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[WWW 4/8/12] Ah, Easter - and just like last year, we are having snow flurries in the Uppah Valley. Remember, back before global warming, when Easter meant spring, and spring meant bermuda shorts and t-shirts...? Remember rugby and lacrosse games in balmy weather, and dates in sleeveless cottons—on the golf course? Remember when it didn't rain during Commencement every June...? Me neither...

Time to tell you whazzaah with the class. Because **Harris** is so conscientious about posting timely Class Bulletins whenever news occurs between issues of WWW, we feel confident you are kept up to date with class/college activities throughout the year. So here are some little tidbits to fill your cranium with drivia (drivel + trivia). After the last WWW, **Vic Rich** sent a note to attest: "I have to re-read your emails 2-3 times just to comprehend what you are saying."

To which we replied: "...merely skimming over my deathless prose simply will not do—we want memorization. Quiz follows..."

Vic: "After they made you, they broke the mold; you are therefore unique!! Thank goodness you made it into the Class of 1961."

tc: "The way I heard it, my old man was too cheap to buy a mold; so I was sorta fashioned by hand—in the Special Ed Art Class... Which is likely how I made into '61: under the 'damaged goods' quota..."

How's that for starters...?

Lest Ye Forget. **Karin Jackson** submitted a few more fine fotoz from Reunion to remind you of the good times:

After the 50th festivities began to wane, we commenced a fledgling '61 Class Luncheon program, hoping to capitalize on the successes of other classes in The Uppah Valley. The college provided names/addresses of the 45 gents in NH&VT, for which we have about 35 e-mails. It's a little slow getting off the ground, but we have enjoyed some delightful monthly sessions at the Norwich Inn, with anywhere from 5-12



Superlative Chairfolk: Sandy & Maynard Wheeler.



LtoR; Dick Lodmill, Dick Noel, Pablo Gomez, Bob "Jobbly" Jackson, Dave Armstrong.



Paisan' Marrone & Karin Jackson



Men of Dartmouth, keep a watch . . .

dudes. If we ever get spring weather, and local golf courses open, we may be able to move down I-89 to catch those of you for whom the extra hour roundtrip north to Norwich presents a problem. Such a move would lengthen the drive of **Bill Mazeine**: “Thanks for taking the initiative re. '61 lunch gatherings and for continuing to ‘bug’ me. Marcia and I are currently in Abaco, Bahamas where we spend winters these days having become allergic to the cold, white stuff. We return to Ferrisburgh, VT in early April. I will make every effort to make the next lunch and look forward to re-acquainting.” This is not restricted to ‘61s living in the UV; any geographical area which has enough classmates to comprise a convivial group should try doing periodic lunches. No agenda necessary: just a chance to get together on common grounds and maintain the bonds.

Speaking of “spring weather,” we could not help but notice AWAD’s “Word of the Day” for December 28, 2011, was “duckboard—a boardwalk or slatted flooring laid on a wet, muddy, or cold surface—usually used in plural. The word ‘duckboard’ was created during the early 20th century to describe the boards or slats of wood laid down to provide safe footing for the soldiers of World War I across wet or muddy ground in trenches or camps. The original duckboards didn’t always work as intended though. According to one

soldier, duckboards came by their name because someone walking on wet duckboards was liable to slide off them much like water slides off a duck’s back. Today’s duckboards appear in all kinds of places—from marshes to the floors of saunas. The word ‘duck’ itself has been part of the English language since the days of Old English, when it had the form ‘dūce.’” Surely you all remember duckboards...

One of our reliable attendees at the ‘61 monthly luncheons is **Al Rozycki** (when he is not galavanting ‘round the girdled earth...). Back in January, while visiting his son in Abu Dhabi, Roz offered up: “Just some random musings after being here a few weeks in this extraordinarily modern city, coming across this camel and Bedouin, and reading this article about ‘celebrating the old while embracing the new.’ As I wander the streets, savor the coffee in cafes, and watch the world pass by, the myriad faces, dress, languages of a great world bazaar all come within my reach. Indians, Pakistanis, Filipinos, Germans, Afghanis, Dutch, English, French, Egyptians, Syrians, Tunisians, Moroccans, Colombians, Mexicans, Americans, Sri Lankans, Omanis, Kuwaitis, and then the people from the -stans, none of which I can recognize and decipher, but our driver Abdul Aziz (servant of ?) says he can. And the subsets of Pakistanis; the Pushtu, the subsets of the Indian continent; the Bengalis who sell the fish at the fish market, the Bangladeshis who clean the fish, the south Indians from Kerala who seem to make up a huge part of the nannies, service attendants, and drives, all speaking Malayalam, that on occasion sounds like a pidgin English. It makes me think of bedlam, but really is beginning to sound and look sort of musical.

