Officer in the history of the Great Class of 1960!*

*In an era when the Treasuries of Enron, WorldCom, and Tyco were denuded of dollars and the Federal Government ran up record deficits, Jay shepherded the funds of the Class with such skill that we avoided the rollercoaster financial ride other organizations suffered. Jay recently delivered into the hands of Bill Moorman, our new master of the countinghouse, a liquid and very solvent Treasury with resources of, appropriately, just over \$60,000!*

*This was not an armchair accomplishment, for not only did Jay serve as Class Treasurer, but also as Reunion and Mini-reunion Treasurer over the two decades. These responsibilities involved tactfully riding herd on the Czars of these events, making sure that there was just enough lobster so no one went hungry, but not so much that the Hanover dogs got fat, and pleasantly reminding the walk-ons that there was no free lunch during his watch.*

*That was just for starters. Once Jay was established on the Hanover Plain, he became the anchor for all the '60s passing through. Over the years Jay has provided sound advice on the admission of legacies; good recommendations on places to stay - temporarily and permanently; honest ski reports; and always the latest news about the locals, the administration and the faculty in their trundle beds. It is no accident that there are more '60s in the Upper Valley than any other peer class!*

*Jay is an important part of the glue that has bonded the '60s together. But in many ways he is much more. Jay came up with the idea for the monthly Norwich Inn lunch, which has now spread to the left coast. He's one of the strong magnets that have brought more and more of us back into the fold, into the sharing of old and new friendships, to the wonderful celebrations large and small that have become the hallmark of the Great Class of 1960!*

*Because of his incredible loyalty, generosity with his time and long service to his classmates, with deep appreciation the Class of 1960 recognizes Jay Emery for his Extraordinary Achievements!*

There was plenty more during the weekend—lectures, a Sunday hike, brunches here, there, and elsewhere, golf with the Dartmouth women’s team (at which, according to Emery, “the Dartmouth women cleaned all our clocks”), and more. All in all, a terrific weekend. Keep it in mind for a year from now. The Fall foliage alone is worth your coming.

Meanwhile, you will be hearing a great deal more about our 45<sup>th</sup> over the next eight months, but at the very least write down somewhere the following: **Be in Hanover for the 45<sup>th</sup>, June 13-16, 2005.** A blue ribbon committee—OK, it’s a bunch of old retired guys—has been established to make the 45<sup>th</sup> more than worth the trip. Our theme for the reunion: “In the Pledge of Fellowship,” as we look to gain new insights, into some of the key issues we face now in our lives.

Regardless of who wins (won?) the November election, there will be no more plane crashes, hurricanes, or erupting volcanoes. Bet on it. Bob **Hager**, who any NBC-watcher knows is responsible for all of these unfortunate events, is retiring. Writes the ubiquitous Mr. Hager: “So this is it—after the Nov. election I’m retiring from NBC, and Honey and I will move, fulltime, to Woodstock, VT. It’s coming ‘home’ for both of us, since I was raised in Woodstock and went to high school there, while Honey was born and raised in Rutland, VT. All told, I was 35 years with NBC starting from 1969 in Vietnam. It’s been a busy, final few months with assignments to work for NBC Sports during the Olympics—and then all the hurricanes this fall.

“I’d like to add that I’m not retiring because I’m tired of my job or burned out. To the contrary, I have loved my work (excepting the grim nature of some of the assignments) to the end, and when the bell sounds, the adrenaline still flows. But I also think, as many classmates can probably testify, there is a time to draw a line in ones life and move on to a new phase. I certainly will enjoy having more time to spend with Honey, our three daughters and their husbands and eight grandchildren. And Honey and I will both enjoy being

able to travel for pleasure without worrying that some breaking news story will interrupt the trip.” Bob and Honey will be at 2004 Grassy Lane, Woodstock, VT, 802-457-3737.

There must be some sort of mutual back scratching club in Maine. What else is there to do up there? So Conner **Moore** writes of Owen **Dow** and Earle **Patterson** sends an article on Conner Moore. And why haven’t I heard lately from Mike **Daley** or Al **Shaver** or Lloyd **Lawrence**? I have heard from Skip **Eveleth** a couple of times, searching for classmates. Writes Connor of Owen: “Last night (9/9/04) Southern Maine Medical Center hosted a retirement dinner for Owen Dow. A staff member since 1971, Owen spent many years as Chief of Surgery and Medical Staff. He was instrumental in helping to transform our hospital from a small community unit with a dozen physicians to a regional medical center with more than one hundred staff members. Owen was a pioneer



*Reunion Co-chairs Chase and Gundy*

in introducing laproscopic surgery to our area. Owen always treated the children and parents in my practice with courtesy and respect. A fellow intern at Maine Medical Center recalled Owen’s love for club basketball. He was a high scorer and known as the ‘Black Hole’—the ball went into Owen and never came out. [We talking about Dow or **Vandegewhe** here?] He apparently once said, ‘If I were 6’7”, I could have played in the NBA.’ Thank you, Owen, for your years of service.”

