



November 2008

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WWW 11/7/08 — My, but didn't we have a busy, busy autumn this year...? Not only did we endure one of the longest, most rancorous, political campaigns in recent memory—and that merely got us through the Primaries—but we have also been able to enjoy watching our investments plummet down a precipitous slope in the stock markets and financial institutions which we were inclined to believe were rock solid. All the while we were treated to some astronomical prices at the gas pump and on the grocery shelves, and those

'61s lucky enough to live on Maui are still paying more for gas than anywhere else in the USofA. Focusing on Dartmouth matters, we have the Trustees recently naming five more Charter members, after a long and mendacious battle in the AofA elections, and the football team has matched our dismay by going winless to date. But '61s still showed up in Hanover in record numbers for milestone events, primary among those being the Homecoming mini-reunion so ably chaired by **Maynard Wheeler**. Maynard reports:

“Forty-one of us (24 classmates) gathered for the



Figure 1 Homecoming Bonfire

Homecoming weekend amidst spectacular fall foliage and classic clear New Hampshire weather including the first frost. We started with the inaugural Baum Conservation Area walk & picnic lunch on rock ledges with a superb view of the surrounding valleys. **Jim Baum** led **Al Rozycki, Eileen & Gim Burton, Paisan Marrone, Carol & Ivar Jozus, Ron Wybranowski** and **Maynard Wheeler** on the loop trail which met up with the Appalachian Trail at the top.



Figure 2 Ivar & Carol Jozus, Joan Wybranowski, Tom Conger, Gim Burton, Bob Conn, & Maynard Wheeler

Carol Baum kept watch in the parking area in case any others appeared. That evening the rest of the crowd showed up for dinner in the Drake Room at the Inn: **Pat & Vic Rich, Joani & Dave Prewitt, Marin & Bob Jackson, Susan & Mort Lynn, Ruth & Pete Bleyler, Sandy & Roger McArt, Ellen & Don O'Neill, Dave Armstrong with Linda Green, Bob Conn, Bob Fuller, Dick Spencer & Nancy Meng, Ann & Ralph Parady, Helene & Mike Murphy, tc, Ron Boss, Wybo and Maynard's wives,** and a last minute surprise: **Pete Synnott** with companion

Debbie.



Figure 3 Prewitt, Armstrong, Jackson, Synott, Conn, & Wheeler

They were joined by 4 students from the Connection Class of 2011. Too soon, at 7:15 PM we were all off to join the parade up Main Street and around the Green to the Homecoming ceremonies ending with the running of the 2012s around a great bonfire.

Saturday morning at 9:30 we were joined by **Jo & Terry Ortwein** to hear from students. Two 2011s, **Erik Landgraaf** and **Craig Fitzgerald**, a three-times wounded vet, told us about the three-year-old DUVA (Dartmouth Undergraduate Veterans Association) which President Wright had a hand in creating by offering a Dartmouth education to young service personnel. **Karen Doster '11** described her experience as a Rockefeller Center Fellow in Washington, DC, the first time members of the First Year Class have done this. She discovered the great benefits of the extended Dartmouth Alumni network. Our Academic Award student from the Government Department, **Caitlin Kelly '09**, outlined for us her senior honors thesis: the Effect of Politicization of the Holocaust on Public Opinion, explaining that our funds would allow her to obtain a professional on-line opinion survey.

Ivar and **Roger** presented her with the check, and **Maynard** recorded it on digital media! Our Athletic Award student, **Caroline Godfrey '12**, told us about her career in women's crew in the San Francisco Bay area and how our award which brought her to Hanover for two days helped her pick Dartmouth over Ivy League competitors.

It was a beautiful day for football and our team played vigorously if not successfully against favored Holy Cross. Half-time was marked by a farewell to **Max Culpepper** who has directed the Dartmouth marching band for 25 years—the oldest marching band in the Ivy League (who knew!). We might have preferred

something hot to drink but stayed with the tradition of a few post-game brews with Robert Frost. For dinner we tried out a new venue, the Mastlands, in Cornish, a very attractive historic estate that seemed to encourage a lot of conversation with classmates after another fine meal by our favorite caterer, Christophe's. Chris Wohlforth, PhD, Associate Director of the Dickey Center for International Understanding, explained that our favorite Great Issues Course had morphed into a much more pervasive college program to integrate world understanding into the fabric of the current Dartmouth experience. All of us were proud that the John Sloan Dickey influence prevailed at our great college."