And then there is the Bedouin guy sitting with a camel...



Where did he come from? 50 years ago in this area there was sand, no roads, no schools, no doctors, minimal water, no nothing except people like him. High mortality rate, starvation, no formal education, and most important, no oil. And then it all changed...the curse of oil. I think it is not this material desecration brought about by the riches that accompany the finding of oil, but the unrecognized moral degradation that has occurred with the loss of their culture.

I have a friend, Thomas Powers, who has encouraged me to 'go out into the desert.' I have, never staying too long because I find it forbidding. I've driven to the edge of the 'empty quarter.' As far as one can see, there is sand, a brownish-orange, fine-grained powder. Hottest it's been for me is 100 degrees—it gets up as high as 130! I understand there is beauty out there, especially at night. Not for my eyes to see.

I'll have to benefit from reading and looking at pictures to understand the lure of the desert."



Here's Roz (left) visiting ol' roomie **Harris McKee** in northwest Arkansas recently.

While in travel mode, let's focus on a couple of mini-reunion events which you need to make time for. Our annual fall mini in Hanover was originally the weekend of October 26-28, Homecoming/Harvard Game. However, the football kick-off is now slated for 5:00PM, and that wreaks havoc with our customary Saturday dinner at Sumner Mansion. So **Maynard** polled an informal committee of regular attendees, and the best alternative appears to be October 12-14, Sacred Heart game and "best fall color option." The advent of football under the lights in Hanover has presented a whole new look to fall reunions, and one which does not mesh with our class traditions. There are those who like night games, but a rather larger majority does not find favor with such a departure. Ex: **Gim Burton**—"I just don't understand this 'football under the lights' stuff anyway? Football was intended to be played on grass on Fall afternoons. Night football belongs to Texas high schools where it's too hot to play during the day. Let it stay there. If increased undergraduate attendance is the administration's objective, I would suggest improved performance on the football field might help. Last year was a good start, but we ain't there yet. Moreover, I'd like to see the business case that finds a few hundred additional undergrads at a game outweighs annoying and disappointing a few thousand alumni(ae). Oh well..." At any rate, we as a

class may be too far down the pike to be trying to institute new traditions in fall reunion schedules; we had a formula which worked, and it seems imprudent to be trashing that just because they now have lights at Memorial Field (primarily aimed at improving late season football practices). Please let us have your views. And don't forget: it gets chilly in Hanover after dark, esp. as bedtime looms for geezers...

In re. out of Hanover minis, Pres. **Denny Denniston** has set the next one for Mobile, Alabama, in time for the Azalea Festival at Bellingrath Gardens, early spring 2013. Another taste of the deep south—y'all c'mon down, y'hea?

Hank Gerfen sent a mid-February note to advise: "Have a mixed bag of news. Unfortunately, my lymphoma has made a reappearance, and I'm into another round of chemo. It's been 4 years already since the first go around. On the positive side, the doctor's think we can put the genie back in the bottle again. And the regimen I'm on is less onerous than the first time. No loss of hair, and the side affects generally have been mild. Some loss of energy, and a few achy muscles. Fortunately, I'm not sick, and still playing golf, fishing and generally misbehaving. Will have a follow up PET scan in April to see where we are. Hopefully, Obama and his health care bureaucrats won't consider me too old and decide I should just take the pain pills and go away.

On a more positive note, Maggie and I did some cruising with Silversea over the Christmas holidays in The Caribbean. In truth, however, we missed our snowy Wisconsin Christmas. I was real happy, though, to see that on the ship, it was all 'Merry Christmas.' I didn't hear a single mention of 'Happy Holidays' or a 'holiday tree.' Political correctness hadn't reached the ship. I've attached a picture to prove that Maggie and I can still be made presentable.



Incidentally, Mag and I have made plans to attend my 50th Tuck reunion in Oct. (17,18,19). It would be great to see you if we can arrange some kind of get together. We've got rooms reserved at the Inn. It'll be my first visit since '85."

How about some Green Cards? **Ron Boss:** "Congrats on your long-time love of putting together 'The Wild World' for the rest of the class to enjoy. A round of snaps are in order. FYI, one of the highlights of receiving my Honorary Degree was getting to sit by former Pres. Bush on stage at Reunion. No matter one's political leaning, he is a gentleman of the first order. Had fun discussing golf, tennis and fishing with him. Because of his beginning Parkinson's he cannot play golf or tennis anymore, but still loves to fish. When I mentioned I read his son's book, he asked what I thought? My answer was I had never focused on the \$45Billion Geo., Jr. got Congress to appropriate for AIDS work in Africa, and what a great service that has been. Jim Kim confirmed later to me that effort & leadership has been very important in combating AIDS in Africa (glad I read the book!). Contrary to Conan's remarks, it was just as cold & damp on stage as it was for 'you all' on the Green! But they did have blankets for 'us fat cats.'" **Sam Hughes:** "Have not done this for a long time. My wife & I were in Naples, FL over Christmas, so I decided to look up and visit **Stu Sheldon & Diana**—what a treat! They live on Useppa Island off Captiva—a paradise! One mile around, access only by boat, no cars,

