



The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Winter 2022

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Our Amazing Classmates

Here are the full citations for the first 11 Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Awards



Gerry Bell

Gerry, your first days at Dartmouth were not auspicious. A member of the infamous Moosilauke 8, at our first Class meeting Dean Al Dickerson stated that those Classmates did not belong at Dartmouth. • Over the next 57 years, you have proven time and again that you do belong at Dartmouth, and both the College and the Class have benefited significantly. • You have served the Class in a variety of capacities – as reunion treasurer on several occasions, Class agent for the DCF for many years, Class vice-president, Alumni Council representative, mini-reunion chair where you organized and led for over 15 years the annual western ski trip, and more recently a somewhat smaller eastern ski mini-reunion. Most importantly, you chaired our highly successful 50th Reunion. • In addition, you were of great service to your community while living in Maine. You served as Treasurer of the Board of Directors for the Casco Bay Island Transit District, volunteered for the Maine Handicapped Skiing and Make-A-Wish Foundation at Sunday River, and were an organizer of the Midland 15K Run for Charity to benefit the Midland School for Developmentally Disabled Children. • Following your move to Vermont several years ago, you became a popular columnist for the local newspaper. Your acerbic wit and unique insight on a variety of subjects makes your columns required reading. • For these achievements your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

John “Bear” Everett

John “Bear” Everett - you may have been the first recipient of “double secret probation” at Dartmouth. • Service was the guiding star of your too-short life. As a Navy officer you served in Vietnam, and as an attorney you first served the State of Maine and then the Federal Government, working with the Social Security Administration. • After retirement in 2005, you became a workhorse of service for the Upper Valley, the Class and the College: as chairman of our 40th Reunion in 2008 and later the lead helper on all the logistics for our 45th; you attended every Class of 68 Committee meeting held in Hanover; you served on the Board of the Dartmouth Club of the Upper Valley, and on the management team of the Upper Valley Special Olympics; and the Information Booth on the Green was your volunteer home two days a week. • You were impressively candid and honest about aspects of your life, the early PTSD and alcoholism, which led to healing and a lifelong passion for the outdoors. Whether biking, back-packing or hiking, you



From Class President Dave Peck

Celebrate endings—for they precede new beginnings.—
Jonathan Lockwood Huie

Happy New Year, and a Happy Old Year, as 2021 has recently come to a close. It was a good year for Dartmouth, considering all the challenges of Covid-19. Special congratulations to the Women's Rugby Team, winning the national championship against Army, and to the Football team for their Ivy League championship for the second year in a row.

We learned during an October Zoom conference of the significant growth of the quality and diversity of our incoming students. For example, 95% of the Class of 2025 come from the top 10% of their schools, up from 90% in 2013. Median SATs have grown from 1445 to 1487 over the same period, and our yield (accepted students choosing to come to Dartmouth) has grown from 49% to 73%. And number of applicants has risen to new highs, and our overall acceptance rate continues to drop. All of these are trends to be proud of.

Beginning in the spring of 2021, and continuing through November, the Class created, and classmates attended via Zoom, ten separate seminars. A most successful new program for the Class, which we plan to continue into next year and beyond.

And the Class closed out 2021 with panache. For the second year in a row, we exceeded our goals for the Dartmouth College Fund in both participation and overall size of gift. At our Homecoming Mini-Reunion, after enjoying a victory over Yale in overtime, we enjoyed a wonderful class dinner at the Hilton Garden Inn, where we recognized the first group of classmate Give A Rouse honorees. Congratulations to **Gerry Bell, Jim Frey, Sherwood Guernsey, Andy Hotaling, Jim Lawrie, Mark Nelson, Dick Olson, George Spivey, Ron Weiss, Michel Zaleski**, and, posthumously, **Bear Everett**.

As you probably noticed, the text of their award certificates is presented in this issue.

And now our new beginnings (or continuations) for 2022. At the recommendation of **Woody Lee** and **John Pfeiffer**, the Class of 1968 has funded the creation of an exhibit honoring Blacks at Dartmouth, which will be on display at the College for the entire spring of 2022. This exhibit will coincide with the 50 year anniversary of the founding of BADA (Black Alumni Association of Dartmouth). We are planning an extraordinary weekend of **May 14** in Hanover, so please save

the date...and hopefully join in. The Class will formally dedicate the new bust of Frederick Douglass, which we commissioned; the statue is already at Rauner and now just needs our formal dedication. The same weekend, we plan to hold our second annual Give A Rouse award ceremony that evening.

2022 will also see mini-reunion trips for skiing on both the east coast (Okemo in Vermont, starting January 24) and west coast, (Park City, Utah, starting February 26) and to Hawaii in March 12-19. On March 19, there will be a concert in Amherst, MA by the Pioneer Valley Symphony, in which several classmates will be participating. And the Class plans a maxi-reunion at the Greenbrier in West Virginia September 18-21. Details on all of these are on the class website and elsewhere in this newsletter.



Credit: Naina Bhalla '22 / The Dartmouth Senior Staff

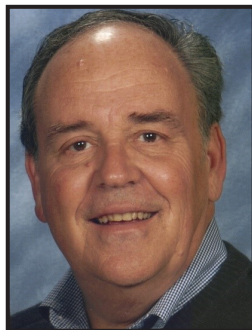
And a reminder: everyone is welcome to join our Class Committee meetings. Our next one, via Zoom, will be on **Saturday January 29 at 10 am EST**. A Zoom link will be provided.

And a final exhortation: Please support the Dartmouth College Fund this year. Let us make it three years in a row to meet or exceed our goals.

And now we welcome the near year. Full of things that have never been. -Rainer Maria Rilke

Our Amazing Classmates' Give A Rouse Certificates—continued

took solace from being in the natural world. You attempted the Appalachian Trail at least twice before your knees said no thanks, and you left us on October 4, 2016 while hiking the El Camino de Santiago in Spain. • For your service to the Class of 1968, Dartmouth College, the Upper Valley and the Country, your Classmates are proud to honor you posthumously with this Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

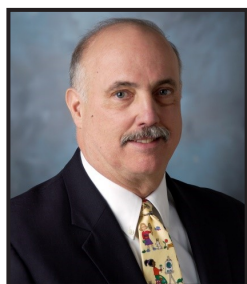


Jim Frey

Jim - when you retired in 2016 after a successful business career and returned to your hometown of Lancaster, PA, you jumped into volunteerism both feet first. • For the past four years you've been deeply involved with two non-profits, the Lancaster Cleft Palate Clinic and the Lancaster-Lebanon SCORE (Service Corps of Retired Executives) chapter. As a member of the Board of Directors for the Cleft Palate Clinic, you've spent numerous hours at Finance Committee, quarterly Board and other meetings. • The Lancaster-Lebanon SCORE chapter provides mentoring services and support to start-up, newly established, and older small businesses. Mentors are assigned to clients based on career experience and areas of expertise. You average between eight and sixteen hours a week mentoring small business owners with one to twenty-five employees and annual revenues of \$50,000 to \$1,000,000. At the beginning of 2020 you had 30 clients. Your SCORE chapter was recognized as #1 out of 364 chapters nationally in 2019, and you were named the chapter's Mentor of the Year. • When the pandemic struck and the CARES Act was passed, your mentoring workload increased dramatically with SCORE clients and yours were awarded \$2.7 million in Federal grants and loans as well as \$99,000 in local county grants. Your workload also increased markedly for the Cleft Palate Clinic, as you assisted the Clinic in obtaining CARES Act, State of Pennsylvania, and county funding. • For your dedicated service to others in your hometown, your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

Sherwood Guernsey

Sherwood - to you, it seems it's all about serving others: through politics; teaching; Peace Corps volunteer and senior staff work; Legal Aid service; non-profit board membership (most in Massachusetts) covering theater, higher education, elder services, rural lands stewardship, and your church; legal support of immigrants; and international development. • You served in the Massachusetts legislature for four terms; formed and chaired a county-wide Democratic committee; helped form the "Four Freedoms Coalition" to promote Franklin Roosevelt's famous Four Freedoms; and established the Rural Freedom Network, a PAC supporting Democratic Congressional candidates. • You and your late wife Carol served as Peace Corps volunteers in a poor rural area of Panama, an experience that changed your lives and worldview. You both returned "home" to Panama four decades later. In 2011, you created the non-profit Fund for New World Development to provide people in developing nations with the skills, confidence, and opportunity to improve their health, education, and economic well-being by breaking the poverty cycle. • The Fund supports sustainable projects meeting important community needs. In 2012 and 2015 it opened and still operates two Computer Learning Centers that teach computer literacy and creative, analytical thinking. The centers serve as learning and teaching resources, hosting speakers, workshops, science fairs, and programs covering workplace skills, job training, environmental protection, community safety, and more. Your Fund's work continues, ensuring sustainability and expanding your community development model with more centers. • For these achievements your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.



Andy Hotaling

Andy - since 1997 you have participated in and led ten mission trips abroad, primarily to provide high-quality medical assistance in underserved areas. • You led five Institute for Latin American Concern trips to the Dominican Republic where for a week you provided ENT medical and surgical care to peasants in remote villages. Each volunteer team pays its own way and you have helped pay for medical equipment the teams brought with them. • You participated in two Resource Exchange International medical service trips to Vietnam in 1997 and 1998. Each trip included a week in both Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City. The 10-15 otolaryngologists on each trip had the goal of "teaching the teachers" current otolaryngology techniques. The group also brought donated equipment and performed surgery with Vietnamese surgeons. • You have also done three mission trips with your church. The first of these was to Soweto Township in Johannesburg, South Africa. There was no medical work on this trip - the team painted buildings for a week. Your second church trip was to Guatemala with Habitat for Humanity - a week spent building houses. In January 2020 your church mission team went to Angola where you conducted a hospital survey, ENT consultations, and saw 112 patients in four and a half days. • Ten mission trips abroad in 23 years and counting. For your humanitarian work on three continents, your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

Our Amazing Classmates' Give A Rouse Certificates—continued



Jim Lawrie

Jim - you have made many sustained and valuable contributions to Dartmouth College and the Class of 1968, including critical contributions to the start-up and operations of the Class Community Service Project; construction and upgrading of the Class website for which you were named Webmaster of the Year; service as Class Treasurer and Class Agent; serving as District Enrollment Director for 30 years in northern Nevada and northeastern California; and significant efforts relating to our 50th Reunion and the 40th Reunion book. • Your impressive athletic accomplishments include championships at two US Masters National swim meets, which among other feats led to your induction into the Wearers of the Green. • Your community service includes holding senior positions for many years in Sierra Nevada Masters Swimming, a non-profit organization that promotes adult fitness and competition, and Reno Aquatic Club that promotes youth competitive swimming. • Your professional achievements as a physician specializing in pathology include building from modest beginnings a large and highly regarded pathology practice with numerous offices. • For these achievements your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

Mark Nelson

Mark - for five decades you have dedicated your life to caring for Spaceship Earth. After Dartmouth you looked for people doing innovative work – ecologically and personally – since you were convinced new ways of thinking, living and acting were urgently needed for our planet's health. • In 1973 you co-founded the Institute of Ecotechnics (US/UK), to harmonize ecology with technology. In the following decades Ecotechnics started cutting-edge projects around the world, and built the Heraclitus, an ocean-going research sailing ship. • You started an organic farm on overgrazed land in New Mexico and planted an organic orchard which you still continue to develop into models of regenerative agriculture. • In northwest Australia you started the Institute's ongoing tropical savannah research on improving pastures and reversing desertification. • From 1991-1993 you were one of eight biospherians who learned to live within the mini-Biosphere 2 during its first closure experiment. • Your team created "Eden in Iraq" in the historic Southern Iraqi marshes, to bring ecological wastewater treatment creating lush gardens for the Marsh Arabs, one of the world's oldest cultures, in Western Civilization's birthplace. • Your work helps Tropic Ventures Research and Education Foundation in Puerto Rico develop deforestation alternatives by showing the sustainable use of tropical secondary forests through enrichment line-planting of valuable hardwoods. • For your lifelong work changing how people think about their relationship with Earth's biosphere and demonstrating new ecological approaches in challenging environments, your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.



