



October 2003

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9/18/03 (Frankie Avalon's 63rd birthday): Almost six months since our last foray into **WWW**...?! Gadzooks. Have been accumulating material, but did want to give you a chance to barrage us with green cards after brother **Rowley**'s recent effort. Speaking of which, Bert subsequently reported, after Class Officers' Weekend, that: "**Nels Armstrong** '71 visited the Newsletter Editors' Meeting and announced that the College will reduce subsidization of class newsletters for the current '04 fiscal year by 50%. Prior to this fiscal year, up to six newsletters per class were subsidized...In contrast to diminishing resources allocated to Alumni Relations, the College's Development Office for the big push to raise ONE BILLION DOLLARS AND CHANGE has 235 employees. And Alumni Relations has a staff of 8." Being an experienced reader of handwriting on walls, we can clearly deduce that the College does not expect to raise much of that goal from alumni... And so be it; are there any Dartmouth graduates in today's Administration (aside from **Gazz** and **Stan Colla** '66)? If you have your old '61 Aegis lying around, turn to page 286 et seq. and check the educational credentials of the Trustees and Administrative Officers: right—damn near monolithic Men of Green. Today...? Well, maybe you saw this scribe's diatribe on "change" in **Frank Ginn**'s very excellent Reflections at Forty reunion yearbook...

On with da noose: **Oscar Arslanian** was in Austin, TX, in August for the taping of "At The Drive-In," a 2-hour PBS Pledge Week Special to be broadcast in December. "It's a rock & roll spectacular, hosted by Fabian and featuring Jan & Dean, Bobby Vee, The Surfaris, The Rip Chords, Chris Montez, Dodie Stevens, Merrilee Rush, Ray Peterson, The Orlons, and The Nelsons (Rick's twin sons) doing a tribute to Rick...Nothing but hits! From 'Surf City' to 'Let's Dance,' and from 'Wipe Out' to 'Wah Watusi'." Oscar manages Fabian and Chris Montez, and acted as consultant to the producers ("Austin City Limits" people). His son, Aram, a music producer/singer/songwriter, served as music director for Lisa Marie Presley ("It's good to work with the King's daughter."); that was Aram's band who performed at AD during our 25th. O's older son, JP, is chef at The Galley Hatch in Hampton, NH, and is terrific at his craft, according to no less a connoisseur than **Ron**

Wybo. [*Y'know, risking displeasure from on high, we're gonna revert to nicknames where applicable. If you don't recognize a classmate by the handle he's been known by for almost half a century, you probably wouldn't care what he has to say in the first place... ed.*] Oscar adds, "**Nyla** is cruising along at a brisk clip with her Hollywood activities, where she continues to serve as editor of Discover Hollywood magazine and President of the Hollywood Arts Council. I'm looking forward to seeing our '61 community at the Palm Springs mini in April '04."

Which provides a natural segue for this mini-reunion update from **Father Doberman Cox**: "The Palm Springs 65th Birthday Party continues to mature. As of October, we have 28 classmates who are definitely attending and 26 who have indicated that they maybe will attend. It is shaping up to be a great party. We want to stress that there is a multitude of activities, including hiking, golf, tennis, shopping, the aerial tramway and much more. Travel alternatives include flying into Ontario, LAX, or San Diego and renting a car to go to the desert. It is about a three hour drive from LAX. Several classmates are taking advantage of the trip to visit National Parks on the way to Palm Springs. The actual reservation forms will be in the mail in early January. Let's make this a birthday to remember. **See you in Palm Springs next April** (April 22-25, '04)!"

