



August 2012

DARTMOUTH'S IN TOWN AGAIN - RUN GIRLS RUN

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[*WWW - August '12*] Is summah rushing by fast enough for ya? Well, very few of us are getting our kids ready for Back-to-School these days . . . Here in the Uppah Valley we are enduring the oxymoron of torrential rains coupled with water restrictions—makes one think of the ol' Peoples Republic of Hawayah, where common sense never really got a toehold . . .

Are you receiving your WWW electronically—much faster, thorough, and with more photos—in color? CNN.com reports that one in five US adults do not use the internet at all. "Why? Mostly they're just not interested—not in the Web, e-mail, YouTube, Facebook or anything else that happens online. 'Among current non-internet users, almost half (48%) say the main reason they don't go online now is because they don't think the internet is relevant to them—often saying they don't want to use the internet and don't need to use it to get the information they want or conduct the communication they want,' said the report.

[*"Who are these neo-Luddites?"*]

"Mostly they're older—59% of U.S. seniors don't go online."

Does this describe you? Are you proud? Embarrassed? Don't care either way...? Just askin'.

[*The online version of WWW remains vastly superior to the hard copy - and saves a buncha postage . . .*]

Back to our main theme, trust many of you have seen the e-mail "Should I really join Facebook?", to wit, "...one of my grandkids hooked me up for Tweeter, Tweetree, Twhirl, Twitterfon, Tweetie and Twitterific Tweetdeck, Twitpix and something that sends every message to my cell phone and every other program within the texting world. My phone was beeping every three minutes with the details of everything except the bowel movements of the entire next generation. I am not ready to live like this. I keep my cell phone in the garage in my golf bag...To be perfectly frank, I am still trying to learn how to use the cordless phones in our house. We have had them for 4 years, but I still haven't figured out how I can lose three phones all at once and have to run around digging under chair cushions and checking bathrooms and the dirty laundry baskets when the phone rings...We senior citizens don't

need any more gadgets. The tv remote and the garage door remote are about all we can handle." To which **David Birney** appends the Borowitz Report's bit on Facebook ("For years, you've wasted your time on Facebook. Now here's your chance to waste your money on it, too.") Birney: "I'm buying one share to burn."

Old-timers who haven't joined the internet set may prefer to read a book. The April 13 *Wall Street Journal* did a nice review of Matty Simmons's ***Fat, Drunk, and Stupid***—the making of the movie "Animal House." Lest ye though the Nat'l Lampoon's phenom had faded from vogue.

Other memorabilia of possible interest: A thorough search by **Maynard Wheeler** and the undersigned failed to uncover a contemporary haberdasher who produces a suitable Dartmouth Green blazer. So we turned to less traditional sources, and may have lucked out: Red Brick Clothing of Hudson, NH, does the school blazers for Cardigan Mountain School, a very close facsimile. They run about \$80 each, plus shipping & handling; contact <RedBrickClothing.com> (603/882-7474)—if you get Jerry, drop tc's name.

Ken DeHaven checked in w/some ancient history as well: I am sitting in the Newark Airport waiting for a connecting flight to Washington DC, and was astonished to hear an announcement saying "last call for Honolulu"!

My initial thought was "wow, that is a long haul non-stop".

But then I started reminiscing of my dream summer all those years ago, staying with your family (across the street from Ozzie and Harriet and the boys), losing my supposedly indestructible surfing suit at Sandy Beach, repeatedly crashing into the sand trying to ride the sand-surfing board (and never successfully reaching the water), hanging out with you and your Punahou friends doing football drills and playing pickup "touch" games... and so, so much much more.

That was when I realized that today's airport happening was somehow anything but random. Here's to Honolulu 1959!

Staying in the past, **Dave Prewitt** submits a photo of '61 hockey captain **Bob "Rocket" Moore**, skating again at Culver Military Academy '1957's 55th reunion:



Rocket wearing "bucket" . . .

Not to be outdone, ol' puckster **Dick Spencer** reports: "Nancy and had a nice vacation in Palm Springs this past winter. Had a good time with **Duane Cox** catching up on things. We also had a couple of nice dinners with [Rocket's linemate] **Jake Haertl**, and Shirley Durbin. Jake and I played golf at his Indian Wells CC which is a great place to play and very scenic. Also had a facial and facial massage from Shirley which I found very relaxing."