In all, Homecoming was so packed with activities that one simply could not attend them all. On Saturday morning, a large crowd jammed into the Hop to hear Buddy Teevens' pre-game chalk-talk, then many stayed on for Shakespeare prof emeritus Peter Saccio's clever dissertation on Hamlet's influences as an undergrad at Wittenberg. After that the Rugby lads, **Murph, Prewitt & tc** hurried out to Brophy Field to watch the ruggers put a heap o' whoopass on the UConn XV, thereby making up for last fall's Homecoming tie with Hahvahd (also referred to as "kissing our sister w/that football factory on the Charles"...). The new clubhouse (affectionately dubbed "The Corey") never looked better, and the intrepid trio were delighted to reclaim the silver Revere bowl they had won in a hard-fought all-day Seven-A-Side Tournament in NYC over Thanksgiving weekend of 1960. Prew-dads has taken it back to Phila for re-plating, after half-century of yeoman service as a pupu calabash during post-match libations and other shenanigans.



Figure 4 Bowl Annotated with 1960 team of Conger, Haubner, Murphy, Slaby, Bracken, Kinderdine, Sarpy and Prewitt



Figure 5 Prewitt, Conger, and Murphy with Bowl

The weekend prior to Homecoming Dartmouth celebrated the Golden Anniversary of winning the Ivy League football championship for the first time since the league was formalized. Players from that 1958 squad came from the far reaches of this girdled earth, including a former would-be priest fullback from Sweden and a walk-on wise-ass halfback from Hawaii. In all, there were 22 aulde jox in town to honor a true once-a-lifetime milestone. The Friends of Football treated the creaking old codgers like royalty, and the entire company of survivors tramped out onto the Field Turf of Memorial Stadium at half-time of the Yale game, prosthetic joints squeaking, candidates for replacement popping and snapping, hearing aids finely tuned, and spectacles aglitter, to be hailed by the modest crowd in attendance; 'twas a proud corps that stood attention, and Paisan Marrone (who needs both knees replaced) even left his walking stick on the sidelines for the interim. That evening the ancient scholar/athletes were hosted to a lovely dinner in the Rockefeller Center lobby, where the inevitable lore and legends of playing for Bullet Bob Blackman were rehashed, embellished, and savored by all. We may not have appreciated it during those sweltering two-a-days in the August heat of Hanover, but we were truly lucky to have been mentored by a future Hall of Fame coach who knew better than we that football breeds character. **Diane Kittredge & Al Rozycki** housed a large group of '61s including **Connie Persels, Mary & Harris McKee, Ken deHaven**, and the irrepressible **Rich Marrone**—all the way from Sweden. Other classmates were **Maria & Philthy Phil Oehler**, co-chair **Charlie Chapman & Kris**, and the odd couple from Fiji **Duck Eicke & tc** (who will require heavy persuasion to ever make another of those two-day odysseys from the middle of the Pacific to the Uppah Valley...). **HBM** composed some

observations on the delightful interlude, to wit: 'Dartmouth football and the trip to New Hampshire got me thinking about the line in Robert Frost's poem, "The Road Not Taken", "Yet knowing how way leads on to way,"

Dartmouth has influenced my life in so many ways that I probably don't even recognize some of them. Obviously, I would have known few of the friends that I met at Dartmouth. Career steps through graduate school in California, Army duty at NASA, my position at McDonnell-Douglas, subsequent career stays in Dallas, Cedar Rapids, Minnesota, Missouri and Arkansas all flowed from a seemingly innocuous step in my freshman year at Indianola High School when the junior high football coach invited a big country kid to come out for football. Similarly, I arrived at Dartmouth only because of the Freshman

Football Coach, Earl Hamilton and the subsequent follow-up by Coach Bob Blackman with weekly letters from Hanover. So the 50th FB reunion was very meaningful to me; it marked why I went to Dartmouth and "that way led to the rest of my life".

Duck wrote a memoir on being "recruited" to play for The Bullet back in '56; pls. enjoy the "Reflections" attachment.

http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/Eicke--Reflections_on_a_50th_Anniversary_Football.pdf

But enough event history; let us move forth with items from the stuff of our class, yourselves, starting with some awards. A recent National Hockey League press release dated [Toronto] 10/1/08 announced:



Figure 6 Friend, Oehler, Conger, McKee, Eicke, Chapman, Persels, Rozycki, Marrone, Dehaven

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA TO HOST 2008 LESTER PATRICK AWARD LUNCHEON ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22

The National Hockey League and USA Hockey team up to honor an exceptional group of hockey executives and former players.

