

HERSTORY

Dartmouth '61



Edited by
Nyla Arslanian
June 2011

Introduction

My first reunion was the 10th and I fell in love. The beautiful campus, the heritage and tradition was awesome to this California girl, but it was the people I met that year and at each successive reunion, who were so wonderfully generous with their friendship. As Oscar's wife, I was instantly accepted and year after year, reunions, mini-reunions, we lived our lives apart but also “together” as we moved through our life's passages—trials, tribulations and triumphs. Each reunion providing a touch stone as we shared our stories and realized we were part of something special—the bridge or leading edge of the boom to follow. We embraced both swing and rock 'n roll and were better for it.

Friendships that began over 50 years ago have been sustained and new friendships that developed over the last 50 years continue to enrich our lives.

Through the “Passages” tradition that began years ago, the Men of '61 have included the women in the discussion, wisely listening and respecting our views and opinions.

It is in that spirit that this collection of stories is dedicated to the Women of Dartmouth '61 and their mates.

Nyla Arslanian
Hollywood, California

*God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform
He plants His footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm*

*With deepest wisdom, highest love, and never failing skill,
He masterminds His bright designs and works His sovereign will*

*Judge not the Lord by feeble sense but trust Him for His grace
Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face*

*His purposes will ripen fast, unfolding ever hour
The bud may have a bitter taste but sweet will be the flower*

William Cowper (1731-1800)

*(Editor's Note: Apologies to Mr. Cowper for this excerpted
and edited version.)*

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Editor's Note: This booklet was originally created June 2011 for the 50th Reunion. An asterisk (*) denotes women who have passed away.

DeVona McLaughlin Cox

In Memoriam

Life Long Friendships and Precious Memories **By Marjorie B. Boss**

After six years of dating and forty-nine years of marriage, I still have to remind Ron that I too went to college.

I admit to spending a great deal of time in Hanover, traveling up from Northampton on the very crowded "budliner". The reward for this trek was a weekend with little food and no sleep. But fun was had.

In those days attending Glee Club concerts was de rigueur and freezing one's feet on the boards of Davis Rink was a type of hazing that was repeated throughout the hockey season.

There were also the academic challenges. On Saturday mornings, Dartmouth students could bring their dates to class. The professors often succeeded in embarrassing the men. They also seemed shocked that the damsels could speak a word out loud!

Saturday night bands were great! We actually danced in a manner that was not X-rated. Of course, a campus cop was always at the front door of fraternities, guarding against the eruption of mayhem.

Late Sunday mornings were spent trying to remember the events of the night before and drinking "Milk" punch. This beverage name was a gentle sound to it and I am sure that at SAE it was served appropriately; but at Sigma Nu, however, the liquid was served in an old sneaker and the bowl contained punch plus a jock strap, and occasionally a live monkey.

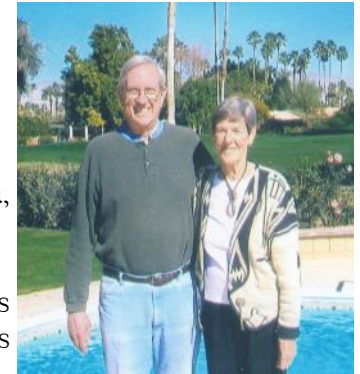
Goodbyes took place early on Sunday afternoons, jumping on a budliner with no available seats and standing all the way back to Smith.

These experiences in chaos produced life long friendships and precious memories.

(A Boss family photo appears inside front cover)

Devona graduated from San Jose State University with a major in Fine Arts and a minor in Psychology. In addition to her work as an art therapist, she instructed students in multimedia painting and drawing techniques in her private studio for over twenty years. She exhibited throughout California selling hundreds of paintings. She also taught painting for the Department of Parks and Recreation in San Jose and Los Angeles. She led art therapy sessions in several psychiatric hospitals in Northern California. She created film strips for primary and secondary school teacher sensitivity training and appeared on television demonstrating a variety of art techniques.

A spiritual teacher, she led seminars in experiential art providing valuable insight to participants in the areas of personal growth and self-awareness. Devona was skilled in a variety of media, e.g., oil, acrylic, pastel, watercolor, etching, sculpture and mono-print. She exhibited in several juried shows and conducted art technique seminars at the Palm Springs Museum of Art.



She and Duane graduated from the Science of Mind School of Ministry and served as co-pastors at the Seal Beach Church of Religious Science. Her sermons often incorporated one of her paintings in the message. She enjoyed her new studio and the desert environment when they moved from Los Angeles to Palm Springs. She and Duane were the gracious hosts and organizers of the Palm Springs Mini Reunion. A retrospective show and sale of her work was held this spring to benefit the InnerFaith Spiritual Center Worldwide, Bloom in the Desert Ministries UCC and the USO, all in Palm Springs.

Her - Story - His - Story - My - Story - Our - Story = History

by M.L. "Mel" Gitchel

Met on an island, he, an artist/dock builder, I, a closet writer/medical secretary. We lived in a sail maker's loft, three grand rooms with twenty foot ceilings. Moved to a desert. Long, narrow galley kitchen with bold, black and white Vermeer tiles throughout, where potatoes don't bake due to elevation. We created a baby boy, adopted a Burmese cat and a Standard Poodle. He taught and painted, I subbed, wrote a book, published articles, won competitions, took many photos, returned seven years later to a country kitchen with seven doors, including a cat door within a door. Like living on a set, exit stage left, right, back, front, down, or sideways. You never knew what might be coming through a door, 30 miles north of Dartmouth.

So, Ben teaches, paints, discovers computers. I sub, write more books, a collection of short stories, poems dog-eared by Richard Eberhart, more articles, a novel. I take more photos, raise the son, garden. Eventually I take a job at Hanover High. We witness raccoon ransacks, white-splotched deer, coyotes, eagles, rainbows & hot air balloons on a summer's night.

I have survived a flood (as a child), famine (while Ben taught, we ate squash pies), pestilence (inoperable brain cancer) and fire (lost our home and contents in 2004). After thirty-two years in the Upper Valley, we recently discovered Yak Trax slip-ons.

I'm so grateful.



I was at Dartmouth before Allen!

Ann T. Ward (Mrs. Allen D.)

I was 11 years old, off to my father's 25th reunion at Dartmouth College. What a weekend! We stayed in Topliff and had a wonderful time with free run of the college and the children's activities. With my older brother we explored and played.

Who knew I was to date a Dartmouth freshman when I was 17. We must have hit it off as he invited me to Green Key and that was when I really fell in love with him and the college.

The rest is history. We married a year after his graduation, two weeks after my Smith graduation, and we were launched on the medical school pathway. We return every reunion we can, always have a great time, and always meet new friends.

We share so much of the Dartmouth experience I feel I should have a certificate of friendship at least!

Adjust Your Sails

by Patricia (Patti) Rich

The "Dartmouth Connection" has been a wonderful experience for me for over the past almost 23 years. Initially, Victor and I met as a result of an introduction by my elementary school friend, Erica Forester, and her husband, Victor's classmate, Bruce Forester. At that same time, I had just received my Master of Science Degree in Counseling and Guidance, and Victor and I were both working in New York City. And so began my association with the Dartmouth community.

"Dartmouth" has added a new and exciting dimension to my life. I attended many interesting, fun and thought provoking ,meetings, reunions, and mini-reunions and lectures throughout the country and look forward to many more events in the future. But, more importantly, these get-togethers provided me with the opportunity of developing friendships and relationships with a diverse group of outstanding , kind and distinctive women and men. It has been a memorable, enjoyable, learning experience for me.

It appears to me that our group has developed over the years the ability to meet the challenges of life with adaptability, determination and a positive outlook, while always keeping in mind the words of Albert Einstein ; "You can't control the wind, but you can adjust your sails."

Barbara Jenkin

Mike and I met when he was a sophomore at Dartmouth. I made all three big weekends for three years at which time we were either "really in love" or "really breaking up"! We had a religious difference that we worked on for the ensuing five years and then married in 1962. Medical school, multiple trainings for Mike & 2 children later, kept us busy and kept me out of control of anything.....

When the Women's Movement started, I jumped on the bandwagon. I started to gain some control over my life, with plans for the future. When the children were older, I started working at Bloomingdales (hence, my bargain shopping addiction). I also entered graduate school. My counseling program caused the 2nd variation to our marriage. I practiced on the family!