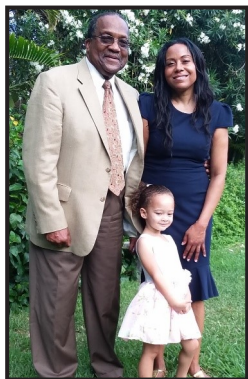
Dick Olson



Dick - you have been an activist since you were a teenager. In high school you led your school's Young Republicans, though that role was not a harbinger of your future political activities. In 1968 you enlisted in the Army, spending three years stateside when you were active in the GI anti-war movement. You ran a union/community newspaper in Racine, WI for seven years, then headed to Detroit and the International UAW where you edited the union's national political magazine *Solidarity*. • Your Class of 1968 service includes Representative to the Alumni Council, Class Secretary and *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* columnist. However, your signature impact on our Class was your exceptional leadership as editor/writer/proofreader/chief cook and bottle washer for our remarkable 40th Reunion Book. • For years you have been deeply involved in Democratic politics in Michigan. You were engaged in the successful effort to remove redistricting from the clutches of partisan politics and place that essential task of our democracy in the hands of Michigan citizens. In 2021, for the first time, Michigan's electoral districts will be redrawn by a thirteen-person citizen committee. In the 2020 election, you and Deb signed up for a Democratic Party voter hotline that provided a variety of information to voters regarding precinct locations, calendar deadlines, and information about voting by mail and absentee ballot. • For your decades of service to Class, College, state and country, your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

Our Amazing Classmates' Give A Rouse Certificates—continued

George Spivey



Brother George - civic leader, teacher, and mentor of young people. You grew up in a New Jersey farm town and guided by values instilled by your mother, your north star, you have dedicated your life to helping others. • You were one of only 12 Black students in our Class, a founding member of the Dartmouth African American Society, and a loyal brother of Chi Phi. • After graduating from Dartmouth, you left the corporate world and became an innovative and committed educator helping communities in New Jersey, Connecticut, and South Carolina. • You really hit your stride when you moved to Cape Cod. There you received wide recognition as a teacher, principal, mentor to those in need, and community and civil rights leader. • As principal, you saved a failing East Falmouth elementary school and were an inspiration to your faculty. • For years, you were the driving force behind the Cape Cod Concerned Black Men - volunteers dedicated to mentoring underprivileged young men and women. • You were founder and guiding light of Cape Cod No Place for Hate, an Anti-Defamation League group promoting communication, harmony, and equity between groups. • As Town of Falmouth Equity and Affirmative Action Officer, you served 16 years solving problems of equity in policing, housing, workplaces, civil rights and the recruitment of teachers and administrators of color. • Brother George, for your accomplishments and lifetime of ministering to others, your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award. [Photo with daughter Monique and granddaughter Alexis]

Ron Weiss

Ron - the great American icon, Mae West, once said, “you only live once, but if you do it right, once is enough.” You personify someone who has done it right. As a result the Class, Dartmouth College, and western Massachusetts where you have lived most of your life, have benefited enormously. • Your service to the Class and the College includes: Class Treasurer (20 years), Reunion Treasurer, Class President, President of the Dartmouth Club of the Pioneer Valley, President of the Class Treasurers Association, Class Officers Association Executive Committee, Alumni Councilor, and a longtime Admissions Interviewer. • You have served as President and board member of the Springfield Symphony, and are a violinist with the Pioneer Valley Symphony. • In 1991 you helped found the Community Foundation, an organization dedicated to enhancing the quality of life in three of the four counties of western Massachusetts. From its modest beginnings, this Foundation has succeeded by encouraging philanthropy, developing a permanent and flexible endowment, assessing and responding to emerging and changing needs, and serving as a resource, catalyst, and coordinator for charitable activities. • Fittingly, in 2018 the Advertising Club of Western Massachusetts presented you with the Pynchon Award for a life and achievements typifying the ideals of promoting citizenship and the building of a better community in western Massachusetts. • For these achievements, your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.



Michel Zaleski



Michel - since you arrived in the US as a young immigrant whose parents survived the Holocaust in Poland, you've always wanted to give back to those less fortunate. You have - in SPADES! • An extremely generous donor to Dartmouth and Thayer School Overseer for 17 years, you've also been involved in many non-profits and service organizations. As long-term chair of the Soros Economic Development Fund, a charity engaged in helping build businesses that employ, provide services to and train the poor in 20 countries transitioning to stability and democracy, you've roamed the girdled earth giving back. • Your greatest accomplishment, in 1995, was founding, funding and managing a broad, highly effective education program in the Dominican Republic. The non-profit Dominican Republic Education and Mentoring (DREAM) Project's long-term goal is for all children and youth in the DR to have equal opportunities to learn and realize their full potential through transformative education programs combating the effects of poverty. • The Project builds and operates schools and programs currently serving more than 9,000 children, youth, and young adults in over 25 indigent, primarily rural, communities. The largely Dominican staff (DREAM is a key trainer and employer) and local and international volunteers run 14 wide-ranging programs covering early childhood education, high quality primary education, holistic youth development, arts, culture, and community enrichment. Tens of thousands of Dominicans have benefited from your efforts! • For your persistent, exemplary service to others your Classmates are proud to present to you The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

Ed Heald's Column on Why Our Classmates Give to Dartmouth

Roger Arvid Anderson is a classmate who has achieved much since Dartmouth, and has chosen to leave this legacy to Dartmouth. I have read many essays from classmates detailing what motivated each to recognize the college in his legacy planning, but none is more compelling than Roger's. I cannot encourage you strongly enough to read about his background and what led him to Dartmouth, and the role it has played in his life:

Why I Am Leaving A Legacy To Dartmouth



PEOPLE OFTEN ASK ME... why am I leaving so much of my estate and art collection to Dartmouth. On the one hand I have no children or immediate family to speak of, however, my extended family extends to the future, that is children who need an opportunity to discover themselves and explore their various talents. Generosity often begins with gratitude. In terms of gratitude, higher

education has a universal allure. For me, and my many classmates, Dartmouth holds a particular appeal. Why?

Memory frequently favors the happy moments and one's first days at Dartmouth hold a certain thrill that is never duplicated again in one's life. It's a matter of age, timing and good fortune. Most of the students I met when I came to Dartmouth had already known years of good fortune, fortunate in having caring parents and comfortable surroundings. My perspective is something else.

My sister once told me, when you left for Dartmouth you looked like a concentration camp victim. She was right. I weighed a mere 115 pounds. When I had my physical the Doctor told me they may have to do this over again at Dartmouth, because you have no blood pressure. Technically you're dead.

When I was a boy my sister tested as a genius and I tested as retarded. I now know it's dyslexia. I do things backwards, and even now I am still typing in words backwards and go left instead of right. I was put in the slow classes at school, and my parents moved my sister into my big room, and they had another baby. I was put on a cot next to the washing machine in the laundry room. Being Minnesota, it was very cold, and my light came from a bare bulb in the ceiling or through the snow over the window wells. I became something of a Cinderella. I started yard work at eight, and I started getting jobs in the neighborhood at 13. I was known as the kid who did moonlight shoveling, as I would clear driveways at night of snow so people could get their cars out for work in the morning. I saved my money for my escape, and my escape was Dartmouth.

Some Dartmouth alumni came to my high school and showed a black and white film about Dartmouth. When I saw the buildings of Dartmouth Row, I thought to myself, that's what a college should look like.

I remember my high school counselor smiling at me when I said I wanted to go to Dartmouth. It was the smile of "you silly fool." Even though I was eighth in my class in high school I was never allowed to join the National Honor Society because my grades were suspect, as I was only competing with other "slow" kids. I remember going to my high school 50th class reunion. I looked for my friends from the slow class. I was the only one. I went to the memorial table. They were all dead. Life is cruel when you are both given no self esteem and dumped, that is, segregated as worthless. When I left for Dartmouth, I too was technically already dead.

I never told my parents I was applying to Dartmouth. Getting into Dartmouth also took some doing, as I came as a transfer student who was able to pay his own way. Yes, I had my own money from all those years of working and relentlessly saving. I told my parents at the dinner table I was leaving and that I had my own money. My father dumped me at the bus station without even a handshake goodbye or good luck.

The ride from St. Paul, Minnesota to Hanover is a long one, half the continent. The kid sitting next to me on the bus was going to MIT. We crossed central New York state and then crossed all of Vermont. I still remember rolling through those rocky hills and leafy valleys with steeples. The bus dropped me off at a tiny station in White River Junction on the Connecticut River. Two other new students were already standing there as well. One was the son of the Governor of Samoa, and the other was a lanky kid who had come from his private school in Switzerland. We took a taxi cab together to Hanover.

I had been assigned a room in Cutter Hall. When the cab dropped me and my luggage by the long walkway to the entrance, some upper class men sitting on the steps looked at me... I must have seemed a paper-thin otherworldly alien with sticks for arms... they then looked at each other and without saying a word came over and picked up my luggage and brought it to my room on the second floor. It was a corner room...

I have a lifetime now of seeing and knowing people who have come from circumstances much worse and more challenging than my own. Nevertheless, one's story is one's story. I never told people I had left a laundry room for a student's lodgings at Dartmouth. Overnight I suddenly had a room with not one but two windows instead of two window wells topped with snow. I had a real light fixture in the ceiling. And I had a door... A door, it sounds funny, but it isn't when you've never

Why Our Classmates Give to Dartmouth—continued

had a real room of your own.

