



CLASS NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 2005

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Jim Feuille

Ben Riley



Winter in August? No, it's the 2005 Winter Carnival ice sculpture, but it's a great Newsletter cover picture anyway.

A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITORS

Well, all we can say is that it has been way too long since we put out the last Newsletter! A lot has happened with the Class of '79. **Peter Robinson** elected Trustee, **Buddy Teevens** returns to coach Big Green football, Class of '79 wins Dartmouth College Fund Award for **Outstanding Class More Than 15 Years Out**, and more. Read on...

MESSAGES FROM THE CLASS

Joshua Muskin (joshua_muskin@yahoo.com): I am thrilled to share with you the news that Saul and I will be moving to Morocco at the end of March. I will be taking on the post of Chief-of-Party on a new education and workforce project there, leaving my current position at World Learning with a lot of nostalgia but extremely excited by the new challenge posed by this project. Professionally, it provides me a chance to focus on the part of my work that really interests me most deeply: How can formal education prepare kids purposefully and more successfully for the lives they will find after leaving school? This is basically the topic of my doctoral research and an issue that I have tried to stay close to since I finished my studies. It is also one of the first USAID projects in this area, so offers me a great chance to advance my field in fascinating ways.

Personally, I am looking at this as a marvelous opportunity for Saul and me to re-calibrate our lives in a magnificent setting. I have heard from many colleagues here that Morocco is a magnificent place to work, and the capital, Rabat, where we will live, is a great place to live. Actually, if I'd been offered this position just one week earlier, I probably would have said "thanks, but no thanks." But as it happened, I received the phone call asking me if I was interested in this while in Cyprus for the three weeks after Thanksgiving. The reason this made the difference is that I took Saul with me, and he was absolutely in love with the experience and with Cyprus. This told me that Saul is ready, very ready, to live overseas. Even if he is now saying he really does not want to go, I am confident that he will find Morocco even more attractive than Cyprus.

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

I find it hard to believe that it has been a year since our incredible 25th Reunion. We are re-energized and reconnected. We are strong and committed. We are an important part of what is Dartmouth. Here are a few key actions that each of us can take to make a difference:

Give. To the Dartmouth Alumni Fund! And you did!!! As Peggy reports, this year we had a goal of 65% participation and \$570,000 and we achieved over 69% participation and raised over \$690,000. Head Agent **Peggy Epstein Tanner** assembled a terrific team consisting of **Ken Beer, George Stone, Burr Gray** and 40 class agents for this effort. Thanks for your support. Let's continue to show our strength in non-reunion years as we head into the 2006 Alumni Fund year.

Cheer. **Buddy Teevens**, Dartmouth's new Head Football Coach! Plans are under way for '79's to cheer on Buddy and his team this fall, so stay tuned for more details as the time draws near. Let's support Buddy in his new challenges at Dartmouth. Email him at buddy.teevens@dartmouth.edu to show your support.

Connect. Check out the pictures in this Newsletter of our 79th day mini-reunions, held around the girdled earth (well, at least the U.S). Log onto the Class Website for updated Class information and pictures (www.dartmouth.org/classes/79/) If you were unable to attend the 25th Reunion, the outstanding Reunion Yearbook is still available and can be ordered off the Class Website. Also, don't miss **Mark Winkler's** informative column in the Alumni Magazine (email Mark at MWinkler@marthastewart.com if you have news).

Support. Dartmouth Partners in Community Service, our Class Project! DPCS is grateful to our Class for our financial contributions through dues check-off and donations of our time. The mission of DPCS is "To inspire Dartmouth students to join with Dartmouth alumni and their families in addressing problems facing our society". Hats off to **Gordie Daisley** who has agreed to act as a DPCS mentor this spring. Please remember DPCS when you pay your dues. Contact **Bill Mitchell** (our VP for Class Projects) for more information, including mentoring opportunities.

Communicate. Write with your ideas, comments and suggestions for our Class. Email me at LaurieLRoulston@Eaton.com.

Celebrate. *We are an important part of what is Dartmouth.* We are the 2004 Class of the Year – a three peat. We are a group of unique individuals who has each in our own way made an impact on the people and world around us. Together we have made a lasting positive impact on the unique community which is Dartmouth. 79 tiers high!

Indeed, he is saying he does not want to go, but he is also showing increasing interest in what our life will be there.

I will be leaving for Morocco around 20 February, returning after about three weeks for two, then grab Saul (and Teddy) and return for good. I am looking at this as a 2 to 3 year stint, but it could go longer if all goes well. It would be magnificent to receive any visitors who are willing to make the trip. Morocco is a spectacular country, with beaches, mountains, desert, modern mixed with traditional and a very friendly population. Come and we'll go to the beaches, ride a camel to oases, ride the Marrakech Express and other things that this museum of a country offers.

I have set up yahoo e-mail accounts for Saul and me: saulmuskin@yahoo.com and joshua_muskin@yahoo.com. My work e-mail, after 20 February, will be jmuskin@aed.org.

I leave World Learning and we leave Silver Spring and, especially all our friends and our family, with much sadness. But this is an opportunity that was too difficult to pass up. This new excitement is particularly welcome, hopefully twisting all the way shut the trauma of the previous five years during which my wife, Barbara, fought brain cancer. She died just a week after our reunion. Many of you showed amazing care about this situation at the reunion, and I wish to thank you for this. It helped us face

the final week when we returned home. So, out of darkness there can come light.

We look forward to staying in touch through e-mail and regular visits home (and by hosting any of you in Morocco!) and to reconnecting with you all upon our return.

Polly Ingraham (pming@earthlink.net): Hey, it's Polly here. Done with Alumni Council but wondering about something else. Pardon my memory lapse, but are you still newsletter editor?

