



July 2016

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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.)



Forsooth! 'Twas a mere 55 years ago [most of us] trod across a Commencement stage to snatch our diplomas from Dean Thad (some, granted, opted for **Skip Johnson's** "little-known eight-year plan")! Seems like yesterday... And a very delightful reunion in Hanover was indeed not long ago. Paraphrasing a brief summary from Chair **Jim Baum**: I would be the last to know if everyone had a good time, but I believe everything went well. The weather was almost perfect: we arranged the rainy days to hit just before us for the 50th Reunion and Graduation... Attendance of classmates and guests was 176, right on the percentage average for 55 years out. I thought the food was good, catered by the Dartmouth Dining Service plus the one dinner at Alumni Hall which is part of the Inn. We had 6 student helpers for registration and the beer & wine refreshments service; those kids were great. The two lunch venues, Bema and Outing Club House, were spectacular with sun and light breeze.

Monday dinner at the Commons, with fabulous music program from six or seven groups with the best sound system I've heard, was pricey but outstanding with **Steve Dale** organizing it all.

One of the Reunion highlights was the completion of the Robert Frost Class Project initiated and orchestrated by **Vic Rich**. The Project consisted of four parts. Part I Renovation of the Frost Statue Area monitored by **Mike Murphy** and Part II A Student Frost Art Contest, conducted by **Vic Rich** and **Pete Bleyler**, were both carried out before our arrival. The winning entries in the Student Art Contest were displayed in the Black Family Visual Arts Center. Winners received \$5,500 in stipends at a ceremony in May. A highlight of late Tuesday started with Part III, the formal presentation of a Robert Frost miniature to Pres. Hanlon and recognition of the re-dedication of the Robert Frost Statue. Then we moved to Alumni Hall and the final phase of the project, the celebration to honor the Frost

statue's 20th Anniversary. The sculpture creator, **George Lundeen**, brought from Colorado—none of us knew what to expect—was handsome, funny, and gave a great deal of insight into Frost and the statue; **Lundeen** is a winner. The evening finished with dancing in the aisles, plus the Jolly Coachmen that many of us heard last year at our mini-reunion in Williamsburg.

George Bland chaired the Passages encounter. As we get older, the more profound the comments get. **Ted Tapper** organized a panel of one rabbi, one buddhist monk and an evangelical minister talking about “The Afterlife”... Provocative. **Mike Gazzaniga’s** daughter Francesca came up from her position as a post-doc researcher at Harvard to tell us what is happening in our guts. Her dad’s brilliance did not fall far from the tree.

Overall, not enough time to talk to old friends.

Harris McKee wants to make sure we include: “I thought that the talk by Athletic Director Sheehy was outstanding. He explained his concept for building excellence throughout the various sports. He was humorous, self-deprecating, and gave us hope for turnarounds in more areas than just football.”

Maynard Wheeler appends: “I can’t think of what to add to Jim’s summary except...you could note that Alpha Theta believes it took the award for most returnees: 10 in all, with **Horan** and **Wheeler** the only ones playing singles tennis and still standing after an hour. And after the Bema lunch, many climbed the hill to the Frost Statue to pay respects. Lundeen was enamored of the Class banner prominently displaying **Wybo’s** photo of Frost, and it was given to him as a trophy of the weekend (as seen in one of the photos) (I have ordered a replacement banner). At Passages, there was a passionate plea to write ‘love letters’ to those dear to us—before it is too late, or we are too out of it—as well as have the conversation with our kin about how we want our final episode handled before the ultimate curtain call. At the Memorial service, the reading of names was mercifully limited to those who have departed since the 50th—a long enough list...”

See you at the 60th!

Alas, some of us couldn’t make it to Hanover for the 55th. Some gents had happier reasons than others; an example is Dr. **Sam Baker** (Co-Rookie of the Year with Dr. **Charlie Francis** at our 40th), whose 50th at UW Med School plus the 50th of his [extremely fortunate] marriage to Martha took place at just about same time as our distant affair in the Upper Valley.