Let's close this nostalgia-fest with a remembrance of fine Uppah Valley dining of yore:

Chez Richard

Back in the late Fifties and early Sixties, the diligent students at Dartmouth studied—we called it "booking." Most of our '61 Phi Gam "dirty dozen" didn't book; many of us did our assignments, but long hours spent in Baker basement, poring over the dry prose of dreary textbooks, lecture notes, and—yes—crib notes from fraternity "academic resources" files, were not our style. I guess **Schlachtenhaufen** did his share of booking, considering his Tuck-Thayer load, **Black Jack Babson** had to as well with his pre-med curriculum, and **George Breed** wrestled with Thayer's engineering

agenda; **Connie Persels** went somewhere every night, but Porkchop and I never asked where. The rest of us did our assignments—for the most part.

Thus it was that, after the last bells had rung from Baker Tower, the keg had kicked, and the night drew quiet, our merry band of pranksters was usually found in our rooms, or visiting with brothers down the hall. 'Twas then that the Fisher of Men—one **Anthony J. Oestreicher**, aka Porkchop—got the hungries. He would steal out of his aerie on the top floor of the stately Phi Gam house, and methodically circulate around the rooms of fellow '61s, fishing for company on his nocturnal drive to White Rivah Junction for midnight sustenance. The easy marks were **J.J. "Rat" Zinn** (if he wasn't in Kemeny's secret computer lab somewhere in the bowels of an unnamed science building), **Jack "Beaver" Kinderdine**, myself, and **F.J. "Duck" Eicke** (before he returned after Christmas with new bride Kathy). Eager substitutes were Gentleman **Brock Kier** '62 and/or **Dave "Crab" Duncan** '62. That made for a full load in Chop's '55 Ford sedan.

Dining options in Hanover in those simpler times were sparse. There was no pizza to be had in the Uppah Valley, to my knowledge, and asian food never got any farther north than Taylor St. in Boston. Besides Lou's and the Beefeater (fka the Indian Bowl, fka the Calumet), Main Street offered the Inn Dining Room. At the end of an alley behind C&G was Hal's ("ice-a-fudge"), and down south of town was the Green Lantern (Green Latrine) which served waffles on Sunday mornings. Landers Restaurant (Lebanese cuisine) was in Leb, which required a drive, as did Wilder Grill in Wildah, the Four Aces in West Leb, and cavernous Ponz's in White River Junction. And those old standbys all closed long before midnight. Thus our main resource for late-night chow was Dick's Diner in White Rivah.

Architecturally, there was nothing about Dick's to set it apart from so many diners across the country which had sprung up after WWII: it was, plain and simple, an

old rail car—perhaps a troop train, judging from its olive-drab exterior. Inside, concessions had been made to convert it into cooking/dining function—along one wall were booths, separated by an aisle from a short-order grill and service counter which extended about halfway down the other wall, then giving way to booths.

True to greasy-spoon code, Dick's maintained an aura of mild squalor, the floors grimy (especially after a long day's service), stainless utensils and institutional china not always perfectly pristine, and tabletops bearing an unctuous residual accumulation from the tired dishrags with which they were wiped. The ever-present proprietor/chef, Mr. Richard Packard, was a match for his establishment's decor and maintenance, wearing a soiled and droopy apron and matching soda-jerk hat perched on his curls. I don't remember his specific facial features, as he spent the majority of his time bent over the grill once we arrived, but seem to recall a tired, resigned aspect to his cafe-au-lait countenance. Likewise, he wasn't much for repartee, being busy as the head fry-cook, waiter, and busboy at our accustomed late hour. Suffice it to say he was accommodating on a regular basis, and never led us to feel unwelcome.

Due to the overall appearance of the tiny tarnished bistro, it was inevitable that clever Dartmouth lads would dub the establishment "Dirty Dick's." Some time during our senior year Dick broke his arm, or wrist, and wore a plaster cast which extended from elbow to the end of his palm, leaving the fingers free. And in time the cast itself became as dirty as Dick's apron and cap. Which did not in any way stay him from his appointed duties as fry-cook; to see him scoop up spuds from his supply bin with the smudgy cast hand may have led more timid diners to pass on the home-fries. But we Fijis were hungry patrons, perhaps a little less than finicky—depending on how many kegs had kicked before we piled into Chop's Ford and headed for Chez Richard.