In the meantime, the children and I moved all over the country supporting Mike's medical/computing career. Finally we lived in Annapolis Md. long enough for me to gain a retirement package, and that's when we retired to Fl. Our marriage is almost 50 years old and it is better than ever.

I maintained my relationship with a long-term treatment facility in Md., and have consulted with them anywhere from 4-7 months each year. This caused the 3rd variation. It was nice for me because both children and grandchildren live in Md. Mike stayed in FL much of the time (3rd variation). This was a good change because Mike learned to cook & keep the house clean!

Lately I have felt like I want to stay home more (which probably is the last variation). Besides baking cookies for our grandson who is in Afganistan, I am starting a private practice in St. Augustine, specializing in addiction and co-dependency treatment. I love this work and I stay younger working with young and old.

I am working on my weight and wrinkles for the reunion! I am so looking forward to June in Hanover. It sounds like a lot of fun!

Thanks for the call, and all your work on this. I feel more of "a part of" now.

Kathy Hanegan Dayton In Memoriam



Kathy Hanegan Dayton was something of an honorary member of the class of 1961, joining in February of 1960 through marriage. Her presence at the Reserve Desk of Baker library and her empathetic listening skills led to friendships with many of the class. She traveled with the Rugby team, learned to ski, and hung out at the Beta house. For extra money, she typed papers and made sandwiches to sell in the dorms. Becoming pregnant 4 months before graduation, she bore the first child born to a class member after graduation.

Kathy left her college, Northern Illinois University, to come to Dartmouth in the middle of her junior year. Finishing her degree in early childhood education in summers and through correspondence, she supported her law student husband by teaching kindergarten.

After the two boys started school, she desperately needed challenge and work outside the home; she found it in the childcare field. After directing a childcare center, Kathy started a total of five centers of her own. Her centers received high praise for innovation, their treatment of teachers, and for a sliding fee scale to help low Income families.

She loved active outdoor activities, cross-country and downhill skiing, sailing, backpacking and canoe trips. In her 50's, she became an fiercely competitive cross-country skier. She and Chuck were planning an extended sailboat cruise in the South Pacific when she was diagnosed with a rare and incurable form of cancer. Her last three years were as active as physically possible and included travel to Bhutan, trekking in Nepal, skiing in Colorado and canoeing in her beloved Boundary Waters of Minnesota. She participated a clinical trial of the use of complementary treatment techniques of psychoneuroimmunology, including visualization and meditation. She achieved peace despite uncertainty. She died in July, 1999 at age 59.

Editor's note: Thank you, Chuck Dayton, for sharing Kathy's story.

Her (side of the) Story

By Mardi Glenn

I hate to talk about myself, so with the exception of a few necessary statistics, my story will be about the two of us and our life together.

I was born in Aurora, IL as was Bill (actually in the same hospital but several years apart). Bill's family lived on the east side of town and mine on the west side, so we never knew each other while growing up in Aurora. There was a huge rivalry between the two sides of town particularly between the high school athletic teams. So while I was not in high school at the same time that Bill was, his was a well known name on both sides of town as he was the captain of the state champion East Aurora football team his senior year as well as co-captain of his high school basketball team. And yes, the girls in both high schools thought he was pretty cool. (But not I - I was still in junior high).

After high school, I attended DePauw University and graduated with a Bachelor of Music Education degree. As aside - unbeknownst to me while I was a freshman, Bill made the drive several times from Dartmouth to DePauw to see a young lady he had seriously been dating since senior year in high school! And had I met him then, I am doubtful that we would be celebrating 43 years of marriage this year!

So, on with my life pre-Bill. While I had this marvelous degree, I had no desire to teach, so after gaining a degree from Moser Business College (in the college graduate program of course), I took a job in the advertising field. I worked in the J. Walter Thompson Chicago office (when the company was the number one advertising company world-wide). What a GREAT job, but I won't go into any detail except to say that I was the first production coordinator in the television department and I had a ball! And of course I worked hard!

Bill and I connected truly for the first time in 1965 and had an annual date for three years after which I asked him to marry me (no, not really, but he was a slow mover when it came to commitment). We were married in 1968, and our children were born in 1969, 1971, and 1974 (you have to remember we were old by that day's standard). We are very blessed to have Susan who is mother to two wonderful grandsons, Bill and his wife Kristen parents to our third grandson and our only granddaughter and Sara and her husband Brad with no children, but great careers and a super dog, Parker! Our kids live in Burbank, CA; Seattle, WA; and Ephraim, WI respectively.

We have enjoyed a wonderful life together, both of us very involved in the communities of Aurora, Illinois and Ephraim, Wisconsin where we have summered for 36 years. Recently (within the last

15 years) we have found a new life on Sanibel Island, FL where we now reside for 7 months of each year. Our life in Aurora is behind us, although Aurora will always be special to us. It is where we were raised, both our families had businesses there, and it's where we raised our family.

The next chapter: Who knows, but we are loving our life together on Sanibel and in Ephraim and watching our children do a splendid job in rewarding careers and of bringing up their children. I am very much looking forward to reconnecting with many of the Dartmouth wives I have already met and perhaps even meeting others. Wives of Dartmouth men are a special group and what a pleasure it has been to bond with many of you in the class of '61!

Top Ten Reasons for Wives to Attend the Dartmouth '61 50th Reunion

- 10. Researching whether dorm rooms still suck.**
- 9. Visiting New England without the snow.**
- 8. Ordering a frappe in Hanover and seeing if they still serve you a milkshake.**
- 7. Seeing if Yankees still can't dance worth a hoot.**
- 6. Finding the x-rated mural of Native American females that used to be in the faculty dining room.**
- 5. Discovering which '61 is wearing the most items from the L. L. Bean catalog.**
- 4. Checking the masthead of The Dartmouth Review for Fox TV News stars of tomorrow.**
- 3. Reliving "Animal House" with the real Otter and Doberman.**
- 2. Collecting a copy of David Birney's "Love Letters" program for Meredith Baxter to autograph.**
- 1. Beer Tent!**

**Carolyn G. "Pani" Kolb
(Mrs. Kenneth C. Kolb '61)**

Kathy Eicke, '61 PHT*

On December 27, 1961, F. J. and I married and began our "Honeymoon" the next day traveling to Hanover. Without interstates in our day, we arrived on New Year's Eve after overnight stops in Tuscaloosa, AL (later to be our home for three years while F. J. completed his doctorate at the University of Alabama), someplace in southern Virginia (after the engine died on the 1947 Chevrolet we were in and luckily found a garage open as the sun went down), someplace in southern New York state after crossing over from Pennsylvania (the first snow day), and finally arriving at our apartment on West Wheelock that was to be home for the next seven months. It was snowing and cold and this little Southern girl was having new experiences.

The next step was signing on to my position as an RN (graduated August 1960 from a diploma nursing program at Southern Baptist Hospital in New Orleans) at Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital. The 1947 Chevrolet decided to die after we arrived so I learned how to walk in snow to reach the hospital with six-layers of clothing and having to disrobe at the hospital to reach my uniform. In those days, nurses wore white and caps. After the initial New England stand-offishness, I found myself falling in love with patients and staff. Working the 3-11 shift, I missed many of the activities at the College and Phi Gamma Delta and often waited to be picked up while F. J. and his fraternity brothers (particularly Tony Oestricker, aka PorkChop) performed such mandatory duties as depositing of the remains of the suckling pig in the Connecticut River after the Phi Gam Norris Pig Dinner. Needless to say, they broke some rules in those days but we lived to tell the stories.



The months passed quickly and before long I was typing a thesis and graduation day was here but not before I experienced some unforgettable times. When Robert Frost talked to the class in Great Issues, I was there and so was TC Conger and others in their outrageous attire. The spring finally sprung but not before those zero nights and sub-freezing days challenged my walk to work or town. F. J. 's Parents and two Sisters joined us for graduation and we stayed until late July before reporting to Amarillo AFB to start our USAF days. The summer in Hanover is spectacular with warm days and cool nights.