Have a little something to pitch -- having to do with the fact that Mary Cleary Kiely and I found (at Reunion) that we've lived in the same town for a couple of years and haven't known it. There's more, of course...

Thanks for directing me...and sorry I have no idea who's doing what anymore.

Carol Kurtz Bates (cbates@bidmc.harvard.edu): I'm writing from Palo Alto having come out for the weekend to attend my husband's 25th Stanford reunion. I'm biased of course, but the Dartmouth approach wins hands down. Nothing beats living on campus for a weekend in early summer.

While I loved my time at our reunion, I regret not seeing

more people. Arriving late Friday really cut into my time. As some of you know, I was frantic in the period leading up to reunion preparing to spend the summer abroad with my family. I did indeed fly to Australia the following Monday and had a phenomenal 2.5 months in Australia, Malaysia (climbing Mt Kinabalu in Borneo), Tanzania (climbing Kilimanjaro), and Uganda (with some quality time with gorillas). Perhaps the best was spending all day every day with my husband, 15 year old son, and 12 year old daughter. We are now back to life in the fast lane, but even on the busiest days at work I can still draw on the glow from the summer.

Dave Philhower (dave.philhower@alum.dartmouth.org): I wasn't able to make it back for the Reunion. I certainly regret not being able to hook up again with you and a bunch of other folks I'd like to see.

I'm working & living in NJ, with a family of 3 growing boys [6 and twin 3's]. I don't correspond with many Dartmouth folks, although I at least swap occasional emails and Christmas cards with Hal Frazier, Bill Potter, Steve Gordon, Dave Costello, and a few others. Life is pretty much taken up by Little League, soccer, church, work, and trying to stash away funds for 3 college educations.

Joe Asch (JoeAsch@compuserve.com): I took the whole family to Thompson Arena at the end of February to see the Dartmouth men play hockey against Harvard. The place was packed, filled with students. A really competitive game, but no score until the third period when, with only three minutes to go, our guys score - pandemonium! But Harvard scores with less than a minute to play - heartbreak! But Dartmouth scores to win it with only 30 seconds left to play in the five-minute overtime period - the crowd goes nuts and we clap and yell for a long time. The students

scream and cheer, too, and then they burst intonothing.... and go home....

Personally, I wasn't all that big on rah rah back in the '70's, but you have to conclude that all is not right in the world when Dartmouth students don't sing the alma mater (whatever their choice of words) arm in arm after beating Harvard in overtime in a great hockey game.

Mary Ann Zetes: It was great connecting with old friends at the Reunion. I treasured the time Angela Kalisiak and I had together. Where have all the years gone? I think we will be spending a lot more time (and money) at Dartmouth in the coming years because my oldest son, Nathan, was accepted early decision and will be matriculating in the fall of 2005. We are thrilled. My pediatric practice continues to flourish. My husband Peter and two daughters, Rebecca and Hannah, are good at keeping me busy and active and hopefully will distract me from "empty nest" come September.

Dean Esserman: My wife, Gilda Hernandez, and I are raising our three children in Providence, R.I. We moved here in January of 2003 when I was sworn in as the city's new Chief of Police.

Jim Schley (jschley@sover.net): Like many people working in publishing, I was laid off at the end of 2002 from an editorial job I'd had for a decade. I applied for many new positions yet had no luck, so I decided to do an experiment and see how many part-time jobs I could manage. Ultimately, I had more than two dozen, including eleven at one time for a while. My account of this experience was published in *Newsweek* magazine's "My Turn" column in September, 2004 (*ed. note: Jim's article appears later in this Newsletter*).

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

There is no class like the Class of 1979! Thanks to your outpouring of support, we raised \$691,000 in the Annual Fund (compared to a goal of \$570,000) and we achieved 69.4% participation (compared to a goal of 65%). For a little perspective, the only classes who had participation goals of 65% or higher have all been out of Dartmouth for at least 40 years and we hit almost 70% against that goal!! We shattered the 26th year-out revenue and participation records and won several awards including the Dartmouth College Fund Committee Award for the **"Outstanding Class More Than 15 Years Out."**

Our class volunteers worked hard as a team and we thank you for making our job fun. **Ken Beer, George Stone, Dave Philhower, Burr Gray**, all of our many class agents and I have loved having the chance to catch up with you over the last months. Thanks for taking our calls, responding to our emails and for taking kindly to our persistence. You never acted offended when we inadvertently solicited you multiple times. You paid your pledges and you made our job FUN!

A few facts worth noting: this year we welcomed a handful of classmates who had never before participated in the College Fund. After 26 years we are thrilled to have you on board. We also welcomed back 20 classmates who had not participated over the last five years. We missed you and your \$\$\$s and are glad to have you back. We also can proudly boast that 92 of our classmates have participated every year since graduation and we thank them for making our job easy.

As we look ahead to next year, remember that the sooner you pledge or send in a gift, the more peaceful your life will be. If you worry that by making a gift early you will miss out on our badgering calls, then hang out, wait until spring and we will find you. It has been a wonderful year. Thank you to our great volunteers and to our loyal and supportive class. We hope you enjoyed your summer and here's to 70% participation next year! '79 Rocks!

THE PRODIGAL '79: BUDDY TEEVENS RETURNS AS DARTMOUTH FOOTBALL COACH

HANOVER, N.H. **Eugene F. "Buddy" Teevens III**, who as a player led Dartmouth to the 1978 Ivy League championship and as a coach led Dartmouth football to back-to-back Ivy League titles in 1990 and 1991, will return as the head coach of the Big Green football program.

Teevens, 48, coached Dartmouth from 1987 through 1991. During his final two seasons, the Big Green posted identical overall records of 7-2-1. With a 6-1 record, Dartmouth shared the 1990 Ivy title with Cornell; in 1991, Dartmouth won the outright championship with a 6-0-1 mark. His overall record at Dartmouth was 26-22-2. Teevens will hold the Robert L. Blackman Endowed Coaching Position, named in memory of Bob Blackman, who coached Dartmouth from 1955 to 1970, and created through the gift of Henry M. "Hank" Paulson '68, an outstanding offensive tackle who played for Blackman from 1965-67.

