



September 2010



President:
Roger W. McArt
 26 McKinley St.
 Rowayton, CT 06853-1530

Vice-President:
J. Michael Murphy
 11042 Lake Butler Blvd.
 Windermere, FL 34786-7806

Secretary:
Victor S. Rich
 5 Red Ground Rd.
 Old Westbury, NY 11568-1119

Treasurer:
Ivar A. Jozus
 Box 1298
 73 Main St.
 Middletown, CT 06457-3408

Co-Head Agent:
Donald F. O'Neill
 P.O. Box 1288
 Landsdale, PA 19446-0731

Co-Head Agent
Denny Denniston
 266 West 91st St.
 New York, NY 10024-1101

Newsletter Editor:
Thomas S. Conger
 P.O. Box 115
 Grantham, NH 03753
 tcink85***gmail.com

Gift Planning Chair:
Peter M. Palin
 1704 S.W. 14th Street
 Fort Lauderdale, FL 33312-4104

Co-Mini-Reunion Chair:
 Hanover
Maynard B. Wheeler
 P.O. Box 538
 Grantham, NH 03753-0538

Class Web Site:
<http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/>

Co-Mini-Reunion Chairman
 Non-Hanover
Dave Prewitt
 279 Warner Road
 Wayne, PA 19087-2156

Alumni Council:
Alan Orschel
 1258 Pine Street
 Winnetka, IL 60093-2028

Web Master(s):
Harris B. McKee (Publisher)
 5 Cunningham Ln.
 Bella Vista, AR 72715-6550

Robert H. Conn (Editor)
 3025 Loch Dr.
 Winston Salem, NC 27106-3007

Project Chair:
Cleve E. Carney
 708 Lenox Rd.
 Glen Ellyn, IL 60137-3932

[WWW 8/31/10] **Heat.** Relentless, deep, sweltering, blazing, blistering, broiling, brutal heat. Dogs lie panting, workmen drop at their posts, cars boil over, decorative candles melt, lawns wither, hostas droop, hydrangea leaves turn brown, air-conditioners break down, emergency rooms fill with heat stroke patients. Yup, that's this horrendous summer in the Uppah Valley. New Hampshire: summer playground for the eastern seaboard—canoeing, swimming, hiking, singing folk songs and telling ghost stories around the campfire, s'mores. Fuggedaboddit... Everyone is huddled indoors in the few homes that have air-conditioning—others amble mindlessly through malls, footsteps echoing, staring at the shops with padlocked doors and windows covered over in butcher paper, eating ice cream, and wishing they had money to spend as in days of yore...



'Tain't a pretty picture, folks. But, in Rockwellian detail, it's reality.

Must confess, this is not what the undersigned had anticipated in contemplating the big move from Maui to New Hamster. Nobody ever warned me. And nobody knows what to tell me now. Wondering: did I make a wrong turn coming out of **McElhinney's** driveway back in Denver—is this actually the Arizona desert...?

That being said, we gots reunions—mini and maxi, once in a lifetime versions. We also gots **Maynard Wheeler** to thank for heading up these delightful endeavors—he speaks:

SAVE THE DATE! - Homecoming - October 29 - 31, 2010

Do not miss the bonfire warm up to our 50th reunion, namely the Fall Mini-Reunion October 29 - 31 with Homecoming festivities and Harvard game plus student presentations. If you want to sit with the 1961 Section at the game, get your registration in by the **deadline September 15**. Likely group: **Holmberg, Conn, McManus, Dalglish, Armstrong, O'Neill, Bland, Burton, Ortwein, Eberhardt, Johnson, Wybranowski, Goodridge, Bleyler, Conger, Murphy, Jozus, Baum, Spencer, Synnott, Fuller** and counting.

Make reservations early as it will be Leaf Peeping Season in the Upper Valley.

GO TO: Class Web Site -

www.dartmouth.org/classes/61/ for [More Mini-Reunion Information](#) and [Registration Form](#)

that you can fill out on line.

Maynard Wheeler

PO Box 538, Grantham, NH.

