



CLASS OF '79 NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2007

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Jim Feuille

Ben Riley



'79s march in the Homecoming Parade

A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITORS

Happy 2007 to you all--for most of us our 50th year! We hope family, careers and friends are all well.

On top of the always scintillating reports from your class officers, we have a slew of newsy notes from classmates and some wonderful photos. The highlight is a long submission from Class Secretary Extraordinaire, Mark Winkler. Mark's December Alumni Magazine featured a sampling of the host of submissions he received from our International Classmates, so Mark kindly packaged the full responses for our Newsletter readers. So, in Mark's words, "learn about cocaine and Quakers, the Swiss Army and Capitalism, sons and daughters, bicycling to work and yoga, white-faced monkeys and paper whiteners, The Queen Mary 2 and Channing Cox dorm, Global Power consulting and chocolate chips, building houses and teaching, the "road to Monteverde," and a rather nasty executive encounter." All and more below—for your Class of '79 reading pleasure.

MESSAGES FROM THE CLASS

Big news is the wedding of our own **Julia Hunter**. Class Valedictorian **Liz Proctor Gray** sends the following report and, I must say, a wonderful picture of the bride! Congrats!

Liz Proctor Gray: Hi Fellow '79's! I want to file a report on the wedding of **Julia Hunter** and Tim Bodin on July 15, 2006. Living proof that life begins at (almost) 50 (an

encouragement to us all), Julie is embarking on a new [*i.e.*, first] marriage, a new home, a new region of the country (from Maine to the Seattle area), and perhaps even a new career (leaving the Maine State Museum for - ?).

The wedding in West Rockport, Maine was in classic small-town New England style at the Baptist Church followed by a

BEYOND THE GREEN (by President Laurie Laidlaw Roulston, LaurieLRoulston@Eaton.com)

It's here. The much talked about, much anticipated, event. Today I turned fifty. So much is in the anticipation and, in fact, no other milestone birthday has produced such mixed feelings for me. Other milestone birthdays were simply about getting older. Entering another and different decade. To move into another decade is actually a very good thing, and in the past I always embraced the change. I was healthy and busy and going to grad school and having children (my 20's) or raising kids and working (my 30's and 40's). Fifty seems different because some fundamental changes have taken place. I am no longer preoccupied with the daily business of raising children (they are in college). I am lucky to still be healthy and active. The decade of my 50's lays before me like open water — an opportunity and a challenge as to how to begin to live the last of what I figure is, more or less, one-third of my life. What is my life going to be like as I start "down the mountain?"

And while there may be many unknowns ahead, each of us bring to this milestone the person that we each have become, shaped by our own experiences. Have you noticed that when you run into an old friend from college that, after the formalities of where you have been and what you have been doing are out of the way, you seem to be able to pick up right where you left off? It happened to me recently. And I think the reason that it does happen is that the friends we had at Dartmouth (the Dartmouth plan notwithstanding) we knew **well**. We all lived together in a pretty small and isolated community, and we got to know each other, the community and the College very well. This experience is a part of who we are, and will always form a commonality that we share.

Over the period of one year or so, all us will hit the milestone represented by our fiftieth birthday. And while we are all in very different places in our lives in terms of family, work and our daily experiences, there are certain things that we will always share. One is our Dartmouth experience, and the other is that we will grow old, together.

reception with homemade goodies in the church fellowship room. Dartmouth Alums in attendance to celebrate Julie's marriage to her dream man included Debra Diegoli '78, my husband Wayne Gray '77 and me. Seeing this long-distance romance blossom into marriage gave us oldydweds a renewed appreciation for what we've got. Best of luck, Julie and Tim!

John **Bosco**
(bbmbosco@gmail.com):

Who are all the old people in the photographs in the Newsletter? What happened to the young kids with whom I attended Dartmouth? Please desist from publishing photographs of elderly imposters claiming they are classmates!

P.S. I avoid mirrors and do not enclose my own photo.

Gary **Simonds**
(thesimonds@adelphia.net):

Delighted to host a visit to our house on Smith Mountain Lake in Virginia from **Jeff Price** and **Roger Sullivan**. Still waiting for visits from the likes of **Tim**



Wayne Gray '77, Liz Procter-Gray, Julia Hunter and groom Tim Bodin, and Debra Diegoli '78 celebrate Julia's wedding in West Rockport, Maine.

Sykes, Peter Robinson, Steve Manacek and of course **Loring Andersen**. Had a great time with Jeff and Roger waterskiing, boating, roof jumping (*hey, is this age-appropriate anymore?*) and drinking Jamesons (*that's more like it!*). I get to visit Hanover more frequently these days now that son Colin ('09) is an undergrad.

Carol Gieg: Bit of a difficult past several months. I was bicycling in the East Bay of the Bay Area, in the last leg of a four-hour, beautiful ride – barely an auto the whole time! On the last leg, I was hit and suffered serious injury. Fortunately, another motorist spied me within the hour and had cell phone reception – very rare in this area. She called an ambulance and – same day – I had neurosurgery. Several weeks later, I returned home.

Miraculously, I should have a full recovery, which is such a blessing. Friends and family's good thoughts, prayers and attention, and I am on the mend. I fully believe in the power of good thoughts and prayer and believe there must be a purpose for my still being here. As my amazing husband, Luis, says, "OK, now it's our turn to give back!" Life is a gift as are good friends and family! Love, Carol (*Carol: So sorry to hear of your accident, but your many, many friends in the Class of '79 join in the good thoughts and prayers for your complete and speedy recovery! '79's: send Carol a note of support at giegcarol@msn.com.*)

Julie Sudikoff Weisman
(julie.sudikoff.weisman.79@alum.dartmouth.org): In December, during the Dartmouth winter break, Laura (Salzman) Weeks and her daughter Sara, '10 and my daughter Leah, '10 and I went to Florence, Italy. I include a photo of us all in Fiesole, a town outside of Florence. Very, very cool.