Continues Conner, “As I was about to undergo back surgery last summer, I asked my neurosurgeon if he had ever run into Marty **Weiss**. Through the fog of sedation I remember his saying, ‘Ah yes, he gave me my oral boards in ’88.’ I immediately felt both old and reassured.” Dr. Moore is at 35 Pine Ridge Rd., Saco, ME 04072.

**Lawyer Patterson** sent a short note with the article on Conner. Says Earle: “Enclosed is an article on Conner **Moore**—a nice award. In 25 years in the area I am ashamed to say I only saw Conner once—that will have to be remedied.” Maybe you guys need a monthly ‘60s of Maine lunch club, like the one in Norwich or the Left Coasters’ in San Francisco. The article, from the Portland “Press Herald,” carries the headline, “From house calls to football plays: After 36 years, Dr. Conner Moore is honored as caregiver of the year.” The article notes that

when Conner went to Maine in 1968, he was one of only two pediatricians in York County. “Thirty-six years and countless patients later, Moore is a bedrock of his community. He has been the Thornton Academy football team’s doctor for so long that he has now treated the grandfathers of current players ....



*Caregiver Moore*

Moore was honored this year as Southern Maine Medical Center’s caregiver of the year. It was the first time the 3-year-old award has been given to a physician.” Says a colleague, “He’s exactly what you’d want in a doctor....He reads extensively. He has attention to detail like you can’t believe. He’s absolutely dedicated to being a physician.”

**O**n the green (what else?) walls of Conner’s office, a snowmobile shop that he converted in 1979, are characters from Sesame Street. Continues the article, “One day last week, Moore was wearing a necktie that featured Elmo, Grover and Oscar the Grouch.” [And you thought they didn’t know about neckties in Maine.] “Now 66, Moore could easily pass for 10 years younger....Moore, who attended medical school at Cornell....does not have a timetable for hanging up his stethoscope yet. ‘I guess the defining moment will be when I don’t feel comfortable stabilizing sick kids,’ he said...His 38-year-old son is now a pediatrician in Colorado.”

**Andy Paul** has some more to say about digital cameras and, further on, Washington politics: “Saw your plug on the Canon A70 (now the A75, of course) in the newsletter and I’m glad you like it so much. When we were in Sweden this summer, I gave mine to my nephew who was thrilled. So I had to replace it when we got back, but honestly I didn’t care for the replacement design of the Canon’s (bulkier I thought) so picked up a Nikon which I am very pleased with. It is smaller and has all the same features, and I will probably bring it to Hanover so you can see it, too. However I remain convinced that the A70 was and is the best value in digital cameras on the market.”

**M**ore thoughts on digital photography are welcome. I noted to a few classmates that I had gone for a walk in the woods out back and snapped 30 “artsy” pictures of trees and mushrooms and fungus, etc., and that not one of them was worth keeping. Something was missing in every one. Wrote Joe **McHugh**: “Re: photography, the artistic side is the one which escapes me, too. However, I have taken three nature photography courses to try to overcome my deficiencies in that area, with moderate success. I also have a ‘personal adviser’ in Judy Holmes, who is Jim **Progin’s** wife and a professional outdoor photographer. They live in Vail in the winter (Jackson, NH in the summer) and I can e-mail my pics to her for a critique. Judy is sponsored by Hasselblad and has authored some great, very simple ‘how to’ books on the subjects of general and nature photography: Professional Secrets of Nature Photography, published by Amherst Media; and Eye On Closeups, A Practical Guide to the Hasselblad System, published by Hasselblad. The latter sounds complicated, but is straightforward and very enlightening. Photoshop is very good but, for me, Canon’s ZoomBrowserEx is simpler and more flexible. The good news about all those lousy pics is that you didn’t pay to have them developed before finding out they were lousy! We, too, are enjoying beautiful fall color with the aspens turning a bright yellow/gold, now with a background of snow-capped peaks after three days of snow!”

**B**ack to **Andy Paul** and some political thoughts: “CBS and Dan Rather have finally relented to what the rest of the U.S. has already known for a week. I guess the media will never get it, and fortunately the ‘average American’ is smarter than the networks know. But it is a shame we have to put up with all this name calling, and with the unbelievable polarization that has taken place in this campaign, it is a pox on both their houses, viz. Michael Moore, Rush Limbaugh, Swift Boats, TX Air Guard, you name it. I noted that you didn’t express any views in the last newsletter - just left me hanging out there - but I will get my revenge when you aren’t looking (only kidding [maybe]). At any rate I hope we get to have one of our illuminating discussions in Hanover which I always look forward to.” As everyone knows, the NL editor has no views of his own. If he were smart enough to have his own views, would he be editing this rag?