Home: (603) 863-3206, Cell: (404) 217-1089

[Mbwheeler61*alum.dartmouth.org](mailto:Mbwheeler61***alum.dartmouth.org)**

As for the 50th: "Mark your Calendars—postpone weddings, christenings, mitzvahs, hip

replacements, and/or hair transplants—**Grand 50th Reunion** June 10 - 12, 2011, with extension through June 14 for extra fellowship, forums and fun. Need we remind you this will be the only 50th you will ever be part of? This is a once-a-lifetime opportunity, fellas—woe be unto him who passeth it up. Highlights will be: Passages, Dave Birney performance of "Love Letters" by AR Gurney (celebrating the Class Legacy to the Performing Arts), music by the Sultans and Renegades, lunch with President Kim and the Trustees, golf and tennis tournaments, visits with the professional schools and fraternities, and much, much more. Watch the Class web site for more details to be posted soon." Send questions to mbwheeler61***alum.dartmouth.org.

Speaking of reunions, some selected words of appreciation for a job done way above & beyond the call by **Joani & Dave Prewitt** at Philadelphia:

"**David**, thanks again to you and **Joanie** for all the thought and hard work you put into arranging our mini-reunion. You both did a terrific job, and I think all of us had a wonderful time. I know Kathie and I did. You also showed us what a great and fun city Philadelphia is; the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce should see that the next statue that goes up is of the two of you. Or, perhaps we could make that our class's next artistic project. Thanks again, and see you in Hanover next year if not before."

Charlie & Kathie Buffon

"**Patti** and I second Charley's comments, as well as his suggestion to erect a statue in Phila. honoring you and **Joanie**. If Phila. won't erect or accept a statue in your honor, then perhaps we can get a statue erected at Dartmouth, that statue crazy place which already houses all of one statue (Robert Frost). Our Class, especially **Murph**, had such an easy time getting the Frost statue approved and erected, it should be a piece of cake replicating the Frost statue with a Prewitt Statue!!!" **Vic Rich**

“Ditto. Jane and I enjoyed our abbreviated stay in Philly. Congrats, Prewitts, for a job well done.” **John King**

“Hi, Joani and David: You two truly exemplified servant heartedness in all you did way over the top to make the Philly mini-reunion something awesome for everyone. I hope you are recovering from it all. Many, many thanks. It was such a special return to the scene of the beginning for me and Patty. We look forward to the next time we can be with you.” **Cartter Frierson**

“Dave: Elaine and I certainly agree with all comments. Many, many thanks to both you and Joani for a wonderful Reunion and a superb weekend. Warm Regards,” **Art & Elaine Kelton**

Did everyone in Philly understand that **Nyla** was wearing that brace on her wrist Saturday night because she broke it walking into the Union League? Did not deter her from tearing up the dance floor that night, even though she claims she “just hasn’t mastered walking” as yet... finally got the cast off June 10, and into PT in order to fully return as Editor of *Discover Hollywood* magazine - a fine publication, now also available online
<http://www.discoverhollywood.com/>

Noose from the class: **David Birney** spent mid-June to mid-July in Cape May, NJ (motto: “As Far Away from Hanover As You Can Get in Jersey”...), starring as the ghost of John Barrymore in Rudnick’s “I Hate Hamlet.” Without going into the finite detail, he done good. We excerpt from The Philadelphia Inquirer’s review thus:

The Philadelphia Inquirer

Tue, Jun. 22, 201

Airy comedy becomes a solid treat

By Howard Shapiro



ALEKSEY MORYAKOV
 David Birney (left), as the ghost of John Barrymore, makes the evening his own, playing mentor to the unskilled actor portrayed by John Patrick Hayden in “*I Hate Hamlet*.”

Posted on Tue, Jun. 22, 2010

Inquirer Theater Critic

“It’s Birney’s evening, for sure. His Barrymore seems real...And when he makes the case for glory over to fame, Birney harnesses the inner power of Rudnick’s concoction. (Birney’s initial New York acting appearance was at the Central Park Shakespeare series.) While artistic director Roy Steinberg’s interpretation reveals the play’s serious underlying elements about elders handing down wisdom, it’s all good fun in his staging...It didn’t start out that way at Thursday’s opening, with a cast that kept missing its



collective beats; at Birney's entrance after about 15 minutes, everyone revved into action and there we were, watching a different play with what seemed like a different cast..."