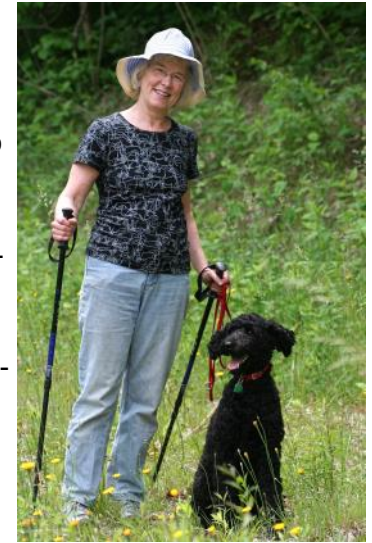
What is Dartmouth to me these many years later? The silence of the snow, the beauty of the place, and the deep friendships are the threads woven into the tapestry that will continue forever.

* PHT = putting hubby through

Born in a Methodist Parsonage in South Carolina late in 1943, I grew up in the segregated south. My parents were the only white people I knew who believed segregation was immoral, but their conviction set me on a path for which I am grateful. As an undergraduate at Duke, the civil rights movement showed me the possibility of working with others to challenge injustice. Similarly my mother's frustration, as a woman with the mind and passion of a biological scientist barred from choosing that path, prepared me to embrace "women's liberation" in 1967 and to seek a professional life that could contribute to the goals of second wave feminism. Timing is everything. Hundreds of us flocked to graduate school to figure out how we could uncover the history of women. We shared the joy of creating a field of study. From 1976 to 2008, I taught American women's history to both undergraduate and graduate students at the University of Minnesota. Along the way, I also raised a son, Craig (42) and a daughter Jae (30).

In 2002 I married Chuck Dayton and through him I have enjoyed getting to know this Dartmouth family. Before I met Chuck I loved the outdoors, but I didn't really understand about adventure. He and I have skied, kayaked, canoed, hiked, and sailed all over the globe. I share his commitment to environmental justice (an echo of my mother) as he shares mine to human rights and feminism. He is a poet; I write history books. He has a place on a lake in northern Minnesota; I have a little house in the mountains of North Carolina. As we like to say, "it's a great life if you don't weaken."

Many of you knew Kathy Dayton in those formative years at Dartmouth. Her children, grandchildren, brothers and sisters-in-law, and closest friends are now my family too. Through them I have come to know her warmth, her sharp intelligence, and her adventurous spirit. I am sure this community misses her deeply.



Reminiscences of a Life Connection to Dartmouth

by Ricky Forester

It was the Fall of 1960 and Bruce, whom I had met on a blind date the winter before, invited me to Homecoming. I was a sophomore at Cornell and he was a senior and I was thrilled to be invited to a weekend at Dartmouth. Now in those days it was not an easy trip to go from Ithaca to Hanover. A 7 or 8-hour car trip with no superhighways or one could fly from Ithaca to NY city or to Boston and then to Hanover. Well however long it took it didn't matter. I arrived there and the weekend proved to be the first of many, many wonderful weekends on the Hanover Plain.

That first weekend I remember Bruce taking me on a tour of the campus.

I marveled at the Orozco murals in Baker Library. We walked along fraternity row and Occum pond. I gazed with longing at the green and the beautiful colonial buildings on one side of it. Why did I go to Cornell instead of going to a school with such an intimate feeling.

Of course there were no girls at Dartmouth. I remember Mrs. Mcquen's boarding house where I stayed. I remember the fraternity parties, dancing with the bands playing. I remember seeing milk punch being made in a bathtub. I remember Bruce's friends whom he introduced me to. Too soon the weekend was over but then came Winter Carnival. I couldn't

believe Bruce had invited my parents to chaperone. Nevertheless Bruce and I had a glorious time and mostly what I remember of that weekend is Bruce throwing me into snow that reached higher than my head.

Then came Green Key weekend when Bruce gave me his pin. I was in love with him and Dartmouth. Those weekends were the first of many happy times we spent at Dartmouth, especially football and reunion gatherings.

The tentacles spread to my best friend from Prep School, Patti, whom I introduced to Bruce's classmate Vic Rich. The rest is history. Little did I know Bruce's graduation in 1961 was going to be the first of several Dartmouth graduations we would attend. Our son Brent graduated in 1988. He graduated from Dartmouth Medical School in 1992. He married Kim, his Dartmouth sweetheart, Class of 1990. And here we are again for his 50th Reunion and another graduation.



Taken at Dartmouth Princeton game, Fall of 2010 after Bruce broke his right arm, right shoulder and rotator cuff. Bruce thinks he fits in very well with the Class of 1911 at their 50th

Reunion 2011 - HERstory

By Sandy Wood Heinemann, Bucknell '62

It was 1958! I was a high school senior and I was going to Dartmouth for the Winter Carnival! Wow! I boarded the train in Washington, DC and rode the rails in a sleeper car. At five in the morning I awakened to the call, "White River Junction." Ron was there, shivering in the cold, waiting for his "big date" for the weekend.

The first "boys" I met were Ron's roommates David Birney and Bob Kellogg. They were clearly ready for a big weekend themselves. What I remember from that "special first weekend" were: fireworks lighting up the snow-covered golf course; eating at Lou's and Hal's; the glee club concert; snow sculptures; Ravel's Bolero playing while lights glowed red in a certain room in New Hampshire Hall; hot kisses with a crew cut guy in a red coat.

It was 1959 and 1960. I made it to two more Winter Carnivals. The scenario was much the same but I was less naïve. Charlie Buffon and Bruce Callahan were on the scene—more fun, more laughs. Ron had joined Phi Delta Theta. The parties ramped up a bit. We spent most of our time in "The House." I even slept there (or tried to), guarded by the brothers on "fire watch." A few too many beers, Purple Passions and there was one very long night. The guys were great—Bill, Donnie, Andy, Tad, and all the rest.

It was 1961. This was the last Winter Carnival—four in a row. Where did the time go? It was clear the bond among the '61 Phis had tightened. The guys were now "Tuna, Snail, Rocket, Dads, Smiley, Keyser, Onion. (Did these names go on their diplomas?). Many of us "dates" who were "regulars" had nicknames too—"Newts" and "Moose." Graduation was bittersweet—I have wonderful memories of good times, good friends, and a deep appreciation for the "ties that bind" that were fostered at a great college. We wished each other well and pledged to "stay in touch." We have and the respect and love remain.

Twenty-one years later we were once again in Hanover. Ron joined the Dartmouth faculty on a year's sabbatical and the place was peopled with girls! They even had their own keg parties and invited the professors. We lived on Occum Pond and I joined the staff at Baker Library. Our children, Erica and David, were 14 and 12 respectively. We wanted them to love the place as we did. They learned to ski and ice skate and go to school even when it snowed. (We are Virginians, after all, and not used to cold and snow and soldiering on.) They enjoyed the huge bonfire on The Green and the Winter Carnival but the mystique that had captured us did not surround them. So it goes. It is said, "you can't go home again" but we gave it a good try.

Her Story by Susan Tannenbaum (David Osterhout '61)

In thinking about the upcoming 50th reunion of the class of 1961, I realize that Dartmouth has played more of a role in my life than I ever really wanted to acknowledge. In my family, I have both a 1961 and 2001 who experienced Hanover and were molded by the Big Green.

It all started in 1967 on a casual visit to Washington after my college graduation where I took my French friend, Claude, the two of us fresh from the Experiment In International Living, on a visit to our Nation's Capitol. I was fixed up on a blind date with Michael Cardozo (Class of 1963) and Michael enlisted David Osterhout, the roommate of his classmate, to accompany Claude. The following day, Michael left for his grandmother's beach home and David called to offer his services as tour guide to take us everywhere from the Smithsonian to the Mule Barge at the C&O Canal, to Shakespeare on the Mall. Somewhere in the midst of this excitement, his hand caught mine, and I began to realize that this fellow was quite a unique character, never mind persistent and pretty irresistible.

The fascination with both David and Washington continued, and after that summer back home in N.C., where I received a gold plated brick and a letter from this Dartmouth fellow telling me to "follow the yellow brick road," I returned to DC.. David and I then dated—living in two distinct parts of town—for the next eleven years. (In 1978, at our wedding, Michael Cardozo toasted... "may the marriage last as long as the courtship!") It was only after the death of a parent—a potential grandparent—that we decided to take the leap and enter into the "blissful state of matrimony.



I've been fortunate to experience a varied political career in Washington with many interesting jobs. In hindsight, maybe none was so exciting as my first as a junior staffer with Bobby Kennedy, who was then a junior Senator from New York, and then later on worked in his Presidential campaign until his death. I've worked for both House and Senate Members of Congress, and also headed the Washington office of a Governor. Along the way there were several Presidential campaigns. The last seventeen or so years of my professional career were spent on the political front lines as a senior lobbyist for the public interest group, Common Cause.