"I'm delighted that Buddy Teevens is returning to Dartmouth," said President James Wright. "It is always a treat to have former students of mine back in town. His accomplishments here as a student, an athlete and a coach, combined with his experience nationally and knowledge of the Ivy League, make him the ideal person to lead Dartmouth football. We look forward to working with Buddy as Dartmouth football asserts its traditional prominence in the league." Director of Athletics Josie Harper is scheduled to introduce Teevens at a 3 p.m. news conference on Wednesday. "Everyone says that timing in life is everything," said Harper. "The time is perfect for Buddy to return to Hanover to combine two of his passions—his expertise and knowledge in the game of football and his love for Dartmouth College."

Most recently, Teevens was the head coach at Stanford University from 2002 through 2004. Prior to that, Teevens was on Steve Spurrier's staff at the University of Florida from 1998 to 2001. In 1999, Teevens was Florida's running backs coach. In 2000, he was the passing game coordinator while also coaching tight ends, wide receivers, kickers, snappers and holders. The following year, he was the assistant offensive coordinator and tight ends coach. His first game with the Gators was the 1999 Orange Bowl. In his three full seasons at Florida, the Gators went 29-9, participated in three bowl games and finished among the top-12 in the final polls each season. In his final year in 2001, the Gators went 10-2, defeated Maryland in the Orange Bowl and finished ranked third in both national polls. From 1997 to 1998, Teevens was the offensive coordinator and receivers coach at the University of Illinois under Ron Turner.

At age 36, Teevens was appointed the head coach at Tulane University in December 1991, and headed the Green Wave program through the 1996 season. He helped rebuild the program and recruited most of the team that went 11-0 in 1998.

Teevens began his coaching career in 1979 as the running backs coach at DePauw University. In June 1980, he was named the offensive coordinator at Boston University. He remained with the Terrier program until March 1985, when he was appointed the head football coach at the University of Maine. He led the Black Bears to a 6-5 record in 1985 and a 7-4 mark in 1986, the program's first back-to-back winning seasons in 21 years. In 15 years as a head coach, Teevens' record is 60-99-2.

At Dartmouth, Teevens was honored as the New England Coach of the Year for the 1991 season. The Big Green's Ivy title that year was the school's first outright championship since 1978.

Born October 1, 1956, Teevens earned a B.A. in history from Dartmouth in 1979. An honorable mention All-America quarterback in 1978, he led the Big Green to the Ivy title that year. He was named the Ivy League and ECAC player of the year and played in the Blue-Gray Classic. Co-captain of the 1978 team, Teevens was the squad's most valuable player. He also lettered in hockey, helping Dartmouth to a third-place finish at the 1979 NCAA Championship. He was voted the Alfred W. Watson Trophy as Dartmouth's outstanding athlete.

The name Teevens is intertwined through Dartmouth athletic history. Buddy's father, the late Eugene F. Teevens II '52, was a hockey letter winner, and Buddy's younger brother, Shaun '82, was a two-sport athlete in football and hockey and also a recipient of the Watson Trophy. A sister, Moira, is a member of the Class of 1987. She captained the women's cross country and track teams and earned All-Ivy and All-East recognition as a runner.

Teevens succeeds John Lyons at the helm of the Big Green and is the 21st coach in the program's 123-year history. He was Dartmouth's 19th coach during his first tenure.

A native of Pembroke, Mass., Teevens and his wife, Kirsten, have two children, Lindsay, 18, and Eugene IV, 16.

'79S CELEBRATE 79TH DAY OF THE YEAR AGAIN!

*Parking....Free
A Few Beers at Watch City Brewing....\$20
Retrieving your car from behind a fence with Dobermans....\$145
Hanging with your Homies....Priceless*

That's **Phil Odence**, '79 Mini-Reunion Chair-for-Life describing the Boston leg of another successful simultaneous, multi-city 79th Day of the Year Party, held this past March in Hanover, Boston, New York, D.C., Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. A good time was had by all as our readers can see from the reports and pictures from the various venues.



A strong contingent of '79s celebrate at Watch City Brewing in Boston

Washington, D.C. (T. Weymouth): Greetings from your nation's capital, site of last night's confab at Gordon Biersch Brewhouse. What we lacked in macro numbers we made up for in quality of attendees: **Da'aga Hill Bowman, Paul Centenari, Burr Gray, Barb Murphy, Josh Muskin, Roger Sullivan** (who drove in from the 'burbs) and your humble scribe. We toasted: (1) our classmates convening at similar events around the country; (2) those who could not be with us (including **Dave Bridges**, who sent regrets from Baghdad); (3) Josh, who is moving to Morocco at the beginning of April for a multi-year stint as head of a USAID project to improve educational and



Josh Muskin, Paul Centenari, Roger Sullivan, Burr Gray, T Weymouth, Da'aga Hill Bowman, and Barb Murphy celebrate at Gordon Biersch Brewery & Restaurant in D.C.

employment opportunities for Moroccan students; and (4) Coach Buddy and his new challenge. We reminisced about European misadventures during FSP/Toulouse and good times had at recent reunions. Finally, we committed to a '79 roadtrip this fall to a football game within reasonable driving distance (Penn or Princeton).

San Francisco (Jeff Boylan): Morning oh glorious ones!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Feeling like 30 years ago or so, sandbag in the head. Comes from waiting on your classmates and **Sully** masterminding the plank. His Philosophers Club provided the perfect venue for **John Sotos** & I to reminisce, catching Sully when we could. He works his bar like a jack-in the box, or a whirling dervish, your choice (you may choose both.....). We raised our glasses to you all (a couple of times), and smiled hard on the good life we are so fortunate to embrace after all this time. Kudos to Don Fleabag for creating this cool vibe. '79, '79, '79!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! My very favorite position.....