On June 27th, according to David, "the cavalry of **Dennis & Elizabeth Regan, Dave & Susan Osterhout, and Ross & Alice Sandler**, rode into town to see the show and have a late dinner party and celebration...there at the door [after the show] were the cavalry, with such great cheer and support and a bounty of joy. We gathered for a long and very good midnight dinner party at the Washington Inn here in Cape May—a kind of elegant campfire banquet around a large round table—at the inn, with much good food, among continued laughter and robust, witty and fulsome conversation. A celebration I will long remember. Splendid." *[All's well that ends well, we suppose...ed.]*

In early July, we gleaned this astonishing tidbit from **Henry Eberhardt**: "My news: retiring from Hampshire College July 31—so this year just ended on June 30 has been my 41st fundraising year, going back to 1970 at Dartmouth, working at six educational institutions." Now, if that isn't worthy of a flag-grade Bravo Zulu! for an ol' swab (Ops Officer aboard USS Stickell in 'Nam, and Red sub-chaser in the Med), we don't what might be.

Denny Engelman, obviously a fellow luddite, claims pen&ink on a Green Card "...is easier than the computer. Well, guys, it's been a while. Three wives and one business later, my wife Gale & I will be there for the 50th. So, **Doberman, Palin, Oscar**, etc., watch out: Engelman is back. We are retired and living in Las Vegas. It's safe for me because I don't gamble anymore. Oh, for the games with **Moby Cantley, Lincoln**, and the others. Life is OK. I

lost the effective use of my feet [spinal compression which destroyed the nerves below my knee], but have learned to walk differently." [<dennyengelman***Gmail.com>](mailto:dennyengelman@gmail.com) Got to reminiscing about ol' TS with **Tom Dalglish** the other day, and he dredges up this classic: "So freshman year, a bunch of us were sitting around on the top floor of Topliff, one of the rooms. In come **T Bird** [Engelman] and **Terry O'Neil** and someone else, I forget who. Beer is being consumed. Blah, blah, blah. T Bird says to O'Neil, bet you can't drink a can of beer in 3 seconds? O'Neil says bullshit, watch. T Bird says, c'mon, I'll bet \$5 you can't. O'Neil says okay. They shake. The beer can is handed to O'Neil. But wait, He says anyone else want to bet? I'm watching. Couple of other guys jump in. Sure, here's \$5. Here's another. And another. Pretty soon there's \$25 (I remember the amount) on the table. O'Neil church-keys the can, exhales, then inhales it in 2 or 3 seconds. Flat. O'Neil and Engleman scoop up the money and leave. Quickly.

I was a farm boy from Indiana, what did I know. But I did know it was a sucker bet. That's why I remembered it.

Footnote: with some practice, I mastered the technique. You don't swallow, or drink, or let gravity do it. You inhale. At Michigan, where I was on the rugby team during law school, I got lots of practice."

Jo & Terry Ortwein couldn't make the mini in Phila., but: "We're looking forward to the full-blown 50th gathering! Our son Mike is now a Captain in the US Navy and has just been deployed to Napoli for 2 years [June]. Mike & wife Karen have 2 daughters, Kelsy (14 years old) & Emily (11 y.o.). Our daughter Kelly has recently moved to Charlotte, NC, with husband Mike + daughter Caroline (10 y.o.) & son Will (6 y.o.). Kelly has a MA in Early Childhood Education, but is a stay-at-home mom right

now. For Jo & me it's the same-old/same-old with me popping pills w/some regularity. The only 3 surgeries in the past 6 months are 2 cataract ops + 1 cardiac loop recorder implanted in left chest (under the Deep Brain Stimulation surgery electrodes battery pack (we're starting a hardware store in the near future...)). As anticipated, there are lots of activities in the area (film, theater, concerts, etc.). Stop by sometime!" *[which we will - Ed.]* Back in May, **Ron Boss** sent a brief note to say: "I think it is great you have embarked on Corey Ford's history and what he means to Hanover and life and Dartmouth. I am not sure you will be able to survive the Hanover winter after so many winters in God's climate of your real home! *[Winter? pooh. Summer, however, might just do us in...!]* But you have embarked on a great cause and one deserving of recognition. Just stay away from Lou's often enough so you do not gain too much weight. I went to Dartmouth as a 138 pounder and after a sophomore year of Lou's pies ala mode for dessert, I gained 20 pounds. Never saw 138 again until OCS in the Coast guard!" Got to discussing hardwood floors with **Peter Holbrook**, who observes: "I'd like to see what the wood inside a Ohia tree looks like—as in your Kula flooring. Must be pricey stuff. My floors here in Briceland are still the T&G Fir sub-flooring, which I never got around to covering. However I have sanded it down and varnished it twice over the years so, with the expansion cracks between the boards puttied up, it looks OK in an antique way.

