



The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Spring 2015

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Editor's Note

When I sent out my invitation for submissions for the winter newsletter, I had every intention of getting out a winter edition this year. However, winter has morphed into spring, and the newsletter is now a testament to spring. The New England winter this year was one for the ages. The snow piles were legendary in Western Massachusetts. Rather than the traditional snow-melt-rain-snow cycle, we went snow-cold-snow-cold-and more snow. The last pile melted on Saturday, April 18th, a record for my house. Spring is now bursting out with urgency as it has to make up for lost time.

Before the crazy onslaught of February snowstorms, the Class of '68 had its second annual Big East Ski Trip to Okemo in late January. Having never attended a Dartmouth '68 sponsored ski trip, this was a real treat for me. While some of us stayed slopeside at Okemo, most of us had the luxury of staying in an Aspen -style mansion perched on a mountainside at Hawk Resort. The kitchen, the bedrooms, and common areas were exquisite and lent themselves to comfortable relaxing and meaningful conversations. Mini-reunions are fun! There were endless conversations and reminiscences, sharing of life experiences, and story after story – all uniquely original and amusing. As we all left Dartmouth College with relatively similar backgrounds, we travelled outward from the central core to experience life in unique and individual ways. Sitting around the fire in our grand lodge, we shared stories, particularly of service in the military, which were fascinating and inspiring. I made new friends who I never new at the College. We are all at the same stage in life and have much in common and much to share. Even if you have had no contact with your classmates since 1968, have never attended one of these events, and don't know a soul on the sign-up list, I urge you and your significant other to come anyway. You will meet interesting and welcoming people and you don't have to ski or play golf to have a great time. I felt like I was sitting in a dorm again, having one of those extended late night bull sessions. You can hear more about our class mini-reunions including the Eastern and Western Ski Trips and Golf Trip later on in the newsletter.

Finally, I hope you enjoy two wonderful stories in this edition, one about a wilderness canoe trip taken many years ago by Bill Rich, and the other about the life of Robbie Peacock, our deceased classmate who died during the Viet Nam war. Peter, Bill and I invite you to use these pages to tell your personal stories, of challenges overcome, about your service in the Armed Forces, or special Dartmouth experiences and memories. You won't find a more willing or supportive audience.

Best,
Dave Gang

Message from Our Class President

Fellow '68 Classmates;

Here is a familiar reprieve: we have a great Class. We have multiple Rhodes Scholars, Cabinet Secretaries, Alumni Award winners, College Trustees, ... All this is true and we should be justly proud of it. However, the more contact that I have with classmates whom I haven't known over the years, the more I realize that there are many more extraordinary classmates out there: the **UNSUNG HEROES**. These are people whose service to their country, communities or professions do not make the newspapers but which are worthy of identification and recognition. Before our next newsletter, our 50th Reunion will be less than three years in the future. At the Reunion, I hope that we can recognize the contributions to our society made by our classmates. To do this effectively, we must early identify the many deserving individuals. I ask that you think about classmates who merit such recognition. These stories are classic fodder for this newsletter anyway. Please send vignettes to our editor, **David Gang** or to your favorite Class Executive Committee member, anonymous if you wish.

One class of unsung heroes are members of the Harold Ripley Society, comprised of the 37 classmates who have given to the Alumni Fund every year since graduation. This year, our Class instituted the Set the Record Straight Program ("STRS" or Stars for short) which allows classmates who have missed just a few years to give a make-up gift and join the Ripley Society. As of February, the following classmates have stepped up to become Stars:

| | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------|---------------|
| Don Becker | Bob Holmberg | Roger Patterson | Robert Rusin |
| Wells Chandler | Bruce Levy | David Peck | Jack Sedwick |
| Alex Conn | Joe Lowry | Ben Powell | Larry Smith |
| Jim Cruickshank | John Mercer | Preston Prudente | Rick Williams |
| Sandy Dunlap | Rich Miller | Burt Quist | Mike Zavelle |
| Andy Epstein | Jack Noon | Hap Ridgway | |
| Larry Himes | Mike O'Connor | Kim Ritchey | |
| Jeff Hinman | Peter O'Keeffe | David Rossman | |

About eighty other classmates are eligible for this program. We hope to see many more Stars by the May program deadline. The STRS program has been conducted with outstanding initiative and dedication by **Joe Nathan Wright, Peter Wonson, and Bob Ross**, who deserve all of your cooperation and responsiveness in their devoted efforts on behalf of the Dartmouth College Fund.

