Class Notes—Mar/Apr 1999 issue of ***DAM***

1962

It's tough for your class secretary, an enthusiastic but amateur stringer for the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, to look back on his prophecy and punditry. For example, last August when preparing the November column, there was reflection about President Clinton who was leaving Washington and a videotaped grand jury appearance to rest on Martha's Vineyard for a while. I solemnly intoned, "By now, though, perhaps all of this sordid business that pervaded our lives in August has somewhat receded from our attention." Now, here is your secretary preparing the current column, consulting his muse, and wondering about his career as a journalistic pundit. He slept fitfully.

"Bill, is that you?" **Bill Whaley** had answered on the first ring, fresh off a short twenty-six-mile jog and crunching granola.

"Yup, Richard, what's up?"

"I wanted to congratulate you on your appointment to the Georgia Board of Correction. How do you find the time to do so many things with all your other medical jobs? Say, whaddya' think will happen to the President?"

"I'm glad you asked. It seems to me if he got a bit more fiber in his diet, cut down on the fries, and increased the jogging some he'll come out of this thing just fine."

Next on the line was **Alan Dynner**, now a Boston attorney and everyone's bet during our Dartmouth years to be a Supreme Court justice. "I've been thinking about it, of course, and trying to sort it out. The torts and the tarts. The salacious and the salubrious. The briefs from the boxers. That sort of thing."

"Right," I muttered to myself, as the phone rang for **Alan Rapoport**, noted headache authority in Connecticut.

"In terms of body economy, headache is very important. People have to learn to avoid headaches, and I can tell you that patients relate all manner of novel ways to prevent headache. I suspect that the whole dynamic relates to headache prevention, somehow."

Perhaps, in my tossing and turning, I thought that we should call Middle America; the East Coast was talking weird.

Reverend **Tom Grey** had been expecting my call. "It has to do with compulsive gambling, sometimes a pervasive habit that is tough to break. Some people think it began with riverboat gambling on the Whitewater, but others go back further, to the draft lottery. We've been crusading against gambling in all forms for quite awhile now, you know."

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