Got back last night from 13 days on the road to AZ, NV, and UT. Slept most of the past 24 hours. Good trip though. Arranged for a solo show at the St. George (UT) Art Museum for next summer. Beautiful small museum, where I will have 150 lineal feet of wall space to fill. So I've got a lot of new work to do. Played some tennis in St. George and some golf (gorfu) in Windsor, CA with my daughter and her manfriend. Shot a 74 for 18 holes (on a mostly

par 3 course). Stayed with some Mormon friends in Spring City, UT. Can you believe there are towns in UT where you can't get a smoking room in a motel, nor find a cup of coffee in the morning? Central UT is a strange but very clean alternate universe. Nice folks though."

[Here are a few of the lessons culled from those annoying, repetitive advice-givers:]

"Eat fresh, wholesome and nutritious meals three times a day. This is a drastic change from the previous recommendations, which were to eat sweet, fattening, stale foods washed down with malt liquor.

"Make sure you have a lot of money. Surprising as it may seem, money has been found to shield people from many harsh realities that can afflict the aged, such as homelessness, poverty, starvation and nakedness. How much money do you need? A good formula is to take your age and add five zeros to it.

"Take lots of pills. It's perfectly legal! You get pills from doctors, so make sure you visit plenty of them. They will all prescribe pills for you. You don't even have to ask. Remembering which pills to take at what time will give you a purpose in life, without which you will grow listless and die."



Checking in on **Terry Rogers**, we learn: "Indeed, I plan on being at the reunion, and hopefully Karin will be with me. Our daughter graduated from U of Rochester two weekends ago, and it was a grand affair. She managed a Cum Laude, with highest distinction in one major (French), and high distinction in her other



major (Public Health). Who would have thought such a thing. Kids these days.

Otherwise we are truckin' along, doing our thing. I am still working at about full time level, but I am hearing from myself that that may need to change...I really appreciate your note. Having people just show up and say hi means the world to us. A hug indeed. 50 years. Sheesh!" **Pete Bleyler** submitted this report to the '61

ExeComm: "I attended the Arts at Dartmouth Awards Ceremony on Tuesday, May 25, and made the presentation to this year's recipient, Jonathan Sigworth. His project is to create short documentary vignettes as a 'one year later' update about Riya (age 15) and Rahul (23)—two main characters in the video that Jonathan made, entitled 'More Than Walking.' Riya and Rahul are from Delhi, India, and both had spinal cord injuries, and are now quadriplegics.

Here's the background. In early 2006, Jonathan fell from a mountainside in India and became a quadriplegic. He received surgery in Delhi and then rehabilitation back in the U.S., where he joined the Connecticut Jammers, a wheelchair rugby team. In the fall of 2006, Jonathan entered Wesleyan University. After two years of college, he took the 2008-09 year off and returned to India. There he made the film, which spreads the vision of an active and meaningful lifestyle for quadriplegics. The film is for distribution to hospitals and rehabilitation centers in India. Last fall, Jonathan transferred to Dartmouth as a '12, and is currently deciding between majoring in History, English, or Asian and Middle Eastern studies."

Which prompted **Dave Armstrong** to reply: "Thanks for your concise report on our 2010 award to Jonathan Sigworth from our Arts Initiative Fund. I have been representing a local family whose son became a quadriplegic as the result of a 'skim boarding' accident a year and half ago and was unable to return to the University of Florida for the balance of his freshman year. I have sent your email to the family with an offer to try and make the film

available to him (and other quadriplegics in the area) if they are interested. Is there a way to make the film available at the local level here in South Florida?"

Our ol' roomie **Jim White** contributed some memories of **Bill Adamson** to Dalglish's 50th Reunion Book section on deceased classmates <tkdalglish@cox.net>, then caught up with our scribe. "My life has not been particularly exciting. Yes, still married to Elena [nee **Bookstrom**], retired from teaching 10 years ago. Right, I saw **Jim Richards** a year or two ago. We skied at his fancy lodge or resort or whatever, very nice, new, huge hot tub. Also, they have a mt. bike race that I have attended. And of course I see Art fairly often. Right now I am in Lisbon visiting my youngest son Mike, and we are having a good time overeating and drinking and seeing the sights.