And yes, Dartmouth in the autumn remains to this day one of those great pleasures in life.

My father had three rules... no cars, no girls and no Coca Cola... since I don't drive, I became a great hiker and that started right then and there at Dartmouth. I took really long hikes all over... as I made friends they started to call them my Beethoven Walks...wry, sly and correct... Being close by, I must have worn a circle around Occom Pond.

One of the first things I did was go to the student job office. As I was paying my own way I didn't qualify for any of the scholarship jobs. The two ladies in the office asked me what I could do. I said I was good at yard work. They laughed. They said Dartmouth had ground crews for that. I was crestfallen. Then they asked me, do you have any real experience taking care of children? Real meaning patience and bedtime stories. I said

yes, I was the nanny boy for my neighborhood in Minnesota. I took care of the grass, snow as well as all of the children. So I now had a job, as rather suddenly I found myself in constant demand at Dartmouth taking care of professor's children.

How many students paid for Dartmouth themselves with their own money? I never got to go to big weekends, I was always working. I do remember quickly putting on weight from what I thought were good and generous meals in the dining halls. And yes, I remember all the free Coca Cola, which I had never been allowed to drink at home.

Small pleasures, but the real treasure... I was dead and suddenly I was alive... One of Dartmouth's symbols is a tall pine... I think of myself as being one of those Dartmouth pines, and being watered and given some heft and a life... And that is why I'm grateful.

The Community Service Project Update



"...thanks for starting it [the CSP] all up; it is really important for people to know that this kind of work is being done. It makes more good work happen."

—Austin deBesche (The Mama Project)

Austin made this comment in an email to **Peter Hofman** after they had discussed their respective experiences in South Africa, as well as Peter's Peace Corps experience in Peru. It captures the CSP's essence—about sharing to increase service to others.

There's much going on with the CSP.

Peter Wonson has been busy talking with classmates about participating. The results so far include eight new entries in the CSP Catalog. Our current totals are: 87 entries (classmates, spouses/partners, and children); 27 people with "viewer" status, with access to the CSP Catalog, but not yet with an entry of their own; and 29 people who have either promised to join or are contemplating it. As we've noted before, the CSP has more classmates (and others) participating than any other class activity, except for reunions and the Dartmouth College Fund!

Most CSP participants (we call them CSPers) remain actively

engaged in community service. To prevent their CSP Catalog entries from becoming outdated and to keep others informed, we're encouraging CSPers to send us updates. We've already received several. Jim is working on a way to post these in the Catalog and perhaps highlight them on the Class Website.

We're also exploring and implementing more ways to add value to participants. The Zoom calls initiated earlier this year have generated valuable insights that could benefit participants' efforts. We've also started sharing updates and announcements (events, fundraising, outreach initiatives, etc.) we receive from participants, doing so via email to more than 120 people in our "mailing list." As noted above, Jim is figuring out how to best post these on the Class website.

Speaking of the Zoom calls, we surveyed the participants in the first round of calls. The results were encouraging: all the respondents noted that the calls met their expectations and all but one indicated that they picked up useful insights they planned to apply in their service efforts. We also received several positive comments, such as:

"I found the discussions interesting and often inspiring."

"The program thus far has shown real promise because of its compelling nature and potential scalability in the future...."

Community Service Project Update—continued

“Would like to collaborate with others.... Therefore, I am delighted to participate.”

“I...thought the input would be beneficial.... It was.”

At the end of November, we started gearing up for another round of Zoom calls. These are for people who volunteer with established organizations and those who have created/carried out service activities on their own or with others.

During our first Zoom call, the group discussed the potential benefit of sharing our individual and collective experiences and lessons learned with younger people engaged in community service. The three of us thought the best way to implement this idea was to encourage classmates to tell their children about the CSP. They can get a taste of the scope of our efforts by reading the CSP Stories accessed from the Home page of the Class website (<https://www.dartmouth68.org/csp-stories.html> - hover over the Community Service Project icon on the left side of the Home page and click on CSP Stories). It's easy and free and we're certain that CSPers would be thrilled to share what they've learned. And classmates' children can become participants as well!

Finally, we never cease to be amazed by the range of service activities people have shared with us. As we've done in previous updates, we present below a couple of summaries: **Ted Nixon's** Words of Wisdom and **Richard Lappin's** Providence Promise.

We welcome inquiries and will do what we can to make participating in the CSP as easy – and productive – as possible.

Jim Lawrie

Peter Hofman

Peter Wonson

A Couple of Recent CSP Stories

Peter Wonson sent in the following:

Our classmate **Ted Nixon** spent 25 successful years in the radio and television business, working with fellow '68s **Scott McQueen** and **Randy Odeneal** in Sconnix, a corporation that Scott and Ted founded in the early 70s. In the mid-90s Ted decided to change direction: a history major at Dartmouth, Ted went back to school and earned his undergraduate degree in French and an MA in Education. In 1998 he began teaching French at Churchville-Chili Middle School outside Rochester, NY. Ted taught middle school for 13 years (brave soul!) until he retired in 2011.

One of Ted's endeavors at Churchville-Chili was "Mr. Nixon's Words of Wisdom," a twice weekly PA broadcast to all students with 90-second segments of advice to the kids about solving

the challenges all pre- and early teenagers face as they grow up. When Ted retired, he didn't want to give up his Words of Wisdom; he created a website (see the links below) from which he could continue what he started at the middle school. The website has seen increased traffic during the pandemic.

Website link: mrnixonwordsofwisdom.com

Testimonials link: <https://mrnixonwordsofwisdom.com/book-mr-nixon/>



Ted also did a Class of 1968 Community Service Project Catalog entry on Mr. Nixon's Words of Wisdom, and in it he requests assistance from classmates: "I am interested in leads to new Middle Schools that might benefit from my service. Any contacts and support would be greatly appreciated." If any of you are former school employees, members of School Boards, or have any other connection to a school or school system, Ted would appreciate your getting in touch with him via email (his address is tnixon0929@gmail.com). Ted wants to offer Mr. Nixon's Words of Wisdom to schools at no cost other than his approval for them to participate.

The CSP brain trust also sent in the following:

As you might recall, Section 7 of the Community Service Project Catalog entries addresses a wide range of support needs for participants' service efforts, including financial. Sharing this type of information from CSPers' service entities is an important part of the CSP as we strive to help expand and enhance community service efforts. When we consider supporting a non-profit, knowing the leadership - in this case a classmate - is reassuring. The following from CSpEr **Richard Lappin** describes a fundraising initiative by Providence Promise, which he founded and helps lead. While this year's Giving Tuesday (November 30th) has come and gone, we know Richard would greatly appreciate your consideration for next year.

Hello '68 Followers of and Participants in our Community Service Project...

Giving Tuesday is Providence Promise's major fundraiser for the year. Providence Promise is a parent-driven partnership

A Couple of Recent CSP Stories— continued

that provides a foundation for Providence Public and Charter School students to continue their education after high-school. We increase our students' success and ensure a brighter future for them, their families, and our community by focusing on three pillars - family engagement and empowerment, education, and financial literacy and asset building. We are the only program in Rhode Island dedicated to this work, beginning as early as birth.

Providence Promise has enrolled 550 students from 300 families. Over the next 12 months, we plan to enroll at least 400 additional children and grow our family engagement programs, while families collectively build their Children Savings Accounts (CSAs) from \$620,000 as of September 30 to at least \$1,000,000. **Studies have shown that children with at least \$500 in their CSA's are three times more likely to graduate from high school and matriculate in a post-secondary education program and four times more likely to graduate from the program.**

Every dollar raised will go to the college savings accounts of Providence Promise students and each dollar of your donation will be matched by one of our generous donors. We hope you will help us grow and



achieve our goals for the benefit of participating children, their families, and the Providence community.

Here's the link: <https://givebutter.com/give4PVD>.

Also, to learn more please visit our web site at pvdpromise.org and view the video of Sophia – one of our student enrollees – and her family at <https://youtube.com/g2fbq4dgPEU>.

Thank you for your friendship and support.

Richard Lappin

Founder and Board member

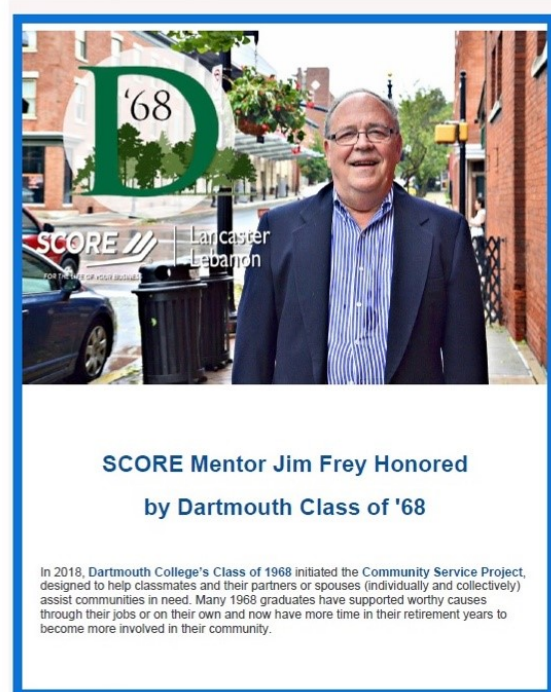
PS If you have any questions or suggestions, please contact me at rlappin@pvdpromise.org or 617.571.7787.

GAR Meets CSP

As noted earlier in *The Transmission*, one of the 2021 Give A Rouse award winners was **Jim Frey**, whose community service includes extensive hours devoted to the Lancaster-Lebanon PA SCORE chapter.

If you are not familiar with SCORE, it is affiliated with the US Small Business Administration and enables retired executives to share their knowledge, experience, and expertise with small business owners/managers. It is mentoring at its best. [Editor's note: As an Economic Development Consultant with a distinct bent toward helping entrepreneurs start and grow businesses, the SCORE chapters around the country are one of the most cost-effective resources available. If you are a retired businessperson looking to make a contribution, think about tracking down your local SCORE chapter and investigating being a part.]

Jim let us know that after he received the award, the November 2021 Chapter Newsletter included both a "Client Story" about one of his mentorees and the following picture. A second page of the article provided more details about the GAR Award and why Jim received it.



Class Events

Come and Gone

'68 Grand Finale Golf Trip 2021

This year marked the grand finale of our formal class golf trips, and we went out in style! The destination this year was a return to our favorite golf resort, Bandon Dunes, on the coast in Oregon. While a bit of a challenge to get there, once you have arrived you are in golf heaven, with three of the five courses rated among the top 100 in the world! Not only that, but lodging, cuisine and staff are all world class as well.

