



CLASS NEWSLETTER

JANUARY 2004

CLASS OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT:

Bill Mitchell

FUNDRAISING CO-CHAIRS:

Elyse Benson Allan

Burr Gray

PARTICIPATION CHAIR:

Gail Frawley Granowitz

SECRETARY:

Tim Ehrsam

TREASURER:

Laurie Laidlaw Roulston

HISTORIAN:

Ed Heilbron

WEBMEISTER:

Mike McCoy

MINI-REUNION CHAIR:

Phil Odence

NEWSLETTER EDITORS:

Jim Feuille

Ben Riley

“HOMECOMING: REKINDLE THE SPIRIT” DARTMOUTH CLASS OF 1979 25TH REUNION JUNE 17-20, 2004

A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITORS

New Years Day 2004. Stuck in a storm in Squaw Valley with 100 mile per hour winds blowing. Ski lifts closed due to high winds and zero visibility. Roads closed. Missing the Rose Bowl with the TV signal knocked out due to the storm. Nothing to do but sit inside and write the next edition of the Dartmouth '79 Newsletter. Things could be worse, right? So here we go.....

Note the year—2004! 25 years since that fateful year of 1979, when we all left the cradle of Hanover and entered the real world. That means of course that our 25th Reunion is only a few months away. This Newsletter naturally contains all sorts of news and updates about the plans for our 25th, which is **June 17-19, 2004**.

Also in this edition are updates and news from and about some of our classmates, as well as a great article from **Bill Holmes** about his recent experiences as a volunteer surgeon in Afghanistan (*another example of members of our class doing great things!*).

25TH REUNION YEARBOOK (by Linda Button, 25th Reunion Yearbook Editor; lbutton@smash.com)

Dear Classmates:

Last summer I went to my husband, Mark's, 25th Dartmouth reunion. Their Reunion Yearbook knocked me out. A huge percentage of the class had submitted entries and the resulting yearbook was over an inch thick. People who hadn't gotten around to submitting something regretted it once they saw what a nice keepsake it was. The submissions weren't all success stories by any stretch. People just wrote open, thoughtful, funny, or matter-of-fact comments on what life had served up for them. Entries ran the gamut. Pictures showed everything from people's pets to their kids to vacations. (*Ed. note: Two '78s I spoke to recently, Jeff Crowe and Rick Kimball, both emphatically stated that their Reunion yearbook was one of the key highlights of their 25th Reunion*).

I know we can make our own Yearbook at least as nice as the '78s. So take a few minutes now and send in your submission!

Go to <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/79/reunion/book.htm>; or e-mail me at lbutton@smash.com, and I'll send you back a copy of the form. We also sent out forms via snail mail last month so yours may still be lying around your house.

The deadline is February 21 which is right around the corner! Thanks for doing this.

25TH REUNION UPDATE (by Debbie Sorter Parnon, 25th Reunion Planning Chair; dcsp1@aol.com)

Now that the holidays are over, the Class of '79 25th Reunion Committee is kicking into high gear to make sure our reunion is one that you will not soon forget. Thanks to many of our classmates who have volunteered an idea or their time to plan a piece of the weekend, we already have a tentative schedule that is filled with a range of events and activities.

So to help you plan and prepare for our 25th reunion, here's a **REUNION "TO DO" LIST** you can read through and check off as you accomplish each task:

1. Mark your calendar: 25th Reunion, June 17, 18, 19 and 20th, 2004. _____
2. Complete the Reunion Yearbook Questionnaire*
(*A must do for an inclusive, comprehensive, informative and simply fun-to-read class yearbook
Deadline: February 21! For more information go to the class website.) _____
3. There is an early registration option on our website (<http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/79/>)
Complete registration form and send with payment* to:
John Currier, 82 Carpenter Street, Norwich, VT 05055 _____
4. Book your flight. Make necessary travel plans. _____
5. Our class has been assigned to the Gold Coast dorms:
Gile, Streeter, Lord and Butternut and Russell Sage (You will receive a college housing
reservation form in the March information packet).
Or you can make reservations elsewhere. See the '79 website for a list of local inns and hotels. _____
6. Check '79 website for a peek at what to expect at reunion.
(<http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/79/>) _____
Here are highlights of some of the events being planned:

*Friday morning Panel Discussion: "The Ethics Challenge", including classmates and professors.

*Friday Welcome Dinner: Tex-Mex Style BBQ, class video, and The Aires.
Afterward live music and mingling with old friends.

*Hood Museum tour led by Collections Manager, **Kellen Haak** '79

*Buddy Teevens and Dean Ralph Manual to speak at Class Dinner Saturday night.

*Moosilauke Hikes, Golf Outing, Soccer Game, many opportunities to mix and mingle with
friends, view the new buildings on campus, and enjoy yourself.

Please contact Debbie Sorter Parnon: dcsp1@aol.com for more information.

MESSAGES FROM THE CLASS

Kellen Haak: First off, thank you to Ben Riley for his kind words in the last newsletter about the Native American repatriation I facilitated a year ago. I must confess that this is my first submission to the newsletter, and I probably wouldn't be submitting anything now if Ben hadn't encouraged me to write something about my "career path".

I have been the Collections Manager and Registrar at Dartmouth's Hood Museum of Art for about 15 years now. So what is it that I do actually? This is a question I am usually asked immediately after "What did you say your name was?" The short answer is that I am responsible for the care, documentation and access to the Hood's permanent collection of art and artifacts. On a day-to-day basis I wear a lot of different hats. I may start the day unloading a 48-foot trailer filled with crated artwork and end the day in a tie and jacket at some development function. I

arrange fine art insurance; negotiate loan agreements and contracts; deal with the storage, inventory control, and preservation of over 60,000 permanent collection objects; arrange for the shipping of loans and help with the installation of about 20 temporary exhibitions a year; drive a truck and fix the tall case clock in the president's house. This is a great job!