Julie Sudikoff Weisman and Laurz Salzman Weeks with daughters Sara '10 and Leah '10

CLASS AGENT REPORT (by Peggy Epstein Tanner; pegster5@optonline.net):

The big news from the fund raising world is that our class adopted Vicky Riley to join the '79 family. Vicky has worked tirelessly for the Class of '79 for the past 3 years and with her Southern California sunny disposition and her incredible enthusiasm (I swear Vicky must have been a cheerleader somewhere in her past), she has motivated us and personally reached out to many classmates. Vicky is thrilled to be a '79 and has already sent in her 2007 College Fund gift!! ☺ It would be wonderful if as many classmates as possible would take a minute and send Vicky a welcome email. Her address is Victoria.R.Waggaman@Dartmouth.EDU.

Now, on to business. Please sing yourself the following song. The tune I hope will be obvious, but if you are struggling, think Simon and Garfunkel.

Hello classmate, my old friend
We ask for money once again
The goals we have are migh-ty high
Other classes want to pass us by
With our honor and reputation on the line,
Seventy-Nine,
We can do it, when you give!

In restless dreams, we think of you
Seven out of ten must come through
Your gift supports all the students Green
As they work hard toward their dreams
With your gift, dear old Dartmouth will endure
You'll ensure
We can do it, when you give.

So when a classmate gives a call
Please give your dollars even if they're small
Remember friends that you knew so well
Remember when you heard those Baker bells
And remember that the granite in your brain
Still remains.
Seventy Nines, please give.

Thank you. Happy New Year and here's to 70% participation and \$700,000.

CLASS PROJECTS (by Vice-President Bill Mitchell, WHMitchell@viewpoint.com):

Our two Class Projects, the Tucker associated Dartmouth Partners in Community Service and the Athletic Sponsor Program benefited mightily from support of the Class of 1979 this past year. The DPCS program sent 55 students out on missions to help various community service organizations throughout the US. Our Class check-off dues program contributed \$6,500 to the effort, essentially underwriting 3 students. There are now five classes, in addition to ourselves and the '59's (who I should note won Class of the Year this year), which actively contribute to the program.

This fall **Laura Powers Swiggett** is mentoring a student in Long Island who is working at a center for the educationally challenged. It is great that whenever a student needs a mentor I always know I can pick up the phone and find someone in our great Class that can help. We are approaching 20 DPCS mentors over the 11 years we have been associated with this program. Please don't hesitate to shoot me a call or email if you have an organization that could use an intern or you would like to be a mentor.

Last year we also launched an initiative to help the Dartmouth Athletic Sponsors program expand its funding so it could recruit a more national and diverse pool of students. This expanded effort was suggested by **Eugene F. Teevens** himself and President Wright thought it was a great idea. The Class officers agreed to match the first \$1,000 of "new money" into the Sponsors program. I am very pleased to report that the participatory Class of 1979 once again showed its colors in this effort and, not only did we raise more than \$1,000 new dollars (leading the Class to kick in an extra \$1,000), but we now have more Sponsors THAN ANY OTHER CLASS!! I encourage you to consider joining the nearly 3 dozen of us who contribute to this program with a modest contribution to help support Dartmouth athletics. Dartmouth continues to have way more varsity sports per student than any other Ivy League school, and our students continue to actively participate in athletics in the Club and Intramural programs. More athletic facilities have been built/replaced in the last six years than the previous 20. Please consider a contribution — but only after you have paid your '79 dues and made a DCF contribution!)

Michael Wilkinson (mwilkinson@leadstrat.com): I'm having a great time in Atlanta with wife, Sherry, and our two daughters (Danielle 11, Gabrielle 8). Running a consulting firm: Leadership Strategies - The Facilitation Company. We facilitate strategy retreats and train in facilitation skills. I got the author bug a couple of years ago. Have written two books, *The Secrets of Facilitation* and *The Secrets to Masterful Meetings*, and am working on three others. Still heavily into the spiritual. Running a weekly "Practicing Forgiveness" group based on the book, *The Disappearance of the Universe*. Accordingly, I have forgiven myself for missing the 25th (scheduling conflict), but am so looking forward to the 30th!

[Ed. Our readers last heard from **Bill Holmes** in the January 2006 edition during his 12-month stint in Indonesia following the tsunami. Since then, he traveled around the globe, including a 4-week stint as the ship's doctor on a ship sailing to Antarctica and South America, a couple of weeks back in the U.S., and then several months working at a hospital in Cambodia. Per the note below, he has now returned for another stint in Afghanistan, this time in the south, working through an Italian relief agency.]



Mike Wilkinson with his wife Sherry and daughters Danielle and Gabrielle

Bill Holmes (brandtwilliam@hotmail.com): A big happy holidays and Happy New Year from the remote mountains of Afghanistan. There has been so much snow here this year the internet is out most of the time, but there seems to be a window open just in time to catch the New Year's celebration.

Things are good here with my Italian friends, and the work is constant as always. There seems to be a bit less trauma (partly because the cold weather keeps the troublemakers inside a bit!), and the hospital now has developed a big maternity service. Unfortunately, there isn't an obstetrician here now, so I am doing one or two caesarian sections a day, and all sorts of other associated procedures because so many of the deliveries are complicated. There's always something, I guess.

Hope you are all happy and well. Have some new year's cheer for me (not much wine getting smuggled in here with the medical supplies these days), and take good care.

Dave Daniels (ded@danielsporco.com): I am sitting in a hotel room in England right this moment [New Year's Day], at the tail end of the longest vacation that I have taken since law school. We took a family trip to Thailand and I am now with my daughter Meghan helping her settle into

her winter study abroad program. [Ed. Meghan is a junior at Stanford.]