Speaking of segues, this issue comes too late to urge your attendance at the mini in Hanover October 3-5. But we hope the non-Homecoming dates made for a bit less congestion in the Uppah Valley, that dinner at the Alden Inn on the Town Green in Lyme was toothsome, and that the mighty Green grid juggernaut buried Penn in historic fashion. In yet another segue, mention of Father Dobes and a band at AD harks up the Silver Anniversary of *Animal House* recently celebrated by the movie cast in Hollywood. According to *The Maui News*, "H'wood Boulevard was shut down by a parade featuring a live elephant, an ROTC contingent, a cheerleader squad, and an interruption by the 'Deathmobile,' and culminated in a faux-foodfight between scores of extras sporting generic 'College' sweatshirts like the one the late John Belushi wore in the film. Otis Day And The Knights performed the song 'Shout,' before wrapping up the

parade.” We realize there are ‘61s among us who may feel, uh, uncomfortable that **Chris Miller** ’63 wrote his ribald chronicle based on actual members of our class, but the fact remains that he did. And Universal made it into a film. And it remains a nationwide cult icon to this day. With all due respect to the social engineers currently in power at Parkhurst [*and probably shading another directive from on high to dispense with the fond memories of Hanover days & nights...*], we cannot let this topic pass without observing that it’s a shame that fun has gone out of fashion. Somehow it seems counter to human nature to wield an iron fist of blue-nosed executive fiat over a select body of bright, active, energetic, imaginative [hormone-driven] 17-22-year olds sequestered in as insulated a venue as can be found in today’s litigious society. Kids are going to have fun, for cryin’ out loud; why must Dartmouth, with its rich history, be the vengeful force to wrest that spontaneous youthful exuberance untimely away? Four years in Hanover is, after all, so brief a candle prior to marching in corporate/professional lockstep for life. Alas.

Rick Husband took time off from the Hanover CC links to cite a blurb from *The Valley News* re. the John Sloan Dickey Center for International Understanding War and Peace Studies. A debate titled “Is Globalization Improving Living Standards of Poor People and Poor Nations?” pitted **David Ranney**, Professor Emeritus, College of Urban Planning and Public Affairs at Univ. of Illinois, Chicago against Dartmouth faculty member [*can you guess his politics...?*] Douglas Irwin, author of *Free Trade Under Fire*. Rick did not report who prevailed. **Madge & Frank Ginn** were in Boulder, CO, for a friend’s wedding in June. While strolling through the CU campus, they came upon a certain **R. Frost** [18]96, cast in bronze and sitting on a bench[!], writing “Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening.” Observed Frank, “A lovely placement with a plaque crediting George Lundeen, but no mention of the Dartmouth Class of 1961.” [*Well, at least they changed the poem for the Colorado edition... ed.*] We probably ran out of segues back up there at the beginning, but concurrent with planning for the October mini, **Art Johnson** came to realize that his current personal work commitments will prevent him from focusing on his Mini-

reunion Chair in the extremely able fashion to which we’ve become accustomed. He so advised **Pres. Bleyler** who, after recovering from the shock, spoke to **Maynard Wheeler** about assuming the job. Maynard accepted eagerly, and a poll of the executive committee wholeheartedly confirmed the appointment. The only problem is how to thank **Art & Ellie Rittman** sufficiently for a job done far above & beyond the call of duty. “**Holyoke Hank**” **Eberhardt** signals a nautical “Bravo Zulu” to the ol’ Army Language School grad, while **Rog McArt** reminds us that Art pulled both mini and Fortieth Reunion duty a couple years ago. Rock impresario ‘**Slanian** maintains that Art & Ellie’s contribution to the college is “off the charts!” [*And, from the middle of the ocean, we shout a lusty Wah-Hoo-Wah! ed.*] While we’re into class business, The Hop has announced that our Performing Arts Legacy will support the following concerts in the coming year:

Nov. 1 — Pat Metheny Trio with Christian McBride and Antonio Sanchez

February 10 — Los Angeles Guitar Quartet
Sometime in Spring — The Capitol Steps
Lewis Crickard states: “In the fall, legendary jazz guitarist and Grammy winner Pat Metheny teams up with famed bassist McBride and Mexico-born drummer Sanchez for what promises to be a truly memorable event. During the winter, the critically acclaimed Los Angeles Guitar Quartet will put their inventive spin on Latin and contemporary American compositions. And finally, in the spring, we’ll bring back the hilarious political satire/musical group, The Capitol Steps.” All of which prompts Legacy Chair **David Birney** to note, “I think we’re right on the money. Next year, Bo Diddley!” And **Rev. George Bland** adds, “They always used to say that more people saw the Glee Club in a year than saw the near-invincible Big Green football team in twelve years.” [*Well, yeah—but back when we were called Indians, we packed ‘em in, even at cavernous Hahvahd Stadium and da Yale Bowl... ed.*] **Terry Ortwein** proposes that The Hop present a compendium of Birney performances, perhaps alternating “Four Green Fields” with “Adam and Eve.” Birney demurs, suggesting “they probably have bigger fish to fry,” but his triumphal performances in “The Merchant of Venice” on New