The normal order was: "Drop two on english, home fries, and coffee," but adventurous souls at times called for the western omelette—sometimes called a "Denver"—also accompanied by home fries. And a plethora of ketchup . . . At the late hour of our visits, we were not an imaginative corps of discriminating epicures—the byword was volume, and quick delivery. Further, there was the occasional nocturnal voyager whose pre-prandial potation foreordained a lapse into the arms of morpheus e'en prior to Dick's prompt arrival with the selected fare. The rest of us usually consumed the sleeper's order, and/or tucked the home fries into his shirt pocket—with that plethora of ketchup . . .

Individual forays into the dark sacred night to dine at Chez Richard have pretty much blurred into a single fond memory of general satisfaction, and Dick's Diner has disappeared from the "new improved" White Rivah commercial complex. But one particular soiree doth stay in the memory.

Here is Duck's recall of the proceedings:

"Twas the Spring of 1961, and the Phi Gam mob was nearing the end of our undergraduate idylls. A fraternity tradition known as the Norris Pig Dinner was observed each spring. In classic ignorance of the mystics of the National brotherhood, few Hanover Gams knew why we had a Norris Pig Dinner, nor who Norris might have been, but, after all, this was Dartmouth, and we loved traditions—even when we did not comprehend them.

The dinner commenced at the Hanover Inn, attended by the chapter as a whole, and was followed by a ceremonious picking of the suckling pig which lay in state at the head table. As brother after brother took license with loin meat, tender and juicy as the newborn suckling pig it was, what remained was the carcass—with a fine set of ribs—but no meat of consequence left. So a secret pact was made to bury the pig. With ceremony. But where?

The back yard of the Fiji house now adjoined the new NET&T Switching Center (dial telephones finally reached Hanovah...!), and across the street was the Episcopal Church, regularly pelted with empty beer containers by the neighboring Theta Deltas. The best option appeared to be the broad and bordering Connecticut River.

Having partaken of pre-Norris Dinner libations, more during the meal, and a few post-prandial jolts, Porkchop and I—with pig cadaver—departed in the Grey Turtle (my '47 Chevy coupe), first to pick up Mrs. Duck who was ending her shift at Mary Hitchcock Hospital, at half-past eleven. This being 1961, she was appropriately attired in formal nurse's whites and shoes (not the scrubs & sneakers ubiquitously worn by nursing staffs today) and, surely with a sense of foreboding, she agreed to accompany the two waxed brothers to the river (undoubtedly to make sure her husband of recent got home safely). From the New Hampshire side, which offered some actual parking (we could still see OK, and maintained some sense of safety), we carried the pig, on the silver platter it had occupied at the head table, to the center of the bridge, the chilling water of the Connecticut flowing below. After prayers, and thanks for helping us celebrate what we had done but did not know why, Chop invoked from memory a long and lyrical passage by Chaucer, ceremoniously released the remains to the water, and we stood there in silence—Kathy, Chop and Duck—knowing that this event would live on as a memory of Dartmouth and Phi Gam for years to come. Then it was off to Dirty Dick's for a post-midnight repast

Every return to Hanover now inevitably takes us over that very same bridge, to relive the memory of that night, and to wonder: what ate the pig remains? Were there ravenous denizens lurking the dark relentless current—or did the porker just disintegrate in the cold flowing water? One will never know—but there is the vivid recollection: of Hanover, of Phi Gam, of Norris piglets, the Connecticut Rivah, Dick's Diner, and the

inimitable and unforgettable Porkchop, fisher of men."

Announcements:

This Summer Pangolin London will host the first major solo show in Europe by acclaimed American sculptor Bruce Beasley. Known for his astounding sculptures, Beasley's cubic structures as much explore the simple beauty of shape as they do mass and geometry.



Tower of Silence II

"Nature arrives at this perfect point between change and stillness, between form that is evolving and form that is complete; nature does this most easily and with rare mistakes. Nature remains the ideal guide and the great resource; without it, there is no warmth, no heart and I insist that my work have both." Bruce Beasley

Pangolin London are proud to present this representative selection of **Bruce Beasley's** later work and as a result of their commitment and valued relationship with the artist they will also be including a special limited edition work that is exclusive to Pangolin and recently cast at

the affiliated foundry Pangolin Editions. A fully illustrated catalogue and hardback publication will also accompany the exhibition.

27th june - 1st september 2012

Open Tues - Saturday 10am-6pm

www.pangolinlondon.com

Presumably those of you in London for the Olympics were able to catch Bruce's showing—and those who are going later this summah will surely stop by.