During these years, David dealt with some significant health issues. Finally one day, he "called in well" and came home to play Mr. Mom for our children. While I continued to burn the midnight oil, he would man the kitchen and meet me at the front door in his apron proclaiming, "...The pot roast is drying out in the oven.""

It was never an easy balance—working, marriage and motherhood—but we are fortunate to have had two wonderful children, Jacob—who followed his father to Dartmouth—and Jenny, a Duke/Columbia lady.

Both David and I are now enjoying retirement and watching our children repeat our own experience of juggling professional and private lives. David remains ever resourceful in his creative writing and artistic endeavors while I continue daily trips to the gym and serve on a foundation board in N.C.

And so Dartmouth, we have come a long way together. As I walk across the Green, I am grateful for the education and experience that you have provided the members of our family and the enveloping welcome this College, and especially the Class of 1961, has shown to me.

Ellis Naegele

Bob and I were married January 28, 1961. We lived in a funny, simple upstairs apartment in West Lebanon. It was furnished and we paid \$10 a week—the heat was included. We had to leave the oven door open to heat the apartment. Springtime was difficult because the windows were painted shut!

I would drive Bob to class in the morning. His grades improved after we were married according to his Pop! We would meet around 3 o'clock at the Kappa Sig house to watch hours of American Bandstand.

We have wonderful memories of our precious times our first year of marriage. Our friends are still dear in our hearts even though the years have separated us.

Love to you all,

"The Bulb"

P.S. 50 years of marriage later!



I Graduated at Age 60!

By Ann Henry

John and I married after his graduation from Dartmouth, so I did not share the campus experience with him.

I know he arrived at Dartmouth from a small Oklahoma farming community. He was raised in a strong independent minded family with a natural individual entrepreneurial bent. After the expansive opportunity of four years at Dartmouth, and a six month trip around the world with a Dartmouth friend, he defined his mantra and went forth to find his destiny.

Fortunately, I was part of that destiny, and for 48 years we have shared the goals of being true and loyal to each other and to our mutual respect for Freedom, Faith, Family and Friends.

In the beginning I was John's "great supporter" as he passionately wanted his own business and it took all of our combined energy and resources to bring that to fruition. But once that business started to pay us back, he was the first to say, "Now, it is your turn"!

So I created my dream business in retail interior design and enjoyed every minute of it for seven years. Even before that, he supported my entrepreneurial efforts as a free lance interior designer and founder of a Dyslexia Teacher Training Center for the State of Oklahoma. Somehow I found time to chair benefits for the Oklahoma Art Center, and Allied Arts, assist the Founder of a Charter School for Adjudicated Youth, and tutor underprivileged children after school.

The most gratifying thing we have shared is the pleasure of raising our three children, Jay, Ann-Marie and Nina. We always told them, "the world is your oyster" and with freedom, they seem to have found the path that is right for them. Lucky for us, we have six beautiful grandchildren !

Once the nest was empty, I returned to the University of Oklahoma to finish my B.A. degree in Letters. I graduated at age sixty! The class grandmother with red lipstick!

Now we enjoy the freedom to travel which is our mutual hobby and look forward to being on campus to celebrate 50 years for the Class of 61!

Gene Below Bland

My Dartmouth connection is not nearly as long as some others. I met George in San Francisco in the mid 60s, having moved there after graduating from Lake Forest College in 1960. I was raised in Wisconsin (Go, Pack!!) and followed friends and my dream to live in the City by the Bay. George was in graduate school; we met while performing for several years with the San Francisco Opera Chorus. We married in 1966 in a December snowstorm in Wisconsin. Within 10 days we were on our way to Oxford, England where George had a fellowship from UC Berkeley. It was a wonderful way to begin married life - far from friends and family, no telephone, no TV - only each other, and the friends we made in our little village. We camped for two months across Europe before returning to the States in November the following year and have enjoyed traveling ever since.

We've lived in New England most of our 44+ years of marriage. George left the teaching profession to enter Harvard Divinity School in 1972, the year our second child was born, and we never looked back. I worked sporadically while raising our two children in Massachusetts, Maine and Connecticut. Neither of them has married and we are proud of the success they've achieved in their respective careers.



HERstory: Karin Jackson

I grew up in the country in northwest Connecticut, attended Sarah Lawrence College, went to Stanford for an M.A. in Education, and began teaching high school English in California. With my first husband I taught at the American International School in Vienna for two years, where I got what I call my “Europe bug,” and then at a private school in Vermont. After moving to Maine, I taught Women’s Studies and English at the University of Southern Maine, then got a master’s in English at Tufts, taught for several years at Westbrook College, a small private school in Portland, and finally for many years at the University of Maine at Augusta, from which I retired in ’08. I taught many writing and literature courses over the years; my specialty is women writers, including my favorites, Jane Austen, Edith Wharton, and Virginia Woolf. I taught single author courses on each of these, and my interest in and devotion to Jane Austen has been manifested in a longtime involvement with the Jane Austen Society, including having served earlier as coordinator, and then program chair of our local Maine chapter.

In 1982 I met Bob Jackson and we married a year later. We live in Cundy’s Harbor, Maine, where I’ve been since ’73; Bob’s summer haunts at Bailey Island, where he’s been since he was 8, is about 20 minutes away, so our lives converging here on the beautiful coast of Maine has been central to our experience. We have enjoyed several wonderful trips to Europe over the years, to France, Italy, England, and Scandinavia. France is my favorite, and I indulge my Francophile leanings in a weekly French group.

Together, we have five super grandkids – Bob’s Ann has Patrick, 12, and Cate, 8; my son Alex has Thomas, 11, and Stephen, 8, and my younger son Steve has Emma, age 7. Bob’s other daughters, Joan and Gale, are highly successful professionals, Gale as a trauma nurse practitioner, now at Mass. General, and Joan is President and CEO of the York (PA) County Historical Trust. My sons also have interesting careers; Alex is in the natural gas industry in Colorado, and Steve is an attorney in Montana. Now we find ourselves retired, enjoying homelife in Cundy’s Harbor, our families, travel, various interests and causes, and good health. May it all continue – for a long time! I have greatly enjoyed the connection with Dartmouth over the years -- the reunions, the mini’s, the friendships, which all culminate in this very special 50th reunion year!

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

By Linda Hadley

Friends have asked, “You were a single woman for over 23 years, how did you finally find the love of your life at age 62?”

Eleven years ago I called an old client, Drew, to thank him for his delightful thank you note for a baby gift I had sent. While chatting he mentioned he had recently seen John Hadley. I remembered John had a “wild man” reputation 25 years before. I asked, “How is John? Is he sober? Is he married?” After a slight pause, Drew answered, “He’s fine, yes, sober a long time and not married”. “Soooo” I said, “You know a healthy, sober, single guy my age and you didn’t give him my phone number?” Much longer pause followed by a subject change.

One week later, having completely forgotten that conversation, my phone rings. “Hi, this is John Hadley. Would you like to go out to dinner and the theatre?” I reply, “John, what a surprise, how the heck have you been the past 25 years?”

1st date: He says, “Let’s walk from the restaurant to the theatre.” I, in high heels assumed it was nearby. After hiking up a steep hill for 20 minutes I asked, “Is this a test?” I got a sly grin in return.

About 4 months and several dates later John asked me “So what did you and Drew (the deal maker developer) talk about on the phone?” I repeated the conversation and he said, “I had a feeling it was something like that!” “Why?” I asked. He replied, “Because when Drew called me he said, “You had better call Linda Morrow right away, she’s dying to go out with you!” He obviously thought I’d been sitting by the phone waiting desperately for his call.

Sooooo, Drew made the deal and we have lived happily ever after for almost 8 years now. Who says a 65 year old broad can’t find her soul mate?

MARCIE MORRISON

At a Dartmouth '61 reunion held a decade ago in San Francisco, alumni were asked to name the best decision they ever made. Many replied, "Marrying my wonderful wife." Not my husband; he said that his best decision ever was made when he was hanging upside down in a crevasse on Mt. McKinley. Had he decided to try to climb out rather than take a chance on cutting the rope, he would have died.

