



How we looked in '98

1960 NEWSLETTER

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Class Soup, Sexing Chickens, Wedding Bells, and a Very Sad Loss

SEPTEMBER 2002

The choices this gorgeous August afternoon, squirreled away on a small island in northern Ontario are 1) stain the sleep cabin (which saw its first—and last—coat in 1990); 2) build the framework for an outdoor stall for a new, ingenious portable, propane-fired hot shower (and, for the first time in 32 years, spare us the daily shock of this clear, cold Canadian lake); or 3) write this newsletter to provide you one last reminder that our Fall Mini-reunion is coming up fast, the weekend of October 11-13 (and not the ill-timed November Homecoming on the College calendar). Looks as if option #3 has priority.

Enclosed from Rick **Roesch** and Jay **Emery** is more detail on our fall gathering. I can only suggest here that if it's even a remote possibility for you, make it a reality. Ann **Hanlon**'s now famous Class of '60 Soup is incentive enough to bring you back, and if other beverages are more to your taste, there will be ample opportunity for those, not to mention an art seminar, a museum tour, hiking, football (vs. Yale), and all the other things that make the Uppah Valley so attractive. Best of all is the chance to get together with classmates. There is also the added attraction that many of the activities will be held jointly with the '59s and '61s.

And, finally, **Bill McClung** writes that there will be a reunion that weekend of varsity swimmers, classes '59, '60, and '61. Those who have misplaced their mailings on this should call Bill at 770-579-3444 or billmatl@aol.com.



McClung wants you

Of course, we all have our own private thoughts about the Great Class of '59, those then sophomores who gave us such wonderful advice as freshmen that it's a wonder we weren't all goners by December '56. But let bygoners be bygoners. Mind you that's not always easy. '59 Class President Jim Wooster assaulted me at our book club gathering (the book was Warriors of God by James Reston, Jr., about the Third Crusade, and, as Imus might say, "just awful," but that's not the point here) to inform me gleefully that the Hanover Open (one of the world's premier tennis tournaments) this year was won in straight sets by his excellency, Mr. Wooster, and his partner, Doug Wise (once the Dartmouth Indian), over Messrs. Rick **Roesch** (our excellency) and Dudley **Smith** (eminent alpine hiker). Well, I asked Mr. Roesch about that, and here's the *rest* of the story. The noble lads of '60 had all along understood this to be a best three out of five, as in normal major events, but the '59s, no doubt exhausted, had promptly abandoned the field after slipping through with narrow victories in the first two sets.

Newsletters do not, of course, survive on such announcements and questionable stories alone. They need news and photos of and from you, of which there was something of a dearth following the last edition. So one must, I suppose, conclude that you took the advice proffered previously and were at the beach, the lake, or the track. Or hunting down your broker with a view to murder. Meanwhile, at least half of you will rejoice to know that I am at present so out of it up here, sans TV, computer, newspapers, and even electricity, that I can offer scarcely a single political comment this afternoon.

This is not to say that the long arm of civilization, specifically the musings of a prominent Canadian classmate, does not occasionally breach my solitude. Two recent visits to the small airport at North Bay, 60

miles south of here, brought contact with Canada's "paper of record," the Toronto "Globe and Mail," and both times with op-ed columns by the notorious Dr. David E. **Bond**, described as "a senior fellow of the Canada West Foundation and an adjunct professor of commerce at the University of British Columbia." Dr. B. writes of Quebec's "courageous" health care legislation in one column and of Canada's coming shortage of skilled labour (with a "u" up here) in the other. He calls for recruiting foreign labour on a massive scale and encouraging older workers to remain in the work force. According David (who should know—or know better), "there is no evidence showing that when workers turn, say, 60 or 65, their minds suddenly turn to mush." But he describes a system that provides little incentive to keep working. Clearly that does not apply to our classmate, who describes himself as "self employed," "a consultant who depends on a wide range of different sources of income." All that said, as one wag has pointed out, women may lie about their age to other people, but men lie about their age to themselves.



Bond, labouring



Cohen honored

alas, no news. Jon **Cohen** wrote, "In early June I received the Tuck Overseers' Medal which the Board gives annually for 'Distinguished Service to the School.' I've been on the Board for 11 years, 5 1/2 as Chairman, and Tuck is flourishing. By the way, I didn't vote for myself. But Gordie **Haw**'s accomplishment is far more important."