If you are not in Ol' Blighty, perhaps you might drop in at:



"Zoroaster Isolated" 2012 30"x40" Oil/Canvas

PETER HOLBROOK

paintings from the

COLORADO PLATEAU

MORRIS GRAVES MUSEUM OF ART
636 F STREET EUREKA, CA
AUGUST 3 TO SEPTEMBER 9, 2012

Artist's talk in the museum's Anderson
Gallery - Sunday, August 26, 2PM
Museum hours Wednesday - Sunday Noon - 5

[*Absolutely worth your while—ed.*]

Folks stuck in the Uppah Valley will surely want to join the fun at the monthly '61 lunches. This fledgling program has survived its first year, and we hope to grow attendance in coming months. We have not made a conscious effort to stage set programs at these informal gatherings, but certain themes are regularly aired: geriatrics, illness, medications, hearing aid technology, weathah, investment strategy, lack thereof, the presidential campaign, the Dartmouth

presidency, sex, lack thereof, and/or parking in Hanovah town. Last session we were serenaded by the inimitable **Ford Daley** who selected a program of ditties, most of which featured the word "Old" in their title. Whatcha gonna do...?



Fool and Ford

Dave Prewitt reveals the details of next April's min:

Dartmouth Class of '61 Mini Reunion

2013 — Charleston, SC

April 14-17, 2013

Highlights:

Hotel: The Mills House Hotel— Built in 1853 and home to Gen Robert E Lee during the buildup to the Civil War, included on Conde Nast's "Gold List of the World's Best Hotels," is in the center of the historic district, so a car will not be needed. There's even a swimming pool for those escaping the northeast mud season . . .

- We have reserved 50 rooms for our Class at a special room rate of \$179 per nite (add 13.5% for taxes)

- Rooms must be reserved on an individual basis by calling 843/577-2400 before March 15, 2013 and mentioning “Dartmouth Class of ’61 Reunion” and providing a credit card number. There is a 48-hour cancellation policy prior to arrival to prevent a one-night’s charge .
- Check it out www.millshouse.com

Opening welcome reception: on the hotel’s outdoor patio, and then dine on Low Country cuisine.

Guided historic tours of Charleston – the next morning our walking tour will be preceded by a talk by a historian .

Afternoons free to allow visits to other Charleston attractions such as the USS Yorktown at Patriot’s Point and the Confederate Museum. **Boat cruise** of the Charleston harbor with a visit to Ft Sumter, where the Civil War (“that unpleasantness up Nawth”) began

Cocktail Reception and dinner: at the historic Hibernian Hall - adjacent to the Mills House Hotel .

Visit the the **Charleston Aquarium** and much, much more

Anticipated cost per person: \$475 including a catered dinner with cocktails/social hour each night, all breakfasts and transportation.

Fall Mini-Reunion Reminder (Sacred Heart football + Hop 50th)

Our Fall Mini-Reunion October 12 - 14 is approaching fast. This year it will coincide with the full weekend celebration of the HOP’s 50th Anniversary. Go to the HOP web site for details

(<http://hop.dartmouth.edu/calendar/50th-anniversary-celebration>).

We will have cocktails and dinner at the newly renovated Hanover Inn Friday night early so that those who want to can attend the 7:30 event at the HOP. Send \$35/person with your Registration form to Maynard. At 9 PM there is an Outdoor Projection extravaganza by Ross Ashton along the lines of his projection onto Buckingham Palace during the Queen's Diamond Jubilee! The rest of the schedule is similar to prior years:

Day	Time	Event
FRI	11:00 AM	BYO picnic lunch at the Baum Conservation Area in Enfield
	5:00 PM	Cocktails and Dinner at the Hanover Inn
SAT	10:00 AM	Presentations from the students we support
	12:00 PM	Bag Lunch and Conversation
	1:30 PM	Sacred Heart Football Game Robert Frost libation and celebration of the life of Pete Synnott
	6:30 PM	Cocktails and Dinner at the Sumner Mansion in Hartland VT
SUN	9:00 AM	Brunch at the Hanover Inn

Lodging: The rooms are all taken at the Sumner Mansion by our classmates. See below for information about the Dartmouth Discount at the Hampton Inn.

Please register

http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/Registration_Fall_2012_Rev-1.pdf as soon as possible but no later than October 1 so that we will have the space we need.

