



September 2020

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(Note that email addresses
in WWW are disguised
using *** for @ to provide
some protection against
sites looking for email
addresses. Replace with the
@ symbol before using.)

SIGN UP FOR THE FALL REUNION. Now that we've been notified that all fall reunion activities have been canceled, and no outsiders (read: alumni) are welcome on campus, you will be glad to know that '61 is resourceful enough to pull off the Fall Mini by remote. **Maynard Wheeler** will be staging a virtual

reunion on Zoom October 2 & 3. This is kinda unprecedented, thus certain guidelines have been established, and here are links for **Schedule**. To register, send an email to Maynard (mbwheeler61@alum.dartmouth.org) to let him know you wish to participate and indicate whether you

would like to have a Zoom tutorial. The \$25 fess has been waived. Your registration needs to reach Maynard by September 30 in time for him to email you the Zoom link.

We apologize for the short lead time: this idyllic summer got away from us here at the old soldiers home, and suddenly 'twas time to sign up. Pls. do posthaste.

Back in May **Andy Morse** submitted this shocker: "I survived the virus which whacked me in early March - lost 12 lbs. In two weeks, which is not all bad news. I've been back to my old self for a month and a half now, waiting for political approval to get back on the tennis court. My wife **Nancy**, who didn't social distance from me, never showed a symptom. I was just thinking about Doggie Julian and Bob Blackman, as well as **Jim McElhinney, Bill Miller, Dave Schmidt, Keith Lattimore, Jake Gillespie, Howie Keyes, Bob Hoagland, Bill Bull, Tim Shryne, Gim Burton, Ray Welch** and *Banana Moon* last night as I was falling asleep. Hope you're doing well." Man, that's a lotta ol' '61s to bear in mind for a lad who finished at Cal . . .



Then there's this from **Bruce "Duke" Forester**: "We are fine. Can't totally follow stay-home rules so I have telephone sessions with my patients either while swimming or riding my exercise bike. It's a great way to get tons of exercise. And help patients—weird, as most are calling from either Asia, India, Europe—

especially the nordic countries, and Canada. The time difference sort of screws things up. Yesterday my Columbia psychiatry residence class had a Zoom virtual 3-hrs talk...they all talked about all this self-analysis about how they are coping with losses... very sad, so I only told true very interesting stories about some aspects of my life—of course mentioning 3 months spent in Hawaii when, after second year Med, I wanted to quit so the dean found me a fellowship at Queens Hospital in Honolulu and one at the strangulations clinic nearby. What they did not know was original Trader Vic's was right there on the beach, so after 1pm I never returned to work. **Ricky** would meet me at 5 and we would walk around, have dinner, and be with Ann MacNaughton[Colby Jr'61] Keyser's parents and all their friends. A super 3 months." [sidebar: your scribe was born at Queens, - not sure what a "strangulations clinic" might be... tc] **Mel Gitchel** submits the following: "Two days ago (June 14) I found the February issue of the Wide Wide World in my office. Ah hah! The back cover had the virtual reunion poster! So, attached is **Ben's** contribution taken not on the 61st day, but day 165! We are both alive. Day before Ben's 81st B-day, we signed a S&P on a smaller home in VT. Placed our round house on the market April 2nd. All before Covid! Taking one day at a time. I thought the year 2020 would bring clarity...?"