How did I get here? Undergrad major in Anthropology, then a full time professional chef for over a year before going to grad school in Anthropology and Museum Studies at NYU (still cooking to pay the rent...). Left Manhattan for D.C. and worked for the Collections Manager in the Department of Anthropology at the National Museum of Natural History for a little over four years. The next stop was a living history historic site in northern Maryland where I operated, maintained and ground 40,000 lbs of flour a year on a

restored 1797 water powered grist mill. Although I did break mother Dartmouth's umbilicus for about 10 years, I eventually made my way back to the North Country and have been happily ensconced at the Hood since October 1988.

This past year has actually been quite unusual and extraordinarily rewarding in terms of my professional experience. Although I have been directly and deeply

BAGS' BRIEF (by *President Bill Mitchell;* william.h.mitchell.79@alum.dartmouth.org)

New Year's Resolutions for the Class of '79:

- Make my reservations today for our 25th Reunion, June 17-20, 2004
- Go to the Class Website and take the Reunion Music Poll
- Volunteer to be a Class Mentor for one of our Tucker interns
- Circle March 19, 2004 on the calendar and pledge to be with your classmates for the 79th day of the year Mini-reunion
- Pay your Class Dues
- Get your Yearbook entry in to Linda Button quickly
- Make a generous Dartmouth College Fund Contribution this year
 - 33% of a Dartmouth student's experience comes from the DCF and traditionally 20% of the DCF is provided by the 25th reunion Class so we will fully fund the experience of nearly 1 out of every 15 Dartmouth students (and they may be very helpful at our Reunion)
 - Give early and give often.
- Get in shape for Reunion Soccer or Beer Pong games
- Submit a friend's e-mail address to the Class Website and compete to win a vest while hitting Jim Feuille and ol' Bags up for \$110 for a new e-mail address
- Volunteer my Freshman roommate for Class President
- Be in Hanover for the February Princeton Hockey game so I can throw tennis balls on the ice when Dartmouth scores
- Ask not what your Class can do for you, but what you can do for your Class....volunteer to be a Class Officer for the next five year term

MINI-REUNION REPORT (by *Phil Odence;* phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org)

March Mini-Madness!!!

Right now...right now, check your calendar for March 19, 2004, which happens to be the 79th day of 2004. If you've been good at following instructions, you should already find an entry there for March Mini Reunion Madness...or something to that effect. If you don't see the entry, add it in right now. Brave souls have already signed up to organize pre-25th Reunion '79 get-togethers in Chicago, DC, Hanover, New York, the San Francisco Bay Area, Southern California, and (yes, it's true) Ohio!!!

More details to follow by email, snail mail, and pony express. And, by February we'll be posting minute-to-minute updates on the class website. In case you're just achin' for an answer to the proverbial query, "How can I help?", just bang one out to phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org or philipe@budweiser.com (try it, if you don't believe me) and I'll be back to you shortly.

involved with the Native American Grave Protection and Repatriation Act since 1990, the 30-hour memorial potlatch that I attended in Angoon, Alaska a year ago (the repatriation Ben wrote about) was a real high point in my career. Then, this past August I had the opportunity to spend three weeks (part work on an exhibition the Hood is organizing and part boondoggle) in Papua New Guinea with an anthropologist colleague. We had an amazing cruise around the Papuan Gulf in a 60-foot dugout canoe and visited ten very remote villages over the nine days we were in the Gulf. Although southeast Alaska was fabulous, this one is really going to be hard to beat.

So, there you have it, the life of a museum registrar. I can't believe it has been 25 years, but time does fly (just wish I could remember it better...). Hope to see you in Hanover! (*Thanks for the nice words, Kellen! And per Deb's column above, plan on a tremendous tour from Kellen of the Hood Museum during our reunion!*)

Rick Reno: Skye and I have left Utila after almost nine years. I'm taking over the marine department, and Skye's re-establishing Salty Dog Video Productions at a beautiful place called Lalati Resort and Spa. We're on Beqa Island in the Fiji Islands. For those of you who have never been here, it is absolutely magical in its beauty and we've truly found paradise.

Skye and I originally moved to Utila about nine years ago to "retire": hang out on the beach, do a little diving, basically live a Corona commercial. We more or less pulled it off, but ended up kind of backing into quite a bit of work—teaching diving; opening an underwater production company; training scuba, first aid, and accident management instructors; working with the Shark Research Institute; operating the local chamber; etc. — just for something to do



Bill and Bray Mitchell, Sherrie Oberg '82, Phil Odenca, Libby Roberts, Curt Oberg '78, Peter Roby, Jim Eden and Tom Bird having a great time at '79 Mini-Reunion at the Harvard game.

and because it was a lot of fun. In fact, we ended up working a lot harder in our "retirement" than either of us did when we worked for a living, but it was great!

Training instructors and working in accident management was especially rewarding to me, but in the end other concerns (*i.e.*, spending more time on a computer than in the water) burned me out, and we got the urge to check out another island paradise, see what the Pacific has to offer in terms of lifestyle and of course do some bitchin' diving. The original plan was to just pack it all up in a couple backpacks and Pelican cases, and head off for a year or so, in search of that next illusive island that we were confident would reach out and grab us. Just sat down with a copy of Lonely Planet and started circling islands on the map. I guess I suffered a moment of lucidity, though, and sent out resumes and letters of introduction to several top end dive resorts in the area. One thing led to another, and here we are.

Skye's re-opening her production business here at Lalati Resort, and I'm running the marine department and handling dive training. Eventually, I'm hoping to start a program to train Fijians to work in dive tourism at a little higher level, so they can stay home and raise their kids; work from the sea without killing everything in it; and keep a little more of the proceeds from the huge dive tourism industry in-country.

We're on Beqa Island, which is a bit of an undiscovered jewel in that the diving is on a par with anything in the South Pacific but the industry is in its infancy; if we enjoy

some success encouraging a couple of the local guys to become instructors and maybe stakeholders, then we'll take our act on the road. Or maybe we'll just modify our priorities a little and live a Fiji Bitter commercial instead.