Our fast approaching 50th Reunion represents our culminating experience as Dartmouth Alumni. Please reflect your best ideas as to non-conventional elements that we should incorporate into the festivities to make this event as meaningful as it can be. Please also step forward and volunteer to play a role in organizing and executing the Reunion.

All the best,
Peter Fahey



News from the College

There is much positive news to report from the College this spring. At the end of January, President Hanlon presented the highly anticipated Moving Dartmouth Forward program to a receptive College community. The core elements include: transforming residential life through the creation of six house communities; promoting a safer and healthier campus environment through a zero-tolerance sexual assault policy and the banning of on campus hard liquor; clarifying and strengthening expectations of individuals and student organizations (especially Greek organizations); and strengthening academic rigor while enhancing learning outside the classroom. Total applications were also up this year by 6% likely reflecting the more positive perception of the College and its efforts to improve campus life. Offers of admission were extended to 2,120 students this April representing an overall acceptance rate of 10.3%. And finally, there was more than enough snow for Winter Carnival this year, highlighted of course, by the great '68 Class Connections event in the Hop with the Class of '18. (See report to follow in the Newsletter).



Class Connections Program: '68 Meets '18 at Winter Carnival 2015



An Account by **John Engelman**, 2/8/15

'68 classmates gathered with approximately 50 members of the Class of 2018 at the Top of the Hop on Saturday of Winter Carnival for a program on the history of Carnival. We mingled over hot chocolate, hot cider and cookies for 15-20 minutes, looking at photos of the past Winter Carnival snow sculptures and posters, at which time **John Engelman** introduced Professor of History Emeritus **Jere Daniell**, who spoke for about 20 minutes on the history of Winter Carnival. He told of the founding of it by **Fred Harris**, class of 1911, and the central role that the Dartmouth Outing Club played in its early years, developing the ski racing and ski jumping aspects of the Carnival and the very popular "Outdoor Program" at Occom Pond which attracted large crowds of Dartmouth students and local residents; how President Ernest Martin Hopkins used Winter Carnival to spread the word about the College and help make Dartmouth more well-known outside

the northeast section of the country; how Winter Carnival was largely suspended during World War II, and revived at its conclusion; how during the presidency of John Sloan Dickey, Winter Carnival gained national attention when it was covered by CBS, Sports Illustrated, National Geographic and other media outlets; and how, with the advent of co-education, the emphasis on the size and scope of Carnival began to diminish.

Professor Daniell was followed by **John Engelman**, who tried to impress on the '18s exactly how big a deal Winter Carnival was during our time at the College. Thousands of dates coming into town for the weekend and what would be done to provide housing for these women - moving them into a dorm and moving the residents of that dorm out; the guys living in fraternity houses turning their rooms over to dates and moving into dorms where they slept on couches and floors; residents of Hanover renting out bed space to the dates, etc. He spoke of all the events taking place—Glee Club concerts, Barbary Coast concert, a main-stage theater production, the ski jump, the Saturday morning hockey game, pancake breakfasts at the White Church, and bands at fraternity houses on Friday and Saturday evenings, and in some cases, Sunday afternoon. He also mentioned how in 1970 Playboy Magazine featured Winter Carnival in its centerfold pictorial spread.

That was followed by presentations from **Bill Rich** and **Jim Cruickshank**, waxing nostalgic on their memories of their time at the College, with Jim talking about Carnival from the perspective of a varsity hockey player who had to leave his date early on a Friday evening, to take the team bus to the Woodstock Inn where they would spend the night prior to the morning hockey game.