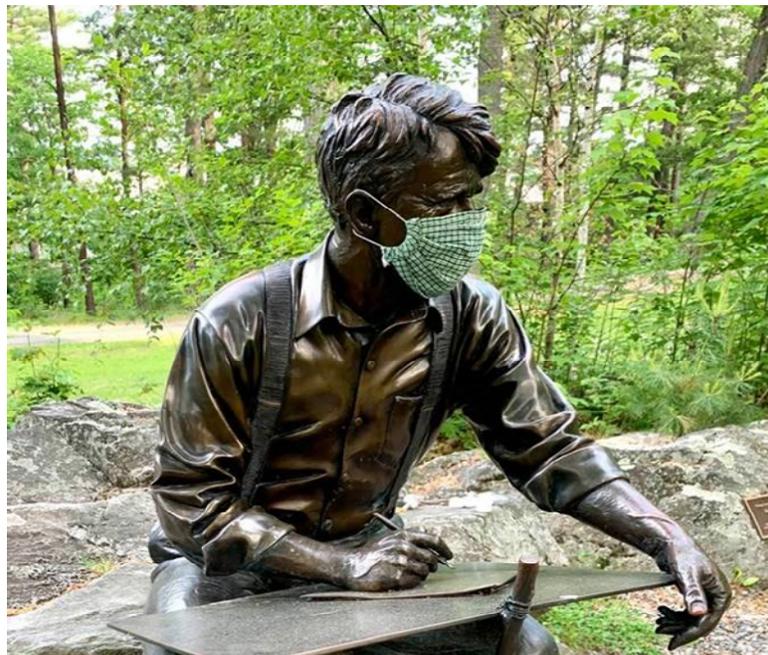


Al Rozycki shares our rabid interest in good reading and, being somewhat of a celebrity (not to mention traveler), he sometimes has better channels to actual writers, to wit: “*The Lost Prince: A Search For Pat Conroy* by Michael Mewshaw. Very interesting and informative. I’ve read most of Conroy’s stuff, none of Mewshaw’s. Has made me think a great deal about ‘estrangement’ and how common it is between family members and friends. Mewshaw and Conroy were very close friends, as were their families, and then—boom—they weren’t. It would be easy to attribute this to Conroy’s growing insanity, but that feels too easy. Mewshaw talks a great deal about Rome—that’s where Darden and I met the Mewshaw’s and Conroys...at a party thrown by **Steve ‘63 & Joan Geller**...it’s where I asked Pat Conroy what he wrote about, and he replied, ‘Oh, the military, South Carolina, school and teaching.’ I observed, ‘Difficult to sell many books, huh?’ Like, duh!”



Roz then submitted a *NYTimes* article announcing: “Princeton said it would remove Woodrow Wilson’s name from campus buildings and programs, citing the former president’s racist thinking and policies...The decision contrasted with a vote by Princeton University’s trustees in 2016 to keep Wilson’s name on campus buildings and programs, despite student protests that led to a review of his legacy there.” To which one wag emoted: “Yup: apparently the byword today is: history did not happen. That way we are exonerated from having to learn from it . . . “Isn’t it time some malcontents tore down/defaced the statue of **Robert Frost** in Hanover? I mean, here was a person who wrote so much lovely poetry, while there were people in the world who were illiterate—talk about privilege...! Besides, ’tis rumored that there are people who think highly of Frost and/or his

works, and we can’t have people admiring persons of accomplishment—esp. dead white males—can we?”



Robert L. Frost 1896 Properly Muzzled . . .

Jim Watson dredged up a fine photo (“Another wonderful Dartmouth memory!!”) of that massive snowstorm we had freshman year, which we are told still holds the Hanover record for one snowfall: 178” in one episode!



LtoR: **Watson, Dave Lashar**(deceased) and **Jim Smith**.