Father Haw

Well, no need to debate that one, but we can all say

“well done” to Jon. A nice and well-deserved tribute. I have zero doubts that Tuck is a far superior place to what some of us attended there in the last century.

Reg Regestein might have sent this, but someone else did: If you can start each day without caffeine or pep pills, if you can be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains, if you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles, if you can eat the same food day after day and be grateful for it, if you can understand when loved ones are too busy to give you time, if you can overlook when people take things out on you when through no fault of your own things go wrong, if you can relax without liquor, if you can sleep without the aid of drugs....then you are probably a dog.

In June, Laura-Beth and I walked the Lake Morey, VT golf course for 18 holes while Russ and Pat **Ingersoll** putt-putted hither and yon by cart, poking little white balls in more or less the same direction. I am still wondering why it's called a sport, but I'm sure Debbie **Gould** or Hank **Greer** or Marty **Lower** will enlighten me at our October mini-reunion. Russ's better half clearly has better judgment in the field of books: Pat later wrote, “I picked up [Mort **Kondracke**'s] Saving Milly in New York and was glad I did. It was quite a read.” And there was this message from Russ: “For all you friends out there in cyber space, here is notice of new and changed email addresses for Pat and me. My new address: ringersoll@zebray.com. We have just purchased a new computer with lots of memory, lots of speed, and all the bells and whistles I will ever need. Another—and final—year for me is about to begin. I look forward to a strong final lap, and then we shall see what we do next. Kind of exciting to contemplate.”

Pat's mention of Saving Milly raises the annual question about your own summer reading. Recommendations are most welcome. My own, eclectic but not very exciting choices this year, include or will include Sacred Hunger by Barry Unsworth (a Booker prize winner), The Royal Game and Other Stories by



Goulds call it a sport

Stefan Zweig, At Home Abroad by Henry Nau, Herzog by Saul Bellow, and Leila, the Life of George Sand by Andre Maurois.

It has been some time since we have lost a classmate, and the news that follows is particularly sad and difficult to convey. I don't believe I ever heard an unkind word from or about Wes **Roodhouse**. Wes was truly a special person among us. The outpouring of interest and concern during the last few months since he was diagnosed with cancer is testimony to that. Wes has left with all of us a unique feeling of goodness and kindness. Here is Ken Reich's obituary for Wes, which conveys those feelings far better than I can.

“**A**n unusually warm, outgoing and friendly member of our class, C. Weston Roodhouse, Jr., died on July 24 in Baltimore of the complications of lung cancer. He had learned of his affliction only a couple of months before when he returned home to Denver from a fishing trip. He spent his last weeks at the Atlanta and Baltimore homes of two of his daughters.

“**W**es was one of nine members of our class from Oklahoma, where he grew up on what his Dartmouth roommate, Jack **Nunn**, calls “a wonderful ranch just outside the little town of Ada.”

When Jack visited Wes there after their sophomore year in Hanover, he recalls, ‘Saddling up horses for a ride (to say nothing of the ride itself) was certainly a new experience for me, and we had a grand time...With his encouragement I gradually began losing my original fear and the sweet old mare I was riding seemed to sense that I needed help. Before long, we were galloping off just like I remember seeing it done in the ‘westerns’ I used to attend every Saturday afternoon as a young boy at the movies. What fun!

“**T**he special memory, though, is that of seeing Wes buoyantly joyful in his element...confident, thoughtful and caring, and obviously so in love with nature and his beloved ranch. I don't think Wes ever lost that exuberance for the goodness in life, friendships and the natural world. All of us who knew him will fondly remember his own special “goodness” as well.’

“**W**es got an MBA at the Stanford Business School after Dartmouth and embarked on a long and varied

business career, particularly marked by the ups and downs of the Texas economy. After the oil bust in that state in the early 1990s, he went on to further adventures in financial services and stock brokerages in Boise and Denver. He was remarkably prescient about the bursting of the stock market bubble. In fact, when I reached him for a class note early in 2002 featuring the views of the class economic gurus, he was more outspoken, precise and correct about the further decline of the market than most anyone else. He asked only that I not mention the optimists he worked for.