We spent about two weeks in Thailand with our kids. The highlight was going to my oldest son Matt's classroom. Matt graduated from college last year and is now teaching English to students at Khon Koen University in Northern Thailand. My wife, Susan, our four daughters and I were sort of interactive participants in his efforts. The Rassias method came to mind while I was sitting there, but I didn't want to be a meddling, advice-giving father so I didn't mention it. [Hey, Dickie, c'mon! What's fatherhood for?] Then we all headed to London to set Meghan up for her study abroad. Quite a trip!

Jim Feuille (jim_feuille@yahoo.com): My second son, Connor, a junior in high school, spent the fall semester on a School Year Abroad Program in Beijing, China. His living conditions were quite different than mine on my Dartmouth

IMMORTALITY (by *Phil Oden*, phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org)

Sure, a portrait of Governor Hoeven will likely to hang in the State House in Bismarck in perpetuity. And Gina Barraca's books will carry her wit and wisdom long after her years. But how many of our names will live on forever in popular song? Perhaps only **Guy Van Wie**.

After one too many injuries on the men's team, Dave started up the Dartmouth Women's Rugby Club in 1978, and soon thereafter our own **Jennifer Hughes** started the team singing, "I'm gonna tell you all a story 'bout a guy names Guy (gee)," to the tune of the *Beverly Hillbillies* theme. The team still croons that tune today, before every game and at every meeting, and they show no sign of stopping. "Guy? You're Guy, like as in the Guy?" they squeal whenever he graces their sideline with his presence.

Some men might have rested on those musical laurels, but Guy would settle for nothing less than a physical monument, not just to himself but to the Originals — the first generation of gal ruggers. A more conventional sort might have donated a locker room or a scoreboard, but a more conventional sort wouldn't have thought to start the DWRC. This past fall, Guy made a gift to the team that will enshrine the memory of those early years forever.

The plaque reads:

*Nothing Stops Women Ruggers
Period.
Given in Honor of the DWRC Originals*

By Dave "Guy" Van Wie '79



LSA program in Blois. I lived in a 4 bedroom, 3 bath house—probably 2500 square feet—had my own bedroom and shared a bathroom with the family's two sons. Pretty nice life. Connor lived with a Chinese family of three (two parents, one child—the one child policy in action!) in a 375 square foot apartment. Pretty tight quarters! As Connor said, the apartment was smaller than our garage. He shared a 100 square foot bedroom with the son. The parents had an 80 square foot bedroom. The family room—combined living room, dining room and computer and TV room—was about 120 square feet. The bathroom consisted of a single 4x4 room with a toilet (fortunately, a sit down type), a shower (just close the lid of the toilet and use the shower) and a drain in the floor. There was no hot water. The water shut off valve was a single lever that looked like a gas line shut off lever. There was no shower head—just a pipe that pointed straight down. The bathroom sink was in the passageway between the family room and the parents' room. The kitchen was about 5'x8'. The apartment was on the 4th floor of a six-story concrete walk up building—no elevators, concrete stairwells, poor lighting—that looked like something right out of the bleakest neighborhoods in the Bronx. All this for a solidly middle class family—the parents were both managers in a large petroleum company. The family had a nice computer, 30" TV set, pretty nice furniture and always dressed very nicely, but no car and not much in the way of living space.

Despite the conditions, which were quite a shock to him compared to our life in San Francisco, Connor loved the program. He went there having had no Mandarin classes ever, and came back speaking, reading and writing

unbelievably well. One of Connor's best buddies on the program was the son of Jeff Stone '77, an Alpha Delta brother of mine, who I had not seen since Dartmouth days. If any of you have kids in high school interested in foreign study in China, check out this program at www.sya.org.

Like **Dave Daniels** took advantage of his son's being in Thailand to take a family vacation there, we did the same, spending twelve days over the Christmas and New Year's holidays visiting Beijing, Xian, Shanghai, Wuzhen and Hangzhou. We spent Christmas Day on the Great Wall. We rang in the New Year—literally—by ringing an enormous bell in the bell tower of a Buddhist temple in Hangzhou. Our New Year's evening was highlighted when we were interviewed on Chinese television after ringing the bell as we were the only Westerners in the temple grounds for the ceremony. All in all, a great trip!

Yeah, yeah, we know the editors aren't supposed to fill the Newsletter with stuff about themselves or their families. Every once in a while we let ourselves sneak something in there though. So, sue us....or, better yet, fire us! This is a lot of work! ☺ Actually, we spared you the family photo at the Great Wall on Christmas Day, but only because Jim's youngest daughter was wearing a little Brown fleece hat with disgusting little bear ears sticking up and even more ridiculous Brown bear paw mittens. She's being corrupted by her brother, a sophomore at Brown, who had the gall to choose Brown over Dartmouth! Who would want to go to a school where one wears bear ear hats and bear paw mittens? Is that another family update snuck in there?

NEWS FROM OUR INTERNATIONAL CLASSMATES

BY MARK WINKLER

*As you know, we have about the best darn Class Secretary in the business—**Mark Winkler**. I love the fact that Mark has become an integral part of our class since I think he was our first classmate I met. Mark and I both attended Connecticut Boy's State in June 1974, and met at a "talent" committee meeting. Turns out we were both singers and guitar players, and he and I—and **Rich Shoup** (who matriculated with the 79s, but graduated with the 81s) who also was there—all hit it off. Later that week, Mark was elected Governor of our Boy's State! I then met him again at Dartmouth and we immediately began singing and playing together. And we rekindled that interest by performing together at the class tent at the 25th reunion.*

Now Mark has reached new heights as Class Secretary, with his incredibly inventive thematic columns: LSA, Freshman Trips, Classmates named Dave, and recently our International Classmates. Mark's entreaty for notes from our Classmates living overseas produced such a largess of responses, he couldn't fit them in the December 2006 Alumni Magazine Column. Nonetheless, he kindly and skillfully packaged the responses for our Newsletter! Thanks Mark!