Noose from the class:



LtoR:Steve Dale, Larry Gleeson, Barc Corbus w/Mt. Fuji in background.

Larry Gleeson: I fondly recall our days as English majors on the Hanover plane. **Barc Corbus**, Fran & **Steve Dale** visited me over the past weekend. For several years **Dutton** and Caroline **Foster** have dropped by.

Alan Rozycki: "Wish I hadn't felt so rushed at yesterday's outing at Eastman. Again,

thanks for doing all you do to keep it going. I didn't get lost in Eastman on the way out, but oh what a mess thereafter. The GPS took me on old Rte 10 to Mud Pond Road, which then turned dirt, but pretty well traveled, then came a sign saying, "not maintained by the town of Grantham". Still looked pretty good, and being, which in this case, means foolhardy, I kept going....until the road dead-ended at a house that had so much stuff strewn over the yard I though I'd been diverted to Appalachia.....and no passable road thereafter. So, turn around, all the time the f.....g GPS saying, "recalculating, recalculating" and then turned, at Whaleback, onto Methodist Hill Road---perfect....I knew it went into Rte 120 about 5 minutes at most from KUA. By then I was 10 minutes late, so decided to drive a bit faster than was wise, smart, reasonable, whatever adjective, you get the idea. No crash, thank goodness, but in coming over the crest of a rather steep hill to climb, why they call it "Methodist" Hill I can only surmise, I decided, since the '95 Subaru had lost its brakes twice in the not too distant past, and since it was a stick shift, and since I was a wise, experienced driver, I'd decelerate by downshifting, certainly a reasonable approach, or so it seemed.

Going from 5th to 4th gear was the next step, except my car has tended to jump out of 4th, something to which I have not paid attention, so I went right to 3rd; well, the loud "BANG" from somewhere under the car told me this was NOT a smart move, but what the hell, the car was still moving downhill, and there were no crunching or other bad sounds, so I kept downshifting to 2nd and there was 120. I stopped at the stop sign, saw no cars coming either way, shifted into first and went to make my left turn onto Rte 120...no movement. Needless to say, none in 2nd, 3rd, or 5th (I even tried 4th this time). Same result. I didn't try to put it into reverse, since I could roll backwards to a nice place. Stop the car, call my granddaughter and tell her to get to her appt some other way, and I called AAA. What a marvelous organization. Had a tow truck there in 45

minutes, called me back thrice (to be honest, texted me) and it turns out that the tow truck driver was I kid I took care of (along with his brothers) and we had a grand time catching up on all the "Lebbies" I had taken care of and what they were doing, including recently getting out of jail! Anyway, was it worth the \$1000.00 to replace the clutch...not sure, but being Polish, I told them to go ahead with it.

The experience will grow in the retelling and a good story is worth a heck of a lot more than the bucks..."

So who sez life in the UV isn't full & rich...?

[Roz's frosh & soph roomie, **HB McKee**, PhD, adds: . . . Most '61s don't spend much time looking at the class website, <http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/>. Recognizing this, your webmaster has tried to provide some features so that you can be really efficient when you do look at the website.

First, at the top of the home page is a section that begins "**Latest Changes**." This listing is in Last-in-First-shown order. So check this out; if there is something that is new since your last look, click on the new item and check it out.

We also have listings down the center of the page for current events. We've kept up the 50th Reunion links because that was such a great celebration but just below the 50th are the forthcoming mini-reunion links. Next comes the link to the Class of 61 Legacy of the Arts.

You can browse around the site for the other good stuff that includes classmate successes including art but one spot increasingly dear to us all is the **In Memoriam** link in the left hand column. We have been able to post obituaries for all our departed brothers.

Finally, if you have problems navigating the website, don't hesitate to send an email to the webmaster, Harris McKee]

Ron Wybranowski: Jake Gillespie and I ran into each other at a North Andover High School - Masconomet HS girls lacrosse game. Erin Kelley, my granddaughter, plays for North Andover and Kathleen Gillespie, his granddaughter, plays for Masco.



L to R: Ancient Dentmen Wybo, Jake.

Coincidentally, they've known each other for a few years... although they did not know that Jake and I played lacrosse together while at Dartmouth. In addition, they guard one another and often go head to head. Good thing the girls lacrosse game is a bit more gentle than the boys. Jake has lots of family in the area, and he is up here several times a year.

