



March 2013



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News just in: Congratulations to Roger McArt on being elected by our class as Alumni Council Representative for the next three years from July 1, 2013 to June 30, 2016.

Denny Denniston,

WWW 3/3/13: What - March already? Tempus doth fugit—and the time for Charleston looms nigh.. **Dave & Joani Prewitt** have conceived yet another spectacular mini-reunion, and this time in the gracious, historic American Southland—hard by Fort Sumter and the nascence of the American Civil War, known south of the Mason-Dixon as "the War of Northern Aggression" (or "That Unpleasantness Up Nawth"...). This is Pat Conroy-land: The Citadel, The Lords of Discipline, The Prince of Tides, stately ante-bellum mansions, ageless oaks hung with Spanish moss, cradle of comfort food, tradition everlasting. Those of you beset by global "warming" in the northeast will be especially charmed by the tepid temps of southern climes, and may want to extend your stay to spend some time without shoveling snow. Just remember you have to call the hotel (843/577-2400) on your own by March 15 to book your room(s). See you there.

For the registration Form click on [Charleston Mini-Registration Form](#) or copy and paste:

<http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/Mini-Reunions/2013%20FINAL3-04-13.pdf>

Green Cards: The old medium is still valid today, as the charm of a handwritten note will likely never be lost. **Dave Lincoln** <cdlincoln@charter.net> cards (12/12/12) from Asheville, NC: "My Dartmouth nostalgia level increased 2 weeks ago. **Stu Sheldon** called (not seen since our 1961 graduation). We shared some thoughts of good times at Kappa Sig! Hopefully he will visit us." And hopefully Linc will visit us in Charleston, being right next door in ol' EnCee . . . **Ron Boss** <RonBoss@AOL.com> confirms (Dec.'12): "**Marge** & I are excited that our granddaughter, **Larson Bennett**, has

committed to Dartmouth, class of 2018. She is a high school All-State & US All-America in Women's Lacrosse. Our daughter, **Marti Boss** '89 Bennett, is her high school coach. Larson committed in November to Dartmouth coach Amy Patton." Class of **2018**...! Holy Mackerel, Andy - tempus really doth fugit...! **Tony Horan**: "My book *The Big Scare: The Business of Prostate Cancer* will be out shortly with a new title: *How to Avoid The Over-diagnosis and Over-treatment of Prostate Cancer*. It will be 'print on demand' upon direction from a new website devoted to the book only. My previous publisher made minute printings which constantly sold out and so I lost sales and failed to save some classmates." Well said, Tony: am still trying to recover from recent news that **Bob Marriott** was laid low by prostate cancer . . .

Obits for **Bob Marriott** who died on Feb. 11, **Jack McCarthy** who died on Jan. 17, and **David Kehl** who died on Feb. 9 are posted on our class website.

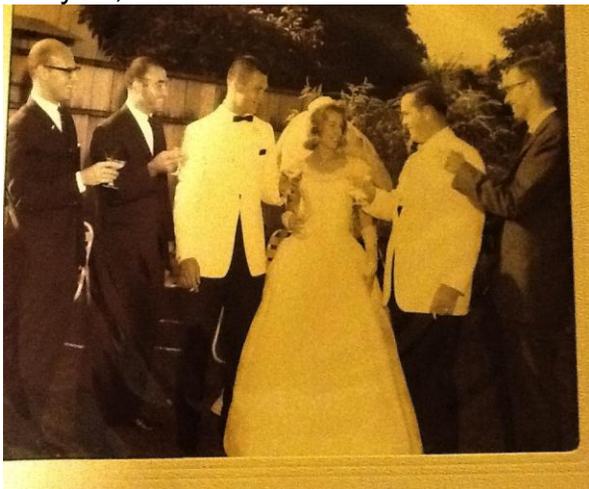
In a lighter mode, we have been treated to some ancient photos of **Rich "Paisan" Marrone**, to wit:



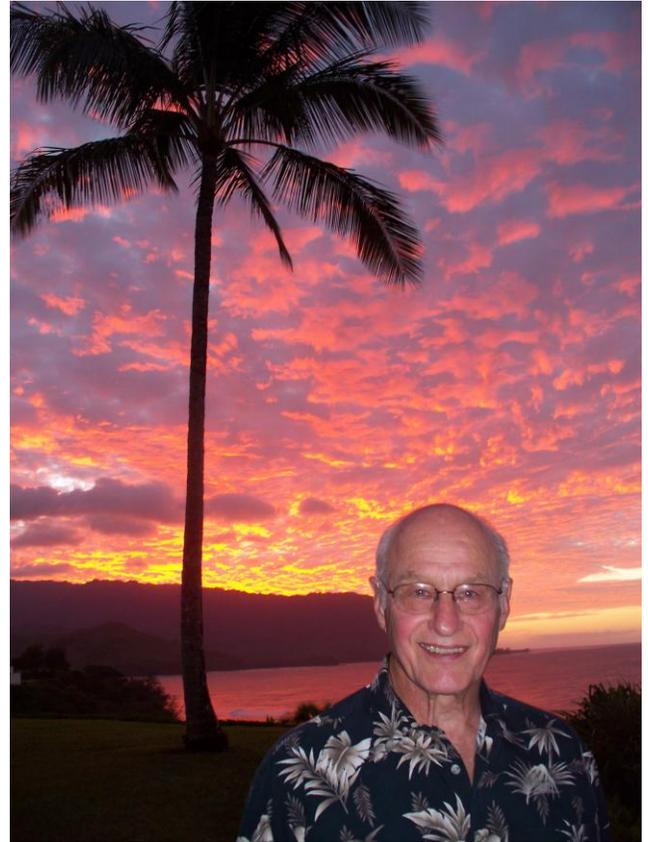
Cardinal-wannabe Marrone introduces Bride/Benedict-elect at Their Engagement Party (LtoR) Al Rozycki, Darden Whelden, Paisan'



Product of Above Nuptials (LtoR): Greg Rozycki, Paisan'



Fatz Miller's Wedding (LtoR): Bruce McCollum '62, Paisan', BM Jim McElhinney, Judy the Native, Fatz, Mike Gazzaniga



Greg's Dad on Kauai, November 2012:
Doctor Roz

Mike Gazzaniga was recently in Europe for a Continent-wide speaking tour that culminated in a presentation at the Vatican on cognitive neuroscience's current understanding of free will. Following the *Pontificia Accademia delle Scienze*, **Mike** was greeted by Pope Benedict XVI.



PhD Today - Pope Tomorrow...?
Dartmouth's Newman Club Stretches Its
Tentacles . . .

Here's a touch of poesy, let's try to
complement all the above visuals:
(**Joe Zinn**, math major turned wordsmith,
comments on the, um, ultimate passage)

He left this world the other day
and friends were lost at what to say.
They heard the words, "He's gone for
good,"
and wrapped things up as best they could.

His wish had been to be cremated,
but one by one they hesitated.
Rendered to a vase of ash
would save a plot of graveyard grass.
Repulsed, they snubbed the use of fire;
honoring his death was their desire.

Blind it seems this fruitless goal
that treats the body as one's whole.
Know they not the truth of being ?
Is flesh and blood all they are seeing ?

Best not reproach this misdirection,
a consequence of their affection.
A grave is dug in which it's put
instead of turning it to soot.
'Tis nothing but their act of love,
Which he enjoys from far above.

Nice, yes? And Joe had the decency to e-
mail it in, rather than using his cell-phone,
the bane of modern tranquility. Having just
returned from his native India, Anu Garg,
founder of A Word A Day, has this to say
about that viral pestilence:

Cellphones cellphones Everywhere, Not A
Drop of Quiet

I believe there is a clause in the Indian
Penal Code that mandates that when a
cellphone rings it must be answered
immediately. In my trip to India earlier this
month, I witnessed a priest answering his
cellphone in the middle of conducting a

wedding. I was seated at the lunch table
when the new bride answered her
cellphone while having her first lunch after
the wedding with the groom's family.

I also think there's a subclause that the
cellphone must be answered while in
company. Leaving the group to chat on the
phone is prohibited.