Gotta run. The sun's coming up; the seas are calm; and I have to put on my suit and go to work! Don't forget to breathe!

Patrick Quinn and Stacy Smith Quinn: Greetings from Santa Fe, here for 6 years now. Patrick is a private practice gastroenterologist (GI) in a small group. Stacy is busy helping at the kids' Montessori School, and heavily involved with the United Way Board. Also being parent rep. for the kids' sports teams, skiing, plus soccer and baseball. Saw Rich Akerboom '80 who dropped in during a conference.

Dave Daniels: I caught up with **Don Hofmann** (one of my freshman roommates—the other being **Dave Brown**—hi Dave) a few weeks ago. He, his wife Joanna and their five children (all under the age of five!) are doing great. Don, however, is no longer doing standing backflips.

Andy Kline (akline@christchurchdenver.org) wrote to tell us that he is the new Rector of Christ Church, a thriving Episcopal Church in Denver and he says "Come visit when you are out West!"

Mary (M.L.) Heslin (mlheslin@yahoo.com) sent in a green card with nothing on it except her home and e-mail

addresses and three "Howard Dean for America" stickers. We don't know what Mary is doing but we do know she is living in Weare, New Hampshire and supporting Howard Dean.

Karen Knudson Nossiter (knossiter@sbcglobal.net)

wrote in to say Hi and to give us a new home and e-mail addresses. Karen is still living in San Francisco.

Lynn Westerman Kirkbride wrote to tell us that Jeremy Westerman (age 20), son of our deceased classmate **Charles Westerman** recently visited Dartmouth and toured the campus with Loren Gary '78. Lynn said the visit was a nice opportunity for Jeremy to see and get a feel for this significant place in the life of his father.



Mike and Cindy Biondi ('79/'80) prepare to show Bruce "Cheevers" Reeves '80 and Billy "Bags" Mitchell '79 how to take a face shot on a powder day in Vail

Rob Shaw-Meadow (shadows@texas.net): Would love to make the Reunion this summer, but alas, with four teenage kids moving in various directions, this won't be possible. Susan Shaw '80 and I have been married 20 years, the last 17 in San Antonio. Never thought I'd be a Texan (*yeah, you and Gregg Engles, who used to give me interminable grief for being born and raised in Texas and has now lived in Dallas for 20 years!*). But don't blame us Dubya! We are well, life is good.

A SPECIAL STORY FROM A CLASSMATE

*You likely will remember the several mentions in these columns of our classmate, **Bill Holmes**, a plastic surgeon who has traveled all over the third world volunteering his medical services for much of the last 20 years. For the last five years, Bill had his first "real" job, working as a pediatric plastic surgeon at Children's Hospital in Oakland, California. Most of Bill's patients needed reconstructive surgery after very bad burns, accidents or dog bites, and came mostly from lower income families. Along with working at Children's and living on a sail boat in Alameda, CA, Bill made several two to three week stints to Nepal, Bali, and various other places providing free medical care.*

In September 2003, Bill resigned from Children's and after some time in Southeast Asia, began to volunteer his time for the next six months to the people of Afghanistan, from a base in Kabul. Bill doesn't yet know what he'll do after Afghanistan, but it's likely going to be starting a hospital or some similar adventure in third world medicine.

We recently received this letter from Bill, and obtained his permission to share it with you. We hope you will be as captivated by this story as we were, and proud that we have these kinds of humanitarian classmates:

Food, Thanksgiving and Eid...or...How I Spent My Thanksgiving Holiday, by Bill Holmes

Thanksgiving corresponded to the last day of Ramadan this year. Ramadan (*Ramazan*) is the holy month of fasting for practicing Muslims, and represents one of the Five Pillars of Islam. The other Pillars include: *Shahadat* (profession of faith)—a single statement by which a person identifies him(her)self as a Muslim ("I give witness that there is no God but Allah, and Mohammad is the Messenger of Allah"); *Salat* (prayer)—whereby devout Muslims pray facing Mecca, five times each day; *Zakat* (almsgiving)—whereby every Muslim should give a certain amount of his wealth each year to the poor; and *Hajj* (pilgrimage)—whereby every Muslim is supposed to make a pilgrimage to the sacred city of Mecca in Saudi Arabia.

Each of the Pillars shares a basic relationship with the belief and rituals practiced by the major religions in my country, but I think I like the idea of Ramadan the most. My Afghan friends tell me that the purpose of Ramadan is so that those wealthy members of society are obliged to feel the thirst and hunger associated with the fast, so that they can relate to, and not forget, the suffering of the poor. The fast takes place from sunrise to sunset, so there is an unspoken sense of relief when the Ramadan occurs during the short, cool days of winter, rather than the long, hot days of summer. This year was a relatively "easy" Ramadan in Afghanistan which does not mean that there was not the requisite complaining among the hospital workers that

everyone who has ever attended a Weight Watchers program can relate to when reminiscing about group diet plans. There is a special meal prepared each morning before sunrise, and late each evening, and my sense is that the work and break in routine that these meals require contribute a fair amount to keeping people out of sorts.

The last three days of Ramadan are the Eid in which the fast is broken, and tea and sweet biscuits are shared throughout the day. The Eid reminds me very much of Thanksgiving because the theme of the holiday is to visit family and friends, exchange small gifts, and resolve any differences that have accumulated over the year.

In recognition of the last day of Eid, and as the only American member of the mostly Italian staffed international hospital team, I offered to prepare a traditional Thanksgiving dinner on this fourth Thursday of November. I surprised even myself with this suggestion, since my biggest claim to fame on the culinary front is that I spent five years in Boston, and never once turned on the oven of my apartment. I think I made the offer after enjoying a bit too much of the Italian red wine smuggled in with the medical supplies. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to expand the cooking staff to include three other people who had studied in the States—a life saver.