Our dates this year were Sunday, October 31 through Friday, November 5. Each day we played a different one of the five courses, accompanied with caddies to carry our bags and provide informed assistance where needed. In attendance were classmates **John Blair, Fred Palmer, Hugh Boss, Bill Adler, Bill Kolasky, Randy McElrath, Rusty Martin, Warren Connelly, Norm Silverman, Ed Heald, Dana Waterman** and **Joe and Maureen Grasso**. Also joining us were Chip and Kit Norris (friends of Joe and Maureen) as well as Cal Werner and Rian Waterman (friend and son of Dana).

Prior to heading there, the extended weather forecast was wet for our duration. However, much like New England weather, if you waited a bit, the wet passed and the bulk of our golf was under cloudy, sunny, breezy skies.

There is a magic to the camaraderie of a group such as this, as



From left—**John Blair, Randy McElrath, Bill Kolasky, Norman Silverman, Warren Connelly, Joe Grasso, Rusty Martin, Dana Waterman**

From lower right—**Bill Adler, Hugh Boss, Fred Palmer**

we exchange life stories, golf failings and successes and personal thoughts. The success of all of these past golf trips has been attributable to each of the many classmates who have joined in over the years. Many have commented that this event has helped them reconnect with the college. So, we go in our separate golf directions into the future, carrying with each of us memories of wonderful times on spectacular courses in the company of exceptional people. What more could any of us ask for!

The Inaugural Class of '68 Webinar Series

The Class of 1968 Webinar Series (online seminars presented by members of the Class of 1968) launched with a bang in 2021 with ten presentations between March and November on a variety of topics. 111 individuals (77 classmates – 12% of our class, 2 faculty members and 32 family members and friends) registered 275 times for the ten webinars, an average of 28 per webinar. Darn good for a first year.

The 2021 presentations:

Leadership by **Rich du Moulin** with a panel of **Peter Fahey, Jamie Newton, Burt Quist** and **Arnie Resnicoff**

Finding George Washington, A Time Travel Tale by **Bill Zarchy**

The Pale Blue Dot...Is That All There Is? by **Gerry Bell**

Poetical Musicology by **Peter Wonson**

All Things Baseball by **Gerry Bell, Clark Wadlow** and **Peter Wonson**

Stories from the New London, CT Landmark Program by **Tom Couser**

Parole: Big Lessons from a Small State by adopted classmate **Jennifer Sargent**

Tales of the Northern Tier, Bicycle Odyssey by **Jim Lawrie**

Samson Occom by **Tom Couser**

World Series Wrap Up – Then and Now by **Gerry Bell** and **Peter Wonson**



A free electronic subscription to *The Transmission* to the first Classmate who can identify which webinar this goes with.

Class Events—Come and Gone—continued

We also have a list of ten possible presentations in the queue for 2022 but invite you to suggest an idea.

Here are testimonials from classmates who attended more than one Webinar. We hope their comments might spur additional classmates, spouses and guests to join the fun.

"It should be no surprise that many of our classmates are interesting, articulate, and willing to share their knowledge and experiences with all of us. The Webinar Series provides an easy way to hear from these classmates in a setting that has the added advantage of connecting you with old friends."

-- **Roger Witten**

"What happens as we - or the *universe* ages?

Are the answers to be found in the lyrics of Bernie Taupin and Elton John or in the cosmology of **Gerry Bell**? Are there answers at all? From the Big Beat to the Big Bang, the Class of 1968 seminars stimulate smiles and thought."

-- **Jack Hopke**

"Just pure fun to interact with classmates again--like we had never left! And as a real bonus, the topics are really interesting." -- **Dan Bort**

"As regards these magnificent, scintillating Webinars, the lesson learned speaks clearly to the enlightened: in matters of the mind, the acute always vanquishes the obtuse." -- **Euclid**

Upcoming Class Events

Monthly Class Luncheons in Hanover

A prior issue of *The Transmission* noted the growing contingent of '68s living in and around Hanover.

John Engelman reports:

I've been thinking about doing this for a while, and finally got around to moving forward on organizing a monthly lunch for the Class. It will be the third Thursday of every month, probably beginning in February, at Jesse's at noon. It's organized primarily for the '68s in the Upper Valley, but all classmates are welcome to attend (along with spouses and significant others). We will be ordering from the regular menu, and Jesse's will provide individual checks for each person/couple.

Any classmates who would like to attend should contact me at my email address (john.engelman.68@gmail.com) at least two days prior to the third Thursday, to let me know they are at-

tending and if they will be bringing a guest. That way I can give Jesse's an approximate number for the luncheon.

I'm hopeful that a number of Upper Valley classmates will be frequent attendees, and that classmates who may be planning a trip up to Dartmouth will include this monthly lunch in their plans. Or just spontaneously hop in their cars because it seemed like a good idea at the time.

If you haven't been vaccinated and received your booster shot against Covid, you should not plan on attending the luncheons, in order to provide the safest possible conditions for those attending.

Let me know if you have any questions or concerns, or if you need more information.

To see Jesse's menu, go to <https://www.jesses.com/menu>.

Vox Concerto - Saturday, March 19, 2022 Tillis Hall, UMass Amherst

Roger Anderson continues to expand our Class commitment to the arts. He has commissioned a new cello concerto - the VOX Concerto (wonder where that name came from) - which will have its World Premier by the Pioneer Valley Symphony March 19th in the University of Massachusetts' Tillis Hall (formerly the UMass Fine Arts Center).

Ron Weiss plays violin in the Symphony and is a Symphony Board member—so come see a Classmate play.

The composer, Andres Martin is a 40 year old Argentine, but lives in Tijuana where he is the principal bassist with the regional orchestra. He is also the world's leading composer for the bass, and his Bass Concerto #1 has entered the repertoire

PIONEER VALLEY SYMPHONY
2021-2022 A SEASON OF REBIRTH

FIRE & REBIRTH

TIANHUI NG MUSIC DIRECTOR

ANDRÉS MARTÍN VOX
CONCERTO FOR VIOLONCELLO
WORLD PREMIERE

IGOR STRAVINSKY
FIREBIRD SUITE (1919)

MAR 19, 2022
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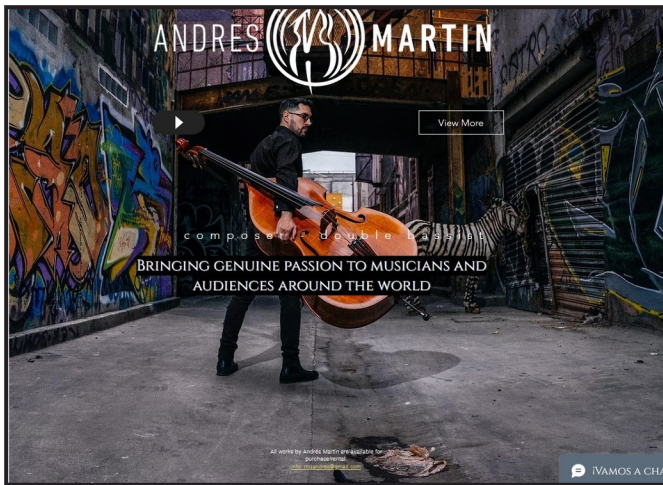
TILLIS PERFORMANCE HALL
FINE ARTS CENTER
AMHERST, MA

PVSOC.ORG

AMOS YANG CELLO

Upcoming Class Events—continued

for symphonic bass, and is used in many competitions as the piece the bass players must perform for the judges.



Roger met him when he attended a bass camp in San Francisco in 2019. He was already acquainted with Roger's Concerto Initiative project, handed Roger his phone, and played something new he was working on.

Roger says "Wow was it powerful and I was hooked. In July of 2020 I commissioned him to write a concerto for cello and orchestra, with the theme of Vox Clamantis in Deserto... A Voice Crying in the Wilderness...and in light of those words, I asked him to respond musically to the turmoil and isolation of the Covid pandemic."

The Vox Concerto has 3 movements and the 3rd movement incorporates an Argentine dance form called the milonga, whose joyous nature he confounds with the tragic drama of the pandemic. The concerto is around 35 minutes long... It is

melody friendly and a roller coaster of emotional swings.



Tillis Hall—UMass Amherst

Our job is to fill it

For more information on Andres Martin, see <https://www.andresmartin.net>.

Amos Yang is the soloist and is the assistant principal of the San Francisco Symphony. You can see him at work on YouTube—<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hL3D1lF2jDQ&list=RDhL3D1lF2jDQ&index=1>

The UMass main campus is huge. A campus map can be found at <https://my.umass.edu/on-campus/campusmap/index>. Tillis Hall—still shown as the Fine Arts Center— is just south of the Campus Pond. There is a parking garage to the north-west of the pond, but Roger has asked for more specific information on the recommended parking areas. Which will be provided later. We are also looking into reserving a block of tickets if there will not be open seating.

'68 75th Greenbrier Birthday Celebration Lodging Details

As the new year approaches, be sure you have first on your calendars our grand 75th Birthday Celebration at the Greenbrier Resort in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, one of the world's premier total resorts, with a variety of activities and spas to keep anyone busy and everyone pampered! The dates are to arrive on Sunday, September 18 for three glorious and event-filled days and nights, departing on Wednesday, September 21, 2022.

Today let's talk about your various lodging options at the Resort. First, you should access the following link to see the description of the room choices we have on hold for us:

<https://www.greenbrier.com/Accommodations/Signature-Resort-Rooms/Guest-Rooms.aspx>



Greenbrier Deluxe Room

Continues on next page

'68 75th Greenbrier Birthday Celebration Lodging Details—continued

This link contains all the details of the room alternatives, including room amenities. The all-in cost for the three room choices runs \$318.32 for the Traditional, \$364.68 for the Superior and \$411.03 for the Deluxe. Self-parking is no charge, with valet parking available at \$25 per day.

In order to reserve your room, there is a dedicated number for you to use to make your reservation. It is **844-366-7358 option 2** for conference. When the conference agent answers they will ask what group you are with and you should respond with the **Dartmouth Reunion**. Anyone can take your reservation.

Call today to book your room, and to begin to plan on your journey there to join in on this once-in-a lifetime celebration!

Our next newsletter will contain the details of group activities and dining costs. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to email **Ed Heald** (esheald@aol.com) or **Gerry Bell** (skiboy68@comcast.net).

We are looking forward to seeing you at the Greenbrier for this culminating event for us all!

Class Discussions

Summers in Hanover

The last issue of *The Transmission* included a great sharing of our first experiences arriving in Hanover as Freshman. **Cliff Groen** provided another one: I took an airplane from Singapore. I had one suitcase. I was wearing a freshman beanie. On way to my dorm, a fraternity house stopped me and demanded I clean it's basement. Very strange.