They sent a photo of that latter occasion—allegedly of the anniversary celebration, but one can tell ‘twas from the original event:



Doc Bakes & Child Bride.

Al Rozycki sent some fun pix of other small gatherings in Hanover, to wit:



Carefree Golfers Inviting Skin Cancer (LtoR): Rick Reed, Gerry Kaminsky, Pete Stuart, Dave Armstrong.



Football Mini @Floren. (front, LtoR): Chuck Dayton, Oscar Arslanian, HB McKee; (facing camera, LtoR): Ken DeHaven, Milt Steinhauser, Paisan Marrone's [bionic] knee



Free Safeties: Jean DeHaven, Diane Kittredge, Mary McKee.

From **Chuck Dayton:**



Ancient Ruggers Assemble @The Corey
(LtoR): Dave Prewitt, Denny Goodman '60, Chuck Dayton, Bill Martin '64 (Corey Ford sculptor), Jack Crowley '56, John Koehring '56, Linc Spaulding '56.



Intrepid Footie Gang @Rozycki's Norwich B&B (LtoR): DeHaven, Marrone, Roz, Persels, McKee.

Class humorist **Dick Noel** once again produced a statement of our, uh, delicate condition which he read at the Passages session. A written transcript is linked below, as well as the YouTube version of his live performance which is even funnier. How does this mild-mannered retired banker with roots in North Adams, Mass, continue to come up with just the exact barbs at just the right time? [dya s'pose he, a promising pole vaulter, once fell from the landing pit onto his bean...?]

DARTMOUTH 55TH REUNION
Passages

June 15, 2016

I have two complaints about where Dartmouth has gone since our graduation in 1961. Why did we ever drop the Indian mascot and who invited the women? We did just fine with the Indian traditions and we did just fine without co-eds. We became proud MEN of Dartmouth--- with solid

granite in our muscles and our brains. What more could anyone want?

With me Indian culture goes way back to when I was 8 years old. My brother Fran was 10 and the little girl next door was 9. There were no other kids our age in our rural neighborhood. In those days kids played cowboys and Indians. But we had no use for cowboys---we always played Indians---my older brother Fran was Chief---I was Running Bear and the little girl next door was Pocahontas. My brother and I would establish camp in nearby woods. Since he was Chief he gave all the orders—Running Bear go get wood for the fire—Running Bear go get water from the stream---- Running Bear go next door and get Pocahontas---tell her to come to camp so we can play MEDICINE MAN. That last order never worked the way my brother intended. Pocahontas was only 9 but she was nobody’s fool!

We all spent grammar school years listening to the radio since TV was not yet on the scene. And most kids listened to The Lone Ranger. I did too, but I had no use for that guy hiding behind the mask. Tonto, who rode the Pinto, was my hero—he was my kemosabe. He knew the ins and outs of hunting deer and wild turkey and he was an expert on tracking outlaws. The Lone Ranger was USELESS without him.

So later in high school when it came time to find the right college---naturally I was attracted to Eleazar Wheelock’s place up here in the north. Why---because Eleazar Wheelock was a very pious man who went into the wilderness to teach the Indian. And if that school was good enough to teach Indians it was the right place for me. And I liked that Eleazar taught only males----no need for a Pocahontas or a Hiawatha to clutter up the campus. But I did learn that Eleazar did have one course for women---and this is true --it was called “Wifery”---not sure what that course entailed, but I think it had to do with turning corn into maize, cleaning the teepee and taking care of the papoose. Things of that nature.