This decision is not irrelevant to his choice of a second wife. Ours was an "arranged marriage;" a mutual friend introduced us, sure that we would suit as we both loved backpacking and mountaineering. Twenty-five years later, we have taken so many family backpacking trips up wild mountains that our son, now at Penn, once declared, "When I grow up, I'm never going more than 30 feet from a paved surface."

Ten years of our marriage have been commuter years, spent largely apart. We lived in different cities, often in non-contiguous states. We proved compatible despite distances and differences. I am a Baby Boomer. I was marching against the war in Viet Nam while Tony was there in the Air Force. I wore hippie garb when he wore surgical scrubs. I went to graduate school when he married for the first time. I chose to have a career while many women in Tony's generation devoted themselves to that of their husband. I had our child while many of you were having grandchildren. Now Tony and I both feel that we are at the height of our professional lives when most '61s have retired. And we are still living 80 miles apart!

It may seem odd that we have enjoyed a happy and satisfying marriage. I hope to accompany him to many more Dartmouth reunions.

Marcy Sullivan

For the past 15 years I have been Executive Director of a non-profit organization which purchased an historic inn in Montclair and developed it into affordable housing for seniors. The project came at a perfect time. Our daughter, Morgen was at Dartmouth and making "nests for the elderly" was a challenging way to fill my "empty nest". I recently retired and am serving on our town's senior advisory committee. Hope to have more time to visit our daughter and her husband who live in Florida. Morgen is an attorney with CSX and her husband Mike is a project manager for the Army Corps of Engineers. Bob's office is in our home so we are having the reverse situation of retirees who have to adjust to a husband sharing home turf.

Forty years of marriage is a long time to still have a lot to talk about, but we do. We've gotten through Bob's heart surgery and my cancer, the losses of family members and friends, job changes and political differences. We shared the joy of raising a wonderful daughter, travel and relaxing at our place on Cape Cod. My current goal is to keep my mind in shape now that I don't have the demands of a career.

I didn't know Bob when he was at Dartmouth. However, along the way, I had the pleasure of meeting some of his friends and their wives. Duncan Alexander was in our wedding party and it gave me the delightful opportunity to become friends with his wife, Phyllis. New Jersey perked up quite a bit when Oscar and Nyla were on the east coast. We had fun times while enjoying Nyla's super Mexican dishes. There are memories also of "deep" discussions with Duane Cox at Joe Zinn's apartment in Montclair.

Life with Harris

by Mary McKee

Harris and I met at 14. He was my first boyfriend and we dated off and on for eight years. Good friends, we've always shared discussions, books, travel, and sports. We were high school co-vedictorians; but he took tougher courses than I did. Both technical and liberal arts courses at Dartmouth made Harris a "Renaissance man", as did good friendships and caring professors. I majored in English and minored in French at the Ohio College of Wooster toward a career in teaching. Our college graduations were the same weekend, as are both our fifty-year reunions.

A letter from Harris's freshman roommate, Al Rozycki, said that Harris was pining away without letters from me. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but I was sure the big Scot was still "playing the field"—and not just in football!

We dated during vacations, but only when Harris came home from Army Reserve Summer Camp in 1960 did we fall in love. At House Parties that fall he gave me his fraternity pin. At Christmas, he surprised me with a diamond ring. We married on July 2nd, 1961, and took weekend honeymoons around Marinette, WI, where Harris had a summer job at a paper plant.

That fall, we moved into the Ledges in Norwich. He rode a motor scooter to Thayer School, while I drove our car to White River Junction to teach at Hartford High School. We ran The Ledges Motel for two summers, and managed its seven apartments in the winter.

In August 1963 we left Vermont pulling a U-haul, bound for Stanford, California, stopping to see our families in Iowa. Harris pursued a Ph.D., but with no teaching jobs available, I became a Stanford office manager. We rented a unit in a converted Army hospital. The housing and furnishings were Spartan, but the rent was affordable. We explored California, expanded our friendships, and broadened our perspectives.

The best gifts from California are our daughters: Margaret, born there in February 1965, and Laura, born in August 1966. They are amazing women with challenging careers and wonderful mates. In March 2011, we took our daughters, their husbands, and grandchildren Katie and David on a tour of Costa Rica to celebrate our Fiftieth Anniversary together.

Harris McKee has been a loving gift to me. His keen mind, inquisitiveness, high energy, and dedication to community service inspire me. **Living with him stretches me in ways that increase my knowledge, stamina, patience, and commitment to seeing challenges through—sometimes including him!**

Eight moves as a trailing spouse challenged me to reinvent myself with each of Harris's new ventures. As the first transition, I chose to marry him and live in New England. We learned to ski and adapted to each other. We explored California and adjusted to parenthood. After Harris finished his Ph.D., our small daughters and I spent the ten weeks of his Corps of Engineers Basic Officers Training with their Iowa grandparents on the

McKee farm and in Indianola. Harris' Viet Nam era Army assignment at Moffett Field CA as a NASA engineer kept him safe. At 30 we bought our first house in St. Louis where Harris joined McDonell-Douglas and I began long-term volunteering with the League of Women Voters, and a Unitarian church. I moved with him to Dallas for another new job, settled the girls in school, played tennis, volunteered with Planned Parenthood and again with a Unitarian church, earned an MBA and got a marketing position that gave me financial independence. We became empty nesters when one daughter entered the Naval Academy and the other enrolled at Swarthmore. In 1987, we relocated in Cedar Rapids IA, and Harris took a third job. Three years later we moved again for Harris's fourth opportunity, in Waseca MN. I played golf, planted a garden, did consulting, and ran a United Way there. Six years later I joined Harris at a new home in Joplin MO. We made our last move to Bella Vista AR and both became Edward Jones financial advisors. I retired seven years after founding a brokerage office to make several trips back to Indianola as my mother, our last remaining parent, was declining. As a retiree, I am as fulfilled as a P.E.O., a Rotarian, a Library Foundation Chair, and a family member as I was in a demanding business. Water aerobics, golf, and two titanium knees help keep me in condition to travel widely for both business and pleasure.

Peggy-ann Shearer

I'm a relative newcomer to the ranks of '61 wives, not having met Bob Shearer until 1986, the year of your 25th reunion. Back then, I already had a favorable impression of Dartmouth men: when I attended Harvard in the late 1960s and early 1970s, my girlfriends and I thought that the best football weekend of the fall was always Dartmouth weekend. (We felt that, while the Yale game was a big deal for the alumni, the Dartmouth game was more fun for current students.) In fact, of my half-dozen closest college friends, three of us ended up marrying Dartmouth guys, notwithstanding the availability of ten thousand men of Harvard.

My first Dartmouth '61 reunion was your 30th, where our very-little daughter Katie drew the winning numbers out of the fishbowl for the Tanzi plate competition because she was considered by the class leadership to be "the only honest person in the room". Since then I've enjoyed attending Dartmouth events both in Hanover and through the Dartmouth Club of New York City and spending time with some of Bob's classmates who live in the Upper Valley. My long-ago favorable impression has been confirmed many times over: terrific school, great guys.

A Spousal Update

By Carolyn Hally

About a year ago, our two children gave Dave and me a marvelous surprise party celebrating our 45 years of marriage, our 70th birthdays, and Dave's retirement from the University of Georgia after 43 years as a professor of anthropology. Friends and family from many parts of the country showed up. It was glorious.

But back to the beginning...We married very naively in 1965, as most young people do; not really being able to grasp what life would bring. Dave had proposed to me the evening we attended Jack and Susan Reno's wedding, and we were staying in one of Dave's fraternity brother's law school apartment in New York that weekend. Separate bedrooms, of course -- those were the 60's. That's pretty much the extent of our Dartmouth connection until his upcoming 50th reunion.

We came to the University of Georgia in 1967 after graduate school because Dave's research interest, as a southeastern U.S. archaeologist, could be best pursued at a large southeastern university. We never dreamt that we would spend the rest of our lives here, much less love it as we do. Over the last four decades, Athens has grown more cosmopolitan, and the Hallys have grown emotionally, socially, and intellectually.

Athens is considered a good place to raise a family as we did. It's small enough that people can tattle tale on your children when necessary, but large enough to have a very robust selection of cultural activities and -- yes now that we are 70 -- an excellent medical community. We were excited in 1968 when Andrew, now 42, was born and two years later when Leslye followed. Andrew lives in an historic house on Bunker Hill with his wife, Gina, and their two children: Ryann, 8 and Judson, 4. Leslye, thrillingly, lives two blocks away from us with her husband, Chris, and their five-year old Katherine. They live on Maple Lane, almost out of Our Town.