That reminded me that in my sometimes recalcitrant self, when walking around campus with roommates **Dave King** and **Ted Kuss**, I would not wear my beanie. When someone yelled "Hey '68" I would yell back "They're mine" and we would continue on our way.

At the same time **Ed Heald** stimulated the "Arriving in Hanover" discussion, he also started one on remembrances of being in or nearby Hanover during summers. That was occasioned by the YouTube video <https://youtu.be/AOI34OdEvvk> about being back for the summer. Here are the comments that came in:

Mark Waterhouse

I had the good fortune to stay in Hanover for two summers (after Junior and Senior years) while working for Tom and Louise Tighe in the Psych Department. Summer on campus is really nice. I lived both summers with several other guys who were working at The Hop. We occupied the top floor of a house on Reservoir Road (Mrs. Strong—widow of Bob Strong). Something like \$10 a week. She asked me to mow the lawn every week and at one point I ended up helping a roofer reroof her barn. At the end of that summer she owed *me* money. Summer after Senior year I used the Memorial stadium track getting into shape for my next adventure in the Marine Corps.

Tom Stonecipher

Naked Smithies skinny dipping in Occom Pond.

Warren Cooke

Indeed. I too spent two summers in Hanover, '66 and '67 -



Photo Credit—Eli Burakian

No signs of Smithies or **Dave Gang**

working for John Rassias in the Peace Corps language/culture training program for Francophone West Africa, which took place at Dartmouth. Campus in the summer was really delightful.

Peter Wonson

Piling on, I had seven summers in Hanover after we graduated. '68 - '71 living in Hanover while I was in Tracks, and then '72 - '74 while taking my M.A.L.S. course work. I concur with Mark and Warren that summer in Hanover is special. Though for me -- back then and not today -- what was especially nice was that the pace was much slower on campus because there were virtually no undergrads, except some from mostly other colleges in summer programs.

Gary Horlick

I spent 6 weeks the summer of '66 working for a prof at Thayer. It was a great time exploring the joys of a relatively compact campus. In the afternoon with no planning at all I could walk down from Middle Mass to the river and get in a canoe.

Summers in Hanover—continued

Dave Gang

I spent a wonderful summer in Hanover in 1967 taking Physics 1 & 2 to complete my pre-med requirements. I roomed with **Ted Renna** who was doing the same. Biggest event for me was being thrown out of Storrs Pond for life! Was about to skinny dip with a girlfriend from Smith but got caught right after we broke in. Hanover is magic in the summer.

Dave subsequently added: While we're at it, I had one more summer '67 adventure worthy of passing on. With my Smithies friend (of Storrs Pond fame) and another Dartmouth classmate (whose name I can't recall), we rented a metal canoe for a lovely paddle on Lake Mascoma, located in Enfield-Lebanon. That fact that towering thunderheads were building in all directions that afternoon didn't phase us a bit and we were similarly unimpressed that there seemed to be no other boats on the lake. While paddling along in mid-lake, a massive bolt of lightning shot over our heads followed by the loudest thunderclap I have ever heard. All three of us reflexively leaned to the right side of the canoe and over we went, certain that we were in for big trouble.

Apparently, many lakeside residents and boaters had been watching in disbelief as this canoe of young people headed out into the lake in such threatening conditions. Luckily, some kind folks in a powerboat, who had been witnessing our craziness from shore, came out to rescue us, provide us a lecture on water safety, and tow the canoe back to shore. They were not at all surprised to learn that we had come from Dartmouth.

Joe Grasso

Proof of the adage that Dartmouth students can be "umbrella smart"—smart enough to design the umbrella but not smart enough to know how to use it when it rains.

Jim Lawrie

As long as we're talking summers in Hanover, I was there 3 summers, the first taking organic chemistry, twenty weeks taught in 8 weeks (lecture started at 7:00 am, lab at 1:00 pm, an hour exam every Friday morning, and a final on the fourth Friday – ask me if I remember any organic chemistry) and two summers working in the Psychiatry Dept. at the Med School doing statistical data analysis. The second and third summers were great!

Tom Stonecipher

All you student warriors! My summer was 1967 working in Norwich with classmates **Henry Homeyer** and **Joe Carbonari** running an Office of Economic Opportunity (part of the Great Society!) children's program for kids from Norwich and Union Village for \$80 a week, a princely sum. Joe was married but Henry and I slept in church basements and such, finally staying with Barbara Barnes and her daughters in Norwich (she later became a Dartmouth dean, I believe – a phenomenal person). We got our mail General Delivery in Nor-

wich, thumbed to Cape Cod and to the Montreal World's Fair that summer (Homeyer could do that for maybe \$5 a weekend – he was unbelievably frugal, got us free beds at the Montreal cathedral by talking up a priest at one of the Fair exhibits, etc.), took the kids in an old school bus blueberry picking, saw huge oxen come out of the mountains for the ox-pulling contest at the Norwich Fair, just a great summer. While some of you were studying physics and organic chemistry and swimming naked with Smithies, I got to give JD Salinger's daughter a piggyback ride on the Norwich green. Fun!

One more short one: one weekend that summer, Homeyer and I were thumbing around Vermont, we're in a small town at noon, hanging out by a general store. A nice older man strikes up a conversation with us and eventually asks us to have lunch with him and his wife. Most pleasant. While we are eating sandwiches in his dining room, I see a familiar shape hanging off to the side of the room on a wall and get up to look at it. It's a bronze medal from a winter Olympics held in the 30s, I think. He had not mentioned it. I don't know if he had attended Dartmouth.

Dave Walden

I, too, spent my 1967 summer in the Upper Valley. 'DCR decided to stay on the air that summer, but we needed a member of the station's directorate to live in Hanover in case someone said one of the outlawed wicked words on the air, causing Mel-drim Thompson up in Orford to get his shorts in a wad and call the FCC. All the other guys on the directorate (much more qualified than I) were already committed for the summer, so I was "volunteered" by default.

The position was unpaid, of course, so I got a job with some UVM professors administering a lengthy survey to as many members of the Vermont state legislature as my time permitted - \$25/per survey, with no expense reimbursement however. But it meant I could have a car that summer! Even though I was on financial aid, I invested \$600 on a VW bug (with a rust hole in the rear floorboard), bought a cheap day bed, and lived with a bunch of other guys in an overcrowded apartment above a store on Lebanon Street.

A glorious summer made even better by driving all over Vermont to administer the survey to legislators in their offices or homes, and spending time (mostly listening to rock and roll) in the 'DCR offices.

I only remember one of the legislators, a young guy (29 at the time) who had just been elected to the state senate from Shrewsbury. With genuine modesty, he introduced himself as a dairy farmer and I had no reason to doubt him because he knew a hell of a lot about dairy farming; and I had lots of relatives back in rural Virginia who were in that business (how many of you have milked a cow by hand or castrated bull calves?). But this guy lived in a large beautiful home and was

Summers in Hanover—continued

incredibly knowledgeable about many, many things in addition to breeding heifers and the butterfat content of milk. Something relevant was missing.

As we worked our way through the survey's questions at his kitchen table, I discovered that he was a Yalie, then a U.S. Navy officer, and had graduated from Harvard Law before coming back home to farm . . . and practice law. I found out years later that his father was the chief justice of the Vermont Supreme Court!

So I decided to keep my eye on this guy and his political career – which turned out to be quite successful. His name? Jim Jeffords. He died my second year back living in Hanover (2014) and I felt duty-bound to attend his funeral at the Congregational church in Rutland.

Lesson learned? Never underestimate a farmer – especially a Vermont farmer (even if he - or she - turns out to be a Yalie).

Completely missing the point that the discussion was about *summers in/near Hanover*, **Jack Hopke** said: I had a special summer, too. It was between junior and senior years. It was at Ft. Devens, Massachusetts.

Some o' y'all BTDT. 😊

To which **Ced Kam**, who must have been out driving his MG when the discussion started, responded “Thanks for reminding me of our special summer at Fort Devens, Jack! Funny how the training fields at Fort Gordon, GA and Fort Bragg, NC looked so familiar a couple of years later—the same sandy hills and pine trees!

If anyone else has memories to share about Arriving in Hanover or Summers in Hanover, please send them to me for future issues.

Universal Service

Our 50th Reunion panel on “During—and After—Vietnam” started a Class Discussion on Universal Service. Since the last issue of *The Transmission* **Ron Brown** was a panelist (again) for one of Professor Ed Miller's classes on Viet Nam. During the course of that session, Ron said something about the need for Universal Service, so I asked him to elaborate. He sent in the following:

I should forewarn you that one of my retirement rules (to maintain a bit of sanity) is to limit my email checks to 2-3 times per week, rather than everyday. Doing the latter simply ends up taking too much of my daily time and attention, as I attempt to scroll through my inbox. Indeed, two weeks ago, I simply deleted all of the inbox emails that I hadn't read for a long time - - it was gratifying and mind clearing, to say the least.

As a result, all of those with whom I communicate regularly have got used to not hearing back from me as soon as I receive one of their emails. With that in mind, any time lag between emails and replies is not a sign of disinterest on my part.

Another of the participants on the ZOOM call was Mike Parker ('64), who emailed me afterwards on the Universal Service v. All Volunteer Force issue. With his permission, I'm sending you the following excerpt (*italicized*) of his email to me (I told him that the Class of '68 was discussing the issue):

"You struck a couple of chords for me. The simplest is your advocacy of universal national service (UNS). When I was in dental school after release from active duty, I stayed in the Navy reserves and stumbled onto a summer job supplementing the teaching staff at OCS in Newport, RI. In addition to

the active duty pay, which included per diem for two months, OCS was a chance to meet the new crop of officer recruits. We appeared to be heading for an all volunteer military and I feared the Navy would not attract enough to keep it strong. Few if any young recruits could know what the Navy life was all about, from their civilian perspective, and so we could get recruits for the wrong reasons and probably not get enough.

I argued that if everyone had to choose two years of some form of service, the Navy would attract adequate numbers and we could sell them on a career once they joined up. In addition to keeping the services viable, UNS would harvest the fruits of youth in other valuable directions. I wrote a point paper and submitted it to OCS staff. To my surprise, it got passed on to CNO, who was still my old boss from Saigon, Adm Zumwalt. I was invited to Washington to make a case before the committee that was working on the all volunteer military (AVM) concept.

It never went anywhere, but it was good last night to hear someone voicing the same concept these many years later. Two years or so of experience outside of the normal lock-step progression toward a career selected far too early in life, would be useful for both individuals and the needs of the country for servants (Peace Corps, VISTA, CCC for examples and the list is much longer.) I applaud your favor toward UNS, but I fear it is unlikely in our lifetime.