WHAT: Media availability to introduce the 2008 Lester Patrick Award recipients.

The annual Lester Patrick Award Luncheon will follow the media availability at 12:30 p.m. C.T.

WHO: Bob Naegele Jr., Minnesota Wild founding owner

Brian Burke, Anaheim Ducks Executive V.P. and General Manager

Phil Housley, 21-year NHL defenseman

Ted Lindsay, Hockey Hall of Famer and Detroit Red Wings icon

WHEN: Wednesday, October 22, 2008 at 10:45 a.m. CT

WHERE: The St. Paul Hotel

350 Market Street
Saint Paul, MN 55102

A prior NHL release explains: “**NEW YORK (August 7, 2008)** -- Minnesota Wild founding owner Bob Naegele, Jr., Anaheim Ducks Executive Vice President and General Manager Brian Burke, 21-year NHL defenseman Phil Housley and Hockey Hall of Fame left wing Ted Lindsay have been named recipients of the 2008 Lester Patrick Trophy for outstanding service to hockey in the United States.

“The award, one of the most prestigious in hockey, was presented to the National Hockey League by the New York Rangers in 1966. It honors the memory of Lester Patrick, who spent 50 years in hockey as a player, coach, and general manager, and was a pioneer in the sport’s development.

“A born and bred Minnesotan who played goal for Minnetonka High School, Naegele became the lead investor of an informal association of hockey enthusiasts whose dream was to see the return of NHL hockey to Minnesota. The group, Minnesota Sports & Entertainment, helped Minnesota hockey fans realize their dream on June 25, 1997, when the NHL announced that St. Paul was awarded an expansion franchise. The Minnesota Wild began competing in the 2000-01 season at the new Xcel Energy Center.

“With Naegele as majority owner, the Wild became one of the most successful expansion franchises in pro sports. The team has played in front of capacity crowds for every home game in franchise history, a streak that encompasses seven seasons and 319 preseason, regular-season and playoff games.”

Quoth **Naegs**: “Ralph ‘Edgy’ Burns, Herb West, and Eddy Jeremiah would have been proud of a guy who flunked Economics 1.” [*Do we still honor superb performances with a “round of snaps”...? Ed.*]

Speaking of distinguished awards, we have this on the presentation of the Warner Bentley/Henry B. Williams Fellowship Endowments for the school year ending last June: Two students were selected, Brian A. Fortin '08, a senior Theater major who grew up in Presque Isle, Maine before attending Dartmouth, and Bryan Joseph Lee '07 an actor, writer, producer, and director from Nashville, TN. This award was established in 1988 by **David Birney** to acknowledge the passionate commitment by Warner Bentley and Henry B. Williams to the life of the theater at Dartmouth and in gratitude for the profound contributions made by both men to the lives of many students of the College. A fellowship is awarded to a student, chosen by the faculty of the

Department of Theater, who has significantly enriched the world of theater within the Dartmouth community. This award shall be used to help provide a bridge between the undergraduate experience and that of the professional world—including, but not restricted to, graduate education, a professional internship, or further professional study—that will sustain and extend a commitment to the theatrical arts first nourished at Dartmouth. [*More snaps, please, gents! Ed.*]

You may have already seen this on the ‘61 website:

Eleven Join Athletics Hall of Fame Date: October 17, 2008 Eleven men and women who have played roles in shaping the athletic successes of the University of Rochester will be inducted into the Athletics and Recreation Hall of Fame as part of the yearly Meliora Weekend festivities. **Kenneth DeHaven, M.D.** Initiated the University’s Athletic Medicine Department in 1975...Team physician from 1975-2004...Established team concept in regard to injuries... Initiated a series of procedures to develop and expand treatment procedures for injuries. In 1989, he developed University Sports Medicine consisting of physicians specializing in sports medicine collaborating with sports therapy, with physical therapists specializing in sports rehabilitation and athletic trainers... Worked at the Cleveland Clinic Orthopaedic Staff, 1972-75... Has served as president of nearly every major professional society of which he was a member: American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons (AAOS), American Orthopaedic Society for Sports Medicine (AOSSM), Arthroscopy Association of North America, and International Society of the Knee... Honored multiple times, including the University’s Lysle "Spike" Garnish Citation in 1986, the Elliott Cushing Award from the Rochester Press Radio Club in 1995, and induction into the AOSSM Hall of Fame in 2006... Played football at Dartmouth College, culminating in Honorable Mention All-America honors in 1960... Received a B.A. from Dartmouth in 1961 and continued education and received a Dartmouth Medical School B.M.S. Cum Laude in 1963...Received a M.D. from Northwestern University Medical School in 1965.