**T**ony **Roisman** offers a few views of his own on the current state of



*Pundit Roisman*

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politics: “Andy **Paul’s** note [in the last NL] warrants some comment. I agree that the level of vitriol is higher than I have ever seen, albeit nothing compared to campaigns in the 1800s. I do not think it is the “personalization of politics” but rather the ‘politics of personalization’ which have so many people up in arms. The current administration, more than any other in my memory, is pressing a very personal agenda which seeks to control aspects of our lives which have been traditionally independent of government. Those who believe in the independence of human thought and action and who fear government encroachment on their most personal decisions, are frightened by the prospect of four more years of theistic politics. Since our Nation was founded by deists, in part in response to the theistic policies of the English Church and monarchy, it is ironic that the current administration, purporting to be true to our founding principles, is actually driving us back to a time when religious principles were used as the justification for government decisions.

“It is this theistic tone and the holier than thou attitude which has driven the decision to replace multilateralism with unilateralism in foreign policy. Thus, we find ourselves fighting a virtually endless war, on our own, in a country which seems, at best, to tolerate our continued presence and which, if we were to leave, would quickly become a theocracy in the model of Iran. I cannot see how the principles which underlay our decision to go it alone in Iraq, even if it were in fact the center of Al Queda, which it is not and was not, have helped us fight terrorism better or improved our ability to summon help from others. If we reject internationalism the only option is isolationism. That policy is totally at odds with the business community efforts at globalization of the economy. A mutual interdependence of our financial well-being with that of the rest of the world necessarily leads to a mutual interdependence on security. The only way we will defeat the terrorist movement is by having allies who join us wholeheartedly out of conviction, not out of fear. I fail to see evidence of the danger of appeasement of terrorists except among the Arab oil countries whom we purport to regard as our friends. If Saudi Arabia were only one-half as aggressive in its opposition to terrorism as is Israel or England, there would not have been anything like the level of terrorism which is now flourishing. It is still not too late, but as long as the oil money feeds the terrorists, the terrorists will flourish.

“So, what is the bottom line. First, end the Bush era as soon as possible. This administration is taking the United

States back to a time when religious ideology rather than human values helped determine policy. This administration is far too cozy with the Arab sheiks whose money funds terrorists and whose countries shelter terrorists. Kerry and Edwards are not perfect - nor could any politician be perfect - but they do bring a wider view of the issues and their complexities and a team of people who will be driven by facts and principles and not ideologies and simplistic slogans.”

**More** Spartan of word is Chuck **Darrow**: “Jackie and I have had a fun and busy summer and, as I’m still working (and loving it), I currently don’t have the time to paint the full picture, but we do look forward to seeing you soon, perhaps this fall.”

**Y**a gotta like this. The daughter of a boyhood friend has just started her freshman year at Kenyon. I wrote her of our Reed **Browning** and got this back: “I will definitely stop by Professor Browning’s office in the near future and say hello. A few of my friends are actually in his European history class and adore him already. He is well-known around campus and I can’t wait to meet him.”

**Despite** Reed’s unquestioned credentials, I wonder whether John **Mitchell** shouldn’t be named Class Historian. In response to an article from the “Daily Princetonian” about how Ivy faculty political contributions go overwhelmingly to Democrats, Round John replied, “These professors remind me of the comment made about the Bourbon kings after they were restored following Napoleon: ‘They forget nothing and they learn nothing.’ After fifty years of failed Socialism, they think the cure is more Socialism.”

**H**istorian Mitchell has that subtle touch when it comes to politics: Separately, he noted: “I heard Kerry described as the ‘junior senator from France.’ I wonder if the American people will decide to turn away from security and wallow in the thrall of the whacked out Islamic fundamentalists under the ‘leadership’ of a wuss or choose freedom. The old philosophic



*Historian Mitchell and Carol McQuate*

adage that if you believe in everything, you believe in nothing seems to frame Kerry.”

**P**rofessor **Browning’s** response to the “Princetonian” article mentioned above: “Here’s a tale similar to the expressed views of one Princeton prof. Senator Kerry drove through Mount Vernon, OH, last week, a town near Gambier (and Kenyon). Some Kenyon students gathered to cheer him on his way carrying such wonderful signs as ‘Educated People Vote for Kerry’ and ‘If you voted for Bush, you probably can’t read this sign.’ Imagine what rural, GOP-voting Ohioans, many of whom know people on the Security, Maintenance, Food Service, and Housecleaning staffs at Kenyon, made of that. David Brooks has the answer to the remarkably obtuse belief that intelligent people prefer Democrats.”

**Bill Gould** writes that he “again spent 4 weeks in July as a member of the academic teaching team for two groups of Summer Enrichment at Dartmouth (SEAD) kids. There was a group of 16 SEAD III kids returning for 12 weeks for their third year with this year’s emphasis being how to get into college. Then we had 32 new first year kids for the next two weeks, from a



*Cool dude Gould*

Native American school in Oklahoma city, from Spartanburg, SC, from Albany, NY, from Dorchester, MA, and from Mascoma HS in NH.

“**I** lived in French dorm with the kids and the rest of the staff. The floor I was on flooded due to a pipe in the bathroom bursting, and we lost power for a couple of hours first thing in the morning, twice. All the bathrooms were dark with 50 people trying to use them. Also, twice there were bats flying around in the dorm.