"The other point you made that caught my attention was whether the AVM is a good thing or not. You mentioned that it created a fighting force of relatively few members who, being expected to fight, are being sent back multiple times

Universal Service—continued

into the stress of combat and suffering as a class from PTSD. This war-weary group, being a small part of the population, tends to be out of sight. You also mentioned the political freedom afforded Commanders-in-Chief to send forces off to battle without the outcry there used to be when the military represented the broader population.

Hence, one could argue, we get bogged down in conflicts now because too few citizens are directly affected to make the uproar needed to conclude or preclude such misadventures. It may explain the difference between the antiwar movement against the Vietnam War and the relative silence against the war in Afghanistan. Today's fighting forces are not a sufficient cross-section of the population to cause the kind of outcry found in opposition to Vietnam. I hadn't thought of that as a consequence of AVM.

I have serious qualms at the moment about the direction our nation is taking toward, for instance, White Supremacy, the rule of law, and equal opportunities. I have long feared an insurrection led by constitutionally permissible militias who are allowed, unlike their paid, civilian-driven counterparts, to

decide what constitutes domestic enemies. Did you ever wonder when taking an oath to defend against 'all enemies foreign and domestic?' what might constitute the latter? Last night my fears increased when I realized that an AVM can be recruited to consist disproportionately of say White nationalists, Christian rightists, you name it, and elements of all could be found among those invading the Capitol. I had never considered that the AVM greases the path to a military gone awry, but I sure can see it now. In our day, January 6 would have been treason unequivocally. Today, one hardly dares to say the word because of the political consequences of speaking out. That was the 'a-hah moment' you provided for me last night."

When I asked Mike about his papers to CNO on universal service/AVF, he said he hadn't retained anything, unfortunately. Still, I thought his comments might be useful to your discussions, with the '68's.

Interesting thoughts from Mike Parker via **Ron Brown**—additional discussion welcome.

Climate Change

Here's a new topic. During our Class Meeting in October, **Jack Hopke** mentioned the devastation caused in his part of the country by Hurricane Ida and said he expected even worse in the future. I asked Jack to put his thoughts on paper for *The Transmission*—here they are.

HURRICANE IDA: FORTUNATE AND FRIGHTENING PERSPECTIVES

Sea level rise so far has been measured only in inches; if emissions are not curbed quickly, scientists say that will surge to feet over the next decades. That won't just cause "damages" to south Louisiana. It could erase it from the map.
-- Bob Marshall, two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist for the *New Orleans Advocate/Times Picayune/nola.com*

Scientists are almost unanimous, as well, in attributing the significant increase in the number and intensity of hurricanes to global warming. Ida was a case in point. The storm that was headed west of my residence just outside the city limits of New Orleans made an unpredicted northward shift and gain in intensity just before landfall overnight on Sunday, August 29. Then it stayed virtually in place for over seven hours, attacking south and southeast Louisiana with winds of over 150 miles per hour. Since our house was on the east side of the eye, the effect was especially intense.

That the structure was spared is almost miraculous. The ancient trees of well over one hundred feet in height and five feet in diameter that were completely uprooted from our and our neighbors' yards came within a few feet, but somehow missed

the house and most of the garage when they crashed. They destroyed the extensive wooden fencing surrounding our property, ripped parts of roofs off, and broke a few windows. Our dining room ceiling leaked a bit, but this was a wind



event, not a water situation.

Barbara and I rode it out, listened and watched, with our emergency radio tuned to WWL. We have a backup dual-fuel generator, and we'd filled our gas tank and tall propane cylinder in anticipation of a dark night or two. (Ridiculous optimism, especially considering that we'd been through hurricanes before.) We were able to stay at home for four rather warm days---the auxiliary power system will not run A/C---until our fuel supplies ran out and none were to be had locally.

Climate Change—continues



We were stuck, though, because giant limbs and trunks blocked our driveway. My Subaru Forester was already in a body shop for repairs from an accident two weeks prior, and Barbara's little Honda Fit was trapped in the garage. Finally on Thursday, I was able to perform some major tree surgery with a chain saw on the driveway detritus, to the point where we could get the Fit out of the garage. Street access was blocked by limbs, though, but with our neighbor's help, we took apart a hurricane fence separating our driveways, and the little vehicle was able to maneuver and fit---no pun intended--- under the fence crossbar and into his somewhat clearer driveway.

We finally had road access, and one end of our street had been cleared enough to permit squeezing between limbs, under downed power lines, and onto the local highway. We loaded the Oscar and Felix of River Ridge (that would be our Doberman Pinscher and our tortoise shell cat) and laptop into the tiny vehicle Friday morning, made arrangements for my step-daughter and her husband to perform occasional checks on our house, and headed for my brother's place in north-central Florida. We expected to be gone for a few days, but power was not

restored at home for another two weeks. I missed doing my weekly radio program, but I played several rounds of golf with my brother, read a few books (George Eliot, Kazuo Ishiguro, James Lee Burke), and counted us fortunate as I learned of the terrible fate of the people in the Gulf communities of south Louisiana, who'd just suffered yet another crushing blow. Many are still homeless. Their boats are gone, too. And their livelihoods.

We didn't get internet service until six weeks after the storm. Dealing with utilities companies has been frustrating, to say the least. (For example, we paid hundreds of dollars for "unlimited" hot-spot service which lasted a day and a half.) Dealing with insurance companies has been even worse. It's now three months since Ida, and we're still awaiting estimates on damage repairs, the fences are still down, blue tarps still adorn our roofs, and paint's still stripping from the back of the house. But, again, I don't want to whine; we didn't get the worst of it.

Ida was just the latest storm to show those record high water temperatures have become the crystal meth of hurricane development. In just 24 hours a mild-mannered Category 1 turned into a monster Category 4. Its towering storm surge literally picked up large sections of Barataria Bay's remaining marshes...and dropped them 20 miles inshore...Its brutal 170 mph winds wrecked homes, business, and lives.

The cause, of course, is the greenhouse gas emissions primarily from fossil fuels that are driving the warming of the oceans...But only 14 states have actually addressed the cause by passing laws requiring reductions in greenhouse gas emissions...Equally puzzling is how residents in coastal states such as Louisiana continue to elect...candidates (who) block efforts to require nationwide regulations to reduce fossil fuel emissions because it might hurt their local businesses.

Bob Marshall

News from and about Classmates

Jim Frey's receipt of the Give a Rouse Award led to this response from **Bob Tannenwald**:

My life, like yours and Iris's, I am sure, has been affected by COVID-19. I am grateful that my family and I have escaped the disease so far. Indeed, We are fortunate to enjoy very good health.

As you know, In my semi-retirement, I was teaching public finance at the Heller School, Brandeis, and writing a column for a magazine specializing in state and local taxation. I stopped teaching after the fall semester, 2019, just before COVID hit. I still write the column.

I live in an apartment in Brookline, MA. It took some time to work out my divorce agreement, but that is all done now.

Leslie and I are on pretty good terms. My older son, Alan, got married in June of 2020, but he and his wife, Abbie, had to wait for the full celebration until June of this year because of COVID. My younger, son, David, whom you and Iris met at our 40th, is a free-lance journalist living in Cambridge, MA.

Garrett T. (Gary) Bayrd

Just to let you know, my brother-in-law, **Joe Colgan** retired in January, 2021, after a distinguished career in hematology at the Mayo clinic, Rochester, Minnesota. He and my sister celebrated their 51st wedding anniversary this August. I also retired from my private practice in Dermatology in May, 2021, but I still fill in staffing teaching clinics at the Minneapolis VA hospital.

More News from and about Classmates

My main connection to Dartmouth over the last 10 years has been the Minnesota Dartmouth alumni book club. I am one of the few members from the men only Dartmouth era.

Peter Wonson

Peter Wonson is a member of the Roanoke, Virginia, coalition that made successful application to participate in the Equal Justice Initiative's Community Remembrance Project. The EJI was founded in Montgomery, AL, in 1979 by Bryan Stevenson, a lawyer who is well-known for his book *Just Mercy* and the movie version of the same. Stephenson has worked tirelessly to represent and free Black men who have been incarcerated unfairly, and *Just Mercy* is that story.

The EJI is involved in several initiatives, the Community Remembrance Project (CRP) being one of them. The CRP, known colloquially as the "lynching project", intends to document and commemorate every lynching in America of a Black man, woman or child between 1865 and 1950. To date, more than a thousand lynchings have been compiled, from all 50 states, and sadly there are many more to go.

Roanoke, Virginia, had two documented lynchings: Mr. William Lavender in February, 1892, and Mr. Thomas Smith in September, 1893. To commemorate these two gentlemen, and make sure their stories are not forgotten, there is an historical marker provided by EJI which will be placed at the scene of each murder. There is also a soil collection component, in which two jars of soil are collected from each site, one to be sent to the EJI Museum in Montgomery, the other to remain in Roanoke. And there will be two hanging plinths crafted for inclusion in the museum (located on the site of a former warehouse where slaves were forced to labor while awaiting the sale of their bodies at auction).

Dave Peck

Peter and Margaret Zack were heading to Cape Cod for a long weekend of camping and bike riding...they dropped into Plymouth for a wonderful few hours of catching up. A micro-reunion.



Margaret and **Peter Zack**, Diane and **Dave Peck**

Jack Lynch

1989 Rowing cap - A friend just dropped off said cap, found on street in the Fan District of Richmond.

[Editor's note—some coxswain seems to have gotten really lost.]



Linc Eldredge

Great to see you and Leslie at Homecoming! It was good to be back on campus. Looking forward to seeing more of you now that we're going to be in the Upper Valley for five or six months of the year. Here are two pictures Susan took during the Homecoming Parade.



Leslie Cosgrove, **Mark Waterhouse**, **Ed Heald**, **Linc Eldredge**

More News from and about Classmates



Pretty obvious what this is

A long but enjoyable letter from **John Russell**

Aloha Classmates—

I love how our class newsletter can act as a catalyst to reconnect and resurrect old friendships. I live in Waimea, Hawaii where our beloved classmate **Robbie Peacock** attended Hawaii Preparatory Academy. Though I never got to know Robbie personally, we share the same birthday (September 4, 1946) and lots of mutual friends both from Dartmouth and here in Hawaii.

It seems everyone that knew Robbie loved him. I remember being blown away 13 years ago when I read in our 40th Reunion Book that **Monk Williams'** "Best Memory" was "Being roommates with **Robbie Peacock** during both my sophomore and junior years." Wow, what a testimony from yet another one of our late, great classmates talking about how one human being (in this case a contemporary/peer) can make a life-transforming impact on another.

The Spring 2015 *Transmission*, printed a beautiful essay "Unlikely Warrior: John Robert (Robbie) Peacock II – Class of 1968" written by Jennifer Gergans '14. Re-reading it earlier this year, I realized it was more than "a beautiful essay." For me, it was also a provocative, even problematic walk down memory lane. This paragraph especially drew me in as I happened to be reading it on the anniversary of the MLK assassination.