And/or this in *Dartmouth Medicine*, Spring 2008: “**Alan Rozycki, MD**, a professor of pediatrics (and a 1963 graduate of DMS), was honored with the creation of the Alan A. Rozycki Commitment to Excellence Award. The annual award will highlight an individual whose extraordinary work has had an

impact on the quality of the patient experience in general pediatrics at the Children's Hospital at Dartmouth." In the latest issue of the CHaD (Children's Hospital at Dartmouth) newsletter, there's an article about Alan Rozycki's retirement. It reads: "For more than 35 years, Dr. Alan Rozycki has been an exceptional clinician, educator and thinker at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center. He retired at the end of December 2007. Dr. Rozycki served as the principal investigator for several clinical trials and brought the fruits of his research into the clinical arena. Over the years he has served as a mentor to many, and his work has been published in esteemed peer-reviewed journals. Although Dr. Rozycki dedicated much of his career to medical student education, he was committed to his active pediatrics primary care practice, developing enduring relationships with many patients, and providing comprehensive continuity and advocacy, especially for children with special healthcare needs. In 1994, his eminent service earned Dr. Rozycki an appointment to the rank of full professor. Dr. Rozycki has distinguished himself as a leader in several of CHaD's clinical areas. To name a few, he has served as Director of the Normal Newborn Nursery, Section Chief of General Academic Pediatrics, Program Director of the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Regional Pediatric/Family HIV Program, and he developed CHaD's Spina Bifida program. "Dr. Rozycki will be missed, not just here at CHaD, but throughout our region and beyond." [*Those snaps are getting deafening, fellas...! Ed.*]

Finally, thought we should share this exchange among awardees of the coveted Tanzi License Plate Trophy as the date for passage to the next winner drew nigh.

On June 26, 2008, at 10:34 AM, DartmouthDuck@aol.com wrote:

Pete: Having been unceremoniously chastised by **Vic** without opportunity to defend myself, I do herewith announce my intent to ship said Tanzi plate to NH posthaste lest my tardiness be further noted. Said trophy of years past will be mailed to the addressee at 19 Rocky Hill Lane, Lyme, NH 03768 upon verification that this address is current. Pete does herewith affirm his intent to take proper care of this treasured piece and consent to part with said Tanzi plate at the appointed time and relinquish to **Jerry K.**

Reluctantly,
the Duck

pete.bleyler@VALLEY.NET replies, copying [Murphy](mailto:jmmurphy@acni.us) <jmmurphy@acni.us>:

Hello, Duck Man: Said **Bleyler** doth herewith and forever acknowledge that said address in the great Town of Lyme, NH, bearing due north of another great town, Hanover, at #19 Rocky Hill Lane, is correct. (There are only 4 properties and 3 homes on Rocky Hill Lane. Why 19? Don't know, only the Post Office does).

Since the plate goes from one fiscal year to the next, you are not delinquent unless I receive the plate on or after July 1!

Pete

Duck confirms, again cc: **Murph**:

Pete: Will arrange mailing ASAP—hard to give it up. Noticed I misspelled Tanzi—fingers still too quick and eyesight failing.

Duck

And **Murph** forwards to **Oscar**—intercepted by **tc**, who observes:

Gents: I get the distinct feeling that this is exactly what Harry Tanzi had in mind when donating the plate to O.

(well, that and maybe a little, uh, close encounter with **Nyla**...)

Aloha-hoo-wah,
tc

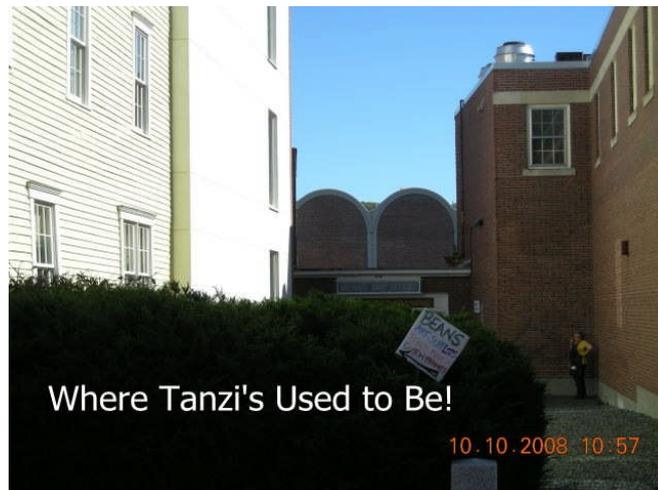
Oscar <oscar@discoverhollywood.com>, in turn, posits: We should all be as smart as Harry...and judging from this exchange, I think we are definitely getting there!