Agent **David Haven Blake**, wrapping up this year's DCF appeal, heaps praises: "You guys are amazing. At a time when the world seems to be going to pot with new uncertainties coming forward every day and old ones seemingly getting worse, you have done a terrific job in seeking support from your classmates. As of right now, 51% of your prospects have given to the Dartmouth Alumni Fund...Truly remarkable."

All of you are hustling away doing really good work in connecting with our classmates. That connection **IS important** for us as individuals and for all of us as an enterprise. My Mom is 97 years old and deep into Alzheimer's, so I have read a lot about the disease and aging. In addition to exercise of mind and body, the

prevailing view is that social interaction and connection are really important as we grow older. I noted at both last year's reunion and then again this year that there is a real pleasure and satisfaction experienced by many of our classmates, even those we did not know well or at all, as we make the Dartmouth connection. We don't usually talk about the good old Dartmouth days, but rather it is more about "how each other has been and is doing." We are kind of extending a trusted hand of understanding and almost endemic friendship. These are good things and worth keeping alive as they really are meaningful.

So, let me thank each of you for extending yourself on behalf of the College community – really it is our 1961 community. If there are prospects you have not been able to reach, please try to do so once or twice more in the nine days remaining [in June]. Most of the time, even those who are not able to make a gift to Dartmouth will be grateful that you reached out and touched them. That counts."

Well said, ol' friend. At final count, the class had raised over \$451,000 (188% of goal), thereby earning the Andrew J. Scarlett '10 Award for greatest increase in \$ from a non-reunion class. Goodonya, gents.



L to R: Bones Gate relics McLaughlin, E.F. Kern, Jr/Sr

Fritz Kern reports from PacNW: During our roadtrip to Oregon to see our grandson graduate from college (with honors, I proudly add !!), Janis and I stopped in Bend to visit my D'mouth roommate of 3 years, **Tom McLaughlin**. Tom's wife, Sonya, couldn't be there because she was busy competing on a local golf course. He's still taller than I am . . . and much healthier looking (Oregon living is so much more wholesome). It was a brief coffee & Danish stop, but a wonderful reunion nevertheless.



What BP Oil Spill...? LtoR: Duck Eicke, PhD, #1 grandson Nicholas, eldest daughter Karyn, and "a mess o' fish" . . .

Capt. F.J. Duck Eicke checks in from the Gulf Coast: "Charter boat *Lady D* headed out some 30 miles from Orange Beach, AL, with 16 family on board. Caught the 3 Wahoo (biggest in the 40#s) and 2 Kings trolling on the way out and in. The red snapper numbered 32 - a full bag limit - and averaged about 10# per. We fried a bag of mostly vermilion snapper Sunday - the kids like fried best. We have frozen red snapper to grill or sautee.

Wahoo got wrapped in aluminum foil, pasted with olive oil, parsley, green onions, a little garlic and pepper - put on outside grill for no more than 10-15 minutes. Big Wahoo was in filets and were great. also had steaks - like horseshoes - some bones but really good as well. Have a few pieces

left that Kathy will turn into Wahoo salad with eggs, onion, and a few spices. Had never had Wahoo before - assume you have. Shrimp are coming in good - \$2.50/# off the boats - caught the night before."

John Schlachtenhaufen, in response to an *Information Age* article, "Who Really Invented the Internet?" (hint: not Al Gore...): "Sad to say, I was in Corporate Marketing for Xerox at precisely the time that all this was going on. Xerox Parc was run by two guys I knew very well and invented the ethernet, the mouse, and the star, an early version of the Mac. Trying to get a copier company to commercialize these ideas was totally stymied by prodigious ROI requirements such that it became impossible. What a tragedy! If only Obama had been in charge, we would all have lived happily ever after." [Uhh, whatever . . . ed.]

Green Cards!

Alex "Axle" Burgin <burgin-enterprises@sbcglobal.net> : "Five children, ages 53, 52, 50, 48 & 47. Five grandchildren, ages 28, 21, 19, 17 & 16. One great grandson, age 4. I am semi-retired and still miss playing & coaching rugby around the midwest. Everyday is a new adventure. My only remaining [indulgence] is long distance motorcycling. Regards to all." [a well-considered retirement from siring kids . . . ed.]