Chicago (Louis Guthrie): We had the same turn-out as last year. Attendees at Jack's Tap included **Nancy Wilder, Peter Greulich, Mark Rader, Jon Peabody, Archie King, Marlowe Hicks** (and his wife Julie) and yours truly. We were hoping for more, but we were going to be pretty comfortable if it turned out to be a reasonably cozy group. Everyone looked great, was happy to be there and made an effort to make the event. In fact, although we weren't supposed to get together until 6:00 pm, I heard from both Mark Rader and Jon Peabody that they would have to leave at 6:30 for some family obligations so they both asked if we could move it forward so that they could get some time in. So most people arrived around 5:30 and we had a good hour with Jon and Mark. From that point on, the rest of us had dinner and more drinks and we broke around 10:00 or so. It was a great time, and I'm so appreciative of the effort people made to get there. Although it was a small turn-out, I think everyone will say that we had a blast. The nice thing is that, for most of us, this group is not a group that hangs out together; rather this kind of event is when we can see each other, and most of us have gotten to know each other at this gathering. Pretty cool.

Los Angeles (Rich Pugh): We had a smaller group in LA this year too. We're not exactly sure why but we have a few theories: (1) Confluence of 1st night of spring break for many schools, NCAA hoops on the tube, and another in an endless winter of rainy nights, (2) 25th reunion adrenaline rush wasn't there this year (maybe 25th reunion adrenaline hangover instead?), (3) Partying with Ted-O and me would have been just too much fun twice in a 365 day period. **Phil Olsen, Paul**



Jeff Boylan, John Sotos & Kevin Sullivan at Sully's Philosophers Club in San Francisco

Wetmore, Melinda Wetmore, Ted Winterer and I had a splendid time drinking and flapping our gums at Casa del Mar Hotel. Glad to hear that others had a good time too!

CHRISTMAS IN CAMBODIA

BY BILL HOLMES

*Our classmate, **Bill Holmes**, has spent much of the past 20 years traveling around the world volunteering his medical services. You may remember that in the January 2004 Newsletter, Bill wrote a special piece for us about his Thanksgiving in 2003 in Afghanistan where he was volunteering his time as a physician treating civilians who had been victims of the war there, many of them children who had stepped on land mines.*

Bill's next journey was a return to Cambodia, where he had previously spent time as a volunteer 20 years before. In the following story, Bill tells us about his Christmas in Cambodia...

It looks as though I will be spending Christmas in Cambodia this year, twenty years since I first journeyed to this part of the world to do medical work. Actually, I only spent Christmas Eve of 1984 in Cambodia, working as a newly trained doctor in the Nong Samet refugee camp located just inside Cambodia along the border with Thailand. The camp was supposed to serve as a safe haven for the hundreds of thousands who had flocked to the border in the years following the genocide of the *Khmer Rouge* years in Cambodia, before that notorious regime was ousted by the Vietnamese who installed their own government within the country.

Christmas Day itself of 1984 I spent in a dusty field on the Thai side of the border, surrounded by rolls of blue plastic provided by the United Nations in order to construct an emergency hospital. Nong Samet was attacked in the early morning hours of the twenty-fifth of December by that same Vietnamese supported regime as part of a plan to remove the refugee “problem” from within Cambodia. I remember standing in the hot sun that day as small clusters of terrified Cambodians, among them the people I had worked with and befriended while working in Nong Samet, made their dangerous escape from the advancing Vietnamese tanks and troops. In the midst of the dust, gun-fire, explosions, and tears I recall thinking that the Christmas of 1984 would not be forgotten.

And I suppose it has not been, although I have come to think that my biggest contribution to that day was to simply be a warm body and friendly, familiar face serving to greet my desperate colleagues and the other camp inhabitants. Perhaps I was some sort of symbol that the outside world was aware of their plight, and had not totally forgotten them. Maybe a hospital, like a home, is after all where the heart is.

The next time I spent a holiday season in Cambodia was in 1991. The Vietnamese had been pressured by the international community to leave Cambodia, the various warring factions within the country had all been signatory to a peace accord, the United Nations planned to arrive within six months and combine a formula of two billion dollars and twenty thousand “Peace Keeping Troops” to bring “free and fair” elections and democracy to the land. I found myself arriving as a newly trained surgeon to work in a dilapidated provincial hospital, short on the luxuries of running water and electricity. The Red Cross project was designed to try to assist, among other things, with the care of some of the eight hundred new patients per month who found themselves as one of the unfortunate citizens of the country whose foot happened to make an untimely meeting with a land-mine.

I was supposed to be in Cambodia for Christmas of that year as well, but my flight from Bangkok to Phnom Penh was cancelled when I arrived at the airport. Apparently a small gathering in the Cambodian capital had become unruly, many shots were fired, people killed, and the hotel where I was supposed to stay that night was riddled with bullets. The “Peace Plan” was off to a shaky start.

As Christmas of 2004 approaches, I find myself working in

Cambodia again for these past few months. Although I am on a short break at the moment, I am scheduled to be back there in time for the *Joyeux Noel*. We’ll see what happens. The country has changed a lot in the last twenty years, but then again, not all that much. Living conditions are better, a lot better for the urban elite, very little better for the rural farmer.