“Wes had many friends. At the end, his longtime buddy from business school, Bill Hinkle, wrote a poem about the friendship the two of them had: ‘We began in the sixties just chasing our dreams, encouraging each other with our yells and screams...We would never look back, we would never stop, just constantly battling the way to the top...Then, ambitions changed, and our very last wish was to wade the river, catch our very next fish.’

“Wes is survived by his three daughters, Ashley Parriott of Baltimore, Kelley Doran of Atlanta and Sarah Benson of Indianapolis, and six grandchildren.”

Bill Hinkle, who has practically become an honorary member of our Class through all of this, sent the following after the funeral: “The memorial service for Wes was held yesterday at the Church of the Ascension in Denver, CO. All went very well. All three of Wes’s daughters and their husbands spoke. . . . About 50 were in attendance. These included Wes’s cousins, close friends and business associates at American Express. . . . All remembered Wes in fond ways and each seemed to enjoy the moment, just as Wes would have wanted it. You could not have asked for a better remembrance. He would have been most proud and honored. Virtually everyone had a Wes Roodhouse story that made them laugh and appreciate his good humor and love for nature, other people and business. It could not have been any better. Over the past month I have received calls from Wes’s friends from CA, WA, OK, MO, TX, Australia and Belgium. If I have missed any I am sorry. This speaks well for the many friends he had.”

In a separate note to Jack **Hodgson**, who roomed with Wes and Bill at Stanford, Bill added: “It was a

real treat to have contact with so many people I had never met. The occasion was wrong, but the people were right. Your Dartmouth crowd is outstanding. I suppose that I am most impressed by the way people remember other people and what they remember over a long period of time. Their favorable impressions seem to last forever and any differences of opinion seem to be irrelevant. Among other things, life seems to be a journey in making fond memories of others. And, Wes did a good job of that.”

Back in February five faculty and staff members at Syracuse University were honored with Chancellor’s Citations for outstanding contributions to the university. Among the five was Jake **Crouthamel**, Syracuse Athletic Director for the past 24 years. The Syracuse “Record,” a weekly published by the University, notes Jake’s modesty about his success. “I’ve got no idea how I got this award,” said Jake. But others do. Says the paper, “Under Crouthamel’s leadership SU Athletics has undergone major improvements in facilities (the Carrier Dome is just one example), conference affiliation, and staffing. There have been 20 post-season bids and two NCAA championship game appearances for men’s basketball, 12 bowl berths since 1988 and an undefeated season in football, seven national championships in lacrosse, and post season appearances in women’s basketball, lacrosse, field hockey, gymnastics, soccer, swimming, track and field, and rowing. . . . Crouthamel was named the 2000 Division 1-A Northeast Region Athletic Director of the Year by the National Association of College Directors of Athletics. He also won the 1999 National Football Foundation’s John L. Toner Award, which is presented annually to an athletic director who has demonstrated superior administrative abilities and shown outstanding dedication to college athletics, particularly college football.”

Says Jake, “It takes good people to achieve success. My management style is to get good people and make sure they know what they’re supposed to do, and hang on to their coat tails and let them take you.” In 2001 SU’s Department of Athletics boasted a graduation rate of 81 percent, while the overall student body had a mark of 74 percent. “As for the future,” concludes the article, “Crouthamel sees himself retiring at SU, but not for a couple of years.” We can only

wish Dartmouth's new AD, Josie Harper, comparable success.

Which brings to mind Dartmouth basketball and thoughts of the Cornell game in Hanover last February when the visitors jumped out to a 20-0 lead. One who knows something about such things, Gary Vandeweghe reacted with the following:



Gary V on the offense

Scoops was always there to pick up my man; glad he is still covering for me. Right you are about the sorry plight of Big Green basketball, and unhappily it is coaching, and, support from the Athletics Department. The team doesn't play very well, and doesn't have very good players either. When the baddies are bigger or better than you are, you have to play harder, meaning: (1) NOBODY shoots a layup against you without getting bloodied. Pretty soon they stop going inside and settle for jumpers, their percentage goes down, and we can compete. (2) We get every defensive rebound. It is simply a matter of effort, and lawdy knows, even with women on campus we have plenty of time to teach effort. (3) Every time we touch the ball it's off to the races. It doesn't take long to tire out even good teams when they have to run backwards - going back on defense is uphill and it is hard to do. Plus the layups or easier shots we get with numbers (more of us than of them) add up fast. I know, I know, who am I to talk about defense and rebounding, but I do know how useful it is to get out on the break, and that comes from turnovers (hustle) and defensive rebounds. So now you got me up there on the stump with you.. Keep up the good stuff. Your pal from Ripley."