By the way, the nickname of Bill Adamson, or at least what I called him, was WE, as in W E, and he called me J E. As for Whitey, that now seems to have some racial overtones!" Which keyed up our other roommate **Art Bookstrom**: "Thanks for the story about going to the wrong ancestral home in Sweden. I may be doing something like that next summer. I plan to retire at the end of this calendar year.

We like living in Spokane, so we're going to stay here, but we may do a little more traveling after I retire. Maybe I'll see you at our 50th Dartmouth reunion."



Hank Gerfen reassured these HQ that he is still doin' OK after treatment for the Big cassino: "Yes, I'm still doing fine. Been in remission 2-1/2 yrs now. A lot has changed in the world of lymphoma. 20 years ago the 3 year survival

rate from diagnosis was about 15-20%. (I don't know exactly why they use a 3-year standard) Today, with the development of retox and the maintenance program they had me on, the rate is 60%. I'm already there and intend to hang around to bother people for several more years. I have to be here in Nov. '12 to help vote the catastrophe who is in the white house out.

I'm feeling great. Thought you would enjoy the attached picture. I'm with my great niece Natalie, who comes up for a week each summer to learn to fish, I'm her official guide and tutor. I think her goal is to be a better fisherman than her father."



Gerfen, Natalie, and a couple lovely bass.

Which brings to mind a health tip submitted by **Mike Murphy**: "I knew, I mean I really knew, that someday they would come out with this information. Have a cool one!"

5 Healthy Reasons To Have a Beer Today

<http://health.msn.com/ssprint.aspx?cp-documentid=100261759&imageindex=0>

A passage in G. Keillor's Writers Almanac—But the longest-running 4th of July parade in the country takes place in

Bristol, Rhode Island, a town of just over 20,000, which has had a parade every year since 1785—got us to thinking about **Gail Welch**, Ray's widow. So **Tom Mauro**, **Gim Burton**, and the class troglodyte e-mailed her. She responded: "Kind of you to think of me. Yes, I'm still here, still missing Ray and hoping to hang onto the sweet place we loved (even though it requires tons of yardwork that I loathe). I'm still doing freelance copy but this has been the worst year yet so I'll probably sign up for Social Security while there's still some left. Playing golf on weekends and somehow it's never the same game twice. My current handicap card has scores ranging from 81 to 97—consistency is not my strong suit. Family update if you're interested: Samantha and Chris and the kids moved from downtown Montpelier to an iconic Vermont farmhouse on a pond at Maple Corners, about 15 minutes north. Claudia and Jim are up in the cottage they built on PEI for the summer. Check out drclaudiawelch.com for what she is up to in ayurvedic medicine. Brodie and her husband went their separate ways over a year ago and she has been pretty happy ever since. Her chinese medicine practice is thriving: see brodiewelch.com. Has a long-distance relationship with an east-coast guy, but who knows if that will last. Casey and her boyfriend of 2 years are co-leaders of semester-long gap-year trips for college students. Two years ago it was south america, last year southeast asia, this coming year Australia/New Zealand. She's in Tanzania now for her summer job. The girl gets around. My dad passed away at 93 (a blessing) after a series of strokes, and so far my mom (at 91) is managing okay at home; I make the trip about once a week to settle whatever has come up.

I have to close windows now because we're in for another hot day." *[Roger that...ed.]*



Serendipitously, **Harris McKee** ran across a fun article in the *Arkansas Democrat Gazette* [Harris: as class Valedictorian and Webmaster, you **know** our ExeComm is politically neuter...!]. "I thought that you would enjoy this connection with our football heritage at D [Article was in interview with Pat Musick, line coach Jack's widow. Her Art is among that selected for the new museum.] (FYI, the Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art, scheduled to open in 2011 or so is a world class museum being constructed here in Bentonville." Many old footballers, and others around campus, will remember the delightful Jack Musick, Bullet Bob Blackman's insightful line coach. Jack had an infectious grin, an eye for recognizing talent, and the empathy to give guys a much needed blow when bodies grew weary and tempers stretched thin. He was proselytized away to be head coach at Cornell in '65, left with Bullet's blessing, and won Cornell's first Ivy title in '71. Leaving Cornell in '74, he died of cancer in 1977.