"According to **Richard Parker**, a friend of Robbie's in senior year from their membership in Casque and Gauntlet Senior Society (where they both lived that year), he and Robbie stayed up nearly the entire night of April 4, 1968 — the night of Dr. King's assassination —

walking around campus, talking about the Vietnam war, civil rights and Dr. King's message, the upcoming presidential elections, and justice — feeling as though their values and beliefs were shattering before their eyes."

Wow, Richard and Robbie were wrestling with Life's BIG Issues in response to a dramatic event in history. How embarrassing... no humbling, that when I think back to that same night and how my responses/reactions had none of the same depth or introspection. Of course, this was not the first time that I realized that I'd spent much most of my early adult life clueless as to what Life's BIG Issues really were... let alone addressing them.

Feeling a need to talk about **Robbie Peacock** and that night 53 years earlier, I called classmate **Chris Meigher** who I have kept current with ever since our graduation and who was a Theta Delt fraternity brother of Robbie's. Chris responded to my voicemail by texting me back the following day:

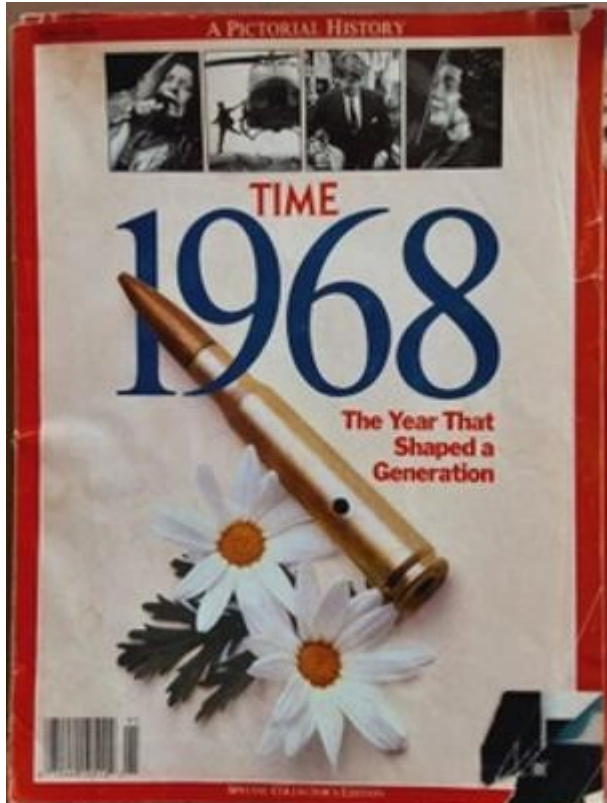
"...well remember the night MLK was shot, as we were having our weekly Roundtable meeting at C&G, where Robbie P. and Richard P. first heard about it. **Tom Ulen** suggested prayer, and **[Bob] Reich** suggested we march in protest (I of course, sneaked over to the Boom Boom Lodge for a late-night beer and to hear what the brothers were thinking). The anger and epithets and pain were ever present, and yet the silent majority just stood still — pondering what the hell was going on in the rapidly changing world outside of Hangover NH. At barely 21 years young, we sure experienced a lot in that never-ending spring of 1968."

Interesting that Chris was an Executive Vice President of Time Inc. Magazine Co. when in spring 1989 *Time* published "Time: 1968—The Year that Shaped a Generation: A Pictorial History." (see photo on the next page).

As a class, as a college, and as a nation we all were witnesses of that dramatic event in history. And yet I daresay each of us experienced it in an entirely unique way. It certainly doesn't do me or anybody else any good to beat up on myself (or for that matter anyone else) for the fact that I was clueless, unaware, unconscious, and therefore lacked compassion for others who were suffering as a result of social injustice and "man's inhumanity to man."

During my four years at Dartmouth, thank goodness many of our classmates had or got to the point of addressing those classic Philosophy 101 questions (Who am I? Where did I come from? Is there a God? etc.) while they were still undergrads. Thank goodness many more of us got "there"... eventually. Better late than never.

More News from and about Classmates



But enough of the heavy stuff. In my exchange with Chris **Meigher**, he mentions **Tom Ulen**. Tom was the first person that I met in our class as we were both from Indiana and we both were assigned to “off-campus housing”... Middle Wigwam dormitory our freshman year. As Tom transitioned to college quickly, I tagged along after him our freshman year until one day as we were crossing the green with the Winter Carnival snow sculpture in the background, he gave me a clear signal that he’d had enough of my immature shenanigans. (The photo below is really weird... pictured in the photo with Ulen shooting me “the bird” are **Bob Schley** and **Mike Lenehan** who I did not know at the time, but who would become fraternity brothers the next year. In our 40th Reunion Book, Lenehan’s “Best Memory: Walking across the Green”! :-)

Tom thrived at Dartmouth graduating with honors... I strived and graduated. I lost track of Tom for 50+ years until Chris mentioned him in the text about the night of MLK’s assassination. So, on a whim... and a prayer, I looked him up in our 40th Reunion Book, found a telephone number, gave him a call and left him a voicemail. A couple of days later he called me back, and we had nearly an hour-long conversation...catching up on the usual, necessary superficial information, but also on more than one occasion getting below the surface to some heavy shit we’d both had to deal with in the past 50 years.



What a gift to reconnect with an old friend... realizing that we are both the same and also very different people than who we had been at Dartmouth.

Always a bit of a slacker, after Dartmouth, Tom got his MA at Oxford and his PhD at Stanford. He was a distinguished professor of law and economics at University of Illinois for 41+ years. Our classmate and my roommate sophomore **Tom Stonecipher**, also a Hoosier, tells me that a book Ulen co-authored, *Law and Economics*, is a staple in many law schools.

Earlier this summer I had an idea for a letter to the editor of *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* about how an article in the May/June 2005 *DAM* “Shiny Bubble” had predicted the 2008 economic crisis. This old article popped back into my mind when I heard the winner of the Nobel Prize in Economics in 2002, Daniel Kahneman state... “the hubris of the economics profession...It was a failure to predict.” I don’t know squat about economics so I asked **Tom Ulen** if he’d take a look at my letter and critique it. Turns out that Tom is friends with the Nobel Prize-winner, and in fact has a picture of Kahneman holding his oldest newborn grandchild. Tom said that he thought my letter was fine and to send it in. I did and it got published in the September/October issue of *DAM*. Damn, it’s good to have friends in high places.

And speaking of high places... I can imagine that in a very real way that that might well describe where Robbie, Monk and a whole litany of our classmates have been graduated to... “higher places.”

Mahalo i Ke Akua... Thanks be to God.
John Russell

P.S. To illustrate how helpless, hapless and hopeless I was during my time at Dartmouth, I once again go to our 40th Reunion Book (Thank you **Dick Olson**!) and to classmate **Terry Dwyer**’s entry... “I’ve been married twice, no

More News from and about Classmates

children. Classmate **John Russell** was right when he said, "The problem with Dartmouth is we don't learn about love and all that shit." There's an old Hawaiian expression that I'm going claim to cover my embarrassing and clueless comment to Terry 58 years ago ... "Poor thing, no can help."

Bill Adler

I haven't written for a while - pure neglect, just like my neglecting to deal with a closet full of dress shirts and suits that I haven't worn for eight years. In any event, the pandemic has brought together via Zoom many of my Pi Lambda Phi fraternity brothers to renew friendships. **David Cooperberg** has organized these calls, and as many as 17 of us have participated. It's a pleasure chatting with old friends every few weeks rather than once every five years at Reunion.

Marsha and I have been busy and active throughout the pandemic period with volunteer work, outdoor activities (thanks to our benign climate) and travel. We have two young grandchildren by son, Josh, and daughter-in-law, Shannan, across the country in Rye, NH, so seeing them is Priority One. We declared it to be "essential travel" early in the pandemic. This year we've also been to Hawaii (the Big Island), Alaska with daughter Debbie and, just recently, Italy and Germany for three weeks. Add Santa Fe a couple of times to see son Andrew and the hometown, Atlantic City, for a high school mini-reunion. In a week, I'm off to Bandon Dunes, Oregon, to join

the Class's golf adventure for the tenth time.

Like most of our Classmates, we're distraught at the state of our country and the world. Who would have predicted an epidemic of stupidity overlaid on the epidemic of COVID? It seems like human evolution is reversing itself, starting with the brain. In the meantime, we try to remain optimistic and to enjoy the latter years of our lives with family and travel.



Bill Adler with Marsha and daughter Debbie

Class Authors

Do you remember our Classmate **Adah Armstrong**?

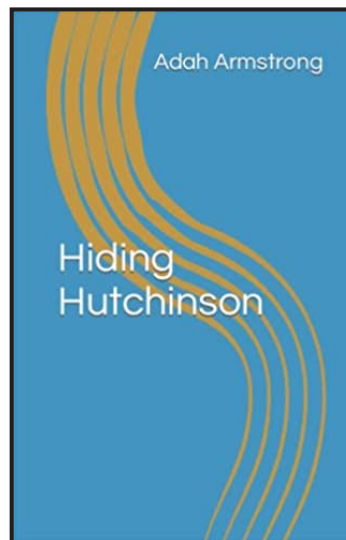
Me either. But either **Gerry Bell** has had a sex change operation or that is his new pen name. Several of us received this from Gerry a few weeks ago.

Marketing Plan

What I Did On My Summer Vacation

I hope the teaser line above got you to open this email. What I did on my summer vacation this year (cooped up, housebound, essentially a hermit) was write a novel. Several people over the years had encouraged me to write fiction, but I always resisted, thinking I wasn't creative enough to imagine a good story line.

Problem solved by the pandemic. All cooped up, I became addicted on Kindle Unlimited to romance novels, aka chick books. (Not those awful bodice rippers full of rape and adverbs, but cute love stories.) Formulaic and predictable, but no story line problem -- boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy and girl solve huge problem, and have a happily ever after. Just fill in the blanks.



So I did. The result is a novel entitled *Hiding Hutchinson* which you can find on Amazon E-books and Kindle Unlimited. If you look for it, be aware that the author's name is listed as "Adah Armstrong" -- my pen name, because I don't think many people will take seriously a romance novel written by a man. Besides, I've always wanted (and sometimes needed) an alias!

Amazon says I need a marketing plan. Not going to go around to bookstores and beg, or go to publishing houses and kiss anybody's butt (assuming I could get in the door.) So my marketing plan is simple: tell all my friends, ask them to tell all their friends, everybody get the book and write glowing reviews on Amazon, and then we can talk about who should play what part in the movie. There are

Class Authors—continued

several old people in the book, so there's hope for us all.

I'll be thrilled if sales hit triple digits -- maybe I can recoup the money I spent on printer ink and computer paper!

