

Class Notes—Sept/Oct 2006 issue of *DAM*

1962 In the fall of 1958, like so many in our class, I took up residence in “the new dorms”—now simply known as the Choates. A cutting-edge concept in undergraduate living, they boasted suites of singles and doubles, complete with common room, in twin dormitories connected by umbilical skywalks to an even grander common room suspended airily above a faculty apartment. Not bad digs for a pea-green freshman. When my son Jay was assigned to “the new dorms” in the fall of 1983, however, the College had to find temporary lodging for him elsewhere. After 25 years of wear and tear, “the new dorms” were undergoing extensive renovation. They were, alas, no longer “new.” And *that* was 23 years ago!

As we incredulously approach our 45th Reunion next June, reassuring words come from **Dick Brooks**, “new-dorm” veteran, who has recently begun to “roam the girdl’d earth” with irrational exuberance. Since retirement Dick and wife Myrna have divided their time between Phoenix, where Dick practiced medicine, and Quechee, where he practices golf. Dick writes, “It is refreshing to discover who you are outside your profession. When I was putting in long days as a physician, I had very little time left for myself or family. I am enjoying the opportunity of self-discovery.” He is also enjoying foreign travel and reconnection with his Dartmouth past, whether through dining with Arizona neighbors **Charlie Henderson** and wife Pam or through agreeing to co-chair Reunion festivities with Vermont neighbor **Bill Pierce**. Dick reflects: “I feel my Dartmouth experience so many years ago was one of my most meaningful and significant happenings and accomplishments [and] this feeling seems to intensify as we go further into life’s journey.”

Nelson Orringer, also a “new-dorm” vet, has a comparable appetite for life. Following a celebrated career as Professor of Spanish at the University of Connecticut, Storrs, he writes: “Cooking has become one of my hobbies since bidding farewell to teaching. I am still a neophyte, but have yet to produce ill effects on brave visitors who dare to test their palates on my dishes.” Wife Stephanie now returns home from teaching Comp Lit at Brandeis to the aroma of Nelson’s “homemade pies cooling in the kitchen.” The author of a number of books and articles, on subjects ranging from Miguel de Unamuno to Xavier Zubiri, Nelson continues, in retirement, “to research avidly,” travel widely and still find time to visit daughter Elise in Boston, son David ’92 in Tucson and son Neal in suburban Maryland. He also aspires to publish one day “a 500-page volume on the history of all twentieth-century Spanish philosophy.”

Like Dick and Nelson, we have all traveled far from our freshman dorms, the place of our accidental beginnings at Dartmouth. We journey on but invariably look back, if only to consider where we are going and where we have been. And that is why, at reunion next June, I plan to swing by “the new dorms,” just to see how they are doing.

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