The travels and travails of "Rafter Jack" Patterson, hiking the Appalachian Trail, continue. A scribbled note dated June 15 found him at Harpers Ferry and seemingly in good spirits despite three days of heavy rain and lightening. If I have deciphered his scribblings correctly, he spent three days kayaking on the Shenandoah, learning something about navigating white water. Apparently Rafter Jack is no longer the slowest moving object on the AT. He has been keeping up well enough to make a few friends—"Pig Chicken," "Sunrise and Sunset," and "Poppa Smurf

and Flame." Some crew. Some experience. Some "Patsy!"

Wedding bells: Bob Luce in Reston, VA sends a major announcement. "A number of classmates met Claudia Morris at the '60-'60 reunion in San Francisco. Well, Claude and I were married over Memorial Day weekend. We 'mini-ho honeymooned' for the remainder of the three-day weekend on our sailboat in Deale, MD. The unexpected death of my younger brother on May 4 prompted our change in marital status. In the midst of executor duties for both my mother's and my brother's estates, I long for time to build a house on our recently purchased 12-acre farm in Middletown, VA. We intend to raise a few beef cows and start a greenhouse. I will resume hydrogeological/geochemical consulting and continue as a director of The Friends of the Shenandoah River." Bob is at lucerw@erols.com

From Dick Davidson in late June: "We are back from our three-week sojourn in Merry Olde. The kids and the grandkids are having a ball, so much so that they will probably stay for five years, not just three. In addition to seeing the family, while the grandkids were in school and Jody was at work, we traveled to London and spent three days with friends, took in a couple of shows and lots of museums. With the family we went to the Lake District, Scotland, and wandered through another 50 or so castles, magnificent homes, and other assorted places of interest.



Davidson keeps on biking

"I saw my doctors a week ago, and was deemed sufficiently recovered from the radiation and side effects of the infusion doses of interferon to allow me to restart self injection doses of interferon. With a week of self injection under my skin, I feel virtually no side effects. I feel fine, and have enough energy to be able to ride my bike seven miles a day over the hills and dales of Sharon. We'll keep you posted on my progress."

Jim Cole chatted amiably (despite its being an Alumni Fund call) from his home 60 miles from Durango, all the time watching the smoke 25 miles

away that was consuming much of Colorado on June 28. The prevailing wind is such that Jim wasn't much worried, but he was still spending his retirement time clearing away brush from around the house. His area of CO is "a wonderful retirement place," he said, especially for a former member of Cabin and Trail. He and Nancy belong to two hiking groups, and there is plenty of outdoor activity. Durango lacks the "high culture" of a place like Hanover (he must have had in mind the Zete house), but a lot of local folks reportedly produce some pretty good entertainment.

Stan Jones, the victim of another Alumni Fund (OK, it's the Dartmouth College Fund now, so that we no longer offend parents and others), has departed the D.C. area (good idea) for Shepardstown, WV (which these days is practically the D.C. area). More interesting is his change of career. Move over **Ken Johansen**: Stan is now a "non-stipendary" assistant pastor in the local Episcopalian church. After a stint at Yale Divinity School following Dartmouth, he worked at NIH, then the U.S. Senate staff on health care issues, the National Academy of Sciences, and finally ran his own consulting business for 35 years in the health insurance field. Judy worked in the same field, but running conferences while Stan was on the analytical side of health care issues. Last year he retired and headed for West Virginia, but he still gets back to D.C. regularly, if for no other reason than lunch with his old buddy, Mal **Churchill**.

So, speaking of fundraising, here are **Ken Johansen's** final words to his brigade of arm twisters on the most recent campaign: "Your diligent efforts enabled our class to set a new year-out record after forty-two years since graduation. We raised \$396,915 which eclipsed the old record of \$312,821.