Robert "Jobbly" Jackson

<RBJCPA@gmail.com> : "Karin & I had a nice visit with **Dave & Linda Armstrong** in early April (Boynton Beach, FL). It is too damn hot for this Mainah, so guess we'll shovel snow for the future. Quick trip to KUA (May) - stayed at Horne Hill in Plainfield. Was too quick for visits but spring looked great. We also re-filled the maple syrup supply! Stay healthy!"

Tony Horan: "The big news here is the graduation of the son of my second marriage from the College of Arts & Sciences at U. Penn. U. Penn was founded in 1740 by benjamin Franklin with a more vocational slant than the other [Ivies]. Yale, harvard, dartmouth were founded to turn out Congregational ministers. Franklin had contempt for their product. Our Frank majored in International Relation [sic] + 4 years of Chinese language. He will be studying for the Foreign Service Exam like **S.Bosworth**."

Mel Gitchel piggy-backed on the announcement of "Eclectic Images ~ Archival Prints by Ben &

Mel Gitchel" @Court Street Arts at Alumni Hall in Haverhill, NH, Ben's first-ever "green card": In short, **Ben** was born in Morrilton, AR, received BA from Dartmouth, and MA from Tulane, also attended U.of Salamanca in Spain. He studied under Prof. Laines-Alcalá (El Greco curator at the Prado in Madrid), American Paul Sample, and has been influenced by Chinese artists of the Yuan Dynasty (1260-1368). Having lived in New York's East Village, he was advised by artists Geo. Braque, Irving Marantz, Michael Lekakis and Ngoot Lee, then realized his next step in art would be to "make everything something," resulting in a significant change in style. He has exhibited in NYC, New Jersey, Texas, Vermont and New Hampshire, and works are owned by private collectors in NY, TX, TN, CA, NM, VT, NH, and Argentina. Mel was born on Eastern Long Island, attended UVM and Lebanon College, and has had work in Magazines, newspapers and galleries. In the '80s she contributed features, poetry, fiction & photos to *The Valley News* in Lebanon, NH. In June she received the inaugural 2012 Cornelia Rahmelow photography prize from AVA Gallery & Art Center's Nineteenth Annual Juried Exhibition for her photo giclee titled "The Captain & Marion." She & Ben live in Piermont, NH. The Exhibit in Haverhill runs from Aug. 11-31. (she wrote her comments using the commemorative '61 50th Reunion Cross pen, which she loves)

News from 'Round the Girdled Earth:

A recent *Valley News* article noted that the Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse complies with Title IX strictures in that it is designated for Women's Teams (?). That rumbling sound you hear is Corey turning over in his sepulchre, and the shouts of protest are from the Men's Rugby Sevens National Champions from the past two consecutive years. *[face it, fellas - even if the ladies didn't rule the roost, the mainstream media would report it thus . . . ed.]* A fun read is '78 Rick Spier's *The Legend of Shane the Piper*, available at <www.rickspierbooks.com>; perhaps not a chronicle of the Dartmouth of our ancient day, but a familiar setting nonetheless.

Then there's this:

Wellesley High English teacher David McCullough Jr. told graduates "You are not special. You are not exceptional," quoting empirical evidence: "Across the country no fewer than 3.2 million seniors are graduating about now

from more than 37,000 high schools. That's 37,000 valedictorians ... 37,000 class presidents ... 92,000 harmonizing altos ... 340,000 swaggering jocks ... 2,185,967 pairs of Uggs," he said in [the speech published in the Boston Herald](#). He added: "Even if you're one in a million, on a planet of 6.8 billion that means there are nearly 7,000 people just like you." McCullough makes a statement on parents who overdo it in a modern society focused on collecting achievements. "You've been pampered, cosseted, doted upon, helmeted, bubble wrapped ... feted and fawned over and called sweetie pie." But he adds in a video on [Wellesley Channel TV YouTube page](#), "You see, if everyone is special, then no one is. If everyone gets a trophy, trophies become meaningless. ... We have of late, we Americans, to our detriment, come to love accolades more than genuine achievement."

McCullough's address does push students to recognize real achievement: "The fulfilling life, the distinctive life, the relevant life is an achievement," and he encourages graduates "to do whatever you do for no reason other than you love it and believe in its importance."

The Boston Herald also reported that McCullough's words were [very well received by attendees](#). The teacher, a father of four, admitted he's guilty of the actions he pokes fun at in his speech.

But near the end of the address he says, "The sweetest joys of life, then, come only with the recognition that you're not special. Because everyone is."