At the conclusion of the presentations, more mingling took place. In addition to the '68s mentioned above, **Wells Chandler**, **Peter Fahey**, **Ed Heald**, **David Walden** and **Bear Everett** were present

Class of '68 50th Reunion Gift: Freshman Trip Endowment



Members of the Class of 2018 returning to Robinson Hall after their DOC first-year freshman trip

From Bill Rich – 3/25/15

The Class of 2018 is now on campus, and our two classes have already had several Class Connections events. Please plan on coming to future ones, as we pretty much have one of these each term. We have started our trip together toward our 50th Reunion when this new Dartmouth class will graduate. If you haven't yet given to our 50th Gift Endowment, it is time to start now. You should either plan some serious levels of giving if you are so inclined and can afford to do so. Or, you should give more frequently in more modest amounts. But, however you make your gifts, I hope you will join the Class of '68 as we make our Trip to our 50th Reunion.

In this Newsletter, you will find the fourth Timeline that links Dartmouth and the Freshman Trips. Previous Timelines have covered hiking, the legacy of John Ledyard, and skiing. This one is a personal story of a canoe trip—and an invitation to each of you to tell a story. The stories—the trips—don't have to be

exclusively Freshman Trips. They have to be stories about us – and who we are. The point of these Timelines is to highlight what is unique, what is special, and what is especially good about Dartmouth. It starts with the Freshman Trips.

Whatever you can do in supporting our 50th Gift will make a real difference. Donations to the Freshman Trip Endowment may be made as an additional gift on your Annual Class Dues payment. You may also give to the Class of '68 Freshman Trip Endowment by phone at 603-646-3621 or by sending a check to the Class of '68 Freshman Trip Endowment and mail it to Dartmouth College, c/o Gift Recording Office, 6066 Development Office, Hanover, NH 03755-4400.

Thank you again for your support!

History of the Freshman Trip: Timeline IV — A Personal Story

From Bill Rich – 3/25/15

In previous Timelines, we have reviewed the role of Dartmouth in Hiking and Skiing, and the exploits of John Ledyard. At this point, I want to turn our attention back to canoeing—the means of John Ledyard’s journey down the Connecticut River from Hanover. In a future Timeline, I will look at two other famous Dartmouth canoe trips—one is notorious for the way in which it ended, and the other is renowned for where it took place. I expect that most of us know about one of them, but that few of us know about the other. Both of these trips required careful planning and each faced very different sorts of risks. But, you must always expect the unexpected. I will write about these trips later. First, I want to share a personal story of a canoe trip. It was probably the time when I saw the paths of trips and Dartmouth begin to merge and become one. In my mind, they have been one and the same ever since.



That Dartmouth cares so much about Trips sets it apart. That our Class cares about the Freshman Trips sets us apart. Why do we care? I think we care about Trips because they are so much more than going from

Point A to Point B. You are traveling in wild and beautiful terrain. You may see unusual plant or animal life and maybe stunning weather patterns or sights. (I am reminded of the lyrics of Dartmouth Undying—there are many references to the sights and sounds of the Dartmouth campus and its beauty – and no references to the courses of study). On trips, there are challenges and risks and so many unknowns. What obstacles will we face? Will we stay on course and on schedule, and will we remain in good condition? What will we see and hear? Will we enjoy ourselves and will everyone carry an equal share and get along? What will we learn as a group? What will I learn about myself? It was on these trips that I learned to keep going—to dig the paddle into the water in the face of wind and whitecaps and to slog through the muskeg and the deer flies under a heavy load. I learned to be cheerful when I wasn’t feeling so great. And I learned to react to

peril when it was suddenly cast my way. I learned to get it done and take it all in stride. And, to enjoy it all. You will never learn that in a classroom.