The beginning of the week actually wasn't going very well. The Wednesday before Thanksgiving I amputated four different extremities because of mine injuries and gunshot wounds. Normally the hospital receives about ten new

trauma patients each day, about half of these are war-related injuries (the rest being traffic accidents and falls), and many of the patients are children. Typically there are one or two amputations each day. Usually a land-mine has ripped off part of the offending limb, embedding the remains of it, as well as the rest of the body with shrapnel, stones, and miscellaneous debris. Sometimes it follows as a result of gunshot wounds inflicted by high-powered Kalishnikovs which tend to obliterate any of the bones, muscles, nerves or blood vessels that the bullet encounters during its deadly flight.

Anyway, I have found that four amputations in one day is over my limit. If it is a one-off, verifiable disaster that's one thing, but when it's "just another day at the office," then I get a bit down. Nothing overly dramatic, just a raise in the threshold to smile, taking a bit longer to sleep at night. Amputations are really horrible operations—no redeeming features. After cutting through the skin and muscle, and hacking through the bone, there's no sense of accomplishment—only the lingering thoughts for the person whose life will be forever changed.

I think I was susceptible to feeling down on the Wednesday because the day before that, on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, one of the ten patients who needed surgery was Haram Delawar. Haram is nine years old, and was born deaf. Since there are no programs for deaf people here, he naturally does not speak or use formal sign language. I am learning that he is quite skilled at making his thoughts known, however.

NEWS FROM YOUR 25TH REUNION PARTICIPATION CO-CHAIRS (by Burr Gray, Elyse Benson Allan and Gail Frawley Granowitz; burr.gray@alum.dartmouth.org, elyse@bot.com, Ggranowitz@aol.com)

The message from the three of us is simple: we need everyone who donated to the Dartmouth College Fund last year to make a donation again this year, and we need 100 new donors to reach our goal of 72%. If we reach that level, we will have set a new Dartmouth record for 25th Reunion participation levels. (As you know, we set a 24th year-out College participation record last year of 61%.) It is our hope that those of you who supported the Fund last year will recognize the importance of continuing that support in this our 25th Reunion Year. We hope that the 100 additional donors will come from both the group that has supported Dartmouth in the past but did not contribute last year (about 275 classmates) and that group that has never made a donation to the Dartmouth College Fund (about 100 classmates).

There will always be arguments that one can come up with to withhold this type of support. In the end, it is not cheap to provide Dartmouth students with the quality experience that they receive. As you know, tuition covers only about half of the cost. Whether or not you disagree with certain policies of the College, Dartmouth depends a great deal on alumni support and depends more than ever on the Reunion classes in particular. If you are ever going to make a gift to the Dartmouth College Fund, the 25th Reunion Year is the time to do so. It is worth noting that our class has become a leader in the effort to raise the participation levels among younger alumni, so we hope to continue to lead by example as well as through other means.

Please take the initiative now and contact Dartmouth at the contact information listed below. We are behind our participation levels compared to last year. If you act on your own now, it will allow the three of us and the other class volunteers to focus our efforts on those classmates who need the extra nudge. If you do get a call or e-mail from a classmate helping with the fundraising participation process, please treat them kindly.

Here is the relevant info: you can use a credit card either by calling 1-800-228-1769 or by using the web site https://www.dartmouthcollegefund.org/ALUM_give.htm. If you want to send a check, make it payable to: The Dartmouth College Fund and mail it to: The Dartmouth College Fund, c/o Gift Recording Office, 6066 Development Office, Hanover, NH 03755. If you want to do a stock transfer, call the College Investment Office toll-free at 877-650-6956 to get the necessary info.

NEWS FROM YOUR 25TH REUNION GIVING COMMITTEE CO-CHAIRS (by Mike Biondi, Lizanne Galbreath Megrue, Ernie Parizeau, and Peggy Epstein Tanner; michael.biondi@lazard.com, lizerqal1@aol.com, ernie@parizeau.net, pegster5@optonline.net)

Sleeves rolled up. Cell phone glued to left ear. Pencil propped behind right. Calculator on. Fax humming. Email engaged. Dabbing perspiration from the brow. Yes, it's your diligent and dedicated 1979 25th Reunion Giving Committee Co-Chairs. Along with a committee of 32 other committed classmates, we have been working for months organizing, strategizing and asking for gifts while building momentum to propel our 25th Reunion Giving effort to new fundraising heights. Your Reunion Giving Committee has secured considerable resources from a handful of classmates; over \$1.7 million to date. Won't you join them with a gift of \$20,000 or more?

Dollars for Scholars: One Way to Make a Difference! Did you know that Dartmouth students received \$50,951,000 this year in financial aid directly from contributions to the Dartmouth College Fund? When you donate \$20,000 or more to the Dartmouth College Fund Scholar Program for your 25th Reunion, a member of the junior or senior class will receive a scholarship in YOUR NAME. How better to make a difference in the life of a student? Join your generous 1979 Classmates as we break all records and become the Class of the Dartmouth Scholar.

The 25th Reunion is a big milestone and carries great responsibility; that's why we are pulling out all the stops, whipping up enthusiasm, and positioning our 25th Reunion gift to break all records. So when the phone rings, the fax beeps or email notifies, make someone's day with your most generous 25th Reunion gift!

Give until it feels good. Call 1-800-228-1769 or visit www.dartmouthcollegefund.org.

Haram is a beautiful kid—big brown eyes, humongously long lashes, a square face and brilliant smile. Haram and his best friend were flying a kite when the friend stepped on the mine. The friend died. Haram had his lower leg ripped apart, scattered shrapnel injuries to his body and to his left eye. Now he is deaf, mute, and blind in one eye. He also will most likely need an amputation of his right leg. I have broken the surgical guidelines of the hospital and applied an external fixator (a metal frame to hold the bones), and will try to cover the crater that was once a lower leg, even though it will probably not be successful—he has a lot of muscle, blood vessel and nerve damage. The guidelines are in place for good reason. The volume of injuries, and limited resources and facilities demand that treatment be given in an efficient, reproducible, and teachable format. This country will be dealing with mine injuries for many generations to come, long after the current international aid effort and interest has waned. The Afghans will need to rely on their own talent and resources in the next decades.