We close with this wonderful entreaty to the recent graduating class at Yale, which speaks to us all:

The piece below was written by Marina Keegan '12 for a special edition of the News distributed at the class of 2012's commencement exercises last week. Keegan died in a car accident on Saturday. She was 22.

"We don't have a word for the opposite of loneliness, but if we did, I could say that's what I want in life. What I'm grateful and thankful to have found at Yale, and what I'm scared of losing when we wake up tomorrow and leave this place.

It's not quite love and it's not quite community; it's just this feeling that there are people, an abundance of people, who are in this together. Who are on your team. When the check is paid and you stay at the table.

When it's four a.m. and no one goes to bed. That night with the guitar. That night we can't remember. That time we did, we went, we saw, we laughed, we felt. The hats.

Yale is full of tiny circles we pull around ourselves. A cappella groups, sports teams, houses, societies, clubs. These tiny groups that make us feel loved and safe and part of something even on our loneliest nights when we stumble home to our computers — partner-less, tired, awake. We won't have those next year. We won't live on the same block as all our friends. We won't have a bunch of group-texts.

This scares me. More than finding the right job or city or spouse — I'm scared of losing this web we're in. This elusive, indefinable, opposite of loneliness. This feeling I feel right now.

But let us get one thing straight: the best years of our lives are not behind us. They're part of us and they are set for repetition as we grow up and move to New York and away from New York and wish we did or didn't live in New York. I plan on having parties when I'm 30. I plan on having fun when I'm old. Any notion of THE BEST years comes from clichéd "should haves..." "if I'd..." "wish I'd..."

Of course, there are things we wished we did: our readings, that boy across the hall. We're our own hardest critics and it's easy to let ourselves down. Sleeping too late. Procrastinating. Cutting corners. More than once I've looked back on my High School self and thought: how did I do that? How did I work so hard? Our private insecurities follow us and will always follow us.

But the thing is, we're all like that. Nobody wakes up when they want to. Nobody did all of their reading (except maybe the crazy people who win the prizes...) We have these impossibly high standards and we'll probably never live up to our perfect fantasies of our future selves. But I feel like that's okay.

We're so young. We're so young. We're twenty-two years old. We have so much time. There's this sentiment I sometimes sense, creeping in our collective conscious as we lay alone after a party, or pack up our books when we give in and go out — that it is somehow too late. That others are somehow ahead. More accomplished, more specialized. More on the path to somehow saving the world, somehow creating or inventing or improving. That it's too late now to BEGIN a beginning and we must settle for continuance, for commencement.

When we came to Yale, there was this sense of possibility. This immense and indefinable potential energy — and it's easy to feel like that's slipped away. We never had to choose and suddenly we've had to. Some of us have focused ourselves. Some of us know exactly what we want and are on the path to get it; already going to med school, working at the perfect NGO, doing research. To you I say both congratulations and you suck.

For most of us, however, we're somewhat lost in this sea of liberal arts. Not quite sure what road we're on and whether we should have taken it. If only I had majored in biology...if only I'd gotten involved in journalism as a freshman...if only I'd thought to apply for this or for that...

What we have to remember is that we can still do anything. We can change our minds. We can start over. Get a post-bac or try writing for the first time. The notion that it's too late to do anything is comical. It's hilarious. We're graduating college. We're so young. We can't, we MUST not lose this sense of possibility because in the end, it's all we have.

In the heart of a winter Friday night my freshman year, I was dazed and confused when I got a call from my friends to meet them at EST EST EST. Dazedly and confusedly, I began trudging to SSS, probably the point on campus farthest away. Remarkably, it wasn't until I arrived at the door that I questioned how and why exactly my friends were partying in Yale's administrative building. Of course, they weren't. But it was cold and my ID somehow worked so I went inside SSS to pull out my phone. It was quiet, the old wood creaking and the snow barely visible outside the stained glass. And I sat down. And I looked up. At this giant room I was in. At this place where thousands of people had sat before me. And alone, at night, in the middle of a New Haven storm, I felt so remarkably, unbelievably safe.

We don't have a word for the opposite of loneliness, but if we did, I'd say that's how I feel at Yale. How I feel right now. Here. With all of you. In love, impressed, humbled, scared. And we don't have to lose that.

We're in this together, 2012. Let's make something happen to this world."

Keep the faith [wah-hoo-wah],
tc