My story took place the summer before my senior year in high school. For three summers, I attended a canoe camp in Ontario. The canoes were green, the camp was run by a famous Dartmouth skier, and I naturally assumed we were all bound for the Hanover plain. The trip was a two-month journey to Hudson Bay on the Albany River, the longest river in Ontario and one of the old fur trading routes. My trip was a good trip, but it was hardly a great trip. I hope you will enjoy the story. I hope it prompts classmates to write about some of their own trips—at Dartmouth or before or after. What happened and what did you learn? We all know the wonderful story of the “68” numerals painted up and down Mount Moosilauke. But, what story can you tell? If you are feeling in a generous mood, you should share a story as a column in our Class Newsletter (to Dave Gang at gangx5@aol.com) or to be combined with other stories in a future Timeline—with or without attribution (to me at wp123rich@yahoo.com).

In his book, *Canoeing with the Cree*, Eric Severeid tells the extraordinary story of how he and Walter Port undertook a more than 2,250 mile and nearly four month canoe trip from Fort Snelling, Minnesota to York Factory on Hudson Bay. There is no Dartmouth connection to this 1930 trip, but it was just the sort of thing that Dartmouth students would do—and after all,

it was a Freshman Trip as the boys left the day following their high school graduation. The Minneapolis Star paid the boys for their story—fifty dollars to start and another fifty dollars upon completion of their journey, if they made it—which they almost didn't, and by odds probably shouldn't have. I highly recommend the book. It is a great read and it comes from a different time. When I had the pleasure of meeting Walter Mondale many years ago, we both agreed that it was one of our most favorite books.

We traveled by canoe in 1963 and this is my favorite way to be on the water. The canoe has a unique set of characteristics. It can be both fast and maneuverable, it can carry prodigious amounts of cargo, it can travel across lakes with open exposure to wind and waves, it can go down river and up river, it can run rapids and recover from many sorts of accidents, and it can somewhat easily be carried around falls or between lakes by portage. And as a commercial vehicle in years past, the canoe could be used by a solo entrepreneur or by a team. For all of these reasons, it was particularly useful to trappers in the conduct of their fur trade. Their trade was very important, as indicated by a 1784 record at Moose Fort (now Moose Factory) that presents the beaver skin as the preferred medium of exchange (how many blankets, buttons, guns, kettles, spoons, knives, or amount of tobacco are to be exchanged for one beaver skin). And, by the way, it is likely that a fear and suspicion regarding the fur trade was the reason that Catherine the Great had John Ledyard deported from Russia after he had completed most of his trip across her country. Starting in the late 19th century, however, its role evolved and the canoe began to be taken on trips for exploration or pleasure as opposed to commercial reasons.

I offer a word about navigating on water, with apologies to classmates who have world-class experience. In the open water of large lakes, it can be really hard work to paddle into a head or side wind with white caps licking at the gunnels. If possible, you can try to hug the shore and hide from the wind. Or, you just grit your teeth and work, work, work. But, with the wind at your back, you can even sail (throwing up a tarp and lashing the canoes together). In the Hudson Bay, you can play the tides to propel you forward—or have them fighting you to keep you right where you are. But, it is the rapids that deserve special mention. You never run a rapids without scouting it—it may get way too rough—or it may lead right into a falls. When people get behind schedule, they often break this rule—and usually, things don't end well. In a rapids, it is all a matter of physics. Everywhere you look, you can see the Bernoulli Effect in action. You can see the presence of rocks by the rippling in shallows, the sometimes smooth flow over large rocks, or the way the current is moved around them. You want to find the friendly power swells showing where the most water is racing—sometimes in a centrifugal force

at the outer edge of the river. And, when you run a rapids, you will normally enter the smooth V between the rocks, and then try to follow the water flow and avoid the biggest rocks, always staying pointed downstream as much as possible. Respect the river because it is bigger than you are. It is challenging, but it can be exhilarating. Back then, we never wore life vests—and ironically, that may have saved my life.

During my last three high school summers, I canoed at Keewaydin, the world's oldest private summer camp and longest to offer canoe trips. Founded in Maine in 1893, Keewaydin moved to Devil's Island on Lake Temagami, Ontario in 1901. The camp owns the world's largest fleet of wood and canvas canoes—though heavier or more flexible than other materials, these are the best canoes for long expeditions. Keewaydin is Ojibway for the Northwest wind—the prevailing fair weather wind on the lake. Campers took (and still take) many short trips at the youngest levels and worked up to longer trips with a one-month culminating trip for Section B and the two-month all-summer Hudson Bay trip for Section A. I think it is fair to say that on the Bay trips, the campers went away boys and came back men. There were many connections between Keewaydin and Dartmouth, the most important of which is that the camp came to be owned in 1960 by Howard "Chief" Chivers. Chief was one of Dartmouth's greatest nordic skiers and for many years also ran the Dartmouth Skiway.