beautiful homes, including theirs. He has an old big boat and a Whaler which is the transport from Useppa to the mainland, through the swamps & mangrove islands. No problem, until he told me he can't see out of his right eye. It's worth the trip to see them both—health OK—like mine: hanging in there . . .” **Tony Horan**: “My sister Honora gave me a catalogue raisonne for a sculpture exhibit of my great-grandfather’s work. ‘61s who pass through New York should visit the NY Historical Society this winter to see the show. Although he was from New England gentry, his father lost all his money so that he could not afford prep school much less college. He went to work in a hardware store at age 16. By 29 he was a nationally known sculptor of warm family groups mass-produced in plaster. Like **B. Beasley** he liked shop, but unlike him he was not college-bound.”

Of general interest, **Fritz Kern** submits this excerpt from columnist Arnold Ahlert: "One of the oldest economic maxims, 'if you subsidize something, you get more of it,' has created the next trillion dollar-plus bubble for which American taxpayers will be on the hook. The National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education discovered that published college tuition and fees increased 439 percent from 1982 to 2007, while median family income rose 147 percent. What is driving those costs? The idea that every high school graduate should attend college, and that government -- meaning taxpayers -- will guarantee loans made to those students...[A]s college tuition costs increase, the government makes more funding available to students to pay for them. The more funding available -- guaranteed by the taxpayers, so that colleges never face the possibility of a loan default -- the more they can raise their tuition costs without ever having to worry about getting stiffed...If college tuition, aided and abetted by government subsidies, continues to almost triple relative to family income, at some point the amount of debt incurred to obtain a

college degree will surpass the additional income one may derive from it. Considering that any attempt to rein in government's role in facilitating these runaway costs is inevitably characterized as 'depriving needy students of critically needed funds,' the trend is likely to continue. Or at least it will until the bubble pops, exactly like the government-abetted housing bubble did. Are Americans ready for another trillion dollar bailout precipitated by irresponsible government?" Likewise, **Judy Miller (Fatz's widow)** just read in *LA Times* that "Animal House" is being developed into a stage musical. "Animal House: The Musical" will feature an original score by the band Bare-naked Ladies. Whoda thunk it? Isn't Bare-naked Ladies just about as old as The Grateful Dead—or at least Your Father's Mustache...? Speaking of YFM, that venerable banjo band played a performance at the Lebanon Opera House on March 25 to benefit Dartmouth Hitchcock hospital. A featured performer was, of course, our own **Gim Burton** (with bride Eileen doing yeoman stagehand duties). Thereby proving that what worked in the Roaring Twenties last century is still valid as we approach the 21st century's Roaring Twenties. Or something...



The New Generation

We've lost some solid '61s since Reunion, and this sad trend will, inevitably continue; those closest to the undersigned include **Terry Ortwein**, our Gile Hall roommate **Jim White**, **Marv London**, and class inspiration **Paul "Pete" Synnott**. **John Adams** attended the Celebration of Life on Dec. 19 for Marv, his Richardson Hall

roommate from 1959-'61. Jim White's family keeps a log of posts from old friends and students at the memorial site <http://jimwhitememorial.wordpress.com/>; Whiteys' widow Elena is our other roomie **Art Bookstrom's** sister. There will be a brief interlude to remember Pete Synnott at our fall mini during October 13 weekend; here is a neat photo from Joan & **Ron Wybranowski** depicting "Snot" and Terry Ortwein in better times:



(LtoR): Terry, Snot.

Since we began this opus with *drivia*, symmetry demands we close with same. This excerpt from the daily internet feature *DelanceyPlace.com* should give us all a little perspective on the past half-century:

In today's excerpt - culturally, on the evening before President John F. Kennedy's assassination, America was an astonishingly monolithic country when compared to today:

On this Thursday, November 21, television's prime-time lineup included *The Flintstones*, *The Donna Reed Show*, *My Three Sons*, *Perry Mason*, and *The Perry Como Show*, but it was the fourteenth-rated show, *Dr. Kildare*, that made *Time* magazine's recommended viewing. The story that week involved a pregnant unmarried teen who had gotten an abortion. She was so psychologically shattered by the experience that even Dr. Kildare couldn't help. He had to

refer her to a psychiatrist in another CBS program, *The Eleventh Hour*, for an episode that would air a week later. ...