Bill Burton reports in from Bend, Oregon: "I am back in action now after a right knee replacement and doing well. Your email reminded me of the only loss of life on the US mainland from Japanese weapons: in 1945 a woman and 5 kids were on a church picnic near Bly, Oregon (between Klamath Falls and Lake View). The Japanese had been launching helium balloons carrying incendiary bombs with the hope that the jet stream would carry them to Oregon and start forest fires. The group spotted the downed balloon on a hillside and went to check it out and unfortunately the incendiary device was triggered and there was loss of life. I see you have the same email address. Are you still in Emmett country? Hope all is well and the black flies aren't biting. We hope to see you in the future. Don't know yet if we can make the reunion after the market did its work on our retirement fund and the greedy dentists have done their damage as well. Aloha, Bill and

Darby" **Rick Husband** sends in the happy observation from the Uppah Valley cultural scene: "Last night the lovely Pamela and I, as part of her six days of Birthday celebration for reaching the sixth decade of her life, went to see Herbie Hancock at the Hop. It was a wonderful, well-attended concert, and the program noted it was in part made possible by the Class of '61 Legacy Fund. I fully expected them to ask if any members of the class were present, but alas they did not ask... It was a fine two-plus hours of jazz, and I basked in the glow of knowing my classmates added their support to culture in Hanover. Thank you Legacy Fund." Which provides an easy segue to David Birney's news re. his early August departure for Russia: "Till the 25th of August. Four days in St. Petersburg, cruise through locks, Svir, more locks, Volga, Moscow; in between are various cities and villages that made up the old Black Sea- Baltic trading routes, the center of the Russian Orthodox Church before the rise of Moscow, about a thousand churches, Cathedrals, iconostasis, markets, and etc. until the Moscow fires, etc. [later] I'm enclosing a photo from my trip to Russia, St. Petersburg, Moscow and the Golden Ring...traveling the inland rivers, canals and lakes of Russia between the two cities. Some of the towns were, and all of the art was, brilliant. You'll enjoy the photo. An 18 foot gash in the side of the ship, water life, jackets, evacuation and 12 hr. suicide bus convoy Moscow. More if you want it."

All that cultchah harks up this oldie: A real man is a woman's best friend. He will never stand her up and never let her down. He will reassure her when she feels insecure and comfort her after a bad day. He will inspire her to do things she never thought she could do; to live without fear and forget regret. He will enable her to express her deepest emotions and give in to her most intimate desires. He will make sure she always

feels as though she's the most beautiful woman in the room and will enable her to be the most confident, sexy, seductive, and invincible. No wait... sorry... I'm thinking of wine. It's wine that does all that... Never mind.

Speaking of cultchah, have you seen the '61 results for the DCF? On Behalf of **Denny Denniston**: The overall Dartmouth College Fund raised \$43.2 million with 47.6% participation. The Class of 1961 achieved \$203,374 in revenue and an amazing **82.2%** participation with 411 cash donors, a great start toward our ambitious participation goal for our 50th Reunion June 10-12, 2011. You realize, gents, that average participation back when we graduated from the original ("Classic"...?) Dartmouth was about 67%—highest in the nation? And we hit 82+%—in a recession! That is a feather in our collective caps, dudes. Now, next year...

Culture Club: In August the '61 Olde Farte Hard Core rugby lads had their quadrennial mini-reunion at **Bill & Mardi Glenn's** special place in Door County, Wisconsin. It doesn't get any better than this: hiking, sailing, hand gorfu, theatre, exquisite dining, stimulating repartee, great sleeping weather, no rugby, and border collies—**Mike Mooney's** Gypsy, and his sister Nora's Nap who again did a sheep trials demo—inspirational! All complemented by **Sara Evans** as lead expert on womens' suffrage for an hour-long talk show on MN Public radio. Corey's Boys (**Murphy, Glenn & Edwards**) were joined by **Mooney**, Capt. **Dayton**, Vice-capt. tc, and with a guest appearance by '59 Captain **John Hessler**. Exhilarating! Can we wait four more years for a reprise (will all of us last 4 more years...)?