*So here, courtesy of Mark, are two notes from classmates **Jonas Gudmundsson** and **Katrin Dobbs von Gierke**, and a longer piece including responses from **Allan Cunningham**, **Scott Foster**, **Harry Griffith**, **Bjorn Gudmundsson** (Bjorn and Jonas (Gudmundsson) are both from Iceland! Who'd a-thunk?) and **Katy Van Dusen**.*

Jonas Gudmundsson. After spending some time in the U.S. doing graduate work, I returned to my home country, Iceland, in 1984. I worked for a few years in journalism and the insurance business before returning to academia. I spent ten years teaching and administering at a small business college, Bifrost (*seems appropriate!*) Business School, including serving a four-year-term as President of the college. Did I make use of policies and practice learned at my Alma Mater? Absolutely. Every week.

Having completed my term at the college, I was fortunate to receive a Fulbright Visiting Scholar grant, and subsequently spent two years in Washington D.C., working on my research on the non-profit sectors in the U.S. and Iceland. Returning to Iceland, I have been working on several third sector projects. My main role has, however, been as CFO of the Primary Health Care of the Capital Area, a state owned company providing health care to the citizens of the

Reykjavik area.

Along with my main job, I continue a little teaching, now at the University of Iceland. Teaching is definitely the most satisfying job I have done, the one I always come back to, one I might do more of in the future.

My story would only be partly told if I did not mention my wife, Anh-Dao Tran, class of 1981, who has had a career of her own here in Iceland. With a master's degree from Teachers College at Columbia University, she has worked in the Icelandic education system, but in recent years she has been doing enormously important work on immigration, which has become a very pressing social issue in Iceland. She has been a leader among immigrant women and she has pioneered programs for the government, especially regarding integration of immigrant youth. In June of this year she received the Medal of Honour from the President of Iceland for her work.

We have one daughter, 15 years old. Thanks for asking about my experiences, and best regards to all the classmates.

Katrin Dobbs '79 von Gierke. I just found your letter on the bottom of my "To-do" pile. I think your idea of checking up on classmates abroad is very exciting! I am sure this is way too late for you to use (*never too late for the Newsletter!*), but I will try to answer your questions anyway:

I have been living in Hamburg, Germany since graduating from law school in 1982, and married my husband Klaus in 1983. I qualified as a German tax consultant and worked for Arthur Andersen for more than ten years until our second son was born and it became a bit too much. I am now a "stay-at-home" mom, doing odd jobs for various charitable organisations when I am not chauffeuring hockey teams or taking kids to music lessons. School in Germany is over at lunchtime, and even high school kids come home before lunch several times a week.

And the Entire Winkler Column re our Classmates Living Abroad:

Five percent of our classmates live or work overseas.

Responding to my query for foreign news, the following five generously responded: **Allan Cunningham** (Switzerland), **Scott Foster** (Paris), **Harry Griffith** (Moscow), **Bjorn Gudmundsson** (Iceland) and **Katy Van Dusen** (Costa Rica).

Q: Do you have any family or work news?

Cunningham: In 1984, I came overseas for a postdoctoral appointment in chemistry at the University of Geneva, Switzerland. In 1988, I made the decision to stay. After 10 years in the French-speaking canton of Fribourg, we now live in Rheinfelden in the German speaking part of Switzerland, a stones throw away from Germany and 15-minute drive from France. We are my wife, Jacqueline, and my two daughters Janine, 16, and Leslie, 13.

I met my husband and moved to Germany because of my junior year abroad in Hamburg. He is best buddies with Maximilian Teichler, who spent 1977-78 at Dartmouth in my stead, and we met a few years after graduation.

Having lived in Germany for most of my adult life, I find it hard to decide where I feel most at home. I am sure that you will find various expressions in this letter oddly germanised, I speak more German than English, and realize that my German is very good but will never be perfect, but my English isn't exactly getting better. Emotionally, I will always be an American at heart, and many habits and customs in America seem more natural to me. On the other hand, life here has numerous advantages and we have very close friends here. I would love to find an excuse to spend more time in America, but right now I only come over for the odd vacation.

My biggest challenge over the last years has been with our kids, two of whom have ADD. That seems to be commonly acknowledged and treated in the US, but here in Germany, it has been a battle to keep them in mainstream schools. Happily, they are both doing pretty well right now, but we have certainly weathered rough storms over the years.

Winter 1977 I spent in Mexico on a foreign study program. That was surely one of the most fantastic trips of my life. Paula Sharp and I had a deal: if I came to Mexico that term, she would join me in Germany during our junior year. Not only did I learn a lot about Mexican history and literature and feel myself fluent in Spanish, but even more importantly, I came to appreciate vast cultural differences and intellectual approaches.

Since then, I have encountered many foreigners from different backgrounds, and I hope I have learned to be more flexible and understanding of different mindsets. I have sadly lost touch with several of my closest Dartmouth friends who were on the FSP, and would love to hear from them again!

Foster: I moved from San Francisco to Paris in 1988 to take a post with the International Energy Agency—an adventure I thought would last two years and 18 years later, I am still here! I am married to Elodie with four children (Adam, 11; Olivia, 8; Zachary, 5; and Hugh, 18 months). Activities currently turn very much around school and the kids' extracurriculars. I suspect "activity" is too complex a word for what is really a question of logistics involving chauffeuring.

Gudmundsson: I recently visited my daughter who lives in West Lebanon and pursues her PhD in biochemistry at Dartmouth Medical School. My wife and son were with me. During our stay, we climbed Mts. Lafayette and Lincoln and hiked along the Franconia Ridge. The weather was nice and the fall colors magnificent.