There is danger on any long trip, and care and good judgment are required. On each and every expedition, you should expect to have at least one accident—hopefully only of a very minor variety. You may be traveling on lightly charted or uncharted waters. Your maps or notes from earlier travelers may be inaccurate or misleading. Bays in lakes or portages may be hard to locate, and you can easily portage into the wrong lake. (My accomplished canoeing brother-in-law did this while meeting up with us on a 2004 trip). You will face unknown weather and other circumstances. And, you may find that it is difficult or impossible to communicate with the outside world. On our trip, we never saw a single person until after a month of travel when we re-provisioned near the Cree settlement of Ogoki and then again until the end of our trip at another Cree settlement at Fort Albany. At Keewaydin, we were mindful of the risks involved in undertaking long canoe trips. In 1961, Tom Gouge (aptly named and a future MD) chopped off three of his toes while preparing wood for the fire one rainy morning on the Harricanaw River Bay trip. His Section set on fire an island in the river to draw the attention of a float plane which was able to take him to safety. Ten years later, as a Staff member on the trip, Matt Ridgway died in a freak accident at the start of the same Albany River trip that I had taken in 1963. On our trip, we rode a train to our wilderness starting point, unloaded the box car at track side, and carried

our gear a short distance to the lake where we would commence the trip. After the drop-off on their trip, Matt was carrying his canoe aside the train tracks when a freight train unexpectedly ran by at full speed. The draft of the speeding train pulled his canoe into the train, killing the young man instantly. Matt was the only child of the famous General Matthew Ridgway. Known as "Old Iron Tits" for his habit of wearing grenades strapped at chest level, Ridgway served as the Head of the 82nd Airborne in World War II, the Supreme Allied Commander to follow MacArthur in Korea, the Supreme Allied Commander to follow Eisenhower in Europe, and finally the Chief of Staff of the US Army. I met Tom Gouge during my first summer and Matt Ridgway during my last.

We had some interesting leaders on our trip. Our River Guide was Nishe Belanger, possibly the best known of all of the Bay Trip guides at any camp. A French-Canadian Indian from Mattawa, Nishe was completely reliable when sober. He had lost an eye in a logging accident, and he lost his glass eye at the beginning of our trip when the train lurched as he flushed the toilet after washing the eye, and it popped from sink to train track, never to be found. Nishe could carve an axe handle in less than fifteen minutes (I saw him do it) and you would think it had been store bought. He could also throw an axe at twenty feet and have it bury its head in a tree trunk nine out of ten times. When he entered a rapids, he would always stand, then sit, then stand again several times. Technically, you are not supposed to run rapids this way, but Nishe did, and he was the best of the best. Years later, it occurred to me that he might have been doing this to compensate for his single eye vision and gain depth perception by these shifts in position. I certainly don't believe he was showing off. If you google his name, you can see Nishe running some rapids in this manner on a few YouTube videos. The other trip leader was Staff Man Heb Evans. During the rest of the year, Heb was a dorm master, math teacher, wrestling coach, and lacrosse coach at Governor Dummer Academy. Although he died way too young of a heart attack at the age of 46, he was a prolific writer with such varied works as *Lacrosse Fundamentals* (1966)—a one-time bible of the sport, the *Keewaydin Cookbook* (1965), *Canoeing Wilderness Waters* (1975), *Canoe Camping* (1977), *Down to the Bay* (1964) and *The Rupert That Was* (1978) about the Rupert River, *Ontario's White Water Challenge* (1968) about the Albany River, and *The Eastmain Sod Houses* (1971) about these rare Cree houses. Quiet and shy, he always, without a word, led by example. Heb's only weakness that I know of was that he couldn't read the rapids anywhere near as well as Nishe. Over the years, he would sometimes offer to run the rapids first and in doing so he crashed quite a number of canoes—and lost a few beyond repair. These destroyed canoes would always be carried deep into the woods, and the Keewaydin "K" would be cut out to protect his dignity. Trained in the school

of life, Nishe and Heb seemed to have come from another world and another time.