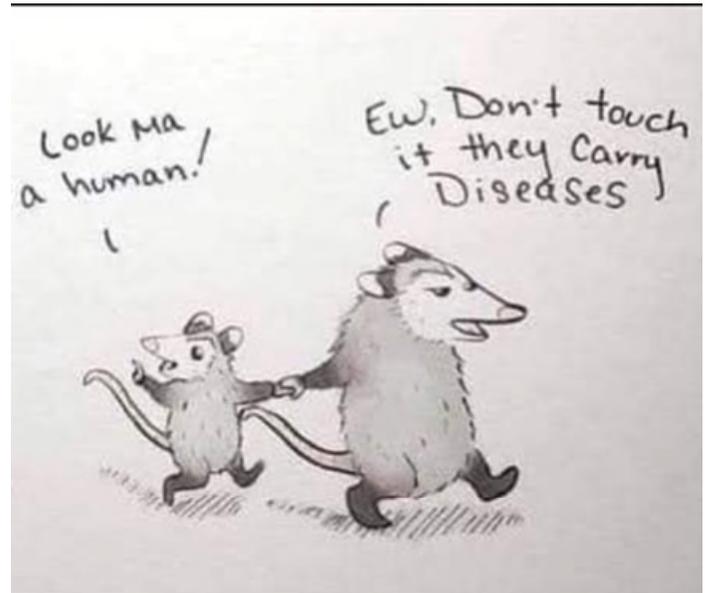
Was rehashing early ski remembrances with **Sam Baker** and that same snowfall came up: “**Power John Stowell** told me it was open-slope skiing at Sugarloaf that spring = 40-foot pines appeared as scrub bushes along the trails . . . (I had to stay in Hanover for vacation; college took over Wheeler Hall [stayed maybe in your room...?], ate cereal packets swiped from Thayer, worked washing dishes at the hospital—awful job, but decent hot lunch...). Spent the next spring skiing Sugarloaf.” **Bakes**: “Yup, good times. I was probably in my room, 403 Wheeler, at spring vacations as didn’t go places. Do you know what is Power John’s situation now? We had some

good times on the ski team. Once we went to Saint Xavier(?) Canada for a ski race. Big snow storm so couldn't do the XC: no power track-setters those days. But Power John and I went to local dive to get dinner. The waiter asked what we wanted for dinner. PJ said steak. Waiter asked how he would like it cooked. PJ said, 'Just take it out of the refrigerator and put it on my plate...' and that was it."

As long as we're into freshman year, **Henry "Squid" Eberhardt** was coerced into recalling the 1957 flu epidemic, and how it affected college and Hanover Life—as compared to today's ongoing CV-19 pandemic. "I contacted the Rauner Special Collections Library in Webster Hall to research the 1957 flu in issues of *The Dartmouth*. Scout Noffke, a Reference & Administrative Specialist at the library, sent me the email below* with copies of The D pages from October 1957 with info on the flu. My memory is that after checking into Dick's House with flu symptoms in mid-October 1957, I was moved to College Hall where 'five long rows of cots' were set up for about 70 students. There nurses and Red Cross volunteers took care of us and we were checked three times a day by a doctor from Dick's House. DDA sent meals over on paper plates. My parents were concerned so drove up from Chatham, New Jersey, and took me home for two weeks to get well. My professors in Math 3, Chem 3, English 5, French 1, and NROTC were sympathetic and helped me catch up with my academics after I returned to Hanover in early November.

"You'll see in the *articles that by Oct 10, 30 D students had the flu and there were 135 cases by Oct 19. By Oct 27 cases were decreasing. Even **Moose Morton '59** and several other members of the football team had the flu. 1,800 students at the College were inoculated. The D reported that there were outbreaks at all the Ivies and other colleges. 10% of the students at Yale had it and over 100 at Princeton. Smith was quarantined. The Hanover-Lebanon high school football game was cancelled.

"Not as serious as COVID-19 for sure, but still a bad flu in the U.S. It would be interesting to know who else from the class had the flu and was in a cot in College Hall in Oct 1957 at the same time I was." Please tell us: lines are open @WWW HQ, as well as Webmaster ("Content Control Officer") **McKee**.



Jim "Workshop" Richards reports in from SE Asia: "Came in March after most busy ski season, and was to return home in May. Then Covid 19 reared its Ugly Head and flights all cancelled. But a nice place to be as cheap living and great food from every cuisine you can think of. Made the plunge renting a car to road-trip and explore more, even though Thai drivers are pretty wild and insane. And my first experience left-hand driving, but have adapted well. How wild are the drivers??? 600 auto deaths so far in July only. No cases of Covid 19 to speak of at all [July 17]; one case last week from a group exchange of Egyptian military and government reaction was like end of world.

Had a couple of day fishing trips and last one had great luck with 7 big fish: 50 pound catfish, 30 pound Asian carp, 40 pound alligator gar, and—hard to believe—two Arapaimas that each weighed around 330 pounds.

People here hard to talk to as believe USA Wild West with Covid, social unrest, etc. A different world, but alive and healthy, so not all bad. Not sure when be back home.