Van Dusen: Frank, my husband, is director of the University of California Education Abroad Program in

Tropical Biology. This year he is also teaching biology to our sons' high school biology class. I call him the magnet. He attracts everyone with the twinkle in his eye and makes us all smile in spite of ourselves, inspiring us all to better the world in whatever way we can. Our daughter Helen, 17, is off next week to visit colleges. Small liberal arts schools are non-existent in Latin America, so she is looking in the States and is drawn to California with its the sun, ocean and

Hispanic culture. Our twin sons Richard and Francis (15 yrs) will join their dad tomorrow on the Pacific coast and will serve as general assistants to the students, mostly helping with diving, snorkeling and fish identification.

Q: What has been your experience with language?

Griffith: It is funny how I have evolved from reasonable

YOUR MAN ON THE SCENE (WELL, KIND OF ...) (By VP Bill Mitchell, whmitchell@audible.com):

I visit Hanover fairly regularly. In 1999, we moved into a house bought by my grandfather in 1934 so he could live near his boss, President Hopkins. My mother, godmother, my oldest son and daughter, and I all called it our first home. It is a family home of four generations, continually challenged as the norm throughout the country, and Hanover to be sure.

So while I work elsewhere, I spend 180+ days (honest) out of NY/NJ, most of which are in NH, and virtually all of which involve some portion of the day in Hanover. And hopefully it's 6pm with the bells tolling Men/We of Dartmouth, when I do my best to live vicariously for anyone who cares...and my body feels pretty full—so thanks. I sense another class project...

As your man on the scene, I have a few chances to run into classmates....mind you I am not here like **John Currier** who works in Thayer, **Bruce MacDowell** who works in Thompson (sic), **Drs. Carr, Avrillo, Crane-Barthold, Gautier**...but I sneak in like a tourist and slip in and out on foot...I had two favorite scenes this fall. Homecoming was great with the **Henleys, Juan, Philip, Coach Buddy, Powers/Swiggets, Marder/Calder** and our new adopted classmate **Vicki Maglinger** meeting us mid parade. Later Friday night, Phil and I were escorted by a fellow HHS double legacy Parent of D, **Penny Breed**, who together with **Thayer Wendell** built the effigy that Boylan and I carried up to the top of the bonfire to hang...and she didn't get us to sign releases at the time....anyway Penny was a great DD and an even better dancer. [Ed.: I think this means something Bill, but I'm not sure what!?] At the game the next day I got to sit with Laura and Brian (we were all praying you'd do something stupid within 3 days of meeting Laura, Bri...what's it been 11,000 days?) Anyway Juan and I had a great time watching the game with their two boys (Townie is a '10, a taller Brian, playing lax and seen in togas on campus). Later we saw **Dr. Rich Pircon** and **Jack Manning**, both guys I at least chased during Freshman Football wind sprints for the Defensive Backfield directed by **Drew Tallman** and including the studs **Dave Stone** and **Curtis Rooks** as well as the good looking guys **Ken Beer, John Saer, Dave Philhower, and Mike Stock**. Both Rich and Jack's boys are playing on the football team. Fun to get together after the game with Coach Buddy and everyone else.

December's Alumni Council meeting was professional. Members from the Class of 1979 include **Burr Gray, Victorio Hoskins** (absent), **Dave Dowd** and **Cherie Holmes**...not there as 79's because we don't have a rep, but that's why I thought the new constitution was a good idea...anyway...

Friday night who shows up but **Otho Kerr**. Why? Because Dartmouth has decided that Otho should receive the *first* Dartmouth Alumni Award for a Class of 1979 Alum (Note: **Libby Roberts** and **Peggy Epstein Tanner** won Young Alumni Awards prior to our 10th reunion, and our class members have been ineligible for Alumni Awards between our 10th and 25th.)

Otho, although he would never tell you, has consistently said "sure" anytime the class or Dartmouth has asked for help. Most impressive from my view is that Otho (who still laughs when Boylan and I mispronounce his name but tells us never to change) was named President of the Dartmouth Alumni Council like 10 years ago. Hard to top that impressive role, but Otho succeeded. He realized our class's love of everything Dartmouth was being lost on the most recent classes. He saw six years ago that if we didn't take steps to dramatically change the way students connected and understood alumni contributions to their experience, the Class of 1979 would never be challenged for the most participatory Class of all time. And a Challenge we want. So Otho helped. Over the last three years, while Otho has been running the College Participation program we have increased participation from 45% to 55% participation. Nice work, huh?

Interestingly, but not surprisingly, Otho had a different acceptance speech. He thanked all the folks who had supported him, including in spirit many of you who help push the ball forward for the Class and the College. Otho would be the first to say "Thanks" for all the work each of you have done to support the College and our Classes efforts. It was a wonderful night for Dartmouth and a well deserved honor for Otho. I also understand that a second member of our class, **Peggy Epstein Tanner**, will be the second '79 so enshrined (and I believe the first to win both the Young Alumni and Plain Old Alumni Award) in May.

German language in a family setting (LSA Mainz) to reasonable Russian language in a business setting (TNK-BP Moscow) over the last 30 years. I never thought myself one for the languages but now I can speak four reasonably coherently. Alas, my poor children are still confused about language, along with other things US residents take for granted like cable TV, after-school sports and an ethical police force...

Van Dusen: Like many of my Dartmouth women friends, I have spent most of the last 15 years leading the board of my children's school. During that time, the Monteverde Friends School (a bilingual, multi-cultural school) grew from 33 to 94 students. I concluded my service as clerk of the school committee (the Quaker equivalent to chair of the board) last spring, but am still fundraising and consulting.

Cunningham: When I joined Ciba in 1988, all meetings were in German (this, in the French speaking canton no less) and I had to struggle to identify a few words per meeting that I could look up in a dictionary then spent long hours translating meeting minutes. Today, most meetings are international and held in English. Nonetheless, one of the attractive aspects of my job is that on most days, I speak three different languages with my coworkers (four if we count the Swiss dialect). The task of the group I lead is to develop new chemicals for the paper industry, more specifically colorants and whiteners for writing paper and packaging.

Q: What is a typical day like? What do I do for work?