Johansen—keep him smiling

"Class participation was 62.6% versus the overall college rate of 41%. We also had 81 leadership donors. The entire class, and especially each of you, can be proud of our achievement. I am counting on your help next year in our mutual challenge to return to 70% participation as we achieved in 1999 and in

our 40th reunion year in 2000. Meanwhile, ten thousand thanks for your terrific work on behalf of Dartmouth and the Great Class of 1960."

First we had our mystery poet, now we have the anonymous mebonkerstoo@hotmail.com who emailed recommending a magazine article: "Perhaps of interest re elimination of Dartmouth's Indians and other shortsighted cultural homogenization initiatives." Pressed to identify himself, he sent this further message: "One of your classmates, who, at this moment in time, doesn't wish to have his name associated in print with this particular contentious lost cause. He doesn't want to find himself in the position of the Tory MP and shadow minor minister who just the other day had to apologize for joking to her constituency about Pakistanis. The wisdom and appropriateness of College academic and social policies, no matter how outré, doesn't seem to be of concern in class communications. Your correspondent is not, at this time, up to assuming the role of Vox Clamantis" And so it stands.

From a March 28 press release: "Milkhaus Laboratory, Inc., a biopharmaceutical company, announced today that John A. **Friede** had been elected to its Board of Directors. Mr. Friede graduated from Dartmouth College and from the Harvard Business School. Early in his career, he served with the Defense Intelligence Agency in Washington, DC. Following that, he was an investment banker with Lehman Brothers, and later was an investment manager. Most recently, he founded NOMOS Corporation, a developer and manufacturer of software and medical devices used to enhance the efficiency of radiation therapy for treating cancer. He is currently Chairman of the Board of Directors of that Company.

"John Friede's background as a successful entrepreneur and his experience in finance are particularly relevant to the current needs of Milkhaus Laboratory. His skills complement our directors with pharmaceutical industry experience and those with backgrounds in science and medicine," said John MacDonald, the Company's President. Milkhaus Laboratory, Inc. is a privately held, biopharmaceutical Company focused on the development of therapeutic agents for chronic diseases in man and animals.

During her tenure as president of Smith, Ruth Simmons, the new president of Brown, instituted for first-year students an intensive seminar and programs to encourage students' speaking and writing skills. Like do ya think those sort of things would be good for Dartmouth or like your own (grand)kids?

I suspect that one who would agree with Ms. Simmons on the importance of good communication skills is Jeff **Fine**. He sends the following:

“With the stock market colder than a February in Hanover, the war on terrorism in full swing, and new corporate scandals providing more drama than Court TV, I know what's really concerning '60s everywhere. What the hell ever happened to Jeff Fine! (OK. Maybe it's not the first thing you think of.)

“Well, here's what I'm NOT doing. I'm not touring the United Arab Emirates (**Ken Reich**) or traveling to Asuncion, Paraguay to visit old Peace Corps buddies (Hi, Roger **Wolf**, old roomie). Instead, my wife, Carol, and I live in bucolic Canton, CT (suburb of Hartford) with our son, Adam, age 15, and our 5-year old daughter, Samantha (that may not put me in Gordie **Haw**'s league, but it's close).

“The interesting thing about having a child at “our” age (Carol's a couple of decades younger) is that you get to live a part of your life some of us (like me) missed—sharing the wonder of a child's joy rather than sharing the boredom of a corporate meeting. After many years in advertising, the last six of which involved re-inventing myself as a consumer and B-to-B research expert, I started my own research and strategic planning consultancy last year—Fine Insight, LLC. I've got a neat home office situation (no commute) and I'm putting in more hours than I ever have. But I love it. Current clients include GE, Starwood Enterprises, Mass Mutual, banks, Ingersoll-Rand, a huge food company in the mid-west and others. My travel adventures take me to Cleveland and far off Sioux City, IA.

“Commercial Message: [we don't do commercial messages] If you have, or know someone who has a need for smart customer/consumer research and strategic planning, give me a call at 860-693-2362. Meanwhile, any '60s traveling in the area are always welcome.”