England stages this summer garnered rave reviews. Promised him not to make much ado, but can't resist at least quoting *The Scope* (7/18/03): "Birney's Shylock is more than Shylock. It is a nuanced portrayal that shows an awareness of the universality of the human condition, that recognizes Shakespeare's connection to the collective unconscious." [*Yesss!*] BTW, lest ye forget, the *In Memoriam* Committee strongly invites gifts to the Legacy Fund in memory of deceased classmates. All such donations will be accumulated and sent to the Endowment once a year. Granted, these are contributions by '61s on behalf of '61s, yet they enrich our unique and highly successful contribution to life on the Hanover Plain. Speaking of critical acclaim, please note that **Ray Welch's** *Copywriter, a Life of Making Ads and Other Mistakes* was runner-up in the non-fiction division of the Independent Publishers Awards this year. He grumbles, "I did better in the Clios"—but those advertising awards are laurels for fiction, no...? Ray mentioned that **Tom Mauro** was recuperating from having both knees replaced. Because they were both fixed at the same time, Tom was bedridden for a while in August, providing Welch with an opening "to victimize him with cheap practical jokes. With the help of an Episcopal priest (gone bad) from Tom's church, I had the opportunity to torture him to my heart's content. Began last week by using the text-to-speech feature of my Mac to write him a talking message, in one of those wonderful electromechanical voices, apprising him that his health insurance had been canceled. After he recovered [from that fabrication], he conspired to have a couple of medicos hang out with him for a couple hours to tell me, when I called back, that he'd been rushed to the ICU with a massive heart attack ('Haven't you heard, Mr. Welch? Sudden trauma. Massive.'). But I was tardy, and dodged his waiting bullet (which would have flat killed me...). Damn, Macs are useful!" [*Yeah, OK—practical jokes on a grand scale. But really only fun between old friends. Doubt anyone was "victimized" by their respective imaginations...*] For your reading pleasure, Raymond has just completed a new book involving Jesus & Moses humor. No victims need apply...

High on our list of heroes are teachers. We will ever tip our coconut hat to those among us who had

the courage to enter the world of education, and that goes for second careers and substitutes as well. **Tom Mealey** reports from Rancho Cucamonga, "I'm still substitute teaching elementary school kids (K-5), and having a ball. I even missed it over the summer!" He also recalled Eberhardt's inquiry from a few issues back asking who might have been "on the high seas" in 1962: "Well, I was on a Destroyer that fall, cruising around South America on UNITAS III, a cooperative effort with So. American navies. Of course, a little thing came up to cut that trip short—the Cuban Blockade. We became the American part of a joint US/Latin American Task Force that took up the southern half of the blockade. We had no idea of all the turmoil going on at home with the 'Missiles of October.' We were just upset that the cruise was cut short...!" Bravo Zulu, ol' buddy; trust your breast pocket was duly decorated. Another educator, full-time, is **Oak Winters**. He will be retiring as Dean of Continuing Education and Summer School at Western Carolina University on Oct. 1, "so that **Kathy** and I can pursue part-time consulting and teaching about aging issues. Our 'new' calling is to help folks entering retirement to address what they want to accomplish in the time they have left. Most of the current work in this sector is financially-focused, or legal; our focus is on purpose and meaning, helping people achieve what Erik Erikson called *Integrity and Generativity*—placing one's life in meaningful perspective, and sharing one's being with following generations. We will be writing a weekly newspaper column on making the most of retirement, titled 'A Senior Moment,' and conducting occasional seminars on life-planning. I am finding new meaning through co-teaching with Kathy and becoming a student of successful aging. Compensating for bad knees, I guess..." [*And about time, we'd say. After all those years searching for the meaning of life, with O&K we might at least be able to grasp some semblance of order for the October of our days...*] Yet another man of academe is **FJ Eicke**. Though now retired from the faculty at Ole Miss, he still practices clinical psychology—which is really teaching patients about themselves—in Ocean Springs, MS. Due to a really harrowing series of misadventures in Alabama (one of the worst dumps—bar none—to which this humble wretch has ever been sentenced [*don't get us*