"[With its new anchor, Walter Cronkite], CBS might have been number two in evening news, but it was number one in prime-time programming. The Nielsen ratings that week placed eight CBS programs in the top ten, led by *The Beverly Hillbillies* with a rating of 34.9, meaning that 34.9 percent of all American homes with a television set were watching it. Since 93 percent of American homes had a television set by 1963, the upshot was that the same program was being watched in almost a third of all the homes in the United States. Those same staggering numbers went deep into the lineup. All of the top thirty-one shows had ratings of at least 20. By way of comparison, the number one show in the 2009-10 season, *American Idol*, considered to be a gigantic hit, had a rating of 9.1.

"The explanation for the ratings of 1963 is simple: There wasn't much choice. Most major cities had only four channels (CBS, NBC, ABC, and a nonprofit station of some sort) at most. People in some markets had access to just one channel - the monopoly in Austin, Texas, where the lone station was owned by Lady Bird Johnson, was the most notorious example.

"The limited choices in television viewing were just one example of something that would come as a surprise to a child of the twenty-first century transported back to 1963: the lack of all sorts of variety, and a simplicity that now seems almost quaint.

"Popular music consisted of a single Top 40 list, with rock, country, folk, and a fair number of Fifties-style ballads lumped together. No separate stations specializing in different genres, except for country music stations in a few parts of the nation. Except in university towns and the very largest cities, bookstores were small and scarce, usually carrying only a few hundred titles. No

Amazon. If you didn't see a movie during the week or two it was showing in your town, you would probably never see it. No DVDs. With television, you either saw a show the night it played or waited until it was repeated once during the summer. No TiVo.

"People drove cars made in the United States. Foreign cars from Europe were expensive and rare. Cars from Japan had just been introduced in 1963, but had not been greeted with enthusiasm - 'made in Japan' was synonymous with products that were cheap and shoddy. You might see an occasional sports car on the road - Ford's Thunderbird or Chevrolet's Corvette - but the vast majority of customers chose among sedans, convertibles, and station wagons made by General Motors, Ford, or Chrysler.

"The typical American city of 1963 had appallingly little choice in things to eat. In a large city, you would be able to find a few restaurants serving Americanized Chinese food, a few Italian restaurants serving spaghetti and pizza, and a few restaurants with a French name, which probably meant that they had French onion soup on the menu. But if you were looking for a nice little Szechuan dish or linguine with pesto or sauteed foie gras, forget it. A Thai curry? The first Thai restaurant in the entire nation wouldn't open for another eight years. Sushi? Raw fish? Are you kidding?"

Cannot say enough good things about today's Rugby Club. Here is a report from Will Gray '59, via Hartley Paul '59, on the National Championship fete in NYC in February: "The 2/3/12 event at the NYAC in celebration of last June's National 7s Championship was terrific. I'm guessing that about 300 rugger alumni and guests were there, and the College's gestures of thanks and friendship in the direction of the DRFC were impressive.

With an open bar and sit-down beef tenderloin dinner, it had to have been an expensive tab for the College. At the very

start of the dinner a video prepared by the College was played on two big screens at both ends of the large dining hall. It contained a historical recap of the DRFC, including some shots/footage of play/players from our era. It also included an address from President Jim Kim that yet again showed his enthusiasm for Dartmouth athletics, and he specifically mentioned the College's gratitude for the long-time accomplishments of the Rugby Club. Harry Sheehy, the newish Athletic Director, was the main speaker, and he continues to impress me with his abundant, and clearly genuine, enthusiasm for Dartmouth, Dartmouth athletics/athletes, and Dartmouth Rugby. In recognition of the DRFC's 60+ years of spectacular achievements, highlighted by its stirring National Sevens Championship in 2011, he announced three new assists for Dartmouth Rugby: (1) all future home and away rugby matches during the Spring season will have an official trainer present; (2) additional financial aid will be found to help with annual recruiting; and (3) additional compensation will be found for Head Coaches Alex Magelby '00 Alex Magleby '00 and Debra Archambault '85.

In attendance from our era were Bob Woodberry '54, Bob Downey '58, Will Gray '59, Dick Liesching '59, Bob Phillips '60, Tom Conger '61, Rich Barber '62, Oliver Larmi '62, and Brock Saxe '62. It was nice to see a good number of alums finding their way to say hello to the legendary Dick Liesching (aka "Sir Richard of Rugby," the "Father of Dartmouth Rugby"). Dan Kenslea '75, Head Governor of the DRFC, also spoke, and in his comments he kindly pointed out that Dick Liesching—and other important "ancient/foundation" ruggers—were present." [Th-th-that's us, folks...!]

Lets' call it a wrap. Make plans to be in Hanover come fall, and Mobile next spring.

Aloha,
tc