“**T**here was a staff of about 17 others (most all Dartmouth 03’s, 04’s, and 05’s), and each SEAD kid had a Dartmouth sophomore mentor. After me in this group, the oldest was 23. Again it was an interesting and rewarding experience; especially fitting in with 20-somethings staff teaching teenagers.” Wrote one student in Bill’s SEAD yearbook, which got passed around at the Class meeting: “For an old dude, you’re pretty cool.”

**I** came upon this quote from an article last May about **Mort Kondracke**: “Mort Kondracke said it best in reaction to the barbaric murder of Nick Berg. He said that we had to win this war because if we didn’t, then the world would be run by people like the executioners of Nick Berg.” And how is Mort as a prognosticator? Back in May he wrote: “Many Democrats are flying high these days, convinced that Sen. John Kerry, D-Mass., is on his way to the White House. Things do look bad for President Bush right now. But the race remains tight. . . . So, is Bush toast? I don’t think so. Despite all the negative news pouring in on Bush, I believe the race is still tied. Eventually voters will realize that the economy is improving. Voters also consider Bush a strong leader, while Kerry flits with the wind. Ultimately, it all comes down to Iraq. I believe that Iraqis fear the consequences of America’s defeat more than they hate our occupation — and that because of this, our situation will improve. But if not, Bush is poised to follow his father into political oblivion.” You will probably be reading this shortly after the election. Whatever the outcome, this was pretty good forecasting by Mort. For a more official prediction, see “**Farmer**,” below.

**E**nough politics (for the moment). Rog **Schaefer** says: “August was busy for us. Went to Falmouth (Cape Cod) to watch my daughter, Jennifer, and her husband, Dave, run along with 9800 others in the 10k Falmouth Road Race. They finished in the top quarter but nobody beats the dozen or so Kenyans who entered. Then home and repack and head to Sea Island,



*Journal reader Schaefer*

Georgia (the Cloister) to celebrate Carolyn’s special birthday. . . . Then it was up the coast to Kiawah Island for a few days and we capped off the two weeks at our favorite spot off the coast of North Carolina—Bald Head Island—to help close friends celebrate their 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary. It was home for three days in the office and then up to our place in Eastman for the long Labor Day weekend. Whew! Next trip will be our October mini-reunion. . . . I can only echo your comments about grandchildren. They’re great. Our Emily is 3+. I never let my children get away with the stuff Emily’s grandparents

let her get away with when she visits for an overnight-if you know what I mean...”

An earlier message from Mr. **Schaefer**, who retired last Dec. 31, is slightly more political: “I am enjoying a 1-2 hour breakfast reading the local paper and the *Wall Street Journal*. My work day starts around 10 a.m. compared to getting the 6:35 a.m. train for so many years.” Then, responding to my proposal that Kevin **O’Sullivan** should be named the next Director of Central Intelligence, Rog, fresh from his *Wall Street Journal*, thought otherwise: “I was very disappointed with the tone and implications of the letter of my friend, Kevin O’Sullivan, published in the February Newsletter. Can this be the same Kevin O’Sullivan of Summit NJ who, as I recall, was a 4-year member of the NROTC and may have had his college education paid for by the US government (Navy or Marines)? He seems to forget we were totally unprepared for September 11, 2001. Whose fault was this? I suggest it was previous Administrations-not -the present one--and a nation lulled into an attitude of complacency. Sound familiar? This country finally woke up after September 11 just as it finally woke up after December 7, 1941. In fact, Kevin’s letter draws interesting parallels to the 1941 era except for a few name substitutions. Millions who sympathized with the Axis countries hated us. We had few friends other than our traditional allies. And to preserve our freedom, we fought for our principles on foreign soil.....I would like to invite Kevin to visit and view our town’s September 11 memorial located at our train station. A large boulder has been placed there with a plaque attached that reads: ‘We shall never forget our friends and neighbors who rode the rails with us that morning but did not return with us that night. May this...serve as a...memorial to...our community members who died in the tragic attack on the World Trade Center...’ The names of 17 Basking Ridge residents are on that plaque. They shall not be forgotten. The United States shall prevail this time too, however long it takes.”

**Sid Goldman** and Shel **Gisser** clearly are not prey to the editorial pages of the *Wall Street Journal*. From Sid: “Fodder if you need it. [I always, repeat *always*, need it. Fodder for this rag, that is.] Retired officially Sept.8, 2004 and as others have said before me, don’t have enough time in the day to do everything I need to do. In process of selling Michigan home and moving to our home in Key West suburbs (if Ivan misses). Plan to move after casting Kerry vote, not trusting the absentee system in this republican district. [Couldn’t he at least capitalize Republican?] Sorry, Dennis, some of us understand truth

and honor. Deb has to find suitable studio space in the Keys and is giving up the best working area she has ever had so it’s been difficult. I’ve got my name in for a few different areas of interest, one with Duncan

**Mathewson** who has lived in the lower Keys for

thirty years and is very active as an educator and advocate for betterment of the school system. He was just elected to the school board. In the past he has mentored in the Sugarloaf Key school and I plan to offer my services there as well. Also plan to drive a taxi for a while. Always wanted to. Love the town and love to talk and show the sites so why not get paid? Not to mention it’s a cash business. [Spoken like a true Democrat.] Looking forward to October mini-reunion and then a little driving circuit thru NH and surrounds ending in Boston where Deb may be in the Fort Point show again. See you at the Yale game. Is GW cheerleading again? Or landing in a jet fighter?”