The Vietnamese-supported government that ordered the assault of the Nong Samet refugee camp in 1984 was headed by Hun Sen, a former *Khmer Rouge* (“Red Cambodian”) leader who had fled to Vietnam during the purges of the latter part of Pol Pot’s infamous regime, and then was placed into power by Vietnam after that country invaded (or rescued) Cambodia. Hun Sen remained in power after the Vietnamese pulled out of Cambodia. He ran for Prime Minister during the United Nation’s “free and fair” elections, lost the election but refused to leave, and remains in power today. A pragmatist would admire Hun Sen’s staying power: from *Khmer Rouge* leader to Vietnamese installed leader to independent communist leader to the leader of Democratic Cambodia--the man has hung in there. An idealist may find some disappointment that despite labels like “freedom” and “democracy” the different peoples of the world often have their own way of doing business, despite the rhetoric. Me, I’m a dreamer. I would like to see a government give itself whatever label it chooses, but hope that at the end of the day they have done something good for the people they govern, respected and protected the human rights of the citizenry, and helped to guide their nation toward a brighter tomorrow.

Cambodia seems to have a long way to go. Sadly, my Cambodian friends old enough to remember the place in the nineteen-sixties—when rampant corruption and regional war were making the country fertile for the rise of the *Khmer Rouge*—relate that the Cambodia of the new millennium feels increasingly like the Cambodia of those old days. Corruption at all levels of the government and society, increasing disparity between the urban elite and rural poor, lack of progress in basic medical care, education and infrastructure all have a familiar, ominous ring. Maybe societies live out their own “circle of life,” returning to the mistakes of the past, destined to relive them. If this country is to go through another version of the last thirty years, from corruption and chaos, to the horrors of living under a repressive ideologue regime, to the years of fighting and civil war, to the years of rebuilding, only to end up back at the beginning of the cycle, then I hope it happens after I’m gone. I think I’m just too damned tired to watch it all play out another time. But then again, I’m a dreamer.

I live in a house with three other international staff about a kilometer from the hospital. We have our own microcosmic circle of life within our safe and secure shelter. The compound is enclosed by cement walls topped with fragmented pieces of sharp glass, the front gate guarded 24/7. Three dogs share the space: Tony—the mother, and Marilyn and Mae West—the wild daughters. As I’m the first American to work for this group it seems curious to me that our canine companions have been named after American blondes, but there’s the impact of Hollywood for you. A

Two '79s NOMINATED FOR TRUSTEE ELECTION

Two '79s, **Peter Robinson** and **Gregg Engles**, were among six candidates nominated for Trustee in the most recent Trustee election by Dartmouth Alumni. Peter was elected to the Board, where he will join another '79 currently serving as a Trustee, **Pamela Joyner**. Although not elected, Gregg was nominated by a nominating committee of the Board of Trustees, indicating his strong support at the Board level. Both Gregg and Peter ran strong campaigns, with several well written, thoughtful messages delivered to the alumni body as a whole. Snaps for another strong '79 showing!



Peter Robinson



Gregg Engles

large, proud rooster, Roger, also shares the space, although his biologic clock needs a bit of an overhaul as he starts crowing about 4 a.m., well before the sun is prepared to make an appearance. If he doesn't get his act together soon he may well orbit out of our own circle of life and join us as dinner, rather than for dinner.

There are six geese with us. There were seven before the dogs snared one of them, making the whole place a bit tense for a while, but bringing the feathery flock into an appropriate "six geese a layin" mode well before The Twelve Days of Christmas were set to begin. A couple of big lizards, an occasional snake, some geckos, and plenty of mosquitoes serve to round out the menagerie.

The compound is bordered on either side by interesting places in their own right. To the left is a crocodile farm which provides some peculiar noises, as well as smells on occasion. Although I suppose they have their own circle of life going on across the wall (I have climbed up for a look, and typically see three or four large beasts flocked by many smaller ones, all being prepared to make some nice holiday wallets, no doubt), the geese lovers of the group are prepared to introduce the two worlds by catapulting one or more of the carnivorous dogs over if there are any more untimely, foul-fowl murders.

To the right of our compound we have the great good fortune to welcome the newest and sadly most successful karaoke bar in Battambang, Cambodia. Nothing beats trying to go to sleep in a hot, mosquito infested room with the sounds of ancient and not so ancient Cambodian tunes wafting through the night air. Ain't life great?

The pragmatist would recognize the natural order of the compound, and its circle of life, and not blame the dogs too much for what comes naturally to them, all the while keeping an eye open for escaped crocodiles. The idealist would wish that as all the animals are well fed that they would leave each other alone, in peace. Me, I'm a dreamer. I can still dream, and more importantly sleep, through pretty much anything, including Cambodian karaoke.

The hospital in Battambang was started in 1997 with the aim of trying to assist with the cost and care for the large number of people still being affected by the devastation of land-mine and other assorted bomb and bullet injuries that follows thirty years of civil war. Over time its programs have expanded to include reconstructive surgery for trauma, polio and other infectious diseases, as well as congenital problems. Most recently more general surgical problems have been added to its mission, as for the poor majority of Cambodia there is still not access to even basic treatment facilities.

The hospital is a busy place, and as the only clinical person of the group for most of my time here, I have been working. The day typically consists of ten scheduled cases, and is punctuated throughout by the emergencies. As the roads have improved, and bicycles have been upgraded to motorbikes, the number of serious traffic accidents is on a steep rise. Appendicitis, perforated ulcers, ectopic pregnancies, infections, as well as the complications of this countries most recent scourge, HIV, keep things interesting, and at times, exhausting.

The rainy season ended several weeks ago, and people, especially the poorest people, will begin to travel further off major roads to clear a field, further into the forests in search of wood, further into land-mine country. Twenty years ago when a person stepped on a land-mine during their journey to the refugee camps there was little alternative except to die. In 1991 the five to ten patients per week that managed to survive to reach my small hospital had typically spent thirty-six hours making the journey from blast to clinic. If they weren't killed by the injury, they needed to drag themselves to a road, wait for a passing truck (often until the following morning as traffic did not move after dark), and then the long, bumpy journey to the hospital gate. These days it averages closer to six hours between injury and arriving at the hospital. Still...must be a long six hours.