Dave, after writing what may be the longest dissertation in Harvard's history, has spent his adult life studying the prehistory of northwestern Georgia, culminating in what may be the longest single monograph ever written about any one archaeological site. Yes, he is a bit obsessive. Dave has also been one of the best fathers I have ever observed.

Having found that working as a social work assistant at Children's Hospital in Boston while Dave was in graduate school exactly suited me, I studied and received a Master's Degree in social work at the University of Georgia in between having babies. I worked clinically half-time for a number of years and was also a research associate in the University of Georgia School of Social Work in the field of child neglect and child abuse. By middle age, many of my friends were getting doctorates or divorces. I decided to follow the doctorate route and received my Ph.D. in psychology in 1988 -- again from the University of Georgia. I found returning to graduate school at middle age incredibly stimulating and invigorating as was my internship at Emory Medical School. Dave as an academic, was more supportive than one could hope for, knowing all too well the trials of theses, dissertations, comprehensive exams, etc.

I have been in full-time private practice since 1988 and so far cannot bring myself to quit. I love my family. I love my work. Lucky, lucky me.

p.s. two wishes: 1. that Bunker Hill was a suburb of Athens, or vice versa; and 2. that everyone on Earth had easy access to birth control, nutritious food, and clean water.

A Class of '61 Spouse

I married Paul "Bud" 18 years after his graduation from Dartmouth. I remember attending the 20th reunion and thought what a beautiful campus and great town. We also spent Christmas of 1993 in Hanover and it was magical walking through the quiet campus on Christmas Eve to church from the Hanover Inn.

Since I am a former corporate librarian I really want to share a congratulatory message to the "men" of Dartmouth class of 1961.

You graduated when Camelot's star was rising and the youth had such great hope for the future. Even though the Berlin wall was constructed in 1961 and Castro was becoming a challenge it was a year of good things such as the start of the Peace Corps and the space program was a nightly news headline.

The average house cost \$12,500.00. Average income was \$5,315.00 and the average car cost \$2,850.00. Breakfast at Tiffany's, West Side Story were top movies and you could dance to the music of Chubby Checker, The Drifters, and listen to Ray Charles.

As you begin another Passage in your individual lives in 2011 all the best.

Delphine Heimer
Lancaster, PA

In 1960 – 1961 I never dreamed I would be one day very impressed with Dartmouth men. Other than my now husband Frank, who always seemed very special to me, the men I encountered seemed consumed with the alcohol they were consuming. Today I see so much more as I reencounter Frank's classmates who are sensitive, thoughtful and very interesting people. I am enormously grateful that in the last ten years I've enjoyed a second look at all of the amazing class of 1961.

Madge Ginn

Her Story

Diane Kittredge, wife of Alan Rozycki, class of 1961



I was born in Portland, Maine and raised in Winchester, Massachusetts, returning to Maine most summers to spend time with my large extended family there. I attended Winchester Public High School, Smith College (1968) and then Harvard Medical School (1972), where I married a medical school classmate and eventually ended up practicing and teaching primary care pediatrics at the University of Oklahoma in Oklahoma City.

In 1997, divorced with three children (one entering high school), I returned to New England --to Dartmouth Medical School. It was my wonderful

fortune to strike up a friendship the following year with Alan, a Dartmouth pediatrician and colleague, who also was going through a divorce. Initially we shared our professional work and went to my daughter's soccer games (a sport Alan otherwise wouldn't have chosen to attend, I later learned, since its so 'boring compared to football.') But as happens, this evolved into romance and eventually marriage (July, 2006). I have been included in Alan's Dartmouth events for over a decade now, meeting many of the 1961 classmates and spouses at reunions and mini-reunions, which has enriched my life with a very special new circle of friends. (Not to mention wonderful tales of the good ole days!) Although Alan is retired, I continue to work part time, which gives each of us some independence and me a chance to grow professionally. I have been the Pediatric Residency Program Director for almost three years. We travel a lot, and enjoy our combined 7-soon-to-be-8 grandchildren. However, life is busier perhaps than it should be at our ages and I am pondering when to retire. I really look forward to sharing reflections with all of you on retirement, aging, and living well! See you soon!

Diane Kittredge MD
Professor of Pediatrics
Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center
Pediatric Program Director

A Serendipitous Meeting

Carol Jozus

The story begins with my serendipitous meeting (see Ivar Jozus reflections) of the '61 who became my life's companion and who has so enriched my life with his intelligence, wit and appreciation for life's goodness.

We married in '64, 2 months after my graduation from Wellesley College. We raised 3 delightful daughters who continue to inspire our admiration. And oh, yes, the grandchildren, those 8 gifts who bring such joy. The thoughtful care our daughters and their wonderful husbands devote to their families makes me very happy. We are lucky they live near so we can enjoy being with them often.

My child rearing years were filled with community activities, such full immersion that now I wonder who was taking care of the children. There was a League of Women Voter's water study, a local celebration and newsletter for the American Bicentennial, a festival for our town's sesquicentennial celebration, and then running in local elections. That resulted in 10 years of elected office, 6 on our Board of Education, 4 on the Board of Selectmen

My 40s seemed like a good time to move into the world of work, and becoming a high school math teacher made sense until after mastering the math and getting certified I re-entered the high school world. It was not a match, and I retooled to enter the information technology world as a programmer. There followed a mentally engaging and satisfying career that continues to this day.

A highlight of this time has been Ivar's reconnection with his family in Latvia after 50 years of Soviet Occupation ended, learning about and becoming a part of their lives. The Friends of Dartmouth ski trips to wonderful places with great traveling companions have been an enormous pleasure, as well as many other Dartmouth gatherings. I feel lucky to count as friends many fine members of the Class of 61 and their significant others.



Sandy McArt

My connection to Dartmouth began a few years before I met Roger. While attending Colby Jr. College, I made many road trips there and experienced all the finer points of dating Dartmouth men. When I graduated, I felt that I had had quite enough of that "Animal House" mentality and planned to move on in my dating life. I had a couple of dates with Roger before I knew where he had gone to school. When he told me, I had to pause and consider the possible consequences. As it turned out, it didn't stop me from marrying him and his strong connection to Dartmouth has actually been a very positive and significant piece of our life together. We have both made lifelong friends mainly through reunions, school events and mini-reunions which, because they are smaller groups, have been especially instrumental in forming these friendships. The college has continued to enrich us with its wealth of cultural and social opportunities.

It has been inspiring to see the closeness of the class and the love these men have for the college. They show this feeling through the many hours they all put in voluntarily to help the school in various ways and to create amazing events where we can get together.

Roger has developed many friendships in his class with people he barely knew when he was there. He has done this partly by holding various offices and also by being active as an alumnus. I know he considers it a privilege and an honor to lead the class as President into the 50th reunion. I am honored to be there with him.

Carol Gomez (Spouse: Pablo Gomez)

I started my career as an Administrative Assistance at TRW System in 1965 (without ever using my Nurses training) eventually going back to school (UCLA) to help me transition into the TRW Finance Organization. After a wonderful 34-year career at TRW (with the last 6-years as a Finance Director), I retired with Pablo in 1998.

Once retired, traveled more extensively with some trips lasting more than a couple months. We took many dive trips to the Caribbean, a couple of trips to the Great Barrier Reef (Australia), and The Red Sea (Egypt). Some of these trips were combined with land tours as well. Many snow skiing holidays were enjoyed in different parts of the US and Canada. We still camp and for several years we had a boat to enjoy the many lakes around our area here in Reno.

I am a jogger, a hiker, a golfer, a reader, Suduko player, enjoy movies, and enjoy visiting family and friends. One of my many 'Bucket List' items was hiking MT Whitney (California). In 2009, I hiked the mountain in a day and again in 2010 (Pablo also joined our group in 2010). The commitment and training for this 22-mile round trip hike with an elevation gain of 6,000 feet to the top (14,500 feet) is significant but the training took us all over the beautiful Sierra Mountains.