started, but just bear in mind that 'Bama is a four-letter word... ed.]), we were afforded the extreme pleasure of visiting with Duck & **Kathy** several times over the past 3 years. In May we spent time with them in Ocean Springs (an amazingly delightful contrast to the backwater slag heap which adjoins MS to the immediate east...). Not only did we ply the Gulf waters aboard Capt. Duck's "Nic-A-Tyme" in search of the wily cobia, but also bore witness to a fine hockey match as the Mississippi Seawolves progressed in the ECHL championship playoffs. FJ has been in contact with Dartmouth Coach **Bob Gaudet** '81 regarding possibilities of a hockey tour to the deep south [AL excepted...!] in the future. Should this come to fruition, we are well advised to consider a mini-reunion on the Gulf Coast, revolving around the D pucksters and the many serendipitous treats afforded in those southern environs. Stay tuned to this frequency... In one more note from ivied halls, **H.E. Eberhardt, III** is retiring [he prefers to call it "transitioning"...] as Annual Giving Director at Mt. Holyoke on Sept. 30, and is now deleting emails, tossing paper from files, attending farewell events, and dreading house and yardwork ("...hadn't cut a lawn in 4+ years living in college housing"). He & **Laurie** have moved to 79 Mountain View Drive, Belchertown, MA 01007, where they built a new house, and now use <leehee333@aol.com> for email. He will consult part-time as proprietor of Annual Giving Solutions (offering full-spectrum annual giving counsel), and expects to devote more time to D'61 fundraising, including reactivation of fraternity competition. [Man, *there's* an an archaic concept: can you imagine a bunch of young fellas actually choosing the guys they want to hang around with? No resultant cries of victimhood...?]

Green cards: Pete Hanauer and Tony Horan dovetailed reporting Pete's visit to Wyoming this July. Tony: "Pete took advantage of my offer to visit with '61s traveling Route I-80. He has made a significant contribution to our society by uncovering, with others, 'The Cigarette Papers.' I have had 5 abstracts accepted at the western section of the AUA, two of them chapters in my book on prostate cancer." [How 'bout those PSA tests, gents? Got 'em? If not, get 'em...] Pete: "My wife and I stopped by Evanston, WY, to

have lunch with Tony. We lived across the hall from each other in Woodward for four years, but hadn't seen each other since graduation. We had a nice two-hour chat about the effects of secondhand smoke on the prostate gland. Well, no—we talked about family, careers, and—of course—Dartmouth profs (most got high marks). When we left, I told him we should do this more often than every 42 years!" **Sam Baker** cards: "Busy summer for **Martha** & me. Hana, our daughter, married Tyler in our garden in June, and now they are both in grad school in Denver. Son Scott & wife Laura were in Spain. I sea-kayaked in SE Alaska for 2 weeks, then Martha & I hiked and camped in Iceland for 3 weeks as well as the same in our mountains here [WA]. I'm doing some locums orthopedic work in Alaska. We're both blessed with good health." [Which is good news; besides being one of our earliest and best pals in Hanover, Sam'l was clearly Rookie-of-the-year at our 40th, and Martha is almost a hula sister to **Rici**] **Bill Pieper** squeaked in under the deadline wire with: "Am just back from a week in New Orleans where Cathy & I attended my son Nick's wedding, a joyous event featuring a bicycle parade and a kazoo serenade among many other things...Also, come September 30, I am the program speaker for an evening meeting of the Dartmouth Club of Greater San Francisco, where I will hold forth on SF history during the early 1960s and the use of that material in my novel *Fool Me Once*...And finally, I remain on trajectory to participate in our class' 65th Birthday bash in Palm Springs next April." [Pipes is Reconnection personified!] Guess we can close submittals from '61s with this bit of poesy from **Pete Synnott**:

*Of all the poems I love the best
three stand out above the rest,
two by Frost: "Stopping by Woods" and
"Swinging on Birches"
which invoke pictures of small towns and tall
churches;
and the best poem of all, as far as I know,
is a chilling masterpiece penned by Poe.
As a child reading it, I oft felt craven,
but as I got older, I saw in "The Raven"
the alliterative, rich, and tumbling verse
came from the heart of a man deep in remorse.
Yes, this is a poem I will love evermore,*

*because the skills of its author will be
seen:*

Nevermore.