Van Dusen: As I write, white-faced monkeys are passing by my window. Out the opposite window, the clouds are building up over the Gulf of Nicoya, 40 kilometers away. Before midday, those clouds will envelop this mountaintop and give us a good rain. Two days ago, Helen and I made an 8 hour round trip to the nearest good hospital for an abscess on her leg that the local clinic failed to cure. Any trip out includes a ride down a road described on tourist t-shirts with the words "I survived the road to Monteverde."

Foster: I am a consultant in the energy business—helping folks evaluate why coal, gas, power and oil markets are behaving the way they are, what might happen next, and what they can do in anticipation of possible shifts. That means staying on top of day-to-day developments in the market while keeping an eye on the horizon for signs of change (technology, politics, economics, etc.). The group I am with now has a global presence and is active in tracking and evaluating developments around the girdled earth.

Gudmundsson: I teach chemistry at a high school in Reykjavik. I get up at 7 a.m., have breakfast and read the morning paper. I bike to work, about 13 minutes, mostly along the salmon river that runs through Reykjavik. A very pleasant bike ride and good for me and the environment. I start teaching at 8:15 and normally teach three classes until 12:45. Then I bike home again, correct lab reports and homework problems and prepare my teaching for the following day. Sometimes in the afternoon, I go for a walk or a bike ride in the neighborhood which is always an exhilarating experience since I live at the edge of a natural

protection area. Unspoiled nature with its peace and beauty is right at my doorstep. I am quite interested in the differences between the European and the American way of thinking. There is so much worth discussing.

Cunningham: I work in Basel, Switzerland for Ciba Specialty Chemicals. One of the reasons I lobbied for a return to Switzerland in 2002 is the fact that I can get to work by bicycle and train in the matter of 30 minutes. In the summer, I can bike all the way to work in 45 minutes, mostly on bike paths. The dark side is that I do not get to listen to NPR anymore. The Swiss workplace has greatly evolved over the last 18 years, from a Swiss-army-officer-style "no questions asked" dictatorship to something more similar to the American consensus-based decision making process. Mostly responsible for this evolution is the influx of more foreign employees and the globalization of the markets we serve.

Van Dusen: Like many of my 40-something women friends, my knees gave out. I can no longer run. However, I am a yogaholic and teach yoga classes each week.

Foster: A typical day starts with a mad rush to get kids out of bed and into clothes, food out of fridge and into the kids, and everyone out of house and over to school and/or work. The workday consists of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as meeting clients, organizing ourselves internally, and drinking way too much coffee. The end of the day is pretty much mirror image of the morning—helping with homework, baths, dinner, bedtime stories and then a few intimate moments with my bills. It is a familiar cycle for most of you. It is not the passionate Parisian manning of burning street barricades or the romantic ride on a '50s vintage bicycle, beret and all, to collect the morning baguette. The other kind of typical day is long chatty days with mad rushes for airplanes and red-eyed reviews of emails in darkened hotels. The latter I often find in Southeast Asia, Latin America, and southern Africa as well as, of course, the US and Europe.

Q: What has been your greatest recent challenge?

Foster: In 2004, I was dismissed from my job. Too bad, I suppose—get on with life, as everyone must. Nevertheless, "grotesque" is the only word I can use to describe what was done to my family and me. I had been recruited away from a highly respected position with one of the world's leading energy strategy consulting firms only a few months earlier. The new job was to build on my international career but bring me back to the US after so many years away. Because we were expecting our fourth child, the company rolled out the red carpet and moved us across the Atlantic lock, stock, and barrel on the Queen Mary 2!

The very day we debarked from the QM2 I got an urgent call from the COO's office to come in for a private meeting with him. During the course of a 10-minute meeting, the COO was jovial, talking about the heavy traffic. Then he stated that they had changed their minds about having my position at corporate, that they had looked around the company in vain to see if there was another spot for me,

and that he thought my previous employer would be glad to have me back. I responded vehemently that I did not agree with such a decision since the new activity was just getting off the ground. Even more importantly, if they were going to make this kind of a decision, why had they not made it two weeks earlier before I had moved heaven and earth to bring my family to America? He replied that, yes, they belonged in the penalty box for that.

So we packed up, moved the gang back to Paris—unwinding leases on both sides of the Atlantic, reversing all the hospital, school, and pet arrangements, and the list goes on for pages. I then started up two companies, one a boutique consulting firm helping companies with the use of scenario planning methods, the other a joint venture with a Norwegian company that subsequently bought out the joint venture a year later. When it was bought out, my team and I switched over to the current group, where I have been since early May. So the dust is only now settling, and it has been a tough two years.

Funnily enough, I went to a strategic retreat with the new group this spring in a fancy hotel outside of a large European capital. As it turned out, the previously mentioned Corporation was having a big meeting in the same hotel at the same time. One of their HR people walking down the hall caught sight of me. The look of sheer terror on her face told the whole story – she thought I was going postal! They are truly pathetic. It turns out that they did the same thing to a number of folks around the same time—mine was the most egregious because of my location and family situation—and the COO finally got canned himself. Financially we ended up fine, but I would have preferred avoiding the trauma for the family.

Q: What seeds were planted at Dartmouth that brought you to where you are now?

Van Dusen: As a senior at Dartmouth, I received a post card from a friend on the Dartmouth biology program in Central America said, "I have found Nirvana—a little Quaker community called Monteverde on the continental

divide in Costa Rica, a country without an army." I came here after graduation thinking I would be here for a year at most and here I am almost 27 years later. Then it was a little town. Now it is a major eco-tourist destination. My first year here, only about 300 meters from where I sit, I met Frank Joyce, a U. Penn biology graduate on his way to Brazil. Today is our 21st wedding anniversary.

Gudmundsson: My Dartmouth years mean a lot to me. How else could it be? A young man from Iceland eagerly seeking education in a foreign country provided fertile ground for the seeds Dartmouth had to offer. Living and studying in a foreign country is a challenge that is bound to leave its marks on a person—a treasure that cannot be taken away. It has helped me understand my identity and my place on this planet. It has helped me to assess the benefits and the faults in my home country. I never intended to settle in the US so I moved back to Iceland after graduation and found a job here.