**Maybe** we need special sections for Democrats and Republicans. Here to go with Doc Goldman is this from Counselor Shel **Gisser** in Cleveland: “I expect to spend the week leading up to Christmas [in Huntsville, Ontario]. We’re going there again, with my son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter, to do some X-C skiing, snow-shoeing, to eat well and to lie back and relax with them. We were there two winters ago and really enjoyed it.

“**We** spent a week or so in British Columbia with both kids, their spouses and all the grandchildren, at Whistler and Vancouver after spending some time in Toronto at the beginning of the summer. I keep telling my wife that we should be looking for a home in Canada in case Bush gets re-elected. I suppose you’ve seen the bumper sticker: “Re-defeat Bush!”.....Enough of this. My reason for writing was to tell you about a good book I read a few weeks ago. 1912—Wilson, Roosevelt, Taft & Debs—The Election that Changed the Country, by James Chace. Very interesting portraits and, perhaps, an argument for a split in the Republican Party which persists even today between the more powerful conservative wing and the weak



*Cabbie Goldman and Deb*

progressive (note that I did not say “liberal”) wing. I was just reading Sunday’s *NY Times Book Review* (September 12) and caught what I thought was an interesting coincidence in that it contained a review of The Folly of Empire by John B. Judis, sub-titled ‘What George W. Bush Could Learn From Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.’ I thought it was odd for two books on such similar subjects to come out so close to each other, particularly since on the surface it would seem that there shouldn’t be much interest in events which occurred 80-90 or so years ago. When I started reading the review I realized it wasn’t so much of a review as a political harangue which some of my less liberal classmates might take exception to (even though he’s probably correct [note that I did not say ‘right.’].) Naturally, after reading a paragraph or two, I took a look at the name of the reviewer. Surprise: it was James Chace.

“While the bulk of my recreational reading is nonfiction, other than mysteries I read when I’m traveling or when I need a break from the long nonfiction books, I occasionally read fiction. My wife reads a lot of fiction and generally has a pretty good notion of what I like, so I frequently read books she recommends. . . . I’m about 100 pages into Ward Just’s An Unfinished Season, and it’s really good. The facts that: (1) Just is a Dartmouth grad; (2) that the protagonist is a 19 year old growing up outside Chicago around 1950, making him about 8-10 years older than us; and (3) that his father was a champion hockey player at Dartmouth all add to the enjoyment. (The fact that the father is, at the time of the novel, a politically conservative admirer of Joe McCarthy takes some of the sparkle off him.) More important, the book is, as far as I’ve gone, very well written. It’s tough to put it down. Bottom Line: I recommend 1912 and, An Unfinished Season (on the assumption that it continues to be as good

as the first 100 pages. Semi-retirement is very hectic! I think it will be too much of a burden to retire totally.”

It must be a wind-free day in Florida when Spencer Morgan reads the wedding notices in the “Times,” but he referred me to a long article about the marriage of one Valerie Frankel, daughter of Judy and Howard, “on Aug. 21, a rainy late-summer afternoon, under a tent at her parents’ farm. Mr. Quint [the bridegroom] and Ms. Frankel’s father, Howard Frankel,



Times Reader Morgan

played a French horn duet of “Aura Lee” while [daughter] Lucy danced barefoot in the grass, twirling a white ribbon.” So Times-ish. Is Spencer becoming a girlie-man?

“We leave this morning for our new home in Joisey City...after 28 years in Stamford, CT,” emails Hank Greer. Tough to leave the old homestead...but this place is a ‘lock and leave’...and cuts the distance in half to the grandkids. Ahh, yes...I always wanted to get closer to Bayonne! Seriously, though, the Statue of Liberty is right outside our window...about a half a mile away...beautiful views of Manhattan, so all is not lost. We’re having the Lums and the Frankels over this evening to see the place...and have dinner close by. Now that we’ll be in the ‘north’ again, and out of South Carolina, I’ll have to start talking faster and walking more purposefully.” Meanwhile, as he looks out on the Statue of Liberty, Mr. Greer, you will be interested to know, has circulated an email showing that the Communist Party of the USA endorses John Kerry for President.

Not everything Hank sends around is off the wall. While I am rarely able to generate much controversy with my outrageous liberal views, this Greer sports report, which I’ve been sitting on for a year, should awaken a few souls in San Francisco, Denver, and Baltimore. Otto Graham passed away last year. (You don’t remember Otto Graham? Skip to next item.) With the impartiality of all of us born in Ohio, Hank offered this modest statement: “Otto was the best...no question about it. Even had a chance to meet him when he coached the Skins. He was unassuming, polite, professional, and...as we said...simply the best damn QB who even graced a field. Good memories.” And of course Hank is right. But maybe you had to grow up in Cleveland to know that.