We were an interesting group of campers, as well, and everyone got along, pitched in, and found very little about which to complain. I won't share a portrait of each camper, but I had one tent mate who did achieve an unusual sort of fame which might be worthy of mention. If he had gone to school in New Haven, Kevin would have been fourth generation at Yale. After Andover and wandering the British Isles for a year, he applied to Harvard and Yale and was accepted at both. Even though he was the grandson of a former Eli football captain, Kevin chose to study in Cambridge. Years later, he did the unthinkable for someone in a Yale family and memorialized the 1968 Harvard 29-29 football victory over Yale with a documentary film and book. Football junkies among us will enjoy them both.

What do I remember from the trip? Pretty much everything—but, several memories stand out and here are just a few of them.

Travel. We had a long distance to go and needed to stay on the water. Except for a few rest days, we were always on the move, rising in the dark for breakfast, breaking down camp quickly, having a light lunch in the canoes or onshore, setting up our next camp in time for dinner just before dusk. **Food.** We ate what we brought with us. I was always hungry. The food was good, but there was only so much of it. There were fish to catch, but little time to catch them. Did I say that I was always hungry? **Cooking.** The bannocks baked in reflector ovens were delicious. And, we all learned to flip our own frying pan sized pancake over the fire. You cooked it and you owned it. If you didn't catch it properly, there went breakfast. **Bugs.** There were deer flies and mosquitoes. But, the Albany River wasn't as bad as other rivers. As with other issues, you found a way to deal with it. **Merchandise.** Of course there weren't any shops along the river—there were no people—but we did buy things at an Indian settlement at a train stop before starting out. Everyone bought something. I bought a beaded deerskin jacket and a pair of mukluks. Another camper bought a dog—he had to share his own food to feed the dog. Mercy! **Signs of trappers.** We came across several abandoned camps and huts—and we saw several skins drying in the sun. I found an intact moose rack and a friend found another—I carried both home when the other fellow lost interest in taking his with him on every portage. **Radio.** Our transistor radios could get clear signals from all over. WABC and WOWO were two of our favorites. We heard the latest tunes and learned of Marilyn Monroe's death.

Life changed briefly when we got to Ogoki. We loaded up our canoes with the provisions that had been float plane delivered to the Hudson Bay post. That night, undoubtedly starved for

company, the store manager invited the ten of us to his tiny cabin for cognac after dinner. The first and second snifters were the first taste of alcohol I had ever had. The three-mile paddle back to camp in the pitch dark was the most frightening one I think I have ever had. We all signed his guest book, and the authors of *The Canoe Atlas of the Little North* tracked that guest book down, memorializing our trip.

While staying for a rest day at Ogoki, we were challenged by the Cree Indians to a canoe race—not with our canoes, but with their huge Work Canoes (sometimes mispronounced as War Canoes). We raced over a triangular course and I expected us to clean their clocks. I think we came in second or third out of five canoes. There was a small banquet afterwards, and they could not have been more welcoming to us. Later, at the end of the trip in Fort Albany, we were challenged to a softball game with the Cree Indians there. Once again, I thought we would have the stronger team. We came in second.

A few days after we departed from Ogoki, my tent mates found a veritable corkscrew shaped tree and proposed using it as our ridge pole. I suggested that it would be a poor choice if it rained, but they pointed to the clear sky. That night it began to rain heavily and it continued to do so throughout the next day. Water collected in the large pockets created by the shape of the ridge pole and dripped onto us for the entire time that we took refuge at that camp. It got to be pretty wet inside that tent.