I will never forget him coming up to me that Sunday and saying, "You know, I'll be dead by your next reunion so....." Classic.

And you are right, TC, the night before at our dinner, Harry, sitting next to Nyla, had all the Italian snake-moves going strong!

What a guy.

"O"



Sam Baker <smjbaker***olympus.net> checked in with Harris McKee just as the June issue was going to press: “Martha and I leave for Norway in a few days for about a month of visiting distant relatives and friends. I’ve been doing volunteer orthopedics overseas in Bhutan the last three years in intervals. Has been very interesting and rewarding. Also working some at our local hospital in surgery with assisting, particularly the tougher cases. So didn’t really retire, just changed gears. Martha is busy with gardening and her flute. Our daughter and our son are both teachers as are their spouses. We are all doing well. If you are ever out this way, please come by for a visit.”

Chris Hearon <cwhearon***bellsouth.net> likewise just missed the last deadline, and sent this update: “Harris - I’m only just becoming a bit familiar with all of this. I just signed up for inCircle, but haven’t figured out yet how to join the exclusive 1961 message exchange, if there is one. Also, you can put me down for just the electronic transmission and forego the mailed version. As an additional note, I am still working - teaching Latin at the Middle School level - the most rewarding experience of my teaching career. Not much money in teaching, but it is truly rewarding. I just returned from taking 13 eighth Grade students to Panama for 10 days. I was born and raised in Panama, never lived in the US until I entered Dartmouth in 1957. In case anyone wonders, I’m only 40, maybe 50 years old... I can’t believe it’s almost 70. I feel it (at times, my evaluation, but don’t look it) (according to what others tell me).”

Fritz Kern <fritzkern***cox.net> corrected our error in alluding to the “milk punch” over at Delt (uhh, Bones Gate...) on Green Key Sundays: “Er... that’s ‘Fish house Punch’ we Delts served on Sunday AM during Green Key. Contents: all leftover hard booze of all types with fruit juices mixed in. We had a special large industrial grade milk can with a ski pole stir-stick. Did you ever come over and listen to our ‘Black and Tans’ Sunday band and sip our stuff? Many ladies had to find their own way back to the train station. I have a vivid memory of one of the brother’s parents, ostensibly there to chaperone, who eventually became the life of the party...she barfing over our back wall while hubby was swinging out the french doors on our drapes screaming like a banshee. The stuff of *Animal House* for sure.”



Fritz notes that Clock Still Marks Family Bsn Site

Another ol’ Delt (er, Gater), **Keith Latimore** <lesbumpit***yahoo.com>, surprised to read about himself in the *AluMag*, wrote to **Vic Rich**: “I read with interest of my ‘recently incurred medical problem,’ and I was astounded that such news could become so widely known as to make an appearance in the *DAM*. I am pleased to report that, knock on wood, I am doing quite well. My problem of depression was caused by a couple of difficult problems which were beginning to overwhelm me. But, I was able to confront them and am now on the road to complete recovery. That’s not quite accurate. You see, the problems were: 1. My drives were getting shorter, and 2. My putts were sliding by or coming up short. To help with my recovery, I got a new driver, always a mentally uplifting event. As for the depressing putts, I adopted a new stroke and visualization technique and the situation seems improved. I do hope that no one else in the class has fallen prey to my malady. I’m told the illness becomes more pronounced with age, so I’m hoping I’ve gotten through the worst of it. My wedges do seem a little peaked lately... Aside from the above, retired life is ongoing in Atlanta. I have a golfball trip to Scotland scheduled for September and then **Nancy Knight** and I are touring in Prague and Vienna in October. As was chronicled by the Conger in *WWW*, **Fritz Kern** and wife, **Janis** met up with Nancy Knight and me in Hilton Head SC and had a wonderful time. It makes me want to see more of the class, particularly after getting the **Rick Taft** obit. Unfortunately the reunion in the spring is a bit too pricey for a weekend, much as I would like to attend. If you get to Atlanta, knock on the door, we’d love to see you.”

For most of the month of September **Peter Holbrook** had a show at the Piante Gallery in

Eureka, CA. Herewith he submits a few afterthoughts regarding same:

“Some, I expect, will be disappointed to see that I am still painting the same places I have been working on for the past 30 years. There is progress here, but in the direction of a deeper understanding of the subjects, and the technical ability to express them.