Foster: Strangely enough, it was my Classics major. I had always thought that Classics was just a passing fancy, and that my far meatier studies in math and biology were more likely career foundations. After graduating and looking for a job, I finally landed one as a technical editor with an energy-consulting firm in DC. After a few years, I found myself as a lead engineer writing new source performance standards for the EPA. The problem with that set-up was that the person seated to my left, doing the same job but with an engineering degree, had an extra "0" on the pay slip....and that was in front of the decimal point! Therefore, off I went to sunny California in search of an engineering degree.

Q: What were you doing thirty years ago?

Gudmundsson: During the winter term 1977, I took only two courses: chemistry 58 and physics 13, but they provided me with sufficient work. I was very busy since I had no organic chemistry before coming to Dartmouth.

Foster: Thank you for reminding me of the passage of

79 HOMECOMING 06 REPORT (by Phil Odenice, phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org)

Trolling for kids...

The hole: Webster Ave on a Friday or Sat night.

The bait: Your '79 vest or sweatshirt or whatever and wander around. (And it helps if you bring your chum **Bill Mitchell** along so people will notice you.)

The catch: It was a real kick, I probably had 6 different students approach me with stuff like "I'm Emma Clement, Waldo's daughter." Or "Do you know my uncle **Doug Canning**?" Mitchell and I hooked up with **Penny Breed** at Bones Gate (it's up to her to explain what she was doing there) and her poor daughter Sarah was subjected to unwelcome chaperoning as we kept crossing paths through the evening.

Hours earlier, we had a great showing in the Alumni parade with **Dave Schweitzer**, **Liz Procter-Gray**, **Ken Jansen**, **George Stone** and **Prof John Currier**. **Coach Buddy** was also in attendance. And we met up with the newest '79, **Vicky Riley**, who'd gleefully accepted the Class invitation for honorary membership that morning. The bonfire, while nothing compared to the 1975 version, was respectable.

I shuffled between the tailgate with Billy, **Cindy Marder Calder**, **Disco Briscoe** and **Julie Sudikoff Weisman** and the rugby fields where I bumped into **Meg Clayton** and **Karen Thompson Dale**. Lamely, I missed the halftime tailgate, but **T. Weymouth** and **Joe Henley** kept the torch burning. Stay tuned for the 79 Intergalactic (we don't look) 50th Birthday Party in March.

time! Let's see. Working hard and playing hard. I was preparing for foreign study abroad, which meant learning Modern Greek through the Rassias method because I was heading overseas with Jeremy Rutter and seven other budding archaeologists in the spring. There were also the regular frustrating trips to the computer center to de-bug programs. Nevertheless, the Dartmouth ski way loomed large on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and we had a bevy of enthusiastic freshmen/freshwomen in Cohen Cox dorm who animated an aggressive intramural sports campaign. Those cold winter nights—a layer of ice forming on the inside of the windows, leaving me dehydrated by dawn. And those overtime hockey games against Brown were enough to drive a sane person quite mad.

Q: What do you like most about living/working internationally? What do you like least?

Cunningham: Although working in Switzerland is now quite similar to working in the US, my opinion is that the quality of life here is much higher. Everything is centralized in Switzerland. My daughters either walk to school or take the train. We rarely have to drive them anywhere—either their friends or their activities are within walking distance. The towns are compact, surrounded by farmland or forest and easily navigable with the public transport. We only use the car when we have to do major grocery shopping or, today, for example, when we went hiking in the Alps.

Griffith: The best thing about living abroad is when you get to go home and luxuriate in the hassle-free tranquility of rural America. As oft said, you do not know how good you got it until you do not have it. Recent challenges in Russia include finding chocolate chips, getting documents notarized and finding ways to streamline the visa process.

Foster: Paris and San Francisco are in my view two of the great cities of the world. Living internationally is certainly a great way to get a sense of perspective and to appreciate that you can view the world and yourself from many angles. The lifestyle is complex, and the scene is intellectually stimulating. What I have not fully sorted out yet is a sense of disconnect from the US following 9/11—the sense of being a foreigner everywhere you go is peculiar, and discussions with other expatriates in France and in other countries indicate that I am not alone in that regard.

Van Dusen: Unfortunately, crack, cocaine and crime have arrived here in Costa Rica with tourism—and that has taken my time. We just adopted a big dog, Max, to help deter addicts looking to take something to sell for their next hit. We also look for ways to confront these people with compassion.

Cunningham: Another big plus of living in Switzerland: we are a lot closer to nature. I can walk out my door and follow the footpaths to Italy or get on my cycle and ride on scenic roads with very little traffic. Then there is affordable skiing, swimming in the many lakes and the Rhine, and no mosquitoes on nice summer evenings. Add to that the fresh meat, vegetables and fruits from the nearby farmers and the picture is complete. Of course, Switzerland is not perfect. Seventy percent of the Swiss live in apartments

and apartment life can be a drag. After living in the US for four years in a roomy house for the first time since I left home for Dartmouth in 1975, we were set on building a house when we returned. After 4 years of alternatively waiting and negotiating, we will finally break ground in November. Suffice it to say, it is better to be the first to build in a new neighborhood than to fall in love with the last remaining plot in an established one. By this time next year, we will have more space and freedom and the only remaining blemishes on Switzerland's score sheet will be the crappy weather and the distance from my family and friends in the US.

Van Dusen: One of the hardest parts of living abroad is missing reunions, 50th birthday celebrations, and being close to old friends. I would love to hear from others.

Q: Other Comments?