And finally, there was the accident in the big rapids. Starting our trip right at the height of land, we had a long way to descend to get to the Bay. This meant that we had some spectacular falls and some challenging rapids, but mostly in the first half of our trip. When we left Ogoki, it seemed that we were on a large and lazy river that would pretty much be that way from there until the Bay. It turned out that there would be at least one more set of rapids. After our rest day in the rain, we came to a sweeping right-hand turn where the river appeared to be almost half a mile wide. It was the widest by far that we had seen the river, and at the turn, there was an intimidating stretch of rapids. With all of the rain we had just had, the river was much higher and very active, with water standing up all over the place. It was possible that the best route was to take the rapids on the far left, the outermost part of the river. This course would use the centrifugal force of the water to clear a path, but from our view on the other shore, the power swells looked huge and we wondered if that was really the best way to go. Heb Evans had a plan—he and I would go first. There was a rock—by far the biggest that I had ever seen

sitting in the middle of a river—about halfway down the rapids. If we could run straight at it and then skirt to its left, we would appear to be home free with pretty easy work from there on. So, he and I set off. The rock was roughly cube-shaped, but with a nearly rounded front face. It stood about fifteen feet out of the water. It was huge. We had no difficulty negotiating the rapids down to the rock and the current carried us right at it. But the boulders protecting the huge rock forced us to drift way too close to it, and when we turned the canoe across the current, we were immediately pulled right up against the rock. When the gunnels hit the round edge of the rock, the water quickly caused the canoe to roll, empty its belongings, and wrap—literally—around the rock. When you swim in a rapids, you are always taught to go down feet first and head up. Well, I hadn't exactly been planning on swimming that morning, and I found myself out of the canoe and going down the river head first and on my back. In an instant, I was dropping the several foot falls around the rock—and suddenly I stopped. One of my boots had wedged into a V between two rocks under water. This left me hanging over the falls and beneath the water. The force that had just broken and bent our canoe into a C-shape was now running over my body and holding me under. Not a problem, I thought, just do a sit-up and grab the rocks by my foot and pull myself free. I did the sit-up, but nothing happened—I didn't move. I remember thinking OK, big guy, you have one more shot, this sit-up better work, or you'll be here for a very long time. Obviously, I was able to summon enough strength to bring my head out of the current, walk my hands up my legs, grab the rocks, and pull my way free. I have often thought about this event and that it taught me something we all may have come to know. In life, you will face a crisis when you least expect it. It is out of your control and when it happens, you have to make a plan as you go. All I know is that time really seemed to go slowly when I was under the water—and I was probably more scared afterwards than I was then. After Heb and I gathered on the shore, we watched the other canoes rocking through the power swells on the far side of the river. They managed to collect our paddles and most of our gear, excepting Heb's axe and the supply of sugar for the rest of the trip. They tend not to swim very well. Later on, we were able to walk up the shore and float down to the rock. With great effort, we worked the canoe up an inch at a time and out of the water. We dried it out, bent it back in place, lashed a sapling to each gunnel, did some other repairs, and got it sea-worthy again. From then on, however, we learned to drink our tea without sugar.

Bandon Dunes Golf Trip 2014: A Report from Ed Heald

The 6th annual Dartmouth '68 Bandon Dunes golf trip is now history. This year, we were a smaller group, only 11 of us, due to several of the regular attendees having other commitments or having had other golf plans. However, that did not take anything away from the great time we did have. This year, also, our goal was to make it more of a Dartmouth group, not having as many participants who did not have either direct Dartmouth connections (grad, son, etc.) or a guest of a Dartmouth grad.

Those who participated this year were:

From the class of '68: Ed Heald, Warren Connelly, Bill Adler, Dick Olson, Fred Palmer, Nick Smaby, Rusty Martin (new this year), **Hugh Boss**

From the class of '69: Tupper Kinder (new this year, had his son Ben join us for the last night and day)

From the class of '71: Brad Houser (new this year), who brought a golf friend **Gary Riddaugh**

The official dates of the trip were Sunday November 2 through Thursday November 6. A few arrived early, to get a bit more golf in than scheduled. Our daily routine was to have an early breakfast, tee off

beginning at 8 am on a different course each day (as a reminder, there are 4 outstanding courses at the Bandon Dunes Golf Resort!), have a bite of lunch, relax during the afternoon, have a very informal social hour in the "Library" at the Inn, then have dinner together at one of the several restaurants on the property. We did have a few of us who are so eager for golf that they played a second round in the afternoon-so my admiration for sturdy legs goes out to **Warren Connelly, Rusty Martin, Nick Smaby, Hugh Boss, Brad Houser**. Also, Monday afternoon 7 of us played together on the most interesting 13-hole par-3 course in golf! What fun!