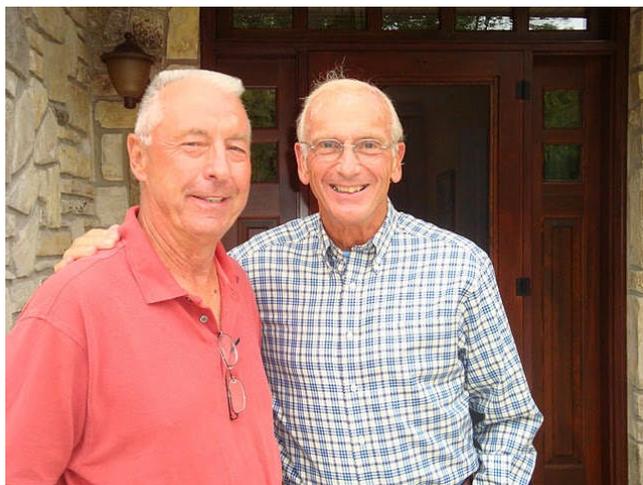


The Olde Fartes Hard Core (LtoR): John S. Edwards, T. Conger, Bill Glenn, Mike Murphy, Chuck Dayton, Mike Mooney.



Hard Core with Hess: Edwards, Hessler, tc, Mooney, Gyp, Dayton, Murphy.





Hess and Glenn



Mooney & Gypsy



The People Who Made It Work Right
(LtoR): Sara Evans, Cyndi Edwards, Helene
Murphy, Mardi Glenn!



Nora & Nap



Sunset on Green Bay

Old faithful **Tony Horan** Green-carded: “I was delighted with note from **Bruce Beasley**, particularly ‘School didn’t know what to do with a college-track kid who also took shop. It’s problematic that we separate people; it’s a profound error.’

He is right. My great grandfather started as a machinist & ended up as a popular sculptor. All my life I have felt the unity of art & science. I reviewed Bruce’s work as a student sculptor for the Daily D.”



Paisan' Marrone Celebrates Izzy's Birthday with Marcello and Izzy & Her Sister (in Sweden).

Question: Recent articles and features in the *AluMag* have focused on the Indian program at Dartmouth [sorry, folks: *apparently Indians prefer to be called Indians*]. E. Wheelock’s original thrust had fallen from emphasis when we were on campus, but has been revived of late. And justifiably so, IMHO. If diversity truly has the value Jas. Wright would have us believe, then why not look right here at home for an excellent source? Especially as it was the college’s original mission to educate the heathen “native Americans.” What are your own views? Should the revival continue, and even expand? Do you know any prospective students from Indian heritage who might be encouraged to apply to Dartmouth? Are you of Indian extraction yourself? Please let us have your views/personal history.

Mai poina. Here ‘s the hard part: saying goodbye to old friends we’ve grown to love. In Anu Garg’s online column A Word A Day, he often hits words which strike a valid note, to wit: “**psychopomp** *noun*: A guide of souls, one who escorts soul of a newly-deceased to the afterlife.” Maybe this is an office we need to include in our class Executive Committee...

Dan Reith slipped away, from prostate cancer, in Monterey, CA, on June 14. He was a Sackamenna boy, we met early in our four years on campus, and I cherished his ready wit. Later, an accomplished man of law, Dan was honored in May ‘06 for his service to his community when he received the Monterey County Bar Association’s Annual Gibson Award. Particularly cited was his volunteer work with the poor through California Rural Legal Assistance, dedicating 25 hours a week for three years to represent indigent clients in guardianship cases, representing families in which children are being raised by someone other than their parents—CRLA directorship hails



Dan for rendering the legal assistance that prevents the children from ending up in foster care, thus providing stability for the families and, by extension, the community. "We are trying to stop that whole cycle and get [the children] an education so they can get out of the poverty cycle. And we probably wouldn't be able to do these cases without Dan."

Early on, Dan was active in the Junior Chamber of Commerce and was one of its leaders in partnership with the Northern California Rugby Football Union, hosting what became the premier rugby tournament in the country, the Monterey National Invitational Rugby Tournament; having never played the game himself, he became a staunch supporter of the DRFC and attended every one of their games in the Tourney. Really enjoyed latching up with **Dan & Susan** at '61 functions, and looked forward to reunions to do just that. Now that distinct pleasure is no more.

A month later we got a phone call on a Sunday Morning from **Duane Cox**. His talented and lovely wife **DeVona** had died in her sleep the night before. She had been in poor health for a short time, was facing a long and arduous denouement, and Father Dobes was steeled to render full-time care. Thus, if there are silver linings to such terminal clouds, perhaps her swift passage was a blessing. Hoping that his many years as an ordained minister will help him through this most daunting of all Passages. Our heart goes out to our dear old friend and teammate.

And with those thoughts, we'll bring this to a close.

Aloha,

tc