In any event, the Dartmouth we all went to was embedded in Indian culture. Remember at the football games the head cheerleader ran out on the field---dressed in traditional leather with feathers in his hair, a tomahawk in his hand and doing back flips. Then came the supreme Chief Bob Blackman who was more famous and adored than Sitting Bull or Crazy Horse. Then as Chief Blackman’s Indian troops ran out on the field we Indians in the stands hollered at the top of our lungs==WAH HOO WAH!! There was no uninspiring “go Green go.” No it was WAH HOO WAH!! We were not there to watch a friendly athletic get together --we wanted a massacre! We wanted as many of those Harvard intellectual scalps as we could tomahawk off. And we got them---our worriers speared those cantabs in the ribs

with their helmets causing fumbles and scoring many touchdowns---and when we couldn’t get a touchdown, we sent in the specialist Geronimo who kicked the ball through the double totem poles for 3 more points.. In the end we came away with many winning bets—a huge amount of wampum.

Yes the Indian way led to the best learning experiences---not only did we learn how to hunt the deer and the wild turkey but was we learned how to hunt WOMEN---how to follow the scent to COLBY JR, GREEN MOUNTAIN JR, AND TO THE CLOSEBY Mary HITCHCOCK SETTLEMENT. And later on we also learned how to read the constellations and the North Star to Indian- GPS our way down to the Skidmore tribe, the Wellsley tribe and the very challenging Smith tribe. And when we got to the final destination of any of those road trips we got the same greeting. Three or four house mothers would be in the parking lot screaming the lyrics of one of our favorite Dartmouth songs---- “Dartmouth’s in town again, run girls run!” And run they did, but we caught our fair share. And before the night was over there was plenty of hand holding , rubbing of noses and other things of similar nature-----always consensual !!

And do you remember the most impressive part of our graduation ceremony---yes that’s right--- the Indian peace pipe smoking up at the BEMA. The atmosphere was one of a proud Indian tradition and if I remember some of us got pretty high. Rumor had it that the premeds had stuffed the pipes with m & m = medical marijuana--- we were years ahead of our time!

Of course, in the years after graduation I had to come to grips with the fact that many great all male colleges were accepting women---even our beloved Dartmouth ---But LOOK WHAT THAT HAS COME TO! You know what the name of my family attorney is ---MARIA! And do you know what the name of my family doctor is --- AMANDA. Yes now when I am sick I go to MEDICINE WOMAN. In the old days, I always went to MEDICINE MAN. He would give me a bowl of herbal stew with a few mushrooms and I would get well right away with no side effects. Now when I go to Medicine Woman Amanda she sends me to Ride Aid to get 6 or 7 sophisticated drugs The Ride Aid guy gives me a 4 foot long receipt and a 27 page pamphlet to read about each one--- but I stop reading after page 3 when I see that the 5th possible side effect of all of the drugs is DEATH!. Give me a break! I’m going back to Medicine Man.

What about the politics of the country? I have an old uncle, Pete, who is 50% Cherokee and a Dartmouth grad. I asked him about the current presidential race.----he put his arm around me and said, “Running Bear---how are we going fix things if we have a squaw as the Chief? She can’t be trusted

with basic smoke signals. A few sensitive puffs from her personal back-yard fire get hacked and we get terrorists all over the place. I said, "Ok but what about this guy Trump?" He responded with an old Apache saying, "It is better to have less thunder in the mouth and more lightening in the hand." And I said, " But what about the great wall builder's sexy hairdo?" He quoted another Indian saying, "Most of us do not look as handsome to others as we do to ourselves."

Men of Dartmouth I have to end this by confessing to you that deep down I have no real problem with Dartmouth bringing in the co-eds. I remember well when the only woman consistently seen on campus was that was that onerous Lt. Colonel Miss Gill who ran that horrific Thayer Dining Hall with an iron tomahawk. Heaven help the scholarship guys if you if you were 15 minutes late for dish duty. And remember-all that steamed food that tasted worse than hospital stuff. I can remember days when I would have cut off my arm for a greasy cheeseburger and fries.