Take care,
`Shop from Maplelag in Minnesota, now locked down in Thailand."



Can you believe these fish...?!



Duck Family's June Haul June in 'Bama

Duck Eicke reports in from the southern US: "Just back from Beach Week June 13-20 at Orange Beach, AL. We were on Cotton Bayou and not the

beach side—that really worked well. Also caught the best weather week before the **hot hot hot** set in. Now I am going to **The Club at Crossgates** (the gym) to punish my body once again. More later." Down that way, **Kenneth Carlton Kolb** advises from NOLA: "Feb. 4th I fell during a workout and shattered my hip joint and femur bone; have had 3 surgeries. Been in 24-7 terrible pain. Hey! But least I am alive. May have to do total Spinal cord operation. Big time surgery.//Plus need to correct pinkie surgery...that did not work. Could be the re-hab is very, very long. Worry that may walk with limp/cane rest of life.// Was in terrific shape. Walking 3-5 miles a day. Lifting @.5 hrs a day/5 days a week. **Pani** has been overworked taking care of me. I must consider how this big back cut is gonna affect her. We still work with the LA Legislature. Have real estate property that is daily concern." No news from KCK since mid-July, so am assuming no news is good.

Bill Farrens responded to July birthday greetings: "**Terry** had knee replacement surgery in early June. She was scheduled for it in April but it was canceled. I am the 'caregiver' and am learning what that's like. Busy, busy, busy. As I write we are back at the coast enjoying summer. We had to stay in Portland for 6 weeks for PT. Glad to be here rather than PDX. We had no problem in the Pearl...but it's just good to get out of town. Today's my birthday...so I'll celebrate by washing my hands!" "Good to get out of town" is understatement as Portland has been the site of fairly unbridled "social unrest" all summer. What is the ultimate resolution? At this juncture, who knows?

David Armstrong had open heart surgery in early August. By the 11th he was able to respond to well-wishers: "Hi, all: everything is going well. They might discharge me this afternoon but probably it will be tomorrow morning. It appears that all my vital signs and blood work are good and my legs are strong. Still hurts when I cough but I am learning to live with it." Whew! Border collie advocate **Mike Mooney** checks in: "I've got a new dog—Gypsy being no more. A new dog named Parker, from a Border Collie rescue group, although Parker is maybe only a wee bit Border Collie. He's reasonably well behaved, but he barks too much and doesn't take correction quite the way Gypsy would. Such is life. **Kathy** and I—suffice it to say I had to get rid of my sailboat, a consequence of having broken my hip, which happened—you guessed it—on a dog walk one cold snowy morning." So, here's a top-tier tackle, and one of the best rugby players in our era, with—at last count—a prosthetic knee and a new hip; just goes to show that though Nature's first [big] green is gold, nothing gold can stay . . .

Somebody who's not walking with a limp (that we know of) is Reunion Poet Laureate **Dick Noel**:

"Today was a special day in my many many years of golfing rounds. In the Brattleboro Country Club 2020 Senior Club Championship I shot the best round i have had in a very very long time. I not only shot a competitive score in a tournament below my age but 9 shots below my age with a 72. I beat the other two good players in my threesome by 4 shots and these guys were 15 - 20 years younger than me. It just goes to show you that age is not a barrier in the game of golf. And I did not take a cart either as most of the seniors in my club do. It does pay to stay in shape! Just to let you know that the old journeyman pole vaulter from Dartmouth still has some competitive juice in him at 81. I only wish my beloved wife **Chris** was still with me to share in this accomplishment. But I am sure she saw it all from up above and may have played a role in helping me roll in the 4 putts that led to birdies."