Two nights before I left for holiday the administrator of the hospital got a call on his mobile phone from a medic near the Thai border. A tractor hauling behind it a wagon stacked four meters into the air with freshly harvested rice had passed over an anti-tank mine. They were coming in.

DARTMOUTH ALUMNI ELECT PETER ROBINSON '79 AND TODD ZYWICKI '88 TO BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Hanover, N.H. The Dartmouth College Board of Trustees has elected **Peter Robinson**, a Fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institution, and Todd J. Zywicki, a Professor of Law and Senior Research Fellow at George Mason University, as alumni trustees, following a vote by Dartmouth's alumni nominating them from a list of six candidates. Robinson, a 1979 graduate of Dartmouth, and Zywicki, a 1988 alumnus, will join the board on June 12, immediately following commencement ceremonies in Hanover.

Board of Trustees Chair William H. Neukom welcomed the two trustees-elect to the board, noting that Dartmouth's alumni nominated the two "from a very strong list of candidates. The board greatly values the range of perspectives and experiences that all of our trustees bring to our midst to inform our deliberations. We will be pleased to have them working as trustees to preserve and strengthen Dartmouth's prominence in higher education."

Dartmouth President James Wright said, "Mr. Robinson and Mr. Zywicki both have a deep affection for Dartmouth, and I look forward to working with them as fellow members of the Board of Trustees in continuing to strengthen the College."

Other candidates for the alumni trustee position were Sheila C. Cheston '80, Senior Vice President, General Counsel and Secretary of BAE Systems North America; **Gregg L. Engles '79**, Chairman and CEO of Dean Foods Company; Richard W. Lewis '84, Chief Executive of Curzon Global Partners and Senior Managing Director of IXIS AEW Europe, Curzon's parent company; and Curtis R. Welling '71, Tuck '77, President and CEO of AmeriCares, a non-profit disaster relief and humanitarian aid organization.

"I am personally very grateful to all six of these distinguished candidates for their desire to serve Dartmouth, and to all the alumni who voted in the election," President Wright said. "Alumni interest in and engagement with the institution are critical to Dartmouth's ability to offer the best educational experience in the country."

Robinson said, "Dartmouth changed my life, forming my intellect, shaping my character, exposing me to the finest teachers I've ever encountered, and giving me friends whose companionship I still cherish. I'm profoundly honored to have this opportunity to give something back to the College that gave so much to me. I look forward to working with Chairman of the Board of Trustees Bill Neukom, with the other members of the board, and with President Wright — and above all to representing my fellow alumni."

Zywicki said, "I am honored and humbled by the alumni vote for me to serve on the Board of Trustees. Dartmouth provided the formative experience of my adult life and launched me on the path that eventually culminated in becoming a professor myself. I want to thank all of the alumni who petitioned to put my name on the ballot and have trusted me with this charge to serve on the Board. I look forward to working with my fellow board members, Chairman Neukom, and President Wright to help steer Dartmouth's future. Most of all, I look forward to working with Dartmouth's students, faculty, parents, and alumni and to seek their guidance and ideas on improving Dartmouth."

A total of 15,334 individuals, some 24.3 percent of Dartmouth's total alumni body, cast a total of 35,107 votes under the multiple-voting procedure of the nomination process. Robinson received 7,376 votes, and Zywicki received 6,844. The nomination process was managed by the Association of Alumni balloting committee, which certified the results and communicated them to the Board of Trustees.

An author, television host and former White House speechwriter, Peter Robinson is a Fellow at the Hoover Institution, the public policy research center at Stanford University. He served from 1982-83 as chief speechwriter to Vice President George H.W. Bush. In 1983 he joined the President's staff, serving almost five years as speechwriter and special assistant to President Ronald Reagan, an experience he recounts in his 2003 book "How Ronald Reagan Changed My Life." Robinson joined the Hoover Institution in 1993 and now hosts the PBS public affairs television program "Uncommon Knowledge," edits a quarterly journal, "The Hoover Digest," and provides commentary for media such as National Public Radio and Fox News. In addition to his book about President Reagan, Robinson has published a study of the Republican Party, "It's My Party," and a book about business school, "Snapshots From Hell: The Making of an MBA."

Zywicki is a Professor of Law at George Mason University School of Law and Senior Research Fellow of the James Buchanan Center Program on Philosophy, Politics and Economics. In 2002 he was voted "Professor of the Year" by the George Mason Law School student body. In 2003-04 he served as director of the Office of Policy Planning at the United States Federal Trade Commission. Zywicki has also taught at Georgetown Law Center, Boston College Law School, and Mississippi College School of Law, and is a fellow of the International Centre for Economic Research in Turin, Italy. Prior to becoming a professor, Zywicki clerked for Jerry E. Smith of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit and practiced law with Alston & Bird in Atlanta.

The Dartmouth Board of Trustees was established in the College's original charter from King George III of Great Britain in 1769. With the appointments of Robinson and Zywicki, the board consists of 18 members, including eight alumni trustees, eight charter trustees, the Governor of New Hampshire (in an ex officio capacity) and the President of the College.

Five people were injured—the three riding the tractor each had bits of foot and leg and jaw and face removed by the blast as it tore away at the vehicle's underbelly, sending pieces of the machines metal through the unsuspecting harvesters. The two riding in the wagon, resting comfortably on their soft mound of rice, were thrown ten meters into the air. Imagine the surprise for the two of them, an old man and a teenage boy, as one moment they were enjoying the peaceful Cambodian night, the next they were flying through the air, their ear drums ruptured, before coming down to that sudden, most uncomfortable stop. In their dazed state, neither of them talked for the next two days, although the boy was able to communicate in some way that his abdomen was becoming increasingly painful over the course of that first night, most likely from the liter of blood that had leaked into his peritoneal cavity, caused by some broken ribs puncturing his liver. Bet he'll think twice before he climbs up onto a mound of rice again.