Volunteer work has been a special part of my life especially since retirement. As one of our 'giving back to society' programs, Pablo and I have been Tax Counselors assisting the elderly and low-income families in tax preparations during tax season. I also taught snow skiing at our local kids' ski facility: Sky Tavern. One year I was an Ambassador for MT Rose Ski Resort. Before we left Southern California, a Finance co-worker and I organized an Investment Club for ladies - a charter to assist women in stock investing: how to read annual reports, what the numbers mean, learning usage of investment software and other tools, i.e., stock analysts reports. After the second year of retirement and living in the Reno suburbs, I resigned from this club and started a new club in Reno. All of these volunteer programs have been very rewarding. To that end, I am now looking for the next volunteer program.

MARIA DOLORES OEHLER



My life began in Los Angeles, way back when my Mom and Dad could still smell the orange blossoms. My sister and I had a happy childhood, particularly because our grandparents would gather their clan of 6 adult children and 15 grandkids for a monthly get together. Memories of Catholic grammar and high school days were special too, for I believe every nun who taught me, made the subjects interesting. And besides I knew how to behave, so the nuns were my buddies. A few years after high school graduation I married and raised a family of five sons (Steve, Greg, Bob, Jack and Richard) in La Mirada and Placentia, towns in Southern California. When the four oldest boys were of school age, my best friend Joan agreed to babysit my youngest son. She made it easy for me to begin a career in Administration in the Ground Systems Groups of Hughes Aircraft Company, an aerospace company in Fullerton. This was an

exciting challenging and rewarding company to work for; I thoroughly enjoyed my positions. At the same time I attended California State at Fullerton and earned a degree in Education, a long-time dream. However, my marriage suffered, fell apart, and ended in divorce.

This was a rough period for me, but fortunately a year later I met Phil Oehler at a Valentine's Day party, certainly a lucky night! During our dating Phil was active in the Dartmouth Club of Orange County, at one time served as its President. This is when I discovered what Dartmouth was about and started feeling I belonged to the Dartmouth Family. After dating for awhile we knew someday we would marry, but waiting until our sons and daughter were older, at least into college, was the best idea. In the meantime we started dreaming of where we would someday retire, so we started looking. We found the perfect spot.... 33 acres of land on a hill overlooking the Sacramento Valley, 7 miles south of the quaint town of Grass Valley in the Gold Country of the Sierra Foothills.

After a 10-year relationship Phil and I were married in my home in Placentia on my birthday, August of 1987. And suddenly we had eight adult children....my 5 sons and Phil's 2 sons and 1 daughter. This August 2011 we will be celebrating 24 years of wedded, mostly blissful, life. On our 1st Wedding Anniversary I was diagnosed with kidney cancer – a big blow to our anniversary trip. However, I was fortunate the tumor was contained in the left kidney and it had not spread through the renal artery. It was surgically removed and I have been cancer free for the last 23 years.

In 1992 I retired from Hughes Aircraft and Phil was fortunate to be transferred to Rockwell's Sacramento office. This was the perfect time to start supervising the construction of our dream home. Our home was completed in July 1993, turning out just how we had hoped it would. We had to pinch ourselves every once in awhile, to be sure we weren't dreaming. This happiness, however, was shattered when my loving son Greg passed away at Thanksgiving time 2002, something a parent never forgets. Fortunately the blow was eased when we learned another grandchild was on the way. As of this writing we have 12 grandchildren: 7 grandsons and 5 granddaughters.

Finally in my retirement years I have been able to experience the joys of teaching.... computer skills to school children, women looking for employment, seniors wanting to learn and communicate with this new tool. I have taught Sunday School, as well. These years have also been spent serving in office for some of our community's civic and cultural organizations. I enjoy cooking, entertaining, (**I am published in the Red Hat Society's Cookbook**) gardening, art, music, dancing, crafts, travel (Phil and I have travelled to all 50 states, to Europe, Central and South America), and emailing my friends around the country.

My greatest accomplishment was raising my five (5) sons into respected and successful men. Our oldest grandchild, Maya, a recent honors graduate of the University of Colorado, called early this morning with the news she was hired by a multi-media company in Denver. In this current economy we are so proud and delighted!! My goal now is to satisfy our granddaughter Quinlyn's request to live to be 99, so I follow a healthy diet, combined with exercise. I consider myself a very fortunate woman to have a loving husband and family. The Good Lord has blessed me with so much and for that I am thankful.

Jean LaRue DeHaven

My Dartmouth HERstory is limited. No Winter Carnivals. No football weekends. bonfires. A little known H.S. underclassman, I became reacquainted with Ken in his Navy days - 1968. A graduate of Ohio State University in Advertising Design, I worked for a small ad agency in Newport Beach, CA for a few years while trying to avoid the frantic singles scene of the southern California coast.



No

A bright spot, after hearing minute details of each past Dartmouth football play, came when I meet Nyla and Oscar. What better introduction to a positive, full of life Dartmouth could a neophyte find.

At our delayed skiing honeymoon in Aspen, where I was two months pregnant with purple sunsets on my body from an awkward fall, we joined an existing Dartmouth gathering. Nice party, but as we left, their room keys were being shared! Another side presented.

Reunions here and there, always donations, lots of green things, a never ending banter of stories of days gone by; Dartmouth is a mistress that will never let them forget.



BETTY CASTOR (MRS. SAM BELL)

Job: Education adviser at Pennington Moore Wilkinson Bell & Dunbar

Career Highlights: Elected to three terms in the Florida Senate in 1980s and early 1990s; Senate president from 1985 to 1987. Served as education commissioner, president of the University of South Florida and president of the Virginia-based National Board for Professional Teaching Standards and director of the Patel Center for Global Solutions at USF

Family: Castor is the mother of U.S. Rep. Kathy Castor (D-Tampa), Frank Castor, a Palm Beach County judge, and Karen Castor Dentel, a teacher. Bell has three sons: Sam, David and Douglas, who works with him at Pennington Moore Wilkinson Bell & Dunbar. Bell has four grandchildren, and Castor has six.

How They Met: In the Legislature, when Castor was commissioner of education and Bell controlled her budget. "He was the chair of the Appropriations Committee for the House, which was a pretty powerful position, so I had to go hat-in-hand to try to get the budget for schools and colleges approved. We sometimes got into debates," Castor says chuckling. Bell says the first time he "realized what a neat person" Castor was when they were invited by a former president of FSU to a dinner honoring regents from the University of San Jose in Costa Rica and ended up sitting across from each other. "That's the first time we'd been in a social situation, and I found out Betty actually read books and liked to play to tennis and a few things like that," recalls Bell. They married in 1989.

Table Talk: Dinner conversation is "fun" but "also very much about public policy discussions," says Castor, who starts the day by reading several newspapers.

Life in the Fast Lane: Balancing the demands of their personal and professional life is "tough," says Castor, and often means you "just keep going." Bell agrees. "We stay busy all the time. Even when we're sort of on vacation, we're up early ... reading the papers. I run into town and get the New York Times, and we read online several papers and we're in communication with the office early. So even when we're out planting flowers in the yard, we're talking politics and thinking about campaigns and our issues."

Ruth Zimmerman Bleyler

50th Reunion? That also means 50th Wedding Anniversary one week later! How crazy is that? Those 50 years have flown by and I now join the ranks of those before us that seemed "really old!" Little did I expect that label, nor do I feel that it applies to me.

I grew up in Rochester, NY, graduated from Cornell U., and married Pete to begin our life together. We moved from Honolulu to Virginia while Pete was a Naval officer. On to Simsbury, CT, then Chicago suburbs (Glencoe and Deerfield) and St. Louis, and a more settled life in McLean, VA for 14 years. But... then it was on to Boston and finally Lyme and Hanover!

Never expecting to teach (science and math), it worked well with raising our three girls. Along the way, I picked up different interests and involvements, church, sensitivity training (late '60s), Jungian psychology and house church, my first public service as Human Relations Commission chair, the usual PTA stuff, special education advocacy, Special Olympics, school board, NAMI and mental health advocacy, etc. My career changed directions when I left teaching for graduate school and served at the US EPA as an environmental health scientist. Finally, moving to NH, I somehow put together my teaching, advocacy efforts, and environmental interests to end up in the NH Legislature for 6 years, something I never expected to do! I'm very happy to NOT be there now, but the experience was very special. We're happy here in NH where we have the College, skiing, biking, hiking, and wonderful friends. I've cut back on meetings and such but now serve on Hanover's Conservation Commission, Cornell Alumni Council, Cornell Plantations Advisory Board, Cornell 50th Reunion Chair, and, well, a few other things also.