Dick later submitted a new piece he's made on life after death, for which the link is provided: [Afterlife Reality](#)

So, before the Ivy League, Pac-12 and Big-10 announced that there would be no football this fall, we were joshing around speculating on how to play the game and still honor social distancing and surface-cleaning strictures: Guess they could convert face guards to, like, welding masks, and eliminate contact in the line, using flags—long ones—instead of tackling... no high-fives, no fanny pats, 6-foot separation in huddles; wipe down ball after each touch (gonna be tough for hand-offs) = no hikes from center to QB, and what about wiping it btwn passer & receiver, or long-snapper & holder for PATs, FGs, etc...? Guess a lotta knee/shoulder injuries would be eliminated w/o blocking or tackling, and some speedy scrubs who'd previously hardly get into the game would score TDs in double figures w/mandatory 6-foot separation from tacklers... (would drastically change the game as we know it, but Bullet would be ahead of the curve, b'lieve me...)

GREEN CARDS - still valid, still welcome. **Ford Daley** of wild, wild Wilder, VT, affirms it was "Worth the stamp (how much \$ now?)" to send us congrats for the '61 Special Recognition Award. As a retired teacher, ol' Ford-O is one who knows where the apostrophe goes...



Tony Horan sent in the usual update on his book protesting prostate cancer surgery which was to be cited in the August *AluMag* [anybody spot it? I didn't, but my copy has to be translated into Hawaiian, and maybe it didn't convert well...]. He continued: "In January I went to Palm Springs and competed in Over-80 USTA singles and won 4 games, a personal best. I did three days of downhill skiing." Then, on August 13, he died—of prostate cancer. **Harris** published online the full obituary of a truly accomplished human, son of Dartmouth, 'Nam vet, surgeon, artist, husband, dad, and loyal classmate. The irony of his passing doth not escape us. Also slipping away into the Great Unknown was Gail Sheehy (age 83), who in '76 wrote *Passages*, from which we extracted much meaningful discourse so ably led by Rev. **Duane "Doberman" Cox**—sometimes assisted by [the late] **Tom "Mouse" McDonough**, and succeeded by **George Bland**. Should we be allowed to stage a true reunion next June, we anticipate continuation of this valued tradition.

Bartlett Tower Society--

We have updated our Class web page for the College's Bartlett Tower Society (BTS). The updated page also provides simplified instructions as to the many ways to easily become a member. The web page lists each of our 67 classmates who have provided for a gift to Dartmouth at their death and thus have become a member of the BTS. For access to our Class BTS website just click on the following link: [BTS](#)

For our 60th reunion next Spring ,your class officers have set the very challenging goal of increasing the Class of '61 membership to 100 by adding 33 new

members. If you are not already a BTS member we hope you will consider adding your name to our list and helping us meet our goal.

If you have any questions or would like any additional information please Contact **David Armstrong** at: Tel 561-573-6316 or email dgarmstrong0507@gmail.com

Dartmouth College Fund

Thanks again to the Class of 1961 for an exemplary performance for the 2019-2020 DCF. We've previously noted that our class had the highest participation at 78.1 percent of all classes in the College. As we look ahead to our 60th Reunion, please begin to plan your gift to help us again lead the College. Co-Head Agent **McKee**.

Roz's youngest son Greg showed up in Norwich, resulting in this fine photo of family fun:



(LtoR): Greg, Alan A. Rozycki, MD emeritus, Nonnie, Joan Jaffe, Sachin(12), Sanam(14) [Greg's kids]

Roz's squeeze **Joan Jaffe** writes occasional essays for local (UV) publications. Here are samples of recent pieces which are worthy of '61 attention.

Jell-O is Not a Food....And Other Culinary Observations

The grandchildren, incorporating the delicate dance of covid distancing, have come to visit, bringing with them Marshmallow Fluff, hydrogenated peanut butter, Lucky Charms cereal, Mountain Dew, Ramen Noodles and Jell-O. I counter with homemade whole wheat oatmeal chocolate chip cookies (delicious!), orange juice, a huge watermelon, and local strawberries.