I'm not really sure why I have felt so compelled by Haram. There are fifteen or twenty mine injury patients in the hospital at any given time, many of them children. Maybe it's because he is so damn cute, or that he reminds me of one of my nephews. Maybe it's because it just seems like if you are nine-years-old you shouldn't have to be deaf, mute, blind AND an amputee. Even the Pin Ball Wizard of "Tommy" fame didn't have to deal with all of that baggage. Worst of all, the surgical efforts to save the extremity will most likely be futile, and only build up false hopes while at the same time bring into question my own professionalism. After all, I have been doing this type of work on several different continents, for almost twenty years. I should know better. It's just that it's tough calling for the bone cutter when the little guy looks at you with those big, brown eyes, and makes a sawing motion with one hand, while pointing to the injured leg with his other hand, all the while shaking his head back and forth to signal his opposition to such a plan.

The Nobel Prize winning effort to ban the use of land-mines lost a lot of momentum when the U.S. government refused to get on board. Despite declarations from multiple military leaders (including General Norman Schwarzkopf of Gulf-War-One fame) that the U.S. military would do just fine without ever using another land mine, there apparently was a faction of strategists within the Pentagon who felt that land mines needed to continue to be included in the arsenal. Just in case.

The refusal of the U.S. to support the ban pretty much torpedoed the effort. It's hard to enforce such a policy if el primo military power thinks they might like to use them again one day. And so the ban is without substance. The mines are still out there, still in warehouses. And, in some parts of the world, still being deployed.

I wish some of those strategists would spend a bit of time at Haram's bedside. I wish they would hang around here a while, just to get a flavor for what life is like once the war is over. They could really come anytime, now, or fifty years from now. There will be another Haram then. Another nine-year-old boy who decided to fly a kite one afternoon.

In any event, the Tuesday was followed by the Wednesday which led to Thursday—Thanksgiving. Despite my concerns at the hospital, I needed to find a bird. I spotted some wild turkeys hanging about during my trips to the north, so I thought we'd be able to come up with one. A guard from the hospital was sent off for this mission...and was successful. Unfortunately the thing arrived in its full, feathered, regalia. At least it was dead, although still warm. Removing the feathers was a job in itself, and not one that I care to repeat. Once Tom (yea, not a very original name) was naked, he presented a pretty scrawny specimen. No matter, the feast was on. Potatoes to mash, vegetables to cook, some chicken soup stock for gravy, some bottled jam to substitute for cranberry sauce, and some apples for the pie all materialized. Fortunately, so did the kitchen help. I

peeled vegetables. They cooked. Anyway, it's the thought that counts. Some mutton kebabs purchased from the local street vendor gave the meal an Afghan flavor (as did some of the incredible Afghan nan or flatbread). Some more of the contraband red wine helped to make for a culinary success. Thank you very much.

The next day I traveled north to Panshir where there is another hospital. I went a day early with the intention of visiting one of the rural health posts. There was an ulterior motive. This particular health center required a two hour walk from the road, and I have really felt constrained in Kabul because of security concerns.

The mountain valley containing the city of Kabul reminds me very much of Salt Lake City. It is not as green as Salt Lake, although it used to be before all the irrigation systems were destroyed. Mountains surround it on all sides, and they are snow-covered now. Unfortunately they trap in the smog which when mixed with the pervasive dust makes for a respiratory challenge. Driving north from Kabul across the valley floor of the famed Shamani Plain retraces the steps of many historic figures—sadly most of them had a military leaning. Alexander the Great passed this way. So did Genghis Khan. So did many other armies, from many different nations, in more recent times. Kabul has been ravaged. Virtually every building of any dimension is pock-marked from the bombs and shelling. Many lie abandoned.

The road north from Kabul is lined with bowling-ball-sized stones every one or two meters. They are painted white on one side, red on the other. The white side, the one bordering the road I travel on, fortunately signals that the area has been cleared of mines. The red side, the one bordering the rest of the valley, signals that it has not. I see that people are building stone and mud houses out on the plain. I guess they are just going to take their chances. I would recommend that they not fly any kites.

The road empties of traffic after leaving Kabul. Along it lie the scattered remains of various tanks and other armored vehicles. Several houses have rocket grenades perched along their walls. I imagine this represents the Afghan version of my own country's "Constitutional Right to Bear Arms."

Shipping containers are a mainstay of the architecture here. In the city, many small shops destroyed in the fighting have been replaced with these rectangular, metal boxes—a blanket covering the forward opening, shelves inside displaying the wares. The modern bazaars may have upwards of one hundred of these cargo containers lined in a row—a variation of the shopping mall. Outside of the city the containers bear witness to a more ominous story. I have been told that during the most recent fighting prisoners on all sides were herded into the containers and either left to die of starvation or heat stroke, or helped along the way by having grenades or other bombs dropped into the dark cells. There are many containers scattered about, their metal skins ruptured outward from a blast within, their walls splayed open.

We turn east at the end of the valley and head toward

THE '79 NEWS BAG

By popular demand, **Phil Olson's** new national award-winning musical comedy, *"Don't Hug Me: A Minnesota Love Story with Singin' and Stuff,"* has been extended through Feb. 15th at The Whitefire Theatre in Sherman Oaks, CA. It's *"Fargo"* meets *"The Music Man"* (without the blood or the trombones). The setting is Bunyan Bay, Minnesota, on the coldest day of the year. When a fast-talking salesman shows up at the local bar promising to bring romance into the lives of its colorful owners through the magic of karaoke, all hell breaks loose. "Don't Hug Me" has 16 original songs including, "I'm a Walleye Woman in a Cräppie Town," "My Smorgasbord of Love," and "I Wanna go to the Mall of America."