“As with most of my Southwestern Canyon subjects, the typical point of view is from the edge of a chasm, looking down. Almost a bird’s eye view. This downward perspective enables certain psychological and pictorial qualities. Unlike an empty sky, it provides a background against which the effects of light and atmosphere become visible. There is also a sense of the danger of falling—either over the edge, or off the fallen log that bridges a creek. These places are peaceful yet dangerous and unforgiving. They are to me mysterious in their depths. I try to express these qualities by allowing the land forms to gradually disappear. So, many of the paintings here are about the dissolution of form - through distance, intense light, shadow and atmosphere.

“Although the titles of my paintings normally name a location, water is as much the subject here as any particular place. As snow it blankets the horizontal surfaces, revealing a patterned structure and reducing extraneous texture. Snow also provides a foil to all the other colors, much as a white mat frames an image. Raise the temperature a few degrees and the snow becomes a liquid. By turns it appears transparent, refractive or reflective, depending of your viewing angle. To get these three optical aspects of water into the same painting is quite challenging. Raise the temperature a few more degrees and it becomes a gas revealing shapes and movement in the air. So water not only carves the shapes of the land, but fills the air and defines that space through what it reveals or obscures. You don’t have to be a scientist or an artist to find water endlessly fascinating to look at. But to see it accurately I think requires a photographic reference.

“Some of the field photography behind this work was done 20 years ago. (‘Cove Fog Burns Off’, ‘Sea Mist at Abalone Point’ and ‘Big Flat 3’) It is another advantage to painting from photographs—this ability to look backward in time. Some of the places look quite different today, For example a solid row of houses now lines Lower Pacific Drive near Abalone point, giving it the aspect of being the edge of a town rather than a desolate

bluff. The deterioration of the air quality is readily apparent in my photo records, though much more apparent in the Southwest than here at the coast. Painting from my photography has been my method for over 40 years. I tend to deal mostly with subjects and points of view that cannot be understood accurately without photography’s ability to freeze the moment. However it should be understood that I am not making a ‘true’ transcription of the photographic information. To do that is often an exercise in boredom for the painter as well as the viewer. Yes, the images are ‘photographic’ but that is just their starting point. Many liberties are taken and many passages reworked over and over. That, and my desire to retain the freshness of broken color and visible brushwork, distinguish my work from most Photorealism.”

Have shared Peter’s thoughts with several major artist acquaintances. Here is the response from Richard Nelson, dean of America’s proponents of the Albers trihue watercolor method (whose daughter & her family live in Corey Ford’s former place at One North Balch, Hanover): “Much appreciated commentary from a man who both sees and feels.

Refreshing. I also find a kinship here, for I too have been intrigued with water and its ability to be both a window and a mirror. But for me, it is also a self-portrait when we realize the percentage of our being is water. According to [my] definition of an artist, Peter meets all my criteria.” How does this mesh w/your own artistic concepts, fellas?

Mike Gazzaniga, former psychological and brain sciences professor cum Dean of Faculty at Dartmouth, now prof of Psychology at UCSB [*Dartmouth’s loss – Ed.*], has a new book out *Human: The Science Behind What Makes Us Unique* (Ecco/Harper Collins Publishers). “Shelflife” in the *AluMag* states that Gazz “applies cutting edge neuroscience research to the questions of understanding human behavior,” while **David Birney** spotted a review in the August 24, 2008 edition of *The New York Times Book Review* which claims *Human* “...takes us on a lively tour through the latest research on brain evolution...In the hair-raising final chapter, Gazzaniga turns to the question of whether technology may eventually make us something other than human, exploring such potential enhancements as brain implants and germ-line gene therapy...”

“Sounds much more that a ‘lively tour’ to me – DB”
There’s also this from Forbes.com: **October 22, 2008 Featured Review**

“We know more stuff than lesser animals,” argues pioneering neuroscientist Michael Gazzaniga, but it may be our ability to *make stuff up* that most significantly sets us apart. One key reason we are so complex is simple: “We are party animals.” Gazzaniga's *Human: The Science Behind What Makes Us Unique* is striking in its emphasis on the above and related notions. The often lighthearted, exuberant prose itself makes the point, which is unsurprising, as the writer is no ordinary talking head. He is chief of the SAGE Center for the Study of the Mind, a President's Council on Bioethics member and an alumnus of the Dartmouth frat on which *Animal House* was based. He convincingly claims advances in genetics, imaging and evolutionary psychology and biology are converging to give us an arresting new picture of the human brain...the sheer number of solid and intriguing studies Gazzaniga eloquently presents--including some from his own highly impressive body of work--allow readers to celebrate, with him, our unique ability to celebrate the world, to party like no other animal in it.”