From Cai **Raiber**: “We have changed our internet address to caibarb@msn.com Hope you all get this. We are fine, in process of building a home in North Carolina which we'll move to later this year. Best to all. Cai and Barb”

This nice email from Andy **Paul**: “I read with modest pleasure John

Goyette's comment in the last newsletter. However I think he is being way too generous - John has been the one who has worked very hard over the years reaching out to all his classmates, and I admire him for that. He, **Ken Johansen** and I were



Goyette always smiling

roomie's our very first year, and they are the ones who somehow have kept the light on for many of us over the years. Anyway, thank you, John! P.S. to Tom **Kirby**: Glad to hear some jump stories. All the way, old buddy!” [And what of Jay **Emery** and his 400 jumps? He may be the nuttiest of them all.]

Gene **Kohn** kindly forwarded the following news from Jim **Pollard**: “.....As for retirement...not yet! I am co-pastor at the Williamsville United Methodist Church in Williamsville, NY (suburban Buffalo). We've actually been back in the Buffalo area since 1994, but I changed appointments in July 1999 to a church in the immediate area. It meant that Sally could keep her job at Christ United Methodist Church, and Chris did not have to change schools, and we could buy our own home. (We had been living in church-provided housing). I will be in the Williamsville appointment until I decide to retire, which could be several years away, since Chris will be a junior in high school this year. Next summer we begin the college search. This time we'll be looking for schools where he can play baseball - he'd like a Division I program, I'm sure. Dartmouth's really out of reach financially so we won't even look there.... in spite of the fact that the baseball team goes south during spring break, baseball when there's a late spring means a short season. I have a hunch we'll be looking to the south and midwest.

I have put the October gathering on my calendar, and plan to be there with Chris and Sally. We won't get there until very late Friday night....Whatever prompted the College to schedule Dartmouth Night so late in the autumn? I'm pleased that the Class Exec Committee made the decision for the October dates." Jim is at jmpump21@aol.com or 64 Charlestown Road, Amherst, NY 14226, home phone: 716/839-6548.

Finally, this memo from the College. Perhaps we should be thinking of a '60 candidate. Surely the Board could use some '60 wisdom, and there are any number of us I can think of who have plenty to contribute: "Susan Dentzer '77 will complete her final year as alumni trustee on the Dartmouth Board of Trustees in June 2003. Accordingly, this December, the Alumni Council's Nominating Committee will propose three trustee candidates for alumni approval. These individuals will participate in a national balloting contest in the spring of 2003, the winner of which will be presented to the Board as the alumni nominee.

The Nominating Committee is seeking candidates from the alumni body with the background, knowledge and experience to deal with the complex challenges facing Dartmouth. In this regard, the committee would like your help in gathering names to be considered for our next alumni trustee election. We would like to hear from you about any outstanding alumni you might like to nominate, along with an elaboration of their qualifications to serve as trustee.

The committee will hold several meetings this fall. We urge you to submit any names by August 31. The final deadline for submission of nominees is October 1, 2002. You may email them to the Nominating Committee in care of Patricia Fisher-Harris, associate director of alumni relations: Patricia.Fisher-Harris@dartmouth.edu."

Got something long and controversial to say, why not send it to the Class website as well as to your friendly Newsletter and Class Notes editors? We are working to make the website a good place for the exchange of ideas on any subjects that interest you. So if that lady you live with is bugging you to do something you don't want to do, and your blood

pressure is rising, and you need to blow off steam, write something interesting and send it to: <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/~classtlk/> If you can't find the ~, look at the top left corner of your keyboard.

And remember, whole forests are being harvested to produce those Green Cards you haven't been using. Scribble some news. Or email it. Send photos of you and your grands. Communicate! Happy Labour Day. dg

P.S. A last minute late August note from Steve "Waldo" Carroll, a wandering Texan seeking culture in Hanover: "Ran into Jack Patterson in early August in Hanover. Patsy (I should say Rafter Jack) was hiking the AT having started in March at the Southern terminus.



"Waldo" seeks deeper meaning.

Our meeting was memorable as it brought us each into the awareness of a serious deficiency in our Dartmouth education. Neither of us knows much at all about sexing chickens. Are we all alone or is this a more general condition?" So, Rafter Jack lives.

P.P.S. Keep an eye out for a coming Class mailing with plenty of details on 60's 65th, our birthday celebration next June 5-8 in Chicago.