Are you Florida residents still dry? Housed? Alive? I am reminded of that “New Yorker” cartoon showing God in Heaven hurling thunderbolts, and one angel says to the other, “You’d think by now they’d learn that He doesn’t like trailer parks.” Any interesting hurricane tales? Stowe? Koreman? Gurst? Batchelder? Greenberg? Hadley? Farmer?

Speaking of the latter, Bob Farmer wrote in early August: “Only 92 days to the election. The Convention (Democratic) was very busy—attending eight events per day. I’m guardedly optimistic on the election. I’ve got a small apartment in D.C. across the street from the campaign. It’s all pretty exciting and if we win I want to

be Ambassador to Hanover, NH.” [Is he implying that the Dems are peddling ambassadorships?]

The e-mail line on the Green Card reads “NONE!” so you know the card is fresh from the 18<sup>th</sup> Century world of Eric **Sailer**, who scribbles: “The Sailers and the **Kenersons** enjoyed a great trip to Norway, sponsored by Vermont Public Radio. What a country! Only four million people and half of them live near Oslo. We traveled by tram, ferry, motor coach and high speed catamaran. Besides the cities and fiords, we spent time in the Lofoten Islands, a spectacular mountainous string of islands off the coast where they have been fishing for 6,000 years. There are no fat people in Norway. They walk everywhere, carrying groceries up steep hills in Bergen. Small boats are rowed and do not have motors. Health care and college are free, paid for by high income taxes. Great country to see; we recommend it.” But even those primitive Norwegians, unlike some of their visitors, know how to do e-mail.

**Bob Kenerson**, by the way, was honored Oct. 9 by the Cardigan Mountain School in Canaan. Bob has been on their board for about 75 years. The award forced his early departure from the Class meeting, but he was back for our Class dinner and had the troops singing around the piano long after dinner.

**Gary Vandeweghe** writes to thank “all the guys for the contributions” to the Newsletter. I concur. Gary “spent the summer mostly traveling, looking for work. Didn’t find any, so we played golf—Ireland, Scotland, Whistling Straits, Chicago, Vail, Denver, Minneapolis, and Winnipeg. Saw Bruce and Jaren **Ducker** in Denver, and both are doing well. Bruce’s newest book, *Mooney in Flight* is excellent. Of course, San Diego, where my two grandsons (ages 3 and 1) live was on our itinerary a few times.”

A quick look at Amazon.com lists Bruce’s latest book along with six others by our Class Novelist. And the readers’ reviews of *Mooney* are most positive. Here’s a sample: “**MOONEY IN FLIGHT** provides extraordinary insight into the psyche of a damaged, cynical soul, who by the end of the



*Technically challenged Sailer*

book has found enough humanity to climb out of his solitude.... This is a book that everyone needs to read and savor. Unless you have never known a moment’s darkness yourself, or never known a person who is emotionally full but stunted in his capacity to express those emotions, this book will pull you in, amuse you, make you cry and laugh alternately, and finally leave you with a sense of triumph at the human condition. I intend to teach it in my course on the modern novel. It is a tour de force!”

But this entry was supposed to be about **Vandeweghe**. Gary’s initial message was a little hard to read, so he sent me a further note and a 21-page report of his golfing in Ireland. “Hand, mind, and eye coordination was never my best suit unless a ball was involved, and I was shooting it,” he responded. I seem to remember—see above. I know half of you would like to see the full 21 pages reproduced here, but for the sake of the other half of you, let us be selective. Reads the report in small part, “Natural, hilly, links courses don’t have to be long, especially with the Atlantic breezes, and Cruit Island is short at par 34, 3000 yards. But this little lady has it all. The fairways, per the locals, are ‘umped and ‘ollowed, the greens have knobs and knockers, half the shots are blind, but heck, the ball doesn’t go where it’s hit anyway, and if you love the vagaries of the seaside game, this is chicken and dumplings.”

**Gary** and you other golfers might want to keep in mind this little thought, forwarded by teammate Scoops **Farnsworth**: “Practice does not make perfect if you practice the wrong thing.” And who said that? Alvin F. (“Doggie”) Julian, not surprisingly.

Instead of working on this newsletter, I am supposed to be driving about Nova Scotia with Hap **Dunning** and Carolyn Geiger, but a case of bronchitis cancelled me out,

and Hap took off without us. He does get around. A Green Card in August brought a photo and this message: “In July Carolyn and I drove to Vail, CO for a Rocky Mountain Mineral Law Foundation conference....A



*Mustache-free Danson and Vail hikers*

highlight in Vail was a hike and lunch with Silvia and Alan **Danson** and Joe **McHugh**. Note in the photo that Alan's mustache of thirty years is no more." A bit of Googling shows that "Hap spoke at the annual meeting of the California-Nevada and Humboldt Chapters of the American Fisheries Society. Hap received the Clyde O. Martz Teaching Award in Natural Resources Law from the Rocky Mountain Mineral Law Foundation." No small thing. Check out Martz on Google.