And guys---with no women on campus, remember how we all coped and kept our blood flowing? I remember three things---actually I remember four but I will only mention three. The first had to do with the Road Runner cartoons at the Nugget. Remember how we sex-starved worriers screamed with delight every time the Road Runner out foxed the fox. Second ,there was always an occasional walk by the AD zoo where you could pet or feed the animals---the lions the tigers, the otters, the Dobermans and the rest of the animals. And finally there was the reliable Dke House where Jim Progin would give a pitcher of beer to any guy still standing. They had a keg flowing 7/24 every day and night of the year. You could even get a shot of firewater there----something now banned from campus---thank you very much current Chief Hanlon. Now as I understand it----if a celebration is to be held, it must be held at one of six community areas where they serve unlimited tea and crumpets .

But I must always remind myself and you my fellow 61s---when we think of the changes brought about by our esteemed Dartmouth presidents ----we must remember the words of the old Cherokee chief who said, "Do not judge your college president until you walk 2 moons in his moccasins."

And in spite of the plethora of political correctness----I still love the place!

Dick Noel '61

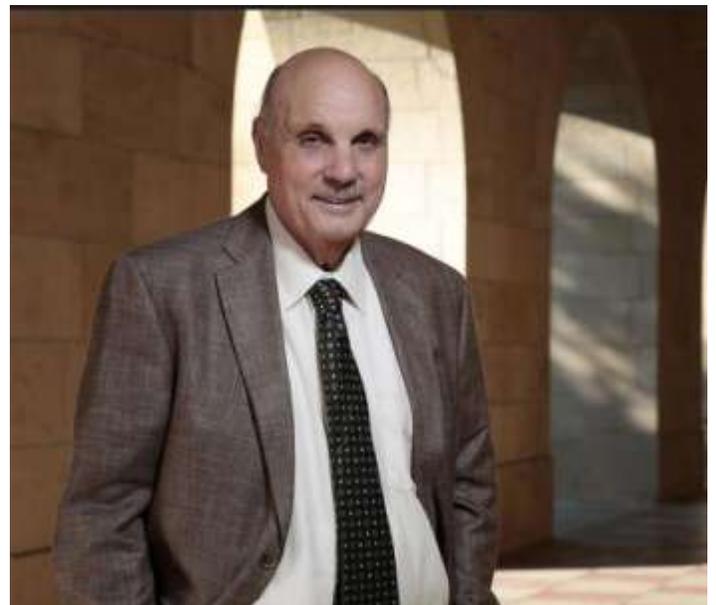
Pete Stewart video taped **Dick's** stand-up routine at the 55th passages session. Thought you might like to see it. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wQXAtyuzLWc>

Dick
dick_noel2001@yahoo.com

Let's keep on with other news: Stanford's **Mike Kirst** notes "I had to miss the reunion because of a relative's college graduation and my brother's 80th birthday in Oregon. Here is an update I am sending because it has a 50-year old picture."

SCHOOL QUALITY--A Stanford Professor's High-Stakes Plan to Save California Schools

Kirst has been responsible for leading a revamping of the California Public Schools. His approach has been based on increasing trust that local districts given resources will spend them wisely and then providing additional funding to poorer schools. Darling-Hammond, Kirst's Stanford colleague, said Kirst's approach on local control and extra funding for high-need students has been "groundbreaking."... "Of course these things always have glitches when you start them, but it's requiring local communities to be involved and really think about how they're spending their money and whether they're getting outcomes that they want," Darling-Hammond said. "That's really revolutionary and we have Mike to thank for that."



After . . .



Before . . .

Michael Kirst with President Lyndon B. Johnson in 1966. Courtesy of Michael Kirst.

The West Reading, Pa.-born son of a house painter went to Dartmouth on a need-blind scholarship and went on to earn his master's and doctorate degrees from Harvard. He got his start in Washington, D.C., doing education budget work under President Lyndon B. Johnson's administration in the '60s. He later worked for a Pennsylvania senator and ended up at Stanford after his boss lost re-election.