The following evening, the last before my holiday, another call came to the administrator's mobile phone (it would have been so much more convenient if mobile telephones had been available twenty years ago—the fleeing refugees could have dialed up for help as they lay dying during the dark night in land caught between communism and democracy). Anyway, the call that came to the Battambang hospital was to inform us that three people had been injured by an antipersonnel-mine, and they were on the way. Five hours later they arrived.

Land-mines cause their injuries by the blast effect of the detonation, and in some cases by the shrapnel effect either purposely incorporated into the device, or by the flying debris surrounding it in its evil grave. Unfortunately the three new patients had encountered a shrapnel mine. It tends to be much more messy.

Also unfortunately, the victims were thirteen-year-old boys. I left the hospital the following morning before I had a chance to find out the details of the accident, but I'm getting pretty good at piecing these things together: Three boys find a land-mine and decide it will be fun, and possibly lucrative to dismantle it for its various bits of explosive, detonator, casing and other valuable assets among a community of, literally, dirt-poor farmers. The leader of the group is postured in front of the device—that's the one that arrives dead. I wonder, while he still lives, if he is aware of the mobile phone call out at the village, the irony of modern technology's digital waves bouncing off a series of discs to arrive at a hospital that will only be reached after five, agonizing hours over narrow, rutted roads. I wonder as the life pours out of him while riding in the back of a pick-up truck, the stars of the clear Cambodian night hovering above, if he feels scared or alone, or if the life just leaves him to be counted as another statistic. Finally he arrives, far too late to be helped because he is already dead. Stone, cold dead. And as there is no more to work on, attention is turned to his friends.

The second boy is likely the gopher of the group. He is some distance away when the blast goes off. Scattered pieces of skin are missing, a large part of the right shoulder, and unfortunately for him, a small fragment of the device

penetrates through his abdominal wall. Exploration of his belly reveals only minor damage. He will live to tell his children of the misadventure.

The third boy is the assistant. He is steadying the device in his right hand when it explodes. The hand is removed at the wrist by the blast, but the open forearm is assaulted with large bits of dirt and grass from the field, burrowing their way up toward the elbow, and necessitating a short amputation stump. He also has penetration of his abdomen with injuries to his liver and bowel. But it is his skin that devastates. Fist-sized chunks are removed from foot to head, leaving large holes impregnated with dirt, stones, metal, and bits of a rib here, a sternum there. He looks curiously as if he is wearing some sort of perverse leopard-fur-coat, the dark, charred chunks of missing body in spotted contrast to his light, olive skin. It will take most of the evening to try and clean up the horror, and then decide if the penetrating injury to his right eye means it needs to be removed immediately, or can wait until more is determined about the severe corneal injury to the left. In any event, he will be blind, or nearly so. That's if he lives. When I leave the hospital on that last morning, after operating throughout the night, his lungs are congested, struggling as he breathes sixty times per minute. There is no ventilator here to assist him—he can make it or he can't. Sixty times a minute...one breath every second. Try it for a while. You get tired pretty fast.

The pragmatist in me realizes that land-mines are a part of war, their use or misuse the responsibility of those that deploy them. After all, land-mines don't kill people...thirteen-year-old boys kill people. And themselves as well, apparently.

Thirteen...it is a difficult age, a mischievous age.

It is a dangerous age.

Thirteen...it is an unlucky number.

If you multiply thirteen by three, and then subtract one you get the number thirty-eight...as in the thirty-eighth parallel that separates North and South Korea. Ahh, now it makes sense. Or maybe not. Seems like in these days of recognized nuclear proliferation, it might possibly take more than a few land-mines to keep the hordes of the North from invading. Still, it is one of the arguments voiced for the continued need of the U.S. to include land-mines as part of the armamentarium, and so not cooperate with their worldwide ban. This year the military introduced the "smart-mine." Apparently it will self-destruct. Hope it knows who is in the neighborhood when it decides to do that.

The idealist in me realizes that just as an investor might analyze price to earnings ratio, or that in surgery there is an effort to evaluate the risk versus the benefit of a given procedure, that land-mines which indiscriminately kill over unpredictable time-lines (whether smart or not), that have killed and continue to kill in far greater number innocent civilians years and decades after any conflict, that surely the benefit of such a device, in any given war scenario, is greatly out-balanced by its known risk. Really, only people who are not so, can put any faith in a "smart" mine.

The dreamer in me realizes that land-mines don't affect the lives of the average voter, that unidentified airline baggage seems like a much greater threat and concern to them, but that still, somehow they would support the powerful gesture taken by the vast majority of nations of the world to ban land-mines.

For all the long nights, and occasional tragic days in this country, it remains a place of smiles and optimism. Each day the hospital garden fills with bright children's faces, wheelchair races, singing and laughter. I still have time to take an occasional run along the river, work out at the local gym (some weights and a chin-up bar accompanied, of course, by some more lovely Cambodian music), enjoy some delicious food, and meet lots of good and interesting people.

Tony, the mother dog at the house appears to be pregnant once again—despite the fact that there are only female dogs within the guarded walls of the compound. Looks like Homeland Security is an imperfect process wherever we live, and that sometimes you have to just get on with it. Her bloated state once again reminds me not to underestimate

the power (both attractive and destructive) of hormones!

For Christmas this year, the pragmatist in me realizes that I have no place to carry or store anything, and so couldn't use it.

The idealist in me realizes that I already have the great good fortune to be born, first of all white, male and in America, and even more so with opportunity and privilege. So I suppose that just leaves the dreamer.

The twenty years that separate my first Christmas in Cambodia from this one has left me a bit more cynical and a lot more tired, but I guess that I remain a dreamer. I imagine on some level during that Christmas Day of 1984, standing in a hot, dusty field as the artillery exploded in the background and the world's dispossessed passed by me that I wished for the same thing as I would wish for today:

Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward Men (and women and children too, who need it ever the more so).