**Spike** 05346 (**Hamilton**) sent this terse but apt covering note with the July 4 photo of Ryan **Ostebo**: "I hope he has adequate life insurance." I suspect he does, as an agent for one of the best in the country.

**Ray Pong** is now fully retired, has fled the Left Coast and its California taxes, to reside at 1736 Choice Hills Dr., Henderson, NV 89012. Why a Nevada address for an avid scuba diver who's been to the Caribbean, Belize, and Australia to enjoy his hobby? Ray says Henderson, not too far from Las Vegas, is a great place to live. He's reachable at 702-407-2570, but, like **Sailer**, not by e-mail. What's with these tech-challenged retired docs?

**Politically incorrect Bob Brown** emails: "Seems surprising to think of Florida as a land of sanity these days.....but there is some comfort to be drawn as I sit here in my home office in Tallahassee and look out my window at my big FSU Seminoles banner with the fearsome visage of Chief Osceola on it.....this Indian Symbol lives.....and the living Seminoles endorse it....."

**David Bond** is "...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." The good life behind the US defense shield.

**We** left you last time with Mr. Bond's petulant challenge to Mal **Churchill** and, by association, the entire U.S.

Foreign Service, Department of State, maybe even the whole US Government. Mal has, of course, risen to the challenge and sent the following by Green Card: "Other than pointing out that David Bond has cleverly sideslipped to a new topic, what can I say?! I've already agreed with him on the budget deficit, and I mostly agree with him now on U.S. agricultural policies. But at the end of the day, the numbers still say that the U.S. has (minutely)

lower tariff barriers against LDC agricultural exports than Canada, and much lower than the EC or Japan." So, who ya gonna believe, a Canadian wine peddler or a former striped-pants cookie pusher? Thanks to both you guys for some intelligent discussion.

**Ken Reich**, once again, has sad and unwelcome news for the Class: "Following a long battle with cancer, our classmate Thomas C. **Beadel** died Aug. 29 in Syracuse, N.Y. His wife of 40 years, Caryl, said he had taken a great many books from their home in Santa Barbara to their beloved vacation home in the Thousand Islands and managed to read them all before his condition grew critical.

"**Our** classmate, Jack **Patterson**, said a splendid memorial service was held in Clayton, N.Y., at which Tom's humor and other virtues were the subject of much appreciation. It was attended by more than 150 persons, and among the classmates there besides Jack were Urban **Hirschey**, Dick **Foley**, Don **Sheffield**, Bob **Heineman** and Phil **Kron**. Dick Foley, like Jack Patterson, was much impressed by the memorial. 'It was a beautiful day in all respects, one that Tom

would have enjoyed,' he wrote me. 'As often repeated in the conversations amongst his friends and family following the service, he was a prince of a guy, a wonderful friend, much loved, and sorely missed.'

"**Tom** was strongly a dreamer in some ways, but certainly one who followed up on the dreams,' Jack recalled, telling how he began his career 'at the bottom,' as he liked, repossessing cars in seedy sections of Los Angeles, then traveled alone around the world before taking the reins of the family jewelry business, Keepsake Diamond Rings. He built on his family's success, and



*Ostebo, well-insured?*

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upon selling out, was able to move to California with what he described as ‘a liquid million dollars.’ But financial reverses soon forced him back into the jewelry business, where his firm, Pearls, Inc., sold to mom and pop jewelers, building a second fortune. It took a great deal to throw him for a loop.

“Often self-deprecating, Tom was prone to be very modest about his own accomplishments. Writing in our class publication, “More Musings,” four years ago, he concluded memorably: ‘When I face my own imminent demise (to his surprise, it was not so imminent), I naturally take stock. Have I contributed? Have I left the world a better place? The answer in my case is a resounding NO! And once I realized that sad fact, all the things my mother taught me, and all the nice liberal things Dartmouth College tried to inculcate kind of fizzled. That’s a hell of a heavy load to have off of my shoulders—whew! I think I’m going to enjoy the rest of my life immensely.’

“But, his wife told me a story that shows that Tom did leave the world a better place. A few years ago, she said, he told a jeweler who was a customer of his in Gastonia, N.C., and who suffered from alcoholism, that he would buy him out, and, then, if he quit drinking, he would sell him back his place for half the price. When the customer succeeded in righting himself, Tom quickly kept the bargain.

“Tom was a member of Zeta Psi fraternity at Dartmouth, and received an MBA from Syracuse in 1971. Besides his wife Caryl, he is survived by his son, Robert ’89.” There will be a memorial service for Tom on Nov. 13 in Santa Barbara.

Once again, the Left Coast shows pretensions of taking over this newsletter. Wish them well. Here’s cub reporter **Hasenkamp’s** latest wire: “Nine ’60s braved hellishly hot weather to enjoy the seventh Left Coast Lunch at the University Club on September 8<sup>th</sup>.