You might see an airline check-in agent
answering her cell phone while checking in
your suitcases. You might see a barber
answering his cellphone while clipping hair.
And you might see a grocer answering a
cellphone in the middle of a selling you
tomatoes. I haven't had the misfortune but I
have heard it's common for a doctor to
interrupt her visit with a patient to answer a
cellphone. And why not, if a patient can
answer a phone in such a setting, why not a
doctor?

Then there are cell phone tones. It's as
polyphonous as it gets. When a cell phone
rings in India, it's an even bet that the tone
might be from one of the Bollywood
musicals or devotional music or a Mozart
composition. Some of the extra-religious
people have even changed the familiar trin-
trin tones that the caller hears to chants
from Hindu scriptures. Why deprive your
caller of the opportunity to attain nirvana?
India mostly skipped the landline phase.
There used to be a multi-year wait to get a
land-line under the government-controlled
telecom monopoly. With the opening of the
economy came the cellphone revolution.
Cellphones are everywhere and minutes
are cheap. It's not unusual to see people
carrying two cellphones or at least two SIM
cards. Fair pricing helps too: only the caller
pays the dime. That has resulted in many
creative ways to use it, for example, missed
call.

It's called a 'mobile' in India, but it's as dear
to its user as a 'celular' is to a Latin
American, a 'handy' to a German, a 'keitai'
(literally, portable) to a Japanese. Being
connected is one of our deepest needs.
Anything that helps to stay in touch can't be

all that bad, no matter what social norms govern its use.

And, as mentioned above, we still encourage Green Cards for the electronically challenged (see: tc...), but here's an e-mail from **Roger Baumberger**, bringing us up to date on several of our classmates: "Tom – here's an update on some classmates who haven't been in the class news lately, all Phi Tau '61's. **Tony Piccolo** retired two years ago as a Professor of American and British Literature at Manhattanville College in Purchase, NY, where he taught for over 40 years, all the while making a long daily commute from his Greenwich Village digs. He finally got tired of all the travel and, importantly, faculty politics. **Sam Bryan** is still teaching film courses at Pratt Institute in NYC and living the good life with wife Amy in his penthouse apartment on Central Park West with a fabulous view from his extensive terrace (more on that later). **Mike Burnett** sold his business a few years ago and does some volunteer work helping entrepreneurs while he and wife Susan divide their time between homes in Edina, MN and by the side of Lake Minnetonka in Excelsior. As for me, I've now been with Spencer Trask Ventures in Manhattan for over 18 years and, as a "knowledge worker," plan on working a few more years before joining my wife Anne-Marie in a state of retirement. In early December, Tony, Sam and I attended the Dartmouth Alumni Holiday Party in the library of the Yale Club in NYC. We were the only '61's! The place was jammed and noisy beyond belief, so in order to chat we had to take refuge in the stacks with our libations. Our consensus is that we are a bit over the hill to get much enjoyment from this type

of loud bash. Attached is a confirming photo."



to r. Roger, Sam, and Tony
Then in mid January, when Mike and Susan were doing the NYC tourist bit, Sam and Amy hosted a wonderful brunch at their apartment. The temperature was over 50 degrees (global warming?) so we could partake of the Bryans' terrace views in shirtsleeves! Attached is a confirming photo.

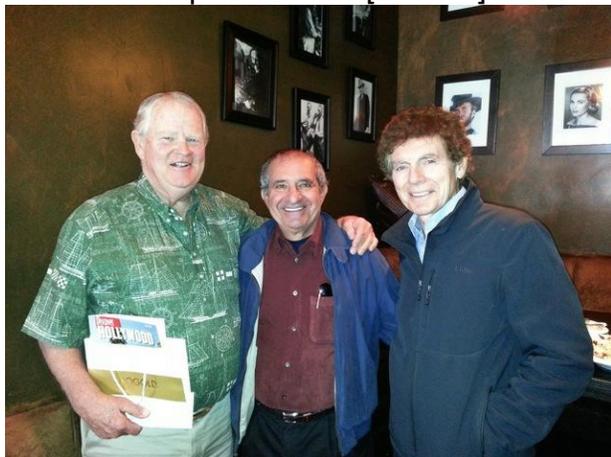


to r. Mike, Sam, Tony and Roger

Cartter Frierson noted in January: "Patty and I were skiing in Beaver Creek last week, free-loading with long time skiing pals, when I saw this feature article on the front page of the *Vail Daily*. I thought you would be interested since you remember him pretty well. I have emailed you before about the last time I chatted with him at a special Q&A at the 10th Mtn Museum in Vail. He is still a legend out there." Article