Here's what the critics are saying:

"Terrifically silly" - *LA Weekly*

"A hokey-jokey karaoke crowd pleaser" - *Los Angeles Times*

"A quirky, charming musical" - Joel Zwick, Director of *"My Big Fat Greek Wedding"*

"Sensational" - *The Blade*

"A feel good love story" - *NoHo LA*

"Two hours of fun and farce" - *The Toluca*

"Oh fer sittin' on the cat, it's a dern good night out at the local bar." - *Canyon News*

If you're in Los Angeles before Feb. 15th, go and see the play and say hi to Phil. He can be reached at polson@speakeasy.net or www.philolson.net

Panshir. This valley has always been held by the *mujahidin* (freedom fighters). The Russians were not able to control it, neither was the Taliban. The people are ethnic Tajik, and share a culture and resemblance to the Persian. The military leader who defended the Panshir Valley for over twenty years was Ahmed Massud. He was assassinated on September 9, 2001. Many say the timing was not a coincidence. I visited his grave the first time I traveled to Panshir. His picture is everywhere in and around Kabul. The Northern Alliance segment of the *mujahidin*, which Massud commanded, now controls Kabul. The Tajik are actually a minority in Afghanistan, so that spells trouble.

The road up the Panshir Valley is small, and dirt, but beautiful. It runs along the Panshir River which is gorgeous. Except for the occasional Russian tank discarded along its bank, it rivals the most beautiful of the world's mountain rivers. Remains from these scrapped armored vehicles are put into good use. Many speed bumps surrounding check points are made of old tank treads burrowed across the road. Steel wheels from the vehicles are incorporated into many of the stone fences that border the fields. There are also many depots filled with fully functional, deadly vehicles. The idea is that eventually these will be "handed over," as part of the Peace Plan. It doesn't look as though it will happen anytime soon. The blown-out shipping containers attest to how reconciliatory

the mood is around here.

I arrive at the hospital and go to bed early. I'm really looking forward to the opportunity to do some Afghan hiking.

We leave at 6 a.m. and drive for about two hours toward the north. We deposit the vehicle by the road, and the Afghan guard, the Italian midwife, and I begin to walk along a narrow path bordering yet another river. The mountain pass opens up in front of us. I ask the guard, who speaks a bit of English, where the pass eventually leads. He tells me Tajikistan. I ask how long it takes. He tells me three weeks. I ask him if anyone really walks all the way to Tajikistan. He tells me they do if they want to go to Tajikistan. I decide I will enjoy the rest of the mountain walk in blissful silence.

It is absolutely beautiful. The landscape is more barren than Nepal, but the mountains which tower over all sides of us are as spectacular, and the stone and mud houses built into the steep terrain are of the same character. The people are incredibly hospitable and gracious, as they are in Kabul. Almost everyone we meet stops to talk, to invite us for tea, and to wish us well. The youngest and the oldest seem the least bashful. A group of boys show us how they fire their slingshots. Occasionally someone will pass on horseback. The horses are large, and brown, and normally adorned with bright saddles and blankets. We always get asked if we want a ride. We pass many small groups of people and their donkeys carrying things one way or another along the trail.

We reach the small health center after about two hours. There are several patients waiting, none of them with serious problems by the Kabul hospital standard, although I suppose a bit of knee arthritis is pretty tough to deal with given the location and landscape of the region. Tea and a small meal have been prepared. We leave early because the days are short now, and we need to get back to Panshir before dark. It's all about security. The war ravaged valley of Kabul seems like another world away from this place.

On the walk back I engage the guard more earnestly in conversation. It turns out he speaks English quite well. He tells me he enjoyed the Eid, but was a bit sad because his wife had delivered twins a few days before, but both babies had died. I try to find out the details: she delivered at home, one baby was born dead, the other died several minutes later. He actually doesn't know much because he was at work when she delivered. I ask why she didn't come to the hospital. He says there was no transportation.

He tells me that he was a soldier for eight years, and used to drive tanks. He says that he didn't want to be a soldier, but that he was the youngest of six brothers and was told he must fight. He battled the Russians, the Taliban, and other factions. I ask if this valley has been mined, and he tells me no, but that the Russians dropped many bombs here. He points out several bomb casings wedged at various places between the wood and stones in the path of the raging river. He names all of the various types of bombs that we see. He knows these things well. He

relates sadly that he has killed many people, and been wounded three times himself, showing me the scars and his mangled fingers. He also shows me some caves where the *mujahidin* hid to escape the Russian bombs. The narrow entrance opens up to a huge dark vault, capable of housing hundreds of people. He tells me there are thousands of caves like this all over the mountains of Afghanistan. I can't help but wonder who is hiding in them now.

During the last big battle, when the Americans assisted the Northern Alliance to take over Kabul, the local militia also came to tell him to fight. He is enormously grateful that the hospital intervened and prevented his conscription. He has a daughter and two sons and hopes they will never have to fight.

As we reach the end of the trail, back near the road, an old, toothless man approaches. He is sucking on some dry candy that has been made by mixing water with ground mulberries obtained from the trees along the river. He gives us some. At first taste it is incredibly sweet, but then turns bitter. It mimics the contradiction that is Afghanistan.

The following morning I travel back to Kabul from Panshir. I feel rejuvenated from the clean, mountain air, but am reminded of the difficulties facing the city when I visualize the dark cloud of smog encompassing it as we descend into the valley.

When I arrive at the hospital I am asked to see a patient admitted the night before. I stop on the way to see how Haram is doing. He smiles easily, and has much less pain. I show him a silly magic trick that I carry in my pocket where I make a small piece of cloth disappear. He is delighted. He thinks his leg has been saved. I know that it most likely has not been.

The patient they ask me to see is Nik Mohammed. He is sixteen, and the previous afternoon, when I was enjoying my mountain trek, he was in the field behind his house bringing in the goats. He has been in that field thousands of times. It is late in the afternoon, and he thinks he should pray before he returns to the house. Prayer, it is one of the Pillars of Islam. He turns towards Mecca and kneels to pray. He kneels on a mine. Both of his legs are removed near the hip, his body is sprayed with debris, as is his face. He is blind. In both eyes. His penis has been badly damaged, but may be repaired so that he can urinate without needing a catheter in his bladder. His testicles have been torn away. He will not father any children. Not as though that will be a concern. A sixteen-year-old who is blind, without any legs, and badly scarred will not be getting married. Not in this country. Not in this lifetime.