The same to each of you, as well. **Bill Holmes '79**

LAI D OFF, AND WORKING HARDER THAN EVER

BY JIM SCHLEY FOR *NEWSWEEK*

FOR MONTHS, I'VE JUGGLED NUMEROUS PART-TIME JOBS. THE SITUATION IS PRECARIOUS—AND ODDLY LIBERATING.

Like millions of Americans who have lost their jobs, in early 2003 I suddenly found myself laid off. My employer wasn't a giant, downsizing corporation but a small book publisher. Two years earlier I'd had my photo in the business section of *The New York Times*, in a lead article lauding our company for exemplary "niche" publishing. Even so, after more than a decade in various management positions, I was told, "You're a fixed cost that needs to be a variable cost."

I wasn't expecting it to be so difficult to find a new job, or to be such a jolt to my self-respect. I missed seeing my name on a masthead and business card. I missed seeing my colleagues, most of whom had also been fired.

I signed up for unemployment compensation, six months of weekly checks at a portion of my previous income, and came to feel an odd warmth for the synthesized voice on the automated claims line—a fatherly baritone that intoned seven questions about my work status which I'd answer by pressing 1 for yes or 9 for no. Responding correctly would bring another check.

Meanwhile I scoured the job listings. I threw myself wholeheartedly into applying for 19 jobs—19 carefully worded cover letters and fine-tuned resumes with references from former employers and advisers.

Each time I sent out one of my neatly printed packets, I believed I'd be called for an interview, have a meeting of minds and be offered a great position. The usual result was much different: I'd run as fast as I could and leap—into

a cinder-block wall.

One evening at dinner, as my wife and daughter recounted the day's highlights, I realized that I had almost nothing to say. I'd done the laundry, made soup, planted another garden bed... but so what? I was basically retired. There was no way I was going to let myself be one of those laid-off men who squander hours watching TV. Anyway, we don't have a TV.

What I could see all around me were part-time jobs. On top of more than 8 million unemployed people in the United States, at least 4 million people are working part-time, unable to find full-time positions. They are without benefits or a contract, paid hourly instead of a salary, but they are working. I resolved to take as many part-time jobs as I could find. I ended up juggling as many as 11 at a time. The experience has been fantastic.

I've found employment by writing (reviews for a metropolitan newspaper and essays for feature magazines); teaching (book-discussion series in public libraries, poetry programs for high-school students and presentations for Elderhostel); performing (with a dance troupe, and on stilts with a brass band); editing (for a forestry magazine and market-research firm as well as a book about the history of bridges); painting houses; plowing snow; researching a family history; doing carpentry; house-sitting, and playing a patient for medical students practicing interviews. Knowing that I was trying to see how many jobs I could manage, my sister called one day to suggest sperm donation as a possibility—not an option I've yet explored.

To have so many jobs you need to be in the right place at the right time with the right equipment and clothes. A friend peered into my car one morning and exclaimed, "You've got more bags than a mailman!" Some days I've had four different jobs in 12 hours.

As our 10-year-old daughter was listening with an impish expression to the radio news, she said, "Hey, Dad, no wonder there's high unemployment—you have all the jobs."

Admittedly, I was better prepared than most people for such a predicament. As a college graduate who has made my living for 20 years in the arts, I've worked in editorial offices but also (to make ends meet) in restaurants, on construction crews, as a puppeteer. My wife and I live "off the grid" in a solar-electric house we built ourselves—no mortgage and a big vegetable garden—with health insurance from her teaching job. Through 13 years of marriage we've carefully avoided debt, clearing our one credit card every month, paying off our cars quickly and keeping them running beyond 170,000 miles.

This balance feels precarious, but with no savings and no offers, I was ready to take drastic action. And though I wasn't looking for this lesson, in the past year I've discovered how valuable humility can be. Humility turns out to be quite different from humiliation, and the difference is largely up to you.



Jim Schley as he appeared in Newsweek

Who knows? Maybe I'll never take another full-time job. As a regular employee, you're at the mercy of someone else's decisions, which might well be impetuous or idiotic. As a multiple part-timer, you're free, responsible for your own choices.

In the meantime, my short-term plan has me busy and upbeat, with plenty to recount over the dinner table.

Jim Schley lives in South Strafford, Vt.

COREY FORD RUGBY CLUBHOUSE TO BE DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 23-24, 2005

For all '79 Ruggers, the long awaited Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse is finally here! The new clubhouse, which was originally envisioned with former rugby coach Corey Ford's 1969 bequest to the College, will be dedicated the weekend of September 23-24, 2005. The site is on Reservoir Road, across from the golf course. Beyond Ford's gift, Dartmouth Rugby Alumni contributed over \$1.3 million toward the clubhouse campaign. There will be golf during the day on Friday, September 23, an official College ceremony and honoring of Corey Ford Friday at 5:30pm, inaugural matches on Saturday at the new pitch, and of course a general celebration of Dartmouth Rugby on Saturday night. Many '79s are expected to be attendance and all are invited, Ruggers and friends of Ruggers alike!

25TH REUNION YEARBOOK

If you missed our 25th Reunion—or if you came but didn't get our Reunion Yearbook—there are still copies available. To order one, mail a check made payable to Dartmouth Class of 1979 for \$50.00 to our Treasurer, **Jim Boldt**, at the following address: James C. Boldt, Brittany Corp., Terminal Tower, Suite 2900, 50 Public Square, Cleveland, OH 44113-2284. When Jim receives your check, **Debbie Sortor Parnon**, our 25th Reunion Chair, will mail you a Yearbook.

SEND US MORE NEWS! AND PICTURES!

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 briley@cooley.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!