

1962 As a final postscript to Greece 2008, **Von Beebe** writes: “I have not heard of any other class at Dartmouth or at any other college or university that can find 25 classmates who want to spend two weeks travelling and learning together almost 50 years after graduating. The camaraderie among members of the class of 1962 is truly remarkable. Again, thanks to **Tom Komarek** for being our exceptional enabler.” Fortunately, Tom is busy planning future trips, tentatively to Charleston, South Carolina, and the rivers of Provence, France.

Word also comes from other travelers to faraway places. Karen and **Josh Rich** spent five days in Mongolia during the course of a journey on the Trans Siberian Railway from Moscow to Beijing. Josh writes, “We were captivated by the country's natural beauty, spaciousness, blue skies and its handsome, friendly people, and we knew instantly that Mongolia was a place we wanted to return to, not as tourists, but to live the culture and hopefully contribute in some small way to this developing country.”

As a result, Josh and Karen got jobs teaching English and returned for five and a half months in the dead of winter. “In Ulaanbaatar, the coldest capitol in the world, temperatures got to -47C. We lived in a rundown Soviet dorm provided by the University for foreign students and visiting professors and team-taught 120 students of all levels ranging from 17 to 50 years in age.” Josh taught writing in the Rassias tradition, histrionically, while Karen played the “straight man” and taught vocabulary. “It was exhausting work at our gentle ages but a wonderful learning experience for both of us.” The Riches encourage classmates to put Mongolia on their travel itinerary and hope to return there themselves before long.

Mary Vic and **Charlie Giersch** travelled to Vietnam to visit their son Walker who is teaching English in that country. Charlie writes, “During our four weeks we hit the Mekong Delta, Saigon and up north through Hoi An, Hue, Hanoi and the highlands of Sa Pa. Highlights included the floating markets in the Mekong, surviving relic bus and motorbike rides, life-threatening traffic negotiation in Hanoi and the beauty of the Vietnamese highlands with its rich culture of minorities such as the Hmong and Dai. In Hanoi we also visited the Hanoi Hilton prison where John McCain spent six years.” Charlie extols the beautiful country and the lovely people; laments flea-infested elephant rides, but adds, “I’m glad to visit now rather than during my U. S. Army years of 1963-65.”

Oli Larmi, dancer extraordinaire—fresh out of his lederhosen and white embroidered shirt, writes, “Rosemarie and I saw a traditional Thai dance performance in Thailand recently, which I started to think we could compete with—until warrior dancers clashed sticks and swords only to give way when others rode in clashing sabers atop war elephants.” For more on Oli, in and out of lederhosen, at home and ‘round the girdled earth, visit his Web site at <http://www.sifd.blogspot.com> . It’s a big world out there.

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