Sometimes I wish...I wish that the military strategists who think that land-mines might, possibly, in a certain circumstance, be potentially useful (in a given scenario)...I wish they would visit this hospital, in this country. Or in Cambodia, or Bosnia, or Laos or Kurdistan, or a whole host of countries in Africa. Sometimes I wish that they would spend some time visiting—just to see what life is like after the war is over.

* * * * *

REPORT ON 187TH ALUMNI COUNCIL MEETING (by Polly Ingraham; pmingraham@myexcel.com)

The 187th Dartmouth Alumni Council Meeting took place on December 4-6, 2003. What was this—maybe my fifth meeting? Not to boast or anything, but I'm getting the hang of these things now. You know how it takes a while to catch the flow of an event, to be able to anticipate just a little bit what might be around the bend and then smile to yourself when you're right, enjoying every minute of the unfolding? I'm there, baby. Thanks to all of you constituents who trust me with this responsibility of conveying to you just what is shaking and baking on campus, and in the round-the-girdled-earth world of the alumni body.

Ahhh – Alumni Governance

Don't know if this issue has kept you up nights, but if you'd been on campus in early December you would have gotten an earful on it. I have right here a bright yellow document which is marked plainly "DRAFT FOR DISCUSSION PURPOSES ONLY...CONSTITUTION OF THE DARTMOUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION." A group of people have been working staggeringly hard to come up with a new plan for "re-uniting" the Association of Alumni (that's everybody) and the Alumni Council. Go into the fine print I will not (*is that Yoda-speak?*), but this new plan would have an effect on the size of the Alumni Council, on the trustee nominating and balloting process and, obviously, on the relationship between the two groups; essentially the enlarged (122 member – plenty of details on how that number was arrived at) Council would become the "Dartmouth Association Council" and would be the governing body of the Association.

Sounds easy? Not so fast. You should have heard the debate that took place on Saturday morning in Alumni Hall. Long lines of people at the microphones. Passionate speeches. Bursts of applause and occasional gruff calls to "Let somebody else talk!" The snow was coming down faster and faster outside, but the room remained packed until the end. The opponents of the plan – one of whom warned in a letter that it was "a case of the child swallowing the parent, a power grab, an attempt to stifle the voice of the many and empower the few" -- prevailed in the end. No dice for the new constitution. Where it stops nobody knows.

Alumni Participation – Your Magazine, Your Credit Card, Your Dues

Our own fearless leader, Bill Mitchell, jumped into the fray by stirring up discussion about another kind of relationship: that between the College and the mammoth MBNA company. Anybody who's anybody knows that it's the age of the "affinity card"—choose a credit card and support a team or institution or something. Many of us received offers from MBNA this fall and who knows how many of us accepted (and you have *nothing* to be ashamed of). Apparently the ol' alma mater can raise a fair amount of change this way. Fine, except that lots of us weren't too thrilled with the process—when exactly did we say that our addresses could be distributed outside of Hanover? Apparently, thanks to Bill and others, it sounds like this kind of thing won't happen again anytime soon. He will no doubt have the latest.

Most of us have been lulled into expecting that glossy magazine to arrive each month, filled with features on campus people, class notes—all those accomplishments!—and of course those ads for lovely homes. Perhaps little did you know that the whole issue of financing the magazine is a "hot button" one. Yep. Apparently class dues across the ages have been feeling the strain of supporting the publication; 28 classes had dues inadequate to cover costs. Problem is, people who have not been paying dues (couldn't be YOU, right?) are gradually being "pruned" from the rolls by ruthless class treasurers who feel they have no choice. In theory, wouldn't we want *everybody* to get the mag? Stopping the subscription feels a little like pulling the plug, breaking the umbilical cord if you will.

I felt a little guilty when I heard that one aspect of the problem might be those two-alumni households who are still getting two magazines instead of one. If there's ANYTHING we can't stand, it's people who hoard.

Anyway, in case you didn't already know it, what we need above all—especially as we head into the 2004 capital campaign—is "stable alumni participation." As I write this on Christmas Eve Day (what kind of a job is this, anyway?) I can't help but have an image of all of the alumni snuggling cozily together in a manger, each of us bearing gifts and singing sweetly.

Those Amazing Students

Dean Larimore's presentation is always full of interesting news, and this time was no exception. He talked about the strain on the Career Office from more and more students being interested in non-profits, about the increasing need for psychological services (those two things better not be related), the need to improve the whole pre-major advising services (we also heard a great report on this from a student), the NCAA recertification process and the bumps that the ski team has had to navigate, the greater emphasis on town-gown relations, and the ongoing efforts to improve dormitory facilities.

We also got to go to a "Poster Session" at which around 20 students who were involved in research projects showed off their work to us. I was so interested in the first one I saw (on several women who spearheaded welfare reform) that I didn't get past it, but I did get the gist of how many more opportunities there are now for students to hook up with

a professor early on and form a kind of symbiotic working relationship. Through the “Presidential Scholars Program” started by President Freedman, lucky students can now get paid for doing research that often develops into an independent study and then an honors thesis. Some of us may recall those days of trying to come up with a thesis topic senior year—sounds like it’s more common now for students to start doing “real” research much sooner side by side with faculty. Boy, I can think of a few people I knew who really might have gotten on some professors’ nerves.

This, of course, is partly what leads some people to worry that the College on the Hill is beginning to look too much like the University in the City (well, guess they’re not all there). No doubt this topic will emerge more in the months ahead. How do we best meet students “where they are” and provide the resources and opportunities that they are seeking while continuing to offer the close-knit feel of a traditional liberal arts campus?