deals with [the late] Sgt. Major Bill Brown, who was also a legend in the Uppah Valley, esp. to those of us who skied w/him, and served with/under him in ROTC. Sarge was tapped to manage the mountain at Vail in 1970, and ran its "his way"—which, in sum, seems to have been the right way. Having attained the highest enlisted rank in the Army while on active duty, Sarge had been awarded 5 Purple Hearts, 3 Bronze Stars, and 2 Silver Stars for combat valor - what a man!

Back in December, we were able to get away briefly from the WWW Office and winged out to the left coast to catch **David Birney's** 18th annual performance of his "A Christmas Pudding" in Westwood (L.A.). The pageant took place on December 1st, and got this ol' Christmas Curmudgeon into such fine holiday spirits that the afterglow lasted until after the new year dawned. Shortly following the show, we hauled the **Widder Miller** in from Malibu to meet **David** and **Oscar** at one of **O's** client restaurants for lunch; **Nyla** was unable to join us as she was "undergoing some tests due to a recent fainting episode. After the usual round of tests, x-rays, etc., etc., I'm happy to announce that I mostly passed all...must admit I was a bit disappointed that the result of the CAT scan on my brain indicated that it was 'unremarkable'—but in med-speak, I guess that's a good thing." We shot this photo of the [ancient] fellas:



LtoR: tc, Oscar, Birney.

Birney then bolted for Park City, UT, and holiday skiing w/his kids. **David:** "Happy 2013! The view from the window this AM.

The question is, what can you predict about the New Year from looking at this photo? The winner gets to slide down this eight-foot icicle."



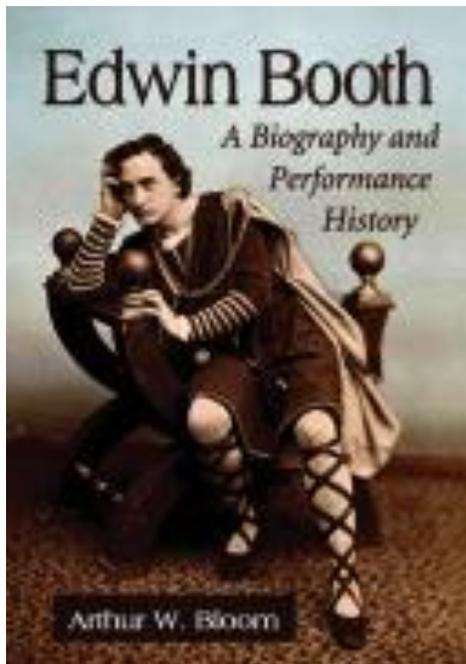
Q: Can you guess the theme for this issue of WWW?

A: Right: global [wink, wink] warming . . .

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY:

The more sand that has escaped from the hourglass of our life, the clearer we should see through it. -Jean-Paul Sartre, writer and philosopher (1905-1980)

Birney was later able to extract some current data re. **Arthur Bloom's** scholarly work on historic thespians, and submits same thus: "See, our class turns out scholars as well as jocks and actors and writers like yourself. Bloom is one of them."