Gudmundsson: I am grateful that I got the opportunity to study at Dartmouth. After my graduation, I did not come back to Hanover for 24 years but when I finally returned in 2003, it was like coming home and an indescribable feeling. I felt strongly the importance of this place in my life. The US has its place in my heart and I care for it and its nation. Your isolation worries me however. Some of the aspects of “the American way of life” make me feel sorry for you. The average American does not have the same rights that are considered crucial in Western Europe and were fought for very hard. My grandfather...and many others lead the way towards the welfare society that we enjoy in Iceland today. It is not perfect, but much better than 100 years ago. Capitalism seems too strong in the US. Competition is too keen and often ruthless. Look around; find out what you are doing well and what others are doing better. On the other hand, we have this problem here in Iceland and in Scandinavia that some people are misusing the welfare system. Anyway, the quality of life for all citizens in our countries must be our concern. The right way does not exist anywhere but I am sure we can do better. If only we open our eyes and see what other people are doing. We have a saying here in Iceland: “Sharp is the eye of the guest.” I was your guest. A wide perspective and critical thinking can lead to improvement.

Van Dusen: My volunteer work now mostly deals with maintaining local control in the face of globalization and the foreigners who are flocking to Costa Rica to buy land. This year I am spending chunks of time negotiating a land trust for a group of 25 Costa Rican farm families in an adjacent valley. For the last two years, I have been the president of a local group that bought our central “downtown” property to keep it as our community center, rather than another restaurant for tourists.

Q: Can you share any advice?

Gudmundsson: Make your home, even if only temporarily, in another country. It will help you see what is good and bad in your own country. Moreover, you can educate your nation. It seems to me that you are too isolated in your big country. Perhaps that explains why you seem so convinced that everything is best in the US. Well, it isn't, not

everything. You must have some comparison to be able to judge such things. Otherwise, your conviction is simply a belief. Many Americans believe that all people from the rest of the world wish to move to and live in the US. This is very far from the truth. Sometimes in recent years, I wish that I had an opportunity to open a dialog with some classmate of mine about our world vision. Exchange of ideas promotes

understanding.

Foster: I hesitate to give advice because each person's path is unique. Staying with what seems trite, however, is nevertheless true—carpe diem, caveat emptor, and make sure that contracts cover EVERYTHING, even points that seem obvious.

CLASSMATES IN THE NEWS

2006-2007 DARTMOUTH ALUMNI AWARD RECIPIENT OTHO E. KERR III '79

At the Alumni Council meeting in December, '79's own Otho Kerr was honored with the Dartmouth Alumni Award. Below is an extract from Otho's plaque written and presented by Alumni Council President, Martha Beattie '76:

Coming to Hanover from Waltham, Massachusetts, you proved yourself to be a true leader on campus....Your hours were filled with a multitude of extracurricular activities, including service on the freshman, sophomore, and junior class councils, followed by election as senior class president. You were a member of the Glee Club, the student advisory committee, Phi Delta Alpha fraternity, the Fire and Skoal senior society, the Green Key Society, and the Dartmouth Chamber Singers. In addition, you spent many hours enjoying the New Hampshire countryside, running along the Connecticut River and up to Lyme as a member of the varsity track and cross-country teams. In your senior year, Dartmouth honored you with the Barrett All-Around Achievement Cup.

After receiving a law degree from Harvard University, you joined the firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett in New York City. Shifting gears to the financial world, your impressive career has included positions at Goldman Sachs, Deutsche Morgan Greenfell, and Bernstein Investment Research and Management. Currently you are an executive director at Oppenheimer and Company.

The demands of your career would seem overwhelming for us mere mortals, but somehow you have made time to expend an extraordinary amount of effort on behalf of your alma mater. Volunteer roles have included your reunion and reunion giving committees, class agent, participation chair, regional agent, special gifts agent, leadership agent, and the Dartmouth College Fund Committee, for which you currently serve as chair of the Participation Task Group. In addition, you have been a member of the Dartmouth Alumni Council, serving as president and chair of the College Relations Group as well as a member of the Nominating and Alumni Trustee Search Committee. One of the volunteer roles near and dear to your heart was membership on the Tucker Foundation Board of Visitors, which you also chaired.

No less time has been spent in community affairs, where much of your work has emphasized educating children about diversity and inclusiveness. You cofounded and directed the One to One Institute for Youth Entrepreneurship in Harlem; served as a fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation Next Generation Leadership Program; sponsored the New York City Student Sponsorship Program; and served on the boards of directors of the EOS Orchestra, Volunteers of America,



Otho Kerr III and Alumni Council president Martha Beattie '76

and the Empire State Pride Agenda. In addition, you are a trustee of PAX (a movement to end gun violence), and you teach Sunday school at the Trinity Church. However, the program that gives you most pride is Tabasamu ("Searching for Smiles"), founded by your partner, Dr. Trey Wilson, in 2004. The two of you have worked together tirelessly to provide free dental care and education to underserved communities in Kitale, Kenya, where one dentist serves 300,000 residents. Your Tabasamu team, composed of dental professionals and nonprofessionals, recently returned from a ten-day mission providing these desperately needed services...

...Otho Kerr, in recognition of the commitment you have made to your alma mater, to society, to your profession, and to your family, we are immensely proud and honored to present you with the Dartmouth Alumni Award.

SEND US MORE NEWS! AND PICTURES!

These newsletters are only as good as the news we receive from you, so please contribute to them by sending us news and pictures. The more news we have from you, the less boring other stuff you will see! So please take the time today to submit something about yourself for the next Newsletter. Either fill out the attached green card (in the printed and mailed version of the Newsletter) and send it in, or better yet, send an e-mail to rileyb@howrey.com or jim_feuille@yahoo.com, or get on the Net and give us an update from the '79 website. Simply go to <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/79/>. Click on "Newsletter", then on the Newsletter page, click on "Tell us what you've been doing." Type in your message and follow the prompts and your message will automatically come to us. We also need pictures, digital preferred, but we can also scan the old fashioned kind. Let us hear from you today!