Ach, und jetzt giffs Green Cards! Many, many thanks to [all] contributors— your input is what makes this rag go. Back in September, before all the hilarity in Hanover, **Al Rozycki** <Alan.A.Rozycki@Hitchcock.org> updated: “Retirement at the end of 2007 has been good— spent 6 weeks in Abu Dhabi visiting one son & his family, then 6 weeks at home, followed by 6 weeks in Hawaii seeing another son & his family. This past summer **Diane** & I had my 6-year old grandson from Abu Dhabi—what a nice bonding experience for us both. This fall looking forward to our DMS’63 45th reunion, the reunion of our 1958 Ivy League Football Championship team and our ‘61 class mini-reunion. Diane continues to work as Program Director of the Pediatrics Residency Training Program here at Dartmouth. She tolerates my travels fairly well (so far...)” Also prior to Homecoming, **Bob “Jobbly” Jackson** <RBJCPA@Fairpoint.net> quoth: “Just thought I’d say Hi! to an old friend. Will go to Holy Cross game, and hang with old, and new, classes. Maynard does a great job being on the ground and keeping us awake. Will swing down to KUA for an update. Did you know [the late] **Bob McDonough** ‘61? He was one of the 4 from KUA at D. Just **Stowell** & Jackson left.” To which your scribe replied: “Yeah, I remember ‘Cob’ McDonough; when his obit showed up, there was confusion over whether it was TJ or RJ who has passed on,

somehow confusing him with ‘Mouse.’ So we’re down to 50% of the KUA dudes. Also not good— knew ‘em all; Jeez, **Pete Holland**’s been gone since shortly after our 25th...! Expect to visit **Power John** down in Toga Town between the Yale & Cross games; as my ‘calabash bruddah’ he & I have kept in pretty good touch all these years. I know this for certain: if ‘61 lost half of our Punahou grads, it wouldn’t be particularly healthy for the undersigned...”

Lance Stoker Greencarded from Utah: “Had nice surprise visit by Jim Young ‘60 & wife. Showed him highlights of our environs. He & wife (ret.) are on junkets about USofA trying to do it in a sport & relaxed manner. My 3 kids 24/22/22 have been in Asia quite a bit. Oldest Ryan in serious Japanese language study, one of the girls (twins) is interested in Mandarin language study. Other one still at Grinnell. I’m retired.”

Ol’ faithful **Tony Horan**

<anthonyhoran@yahoo.com> advises: “Our son was accepted at Penn and has entered there at a cost of \$53,000. Every contact we have had with them makes it seem like a great decision. In August we hiked on the Kern Plateau at 10-11,000 feet for weight loss purposes. It worked. My wife lost 6 lbs in 5 days and it is staying off! I fished for golden trout. My book is coming out in “second half of ‘09.” Its title is *The Big Scare: The Truth Behind Prostate Cancer & Big Business*. Do not allow a PSA until you read it! **Chuck Ritchie**

<CRitchie@BlakeSchool.org> announces: “I retired 7 years ago after 36 years of teaching Russian at the Blake School in MPLS. Retirement has afforded ample time to do more hunting & fishing, as well as some volunteer work at a local food shelf, and finally some travel—Russia, China, Singapore, Thailand, Switzerland, Italy, Mexico. Life is good.”

Military Adventures. We hope to include this special feature whenever classmates feel inspired to share some of their experiences in the military, as we were all subject to the Selective Service back in those seminal days of the ‘60s et seq. **Glenn Gemelli** <cgranch@frontiernet.net> has more than enough recollections, to wit: “I have never been one to reflect much on the past and my Air Force “career” bordered on an anomaly. But I do have some memories which might be of interest, in somewhat chronological order.

•Don’t believe your recruiter: After being awarded a navigator training slot to follow OTS (there were no

pilot slots), my recruiter assured me I could get it changed at OTS. I entered pilot training almost four years later.

•Cherish your moments of glory—there will be other moments less glorious: Pilot training was an ultimate ‘high.’ I thrived in that arena, graduating #1 in my class and receiving the Order of Daedalian’s Orville Wright Achievement Award. The notoriety from this flying related success eventually wore off as the realities of my suitability (or lack thereof) in the command hierarchy later became evident. I have occasionally thought that I would have been a better fit in the Canadian Air Force, where all pilots were not looked at as potential Generals.