As these are acquired grandchildren—not mine, but

my partner's—I do not remark on their food choices but simply hope they will survive a childhood of Wonder-like bread, American cheese, coke and Cheetos...[\[read on\]](#)

REMEMBERING AMOSANDRA

They don't make nostalgia like they used to

Nostalgia isn't what it used to be. The luxury of slipping into a past — usually an idealized past that never was — is now fraught with guilt. Guilt at wanting to escape a present that demands attention, work and struggle; guilt at having the time, the wherewithal, the resources to be able to leave the moment, when so many others are denied this escape. Guilt. [Read-on.](#)

Women's Initiative: Some very vital thoughts are presented by Co-Chairs **Nyla Arslanian** and **Patti Rich**: "It's said that if you live long enough, you'll see everything. With most of us having reached or approaching our eighth decade, who would have thought that we'd see a capricious and deadly pandemic shutting down most of the world for 6 months? On one side, the immensity of the situation is almost beyond comprehension and on the other that somehow we are dealing with this is mystifying and remarkable.

We're saddened to hear that some classmates have succumbed to the virus. But, at our age we are well aware, something's going to get us—sooner or later. Looking at our mortality and the number of women who actively participate in the older classes, this year's action recognizing spouses as official members of the Class of 1961 may be historic. It required quite a bit of work, amendments, votes, etc. to recognize our importance to the class. It's also, for us women, a call to action.

Although still a bit up in the air about next year's 60th, we are part of the planning committee. We're inviting spouses of living classmates and widows to come to the reunion. For so many, Dartmouth has been a big part of their lives and we'd like that to continue. It's a time for us all to be together to celebrate. We're recruiting a team to help with the outreach.

One last item, because part of what we do on behalf of the Women's Initiative is outreach spouses

whose husbands have passed away, we were asked to reconsider what we call ourselves. We opted to keep the flexibility of Women's Initiative. INITIATIVE: an introductory act or step; energy or aptitude displayed in initiation of action (Looks like a definition of WOMEN too)."

You may have seen this discussion before but wise to be reminded. Harris:

The NILE Virus (Type C) - thought you would want to know about this.

Even the most advanced computer programs from Norton and McAfee can't eliminate this. It appears to target those born prior to 1955 - and the lockdown increases the chances of being affected!

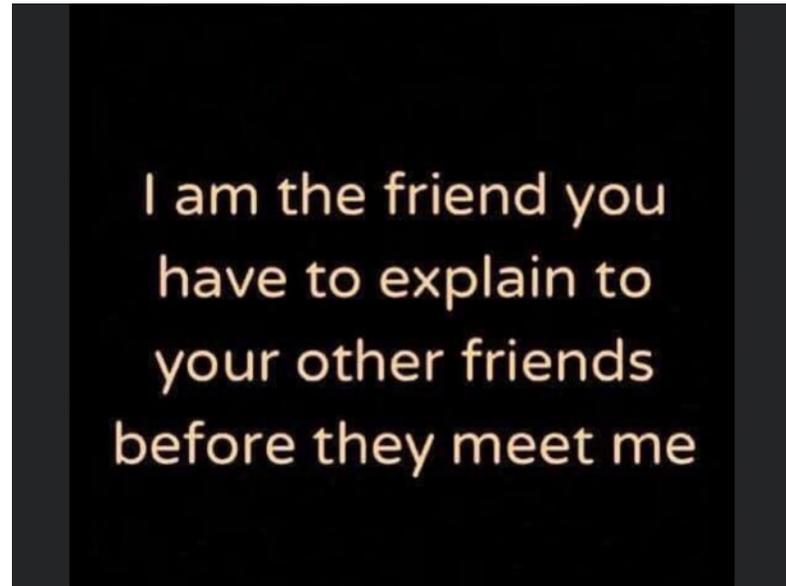
Virus Symptoms:

1. Causes you to send the same e-mail twice.
2. Causes you to send a blank e-mail.
3. Causes you to send an e-mail to the wrong person.
4. Causes you to send it back to the person who sent it to you.
5. Causes you to forget to attach the attachment.
6. Causes you to hit SEND before you've finished.
7. Causes you to hit DELETE instead of SEND.
8. Causes you to hit SEND when you should DELETE.

This virus is called the C-NILE virus!

A lot of us have already been inflicted and unfortunately as we age it gets worse.

And if you can't admit to doing any of the above, you've obviously caught the other strain - the D-NILE virus.



Aloha,
tc