The e-book is up and available through Amazon. Takes them a little longer to get the paperback version up and on line, but I hope that will be in the next few days. [Editor's note—yes it is and I bought it. I have challenged Leslie to read it and identify the author. I think she is waiting to get to St. Croix.] I've priced both the e-book (\$3.99) and the paperback (\$7.99) as low as Amazon will let me, and of course you can read the e-book for free if you belong to Kindle Unlimited. (A good deal, I recommend it.)

I hope you'll take a chance on this -- it's an easy escapist afternoon read. Despite the "any resemblance" disclaimer, all the characters are named for real people in my life. (For example, "Adele" is Jackie's middle name; "Samantha" is my daughter's name.) If you're really nice to me, I'll put you in the next book. (A detective/mystery -- definitely not "fill in the blanks," more like actual work.)

Here's how Amazon describes it:

Abigail Hutchinson is a former professional athlete hiding from her deranged former agent, who means to do her physical harm – or worse. Hank Reynolds is a visionary consultant who has seen the future and can't get anyone to listen. A ten-year-old girl with a penchant for puzzles

brings them together.

Can Hutchinson escape from her self-imposed prison and live a normal life? Can Hank find someone to help him make an end run around the executive suites and help corporate employees directly? Most important, can the two of them become – and stay -- a couple in the face of her terrifying situation and the demands of his crusade?

Set in Toronto's beautiful cottage country of Georgian Bay, Ontario, *Hiding Hutchinson* covers the waterfront from cutthroat business intrigue to love and heartbreak to Seal Team commando tactics. The cast of supporting characters is colorful, and the fishing isn't bad either.

Peter Wonson says – I heartily commend *Hiding Hutchinson* to you. It's relatively short at under 300 pages. It's a brisk read, and held my interest on every page. It's certainly more literate than one might imagine a chick lit novel to be (please don't tell your wives or lady friends I said that!). It's fun when you might not expect it to be, and contains some of Gerry's trademark humor and writing style.

The only minor fault I could find is that Adah writes in a male voice...but then again she can't help it. Treat yourself and spring for a copy.

Editor's note—yeah—I'm shilling for Gerry—but this Editor's job doesn't pay a whole lot.

Roger Arvid Anderson

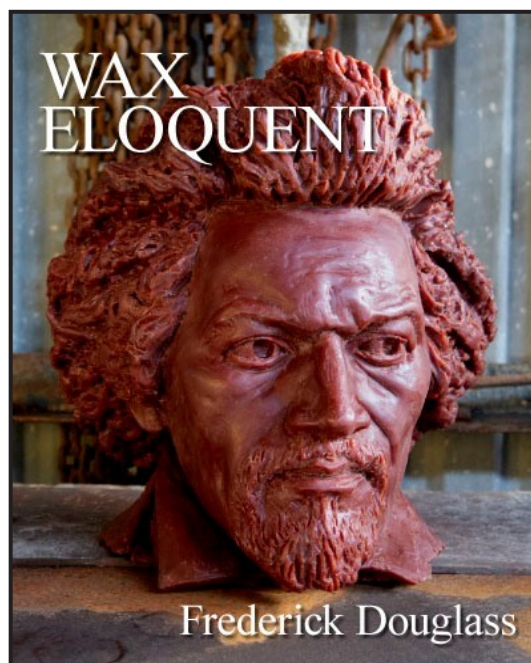
I would like to alert the Class about my new photo book *Wax Eloquent*. It follows the progress of the casting of the Frederick Douglass bust our class has donated to the College. You will see it moving from wax to the bronze casting, to packing and crating before being shipped to Dartmouth.

For text I used the first eight chapters of Douglass's 1845 *Narrative of being an American Slave*, which covers his life up to the decision to escape... a powerful and often horrific read by the way.

I will be making hard copies to give to the Rauner Library archive at the time of the dedication—still scheduled to be next May.

Otherwise it is now free and accessible on my online book site... just seconds away... see <https://rogerarvidbooks.com>

A bigger computer screen is recommended for easy viewing... but a laptop still has easy access as well as a cell phone.



To see the book in its entirety—for free—see <https://issuu.com/agraphics/docs/waxeloquentfrederickdouglass>

Ced Kam's MG Adventures—Part 4

Part 3 ended with Ced's disappointment that a close friend had traded the unreliability of his MG for American muscle cars.

The B had become a full member of our family, just like our dogs. It still bears scars in the right rocker panel where our toddler son Chris wedged a rear trike wheel. We drove the B a lot in those days, including around town for shopping, commuting to work, and to Dartmouth and Wellesley reunions. One sunny spring morning when Ali and Chris still fit behind the seats, we all drove to Sears. When I opened the trunk (*boot*) in the store parking lot for first time that year, we found a nest of several pink baby mice sitting on the spare tire! Roaring Brook Nature Center advised us to leave the nest next to the car at home so the parents could find the babies and move them to safety. The baby mice were gone the next morning, hopefully taken by their parents, not eaten by snakes.

We now had a cottage on Cape Cod and participated annually in the Dennis Antique Car Parade, where LBCs are dwarfed by hulking American muscle cars (!). Ali threw candy at kids along the parade route. When the SU electric fuel pump began to die, I put a rubber mallet in the car. When the engine stalls, you whack the pump and it runs for a while. I had Haley replace it with a solid-state plastic pump from NAPA Auto Parts. He was horrified and insisted I keep the SU to restore the car to original, someday. (Still have it.) But the modern pump ticks just like the original and continues to perform flawlessly, decades later. Of course, the car still overheated. Through the 1990s, right after school ended in June, the four of us sailed our 25-foot Catalina sloop from Long Island Sound to the Bass River on the Cape. Then Betsy and I sailed back to Connecticut after Labor Day. We left the B parked at the marina in Westbrook under a fabric car cover. It still has little dents from where seagulls dropped shellfish on it.

There were lots more repairs, replacements and upgrades, including the plastic window winders, the turn signal switch that wouldn't cancel itself when we bought the car, various knobs and switches, an inside door panel, and muffler. I installed a better radio and more speakers, new outside mirrors on both doors, and an original "US dealer option" luggage rack. The tachometer finally worked after it was rebuilt.

But Haley was a one-man operation and the B needed more comprehensive care. I started using Farmington Motor Sports. They re-smogged the engine in an effort to get it running better and pass emissions. Then came the big one: By spring 1998, the clutch had broken again and the engine was running poorly, measuring minimal compression. Time for a new clutch and engine rebuild.

Because the odometer wasn't working when we bought the car, no one knew how many miles it had. The mechanics said the cylinder walls showed wear of well over 100,000 miles. I should have known it was high mileage from the worn pedals and collapsed driver's seat. (I've suspected the original odometer broke when the seller tried to turn it back.) One major benefit of the engine rebuild was hardened valve seats so it can use unleaded gas. Thanks to a new water pump, the B never

overheated again. The invoice shows that cost \$4,598.

A year later, the muffler needed replacement again, this time by a free flow, double chrome-tipped Ansa exhaust system for \$970. The exhaust note was much improved! Then the steering wheel broke. Farmington Motor Sports offered me a classic British Moto-Lita wood-rimmed steering wheel "at cost" for \$175. Total invoice, \$1,628. I stopped keeping track of all the money invested when the total approached \$20,000 by 2000.



Thanks to one too many bank mergers, Betsy and I relocated to Boston in 2000. We could downsize with the kids away at college, but the new house had to be near public transportation for my commute downtown, have good access to the Cape, and most importantly, have a garage! We ended up with the only 2-car garage in our West Roxbury block. I found a factory-trained English mechanic in Union Square, Somerville, dba Plug & Spanner. His shop looked familiar. It was in the MG dealership building I last visited in 1968! When he retired, I found another mechanic when I joined the Boston Area MG Club (BAMG), Michael Crawford, dba British Motorworks, a genius equal to John Twist. In 2004, Betsy and I did the AMBGA National Meet on Cape Cod, our first since Saratoga Springs in 1987.



Look for Part 5 of Ced's MG Adventures in the next issue of *The Transmission*. If anyone else has car stories to share, please do.



In Memoriam

RICHARD N. WARNOCK



Richard Niels Warnock died September 29, 2021, in Exeter, New Hampshire. Born July 16, 1946, in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, to G. Harold Warnock and Rosemary Kipe Thompson, Dick came to Dartmouth from Conestoga High School. Outgoing and personable, he was the first '68 to welcome **Joe Grasso** to Hitchcock Hall.

Several intra-dorm waterfights later, they remained friends, a friendship they renewed during a chance encounter at Atlanta's airport in 1980. Dick was a member of Pi Lam fraternity and served as house manager.

Cold weather didn't bother Dick. He attended medical school at University of Buffalo, graduating in 1973. Dick specialized in orthopedic surgery and practiced in North Andover, MA for 43 years, where he took great pride in caring for his patients.

Beyond his devotion to medicine and his patients, Dick had a love of animals and music. He was bassist for the rock band Chippy and the YaYas, where he was known to all as "Doc." He participated in rescuing hundreds of animals. At his death he was parent to two horses, five goats, four chickens, one dog, sixteen cats, and an ornery rooster.

Dick is survived by his wife of 37 years, Linda (Ward) Warnock of Hampton Falls, N.H., his daughter Samantha Spoor, her husband Francis, grandchildren Lucy and F. Henry Spoor of Delanson, New York, and his sister Suzanne Otwell and husband Thomas of Silver Spring, MD. A video tribute to Dick is available at www.kentandpelczar.com.

Editor's Comments

While *The Transmission* is focused on Class news rather than news about the College, I'm making an exception here because I thought you might be interested in the new Campus Master Plan – it's a very interesting document about what the campus *could* look like in the future. You can find it at <https://news.dartmouth.edu/news/2021/07/strategic-master-plan-now-available-online> and then click the Strategic Master Plan link.

The stream of typed messages and articles I receive clearly demonstrates we were all taught typing the same way—two spaces after a period. That comes from the old days of the manual typewriter and is no longer needed where the word processing software does it for you. Just sayin'. Old habits are hard to change.

Here are a couple of questions for you:

For the 49% of the Class that doesn't contribute to the Dartmouth Alumni Fund, Head Agent **Parker Beverage** would love to know why. You can send your thoughts to him at pjbevera@gmail.com.

Do you actually read *The Transmission*? - Let me know. More importantly, if you have something you would like to see in an upcoming issue, send it to me at mwaterhouse@snet.net. Any suggestions on how to improve *The Transmission* will be gratefully received. Deadline for submitting content for the Spring 2022 issue due out in May is April 15th. The hell with your taxes—this is more important.

Thanks—Enjoy the New Year—Stay Safe—Be Well

Mark/Skip Waterhouse, '68 Newsletter Editor