We have three wonderful daughters, two sons-in-law, and four perfect grandchildren (of course). Tracy, our oldest has special needs and that certainly has been our challenge and central to much of my advocacy efforts. She lives about five miles from us in Lebanon and is quite independent, but needs some help and our continued involvement. Allison, Dartmouth '87, Cornell MBA lives in Amherst, MA with husband Jock McDonald, also Dartmouth '87 and two boys, Callum 6 and Spencer 4 ½. Melanie, Cornell '92, Georgetown MBA lives in San Jose, CA with husband Won Cho, also Cornell '92, and daughter Danika 9 and son Austin 7. We're so proud of them all and love them dearly!

The world is certainly different for our grandchildren and it's hard not to obsess about it and feel somewhat helpless to change things. I do have hope. It's been a great journey, not always perfect, but isn't that life?

(Photo inside front cover)

PROFESSOR BONNIE GARTNER (wife of Paul Gartner)

Paul and I have been married over 40 years but I did not know him when he was an undergraduate. I was working as a programmer-analyst when I first met him and after we were married and had children I had planned to retire like my mother. However things change. We have 2 children, and when the youngest was starting school I decided to go back to work and got a job as an Adjunct Professor teaching computer courses at Pace University in Pleasantville which is what I am still doing more than 30 years later. I also wanted to help in our community (Chappaqua) and for the last 12 years have been the Treasurer of League of Women Voters of New Castle (Hillary Clinton is a member).

Still we have not been very far from Dartmouth. Both of our children were fortunate to have attended Dartmouth (Deborah '92 and Daniel '94). We have a lovely daughter-in-law Tina (like a "second daughter" to us) and a 7 year old granddaughter Peyton- the light of our lives - who told us recently after attending a Dartmouth reunion that she would like to go as well so perhaps the family tradition will continue. We have 2 other families in Chappaqua from Class of '61- the DiSavinos and the Singers (there were at one time 4 other families) - and we are still in touch with some old friends of Paul's from Dartmouth, now my friends as well. In fact, wherever we go we seem to find people from Dartmouth - on an iceberg in the Canadian Rockies, on a white water raft on the Snake River in Wyoming, in Rome, in Athens, etc. It helps to wear that Dartmouth tee-shirt or hat!

Where do I go from here? I am a little nervous about completely retiring since I have been happy working but will probably take next spring off and see how I like that. The computer field changes so rapidly that that itself might present a problem. I am available to baby sit for my granddaughter when needed (my pleasure). Paul and I both seem to be in pretty good health and like to travel so we would like to do more of that while we can. All in all I consider myself very lucky.



Kathleen (Kathy) Newton Foote

Little did I know I would be attached to a Dartmouth "61 gentleman when I was growing up in New England. First in CT (about 5 miles away from Tad), later in Keene, NH (about 60 miles from Hanover), college in Boston and finally marriage, family and career in sunny California.

Over the years I kept in contact with my college buddy, Gail Clark, who married Tad Foote. Whenever the Newton gang came east to visit we would gather together, Tad, Gail and their 3 girls, Deborah, Jennifer and Elizabeth, usually at their summer place on the CT shore. Sometimes the Footes would come to California to visit us, Newt, Kathy and our 3 sons, Peter, Craig and John. It was always a fun time and we looked forward to those visits.

Time passed - both families busy with children, jobs, volunteer work...stuff! We enjoyed living in Sacramento; raising our 3 sons together, Newt building rockets at Aerojet and I working part time as a public health nurse in schools and our local college. My volunteer role with a non-profit organization, Beyond War, was challenging and educational. It was during a BW fundraising event to sponsor a Latvian student in July 1991 that Newt fell to the ground and died suddenly of a heart attack. I was devastated but determined to live on. Gail and Tad, along with Bob and Maryanne Jones (other college friends,) came to CA to take me to San Francisco for a get-away weekend. Life continued. Friends, my 3 sons and their families kept me active, feisty and happy.

Four years later I learned Gail had been diagnosed with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma and even though treatment was initially positive the disease reoccurred and I lost a dear friend in 1996. Tad and I talked via phone about how to process grief, memories of our spouses and what's next?



Marge Boss



Laura Barton



Ruth Bleyler



Sandy McArt

About the cover: Carol Jozus at Winter Carnival
Betty Castor, former Florida State Senator

A Second Chance

By Carol T. Baum

I was raised in a college town of Swathmore, PA. My college degree was Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, MA in 1960. I met Jim Baum in my Junior year. I'm very vague about the early date, but I spent a lot of time in Hanover. When I come to reunions with Jim, I'm glad we dated when we were in college...everything makes more sense, the stories and the jokes. We married Nov. 4, 1961 when Jim was notified for active duty in the Army. I followed him to Munich, Germany, where he was stationed for 20 months. Back in Morris, in late 1963, Jim joined his family's retail business. I helped a little more each year until we ran it together for over 30 years.

The summer of 2007 marked a new beginning for Jim and I. After many years of working together in the family's store, we closed the 133 year old store on July 27, 2007. After a month of cleaning up the space, Jim and I drove to Cincinnati to visit cousins of his. The second night there, I ended up in Christ Hospital with a heart attack which led to double by-pass open heart surgery.

The fall of 2007 was long, with complications that kept me from bouncing back promptly. But a new me emerged. I had always thought I had to be the super wife and employer...doing things for everyone all the time. Now I have learned to let others share the work My husband has developed new skills for coping with housework. I was a non-exerciser but now I go to cardiac rehab for three mornings a week. My blood pressure is normal now. Yes, the pace is definitely slower.



Our second home is a small condo in Quechee, VT not far from Dartmouth College. We go there as much as we

can and partake of some College activities. We bought 240 of Moose Mt. in Hanover, NH. We have given a conservation easement to it for public use. In October '09 we saw a moose on Moose Mt.!

Back here in Morris, I'm active in our church's Outreach Commission and am presently the regent of our local DAR chapter. Both Jim and I are active in philanthropic projects in our community.

Nyla Arslanian's Herstory



Oscar and I recently attended a 50th birthday party themed around 60s inspired "Mad Men." We decided, due to the age of most of the guests, that we had been invited as "authenticators". The evening was another reason to look back over the years and marvel at the roads we'd travelled.

My journey had begun not that far away in Santa Monica graduating from business school with all required secretarial skills that would be my ticket to freedom. My best friend, Nan, and worked at System Development Corporation, an off shoot of famed think tank Rand Corporation. When you are a Californian, it's not the west but the east that beckons, so when SDC needed secretarial support for its Human Factors team charged with documenting the operations of the Strategic Air Command in Omaha, Nebraska, at 19 we began our great adventure. The year was 1959 and the Cold War was at its chilliest.

Other decisions, some good, some bad, including a first marriage, moved me west, north, and east again to Westfield, Massachusetts. I loved the small town life and might have stayed in New England had it not been for Oscar who I met on stage in the town's community theatre group.

Another decision—a yes to a proposal—and we were on our way to Los Angeles and the next few years in the "corporate migrant worker" phase. It was the golden time for our generation when a move was always up. We would head east to the Metropolitan NY area before eventually returning to LA in 1973.

When I wasn't house buying/redecorating/selling, I managed offices in a number of enterprises including law, manufacturing, sales and real estate.

Through all the twists and turns, Oscar and I formed our PR/management business in 1980 leaving the corporate life behind. My work in the community and Oscar's in the music industry provided the connections we needed to get started. We became part of Hollywood's business community. I continued my involvement with the Hollywood Arts Council as avocation became vocation and now, all these years later, we're recognized for our work for the betterment of our community. I manage our business and edit Discover Hollywood Magazine.

I never had children of my own but Oscar's two sons by his first wife, Sue, embraced me as their "wicked" stepmother. We have 4 lovely grandchildren ranging from 4 to 22. But the bonus of all this is the sister/friendship that blossomed as we tried to find the best way for a divorced and remarried couple to raise their sons 3,000 miles apart. Sue and I became best friends. As highschool sweethearts who dated throughout the Dartmouth's years, the fondness and friendship that was lost for a time returned and graces Oscar's life as well as mine.

It's been quite a trip and one that could never have been planned.

On top if it all, is the Dartmouth experience, and the joyous reunions as we've moved through life's passages.

Perhaps it's my rationale for growing older, but I love the long view of our lives, for then I can see that the journey is the prize and I can only be immensely and humbly grateful.