•Memories of the T-38: A sports car! Most of us never flew an airplane like it again. Scariest moment: My first night solo—the sky and ground were one, and the engines were on automatic rough. Funniest IP memory: Soloing a student who, on that day, couldn’t do much right, [offered] a comment akin to ‘Let me out; I can’t sit through any more of this.’ As I expected, he shook the nerves and did fine. Formation: what a blast! Most pilots back then learned the flying skills displayed by the Thunderbirds and Blue Angels.

•The South East Asia experience: Had the airlines been hiring, I wouldn’t have gone. I was a ‘volunteer’ only because I was going anyway and volunteering might get me a better assignment. I think I sensed something early on about this unfortunate adventure.

•Two memories from my stop at jungle survival: 1) I bought a watch that showed the day of the week—a forethought that I might otherwise not know. 2) During an evasion exercise, I hid under a downed tree until I noticed motion around my lower legs. Realizing that I was being engulfed by huge red ants, required (I was losing mine by then anyhow), bush jackets and jeans are uniforms of choice; Air America does our maintenance and we share the airport with notables such as Aeroflot. Vientiane—eclectic mix of cultures; significant expatriate population; Pathet Lao (the Vietcong of Laos) compounds within the city, one adjacent to the American Embassy; neat shops and restaurants, and a night life which could be as challenging as the daytime combat.

•Oops, wrong turn: while driving my jeep around one night I turned down a street only to see a gate and guns aimed at me; I quickly reversed my path, having discovered one of the Pathet Lao compounds mentioned above.

I leaped out of the hole and willingly surrendered a chit to the nearest searching Negrito.

•Good morning Vietnam: The morning after arrival in-country, I discovered that two acquaintances had been killed overnight and that I was being transferred to Danang, aka ‘Rocket City.’ Can I go home yet??? Three recollections from Danang: 1) I had real fears of dying before and during my first few combat missions (O-2 Covey FAC) but quickly settled in—almost, but not quite, routine. 2. Rocket attacks were so prevalent that I put a spare mattress under my bed with flak vest and helmet on it. When the siren sounded, I simply rolled out of and under my bed, donned vest and helmet, and sometimes went back to sleep. 3) Closest call that I am aware of: A miscommunication while I was controlling two F4s on a strike led to the ultimate ‘near miss’—I saw the rivets on the F4’s belly as he pulled over me and caught a glimpse of his two bombs passing under me.

•But we’re not in Laos: I want out of Danang and they’re looking for a volunteer to train Ravens in Laos. I fit the criteria: IP experience, FAC time, and old enough to presumably rein in the young guns virtually inventing ways to kill themselves. Now, if you know anything at all about the Ravens, there is no way in hell that I would have volunteered for a normal combat assignment with them. But this training slot in Vientiane was intriguing, so off I went to ultimately train the few American Ravens trickling into the program and the Laotian pilots replacing them. •Highlights from my Raven tour (flying Laotian O-1 Birddogs): Uniforms and dog tags left at Udorn, Thailand (PCS base of assignment); extended TDY to Vientiane complete with villa, cook, maid service, jeep, etc; haircuts not

•Quoth the Raven, ‘Nevermore’: Interesting guys, some on self-extended tours; perhaps the epitome of warriors, relatively unrestrained by rules of engagement. I occasionally wondered how some would survive back in the real world; I am aware of two who are presently engaged in Iraq. As grounded as I thought I was, my adjustment back to ‘reality’ was not all that easy; my first marriage was one fallout.

•One more tour of interest: I spent two years in a small group providing F4 engineering and technical assistance to foreign countries. Frequent world travel included visits to Iran, Israel, and Turkey, with short stops in Syria and Pakistan. This period was

filled with interesting experiences, perhaps none more memorable than airport security in Israel (TSA is a pussycat).

•Parting thought: these are experiences that I recall; they're no big deal, but they have contributed to who I am; perhaps you'll find some entertaining..." [Holy sh*t! Good thing we hadn't discovered PTSD back then... More next time. Ed.]

Guess we ought to call it a wrap. Give serious thought to taking your WWW via the web-only

version(s): much faster, more fun links, photos come in color (and more of 'em), plus the class saves a bundle in production/ mailing costs! A distinct pleasure to serve you gents, as always.

**Aloha,
Tc**

p.s. Just in as we were going to press, got word that **Jack Charter** died on November 9th. His obituary is available on the class website.

And from some dusty attic comes this photo from Bob Naegele from Spring Break in 1959