/signed/ Snot

Mai poina (forget me not). Must sadly relate the passing of **Bill Carlson**. Had the pleasure of running track, playing rugby, and serving on the IFC with him. Fellow Shaker Heights native Rog McArt advised on 8/22/03 that, "Bill Carlson died of a heart attack a few weeks ago, after playing tennis near his home outside of Cleveland. His wife, **Bonnie**, told me that they have established a scholarship in his name at Dartmouth. His daughter, **Kim**, graduated from Dartmouth as well. Apparently there was no warning and, in fact, he had just had a physical exam a few

weeks before and been given a clean bill of health." Which lends even more credence to Oak & Kathy Winters' guidance on making the best of the time we have left. And to keep showing up for mini-reunions. The Grim Reaper is a thorough, and impartial, collector...

That oughta do it for now. Ran across some ancient daguerreotypes in our archives, and include them herein. Oh, and as for the college's draconian decision to cut back on newsletters (as well as the *AluMag*), **Pete Bleyler** has this to say: "I strongly believe we should continue to send out the same number of newsletters we have in the past. We'll just pay for it out of our Treasury." To which we append a closing "Bravo Zulu!"

*Adm!
TC*



Rock & Roll Will Never Die! (L to R): (guitar) tc, (drums) Jake Haertl, (piano) Bill Edgar '62.



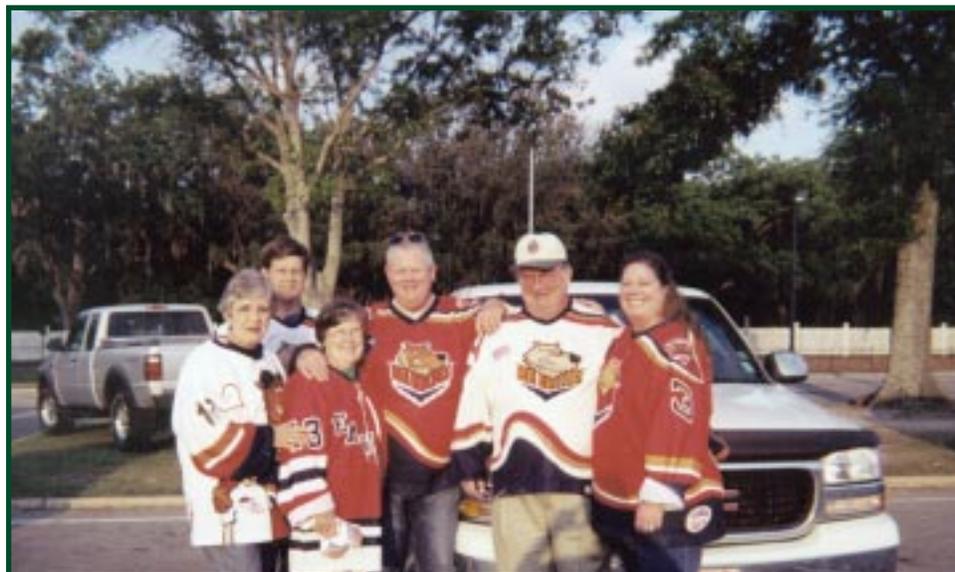
“They Were Thi-i-is Big...” Fishermen tc & Duck aboard “Nic-A-Tyme.”



Rici & tc Chuckle Over His Latest Rejection Slip.



*South Seas Sailor Meets Polynesian Priestess, Y2K
(L to R): Chuck Dayton, RevRici.*



*Hockey Fans on the Gulf Coast (L to R): Joy Spencer & son Hugh Frank
(Duck’s neighbors), Kathy Eicke, tc, Duck, Rici.*