Dartmouth College Fund(DCF)

Outgoing president Denny Denniston, Co-Head Agents Eberhardt, McKee, an McArt, and Participation Chair Hop Holmberg report

- We surpassed the Class of 1953 for second place in participation with 78.6%, coming close to our goal of 80%.
- Class of 1954 was first with 82.0% and Class of 1953 was third with 76.6%
- The Class of 1960 got 75%, which was their goal the last two years, up from 72.8% last year
- In fifth place was the Class of 1979 with 65.4%, quite far below
- Our Class set a new record for 55th Reunion Participation previously held by Class of 1960 at 72.8%
- Our Class also had the highest participation of all reunion classes
- Contributions totaled \$758,153.79 vs our goal of \$610,000
- We exceeded our dollar goal by 24%
- We achieved a multiple of the prior year of 1.97, almost twice the prior year total of \$384,143

Congratulations to all and a great round of thanks for the efforts of so many solicitors and all of our classmates who contributed to these great results.

Bartlett Tower Society(BTS)

Congratulations and thanks to outgoing Gift Planning Chairs **John Damon** and **Peter Palin** for their BTS work and reaching the goal of 55 BTS members in the class of 1961 by our 55th Reunion.

Women of Dartmouth '61 Impressions

By **Nyla Arslanian**

Our 55th class reunion was very special in so many ways. I'm sure that each of the attendees came away with their own special moments—reconnecting with friends, making new ones, and just the joy of being together--feeling that special bond and love present was extraordinary.

Jim Baum did a wonderful job not only in the planning but in herding the cats during the three days and many great activities he planned for us. Nothing, however, compared to the hugs, kisses and smiles that were everywhere.

Following the traditional class "Passages" session wonderfully facilitated by George Bland, the women convened upstairs in the art center for what we called "The Gathering." Interestingly, although, we have never held back in our comments during Passages over the years, we just listened while the men shared—very moving. In our gathering, following the round of introductions, the women shared what they're dealing with as we mark, for many of us, our 7th decade and the wisdom poured forth. The two hours passed quickly with many topics being brought up. With over 50 of us in the overflowing room, many who had been to many reunions and even, for a few, this was their first, it seemed that most of the discussion centered around our homes. Not necessarily, the one where the kids were raised, but about the next one. We talked about downsizing, condo living, and senior living options. Suggestions and advice were in abundance. There was little doubt that no matter where our career paths had led us, fundamentally we are nesters and homemakers in the finest sense of the term. We take care of things and

while maybe slowing down a bit, we haven't stopped.

Special thanks to Patti Rich who co-chaired this session with me. Her warmth and caring made everyone comfortable and welcomed. The emails of those attending has been sent to all so we can keep sharing and Eileen Burton is creating a Facebook page for us, so those who weren't there can be part of it all too. That's what the Women's Initiative is all about—ongoing sharing, caring and connecting.

Mai poina. Alas, consistent with the relentless actuarial tables, we continue to lose classmates to the Grim Reaper. Most notably this period was **Peter Holbrook**, who succumbed to the Big Casino, but requested back in April that I not publicize it before he slipped away: "The bad news I want you to keep to yourself. I've been fighting cancer (originally prostate) for well over a year. I don't want to go into the details. Nor do I want to listen to well meaning advice or solicit sympathy. I'm still on my feet but resting a lot. Like Ray Welch I want to go out "at home with a glass of whiskey in one hand and a cigarette in the other". Except I'm not using any alcohol.

So it goes. I've accomplished everything I wanted and am ready for a long rest.

Best always, Peter" Harris has posted his obit (and website) on the class webpage.



Just as we were going to press, **Connie Persels shared** an article lauding **Ken DeHaven's** pioneering lead in arthroscopy surgery and its impact on sports medicine. Check out the full article by clicking on [DeHaven](#) (if you are reading this version on line) or copy and paste: <http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/KenDeHaven.pdf>

Forget to mention:

[Please copy the URL

(<http://s1183.photobucket.com/user/harrismckee/slideshow/Dartmouth-55th>) or click on [Reunion Photos](#) for a gallery of Reunion Photos most provided by Doc Wheeler. If you are prompted for a password, it is Dart55th—ed.]

Let's call it a wrap.

Hie thee to the Hanover Mini—Penn game Oct. 1.

Aloha,

tc