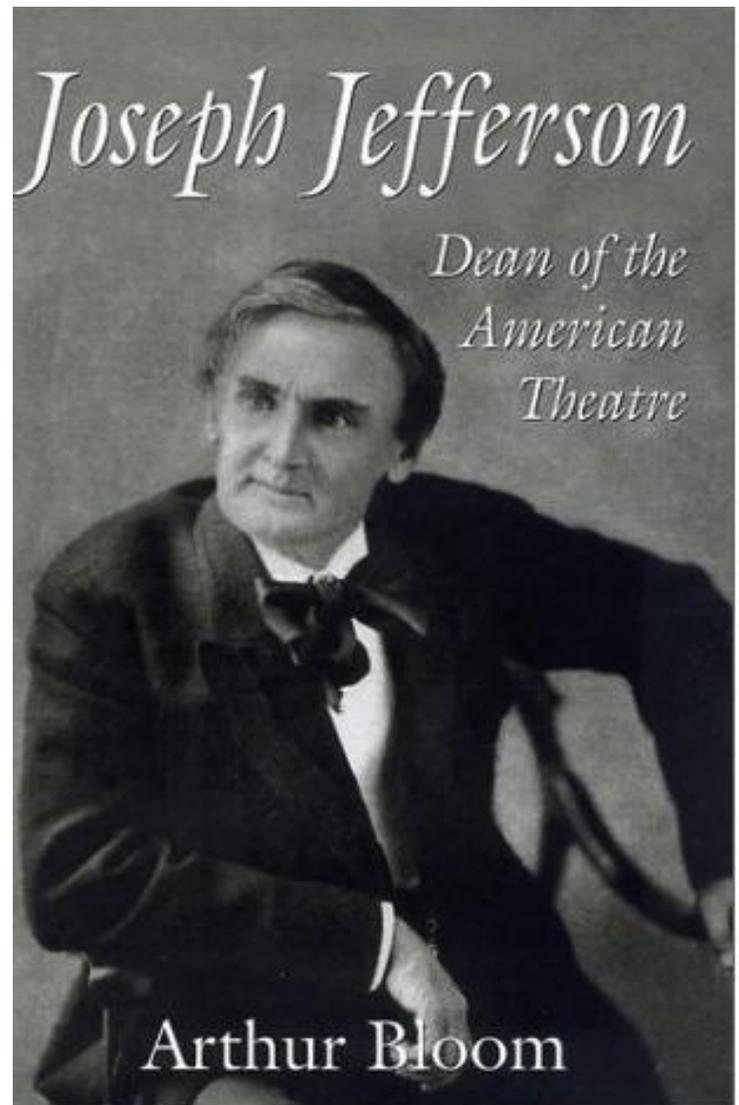
Edwin Booth

A Biography and Performance History

ARTHUR W. BLOOM

\$55 hardcover (7 x 10) ca. 15 photos, appendix, notes, bibliography, index print 978-0-7864-7289-5 ebook 978-1-4766-0146-5

Editor's addition from Wikipedia: Edwin Thomas Booth (November 13, 1833 – June 7, 1893) was a famous 19th-century American actor who toured throughout America and the major capitals of Europe, performing Shakespearean plays. In 1869 he founded Booth's Theatre in New York, a spectacular theatre that was quite modern for its time.[3] Some theatrical historians consider him the greatest American actor, and the greatest Hamlet, of the 19th century. However, he is usually remembered today as the brother of John Wilkes Booth, the man who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln.



Joseph Jefferson: Dean of the American Theatre [Hardcover]

Arthur W. Bloom

<<http://www.amazon.com/Arthur-W.-Bloom/e/B001KMSI8S/183-2254038-3204202>>

<<http://www.amazon.com/Joseph-Jefferson-Dean-American-Theatre/dp/0913720550#>> (Author)

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Not to stray too far from our theme, here is a photo of tc breaking ice on the Sugar Rivah last June, needing open water to brew up a batch of iced tea:



Ellis Naegele is the only person in the class born on the same day (12/25/39) as your lowly scribe. As a result, she is equally as adept at the mysteries of computers as our designated cyberdoofus (see photo above...). Here is a brief exchange, on a cold winter's morning, between Ellis and Webmaster **HB McKee**, PhD: Mrs. Naegele texts, "Windows frozen, won't open." Webmaster texts back: "Gently pour some lukewarm water over it." "Wife texts back 5 minutes later: "Computer really screwed up now."

So, how 'bout one last photo. This features **Jean & Ken DeHaven** w/their first grandgal Josie in Boulder, CO, last week.



Let's call it a wrap. Get your reservations in for Charleston. See you there!

aloha,

tc