“We began with a moment of silence in memory of Tom **Beadel**, liked by all and admired for his courage and character. But it immediately seemed more appropriate to toast his life, lived so richly and honestly, so we ordered a bottle of wine and did that, and then other reasons for toasts burst forth like the proverbial mushrooms after a rain: the birth fewer than 24 hours before of Rick and Linda **Roesch’s** second grandson Grant (named after the Chinatown street, Rick said), which occasioned our class president’s being there for the Lunch; Tom **Hannan’s** ‘birthday week’—a day is not enough—and his present, a

rambunctious Australian shepherd puppy, not present at the lunch; and Peter **Farquhar’s** tie, a brocade job that resembles some Persian and Mughal miniatures and that his father bought in the Damascus bazaar in 1951.

“....talk turned to vacations, even vacations from retirement. Don and Katherine **Black** spent the summer in Spain (a house in the hills above Barcelona) and Provence (a house in the hills above Cannes), where Don finally learned to play tennis on real clay.

“**Ken Reich** arrived at the Lunch at the end of a 4500-mile retirement victory lap through his favorite countryside, the mountain West. (His advice: don’t miss the area around Ouray, Colorado, in the southwestern part of the state, where one is surrounded by magnificent snow-capped peaks.)

“So far Ken says he does not miss the daily LA Times deadlines. He did, however, recommend that everyone ignore the recommendations of the 9/11 Commission, in part because, in his view, moving militarily-related intelligence away from the Department of Defense would be fractious and counter-productive and in part because any reorganization effort will launch a protracted bureaucratic turf battle that will frustrate further progress in the War on Terror, on which Ken feels we are making progress. Except for the apparent intransigence of the F.B.I., there have been real and important reforms in the intelligence area since 9/11, initiated by administrative order.

“**Tom Hannan**, citing Fareed Zackaria’s book, The Future of Freedom: Illiberal Democracy at Home and Abroad, which is the volume that all incoming Yale freshmen will read and discuss this fall, is less sanguine. Zackaria argues that democracy is not the answer to all or for all, that U. S. history is too brief to give us adequate perspective to prescribe how others should organize their lives and societies, and that some decisions are more effectively made by independent agencies (his example is the Federal Reserve and interest rates) rather than by the ‘free marketplace of ideas,’ to remember a John Dickey phrase. Zackaria is the editor of Newsweek International, and to say that everyone around the table agreed with what Tom said he advocated would be an overstatement.”

Continues Bruce, “Inta and I are recently back from State College, PA, where our son Peter ’98 was married to Allison Robinson, a fellow Ford engineer. Imagine an outdoor wedding in the middle of Pennsylvania in August when the temperature every day was 68, the humidity was

zero, likewise the rain, and the high overcast skies burst into sunshine as the bride's cousin began to sing The Lord's Prayer and you begin to see why—in addition to a certain number of cases of California wine and the obvious well-suiting of the bridal couple—everyone had a roaringly good time.

“Not quite the case for Peter **Farquhar** on two longish-ago vacations, when huge boulders nearly made his presence at the Lunch unlikely. One smashed down a hillside and under Peter's VW bus near Dillon, Colorado, where he, Bob **Luce** and Gordie **DeWitt** were driving after a summer snowstorm, and they narrowly kept the car on the road; and a second even larger rock nearly pounded Peter to a pancake while he was climbing in the Sierra the summer before coming to Dartmouth.” (Contact Peter at [Globetrotter@farquhar.US](mailto:Globetrotter@farquhar.US).)

“The eighth Left Coast Lunch will be a dinner—with spouses, significant others, or just others—in the Library

of the University Club on December 14. All classmates who will be in the area on December 14 are most welcome! Several Left Coast Lunch regulars, lamented that they have not yet seen Jim **Foch** or Roy **Eisenhardt** at one of these gatherings. That led Tom **Hannan** into remembering his days with Roy hashing at the Berkeley Kappa house, and that morphed into a broader discussion of the relative pulchritude of Cal sororities in the early '60s.” Which gives you some idea why these gatherings are not to be missed.

Next time, all the news that was too important for this sordid edition: from **McHugh, Mullett, Patterson, Morris, Hodgson, Stark**, and others

And finally, to quote the President of the United States, “I stand by all the misstatements that I've made.” E-mails and Green Cards, pleeeeeease. dg

## *Mini-Reunion, October 2004*



*Emery, Paul, Colyer, Hanlon*



*Hamilton, Brooks, D. Smith*



*Texan Steve Carroll*



*McBurneys, Tom and Barbara*



*Roesch, Carroll (Mike), Hannon*



*Bush lover Ellie Stone*



*Shields, Hitchcock*



*Serlin, Hanlon, Frankel*



*Losing golfers — Lower, Kenerson, Roisman, Stone*



*Dunning, Goldmans, Caulfields*



*Hanlon, Roberts, Hiley*



*Cecil Wittson*



*Marty and Bobbie Lower*



*Kaufman, Hanlon, Sheffield*



*Stowe with a "W" smirk*



*Prouty, McB, Gundy, Paul*



*Stowe, Roesches, Adler, pet flamingos*



*Phil Serlin*



*Nick Muller*



*Hanlon and Lymans*