Athletics, Admissions and Architecture

Onto the three A’s. We were treated to a lively panel discussion about the whole relationship between Admissions and Athletics and the whole recruiting process. Turns out they let EVERYBODY in who might bring about wins on the field, stepping over all those potential musicians, world affairs people and scientists. Just kidding. Of course it’s a highly demanding process, made more so recently by the Ivy League requirement that athletes be representative of the whole student body. (Now we’re really in trouble.) Something like 16% of the next freshmen class will be recruited athletes, or potential “program changers.” Boy, would I love, just once in my life, to be called a program changer. Chris Weilgus, the women’s basketball coach took us through the whole recruiting process—making clear how she has to try to woo close to 3,000 players. It’s a blur of gyms for her to get a yield of four players who actually are accepted and enroll in a given year. There are, of course, very stringent rules about how to go about these things,

We’re justifiably proud of the high number of varsity teams (32 I think?) we have considering our relatively small size and also proud of the recent greater success our men’s teams have had. Those boys are really coming along. Now the spotlight will be turned on upgrading athletic facilities (although it’s troubling to some that athletics seems not to figure much in the upcoming capital campaign). New soccer fields top the wish list, and Alumni Gym isn’t getting any younger.

President Wright, ever the historian, took us back to the early days of the campus and got us thinking about how it has developed over the generations. It’s been—and continues to be—a tremendous challenge to make sure that the aesthetic of the past is preserved as we move forward with essential new buildings. Peter Fahey, a trustee, also gave a detailed presentation about the status of many building projects—emphasizing that the theme is “Preservation and Connection.” The beloved buildings around the Green are apparently now called “The Core.” His talk would take a whole report in itself, but suffice it to say that the overall financial skies have brightened at least enough to give the Board confidence to move ahead on a number of fronts. Watch for a new Engineering Sciences Center, a new mathematics building named “Kemeny Hall,” a new dormitory/dining complex on the site of the old hospital, and, last but not least, a new Rugby Clubhouse (apparently there has been a good deal of waiting going on here). What are great minds without spaces to work and create and get tough in, and windows to blare music out of?

My favorite comment of President Wright? That Dartmouth, after being the first college to be completely *wired* back in the early computer days, is now leading the pack in becoming *wireless*. You gotta love that. But who can tell us *wire* we’re the way we are?

The Big Shots

Finally, we were treated to a terrific final panel discussion on “Globalization. Participants were Barry Scherr (Provost), Paul Danos (Dean of the Tuck School), Dave Nuremberg (high up at the Medical School) and Dan Lynch (Dean of the Thayer School). In that we spend so much of our time looking inward, it was thoroughly refreshing to take flight around the globe for an hour and hear what these individuals had to say about the ways in which the professional schools see their responsibilities in the whole international arena. Apparently there’s no escaping it: we’re all headed on fast forward into the future, and we’d better understand a whole lot more both about the privileges and perils of technology and about how we can all best work for the “common good” around the world.

And You Too

Speaking of the common good, please do write back to me at pming@earthlink.net with your queries/complaints/compliments/ recipes. I could also talk about the Alumni Continuing Education and Travel Committee (I’m the Chair) but will just say that I’m hoping to bring about more family-friendly, closer to home trip opportunities for those of us who may not be able to swing the let’s-take-a-cruise-on-the-Rhine version which has legitimate appeal to the older set. Want to rough it in the Rockies maybe? Listen to a little Allman Brothers in the lodge?

But first, of course, there’s the reunion. Lord knows how many hours my pal Debbie has put in. Talk about organized. Hey, wait a minute, I bet I get only a little itty bit of space in this newsletter because of it. Good thing I’m a gracious kind of Alumni Councillor.

NEWS FROM THE COLLEGE

The New York Times reported that Dartmouth will be offering free VoIP (Voice over Internet Protocol) local and long distance telephone communications to students and faculty. The entering class of 2007 was given the option of downloading software for VoIP "softphones" into their Windows-based computers. Each student is assigned a seven-digit phone number. Using a headset plugged into the USB port on their computers, students will be able to make free calls. The article also noted that by the end of the school year, the software would be offered on Apple computers as well as Palm and Pocket-PC based handhelds. The system will operate over the wireless data network on Dartmouth's campus. "As far as I know, no one has done a wireless voice-over-I.P. network this large before," said David Kotz, a computer science professor at Dartmouth. The network is being phased in with plans to reach 13,000 people including all students, faculty and staff. Larry Levine, the Director of Computing at Dartmouth says that within a year Dartmouth will be offering a similar service with video. As we all know, Dartmouth was already at the forefront of computing when we were on campus. What you may not know was that, according to *The New York Times*, Dartmouth was one of the first campuses to introduce e-mail back in the 1980s when most of us had never heard of it. Also according to *The Times*, Dartmouth was one of the first colleges to install a campus-wide wireless data network when it did so in 2001.



John Wetenhall and Steve Schreiber reviewing architecture projects by Steve's students at the Ringling Museum in Fla.

PAY YOUR DUES! (by Secretary Laurie Laidlaw Roulston (laurie@townsendgroup.com))

If you have not yet paid your 2003/2004 class dues, you will be getting a reminder soon. Our class dues serve as the starter fund for our 25th reunion, so your participation this year is particularly important. Please pay your dues as soon as you can! And remember, you can pay by credit card if it is more convenient. Thanks to all of you who have already paid their dues for this year.

SEND US MORE NEWS! AND PICTURES!

And finally, our usual plea: If news about you is not in this edition of the Newsletter (which it's likely not), please take the time today to submit something about yourself for our 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 either jim_feuille@yahoo.com (don't forget the underscore) or briley@cooley.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! We hope you have enjoyed the pictures we have included in some of our Newsletters. If you have pictures of a significant adventure, a largish or smallish gathering of '79s, or even an embarrassing moment of note, you can share the photos with the rest of us. If you send us electronic versions of pictures you would like to share, we can either put them in the Newsletter or Mike McCoy can post them to the website. If you don't have electronic versions of your photos, you can send a printed photo to Jim, Ben or Mike and we can scan the photo in and return the original to you if you need it back.

Have a great winter and spring and we'll see you in June in Hanover!