We again were most fortunate with the weather, with a light sprinkle on Monday morning, our first round of golf, only on the first 9 holes-thereafter cloudy and dry. Tuesday was quite windy, playing havoc with shots into, with and across the wind. Wednesday proved to be the best day of the trip, with broken clouds and weather warm enough to work up a sweat. Thursday morning proved just the opposite, as wind and rain dominated the morning. Many of us elected to play only 9 holes Thursday, to allow for a more

leisurely departure than the normal rush to get to the airport.

During the social hours and at dinners, we had conversations about where to have future trips, not to replace the Bandon Dunes trip but to add new destinations for golf. Of those discussed in detail the most interest was given to the Streamsong complex in Florida in March, to the Cabot Links complex in Nova Scotia in summer (this complex is being done by **Mike Keiser**, the man who built Bandon Dunes), and to a possible Scotland/Ireland trip at some time. Who knows what may come of these ideas, so keep an eye out for further developments.

Return to Bandon Dunes has already been planned for 2015 (Sunday November 1 through Thursday November 5) and for 2016 (Monday October 31 through Friday November 4). We have on hold 20 tee times and accommodation slots for those interested. Anyone who would like more details, or would like to indicate their interest, please send me, **Ed Heald**, and email at esheald@aol.com to let me know.



Bandon Dunes Trip 2015: An Invitation from Ed Heald

I am writing to you today regarding our annual class golf trip to the Bandon Dunes Golf Resort in Oregon.

This year the trip dates are Sunday November 1 arrival date through Thursday November 5 last round of golf and departure date. We play one round of golf each day, with more available for those so inclined, and lodge and dine right at the resort.

When I made the initial plans for this year's trip, I put on hold 20 spaces for lodging and tee times. At this time, we have 17 of those spaces spoken for. Those classmates and other Dartmouth alums attending this year are:

John Blair, Jim Noyes, Bill Kolasky, Warren Connelly, Fred Palmer, Bill Adler, Rusty Martin, Max Milton, Buddy Noel, Hugh Boss, Dick Olson, Tupper Kinder '69, Kelly Simpson '69, and me.

The approximate cost for the golf and lodging is about \$1,200 for a shared room and \$1,450 for a single room. Additional expenses include meals, caddy fees and transportation.

At this time I have a single room and a shared room available for any of you who would be interested in joining us this year. Please understand that you do not have to be a low-scoring golfer to join us! First call-for-deposits will occur in late May, with the balance of the deposit to be called for in August.

Each year we have had new people join us, and each year, we have a wonderful time, both with the golf but more importantly with each other. If you are interested in learning more about the trip, or would like to put a hold on a place for you (and maybe a spouse or friend), please send me an email to my home email address of esheald@aol.com <<mailto:esheald@aol.com>>, or call my cell at 978-430-3165.

Consider joining us for golf in the most complete golf resort in the country!

Thanks, Ed Heald

2016 70th Birthday Celebration: Tentative Plans

From Ed Heald, 4/14/15



Early planning is underway for our celebration of our 70th birthday! As we approach this milestone, we have much to celebrate, especially the fact that we can share this celebration with good and long-standing friends.

The tentative destination for this gathering is back to Napa, CA, where we had a wonderful 60th celebration gathering. Of course, in this land of superb dining and fine wine, ageing gracefully is a respected and time-honored process and one held in high regard, so what better place to have our gathering!

The tentative dates are Thursday, September 15 through Sunday, September 18, 2016. Again, you will be welcome to arrive earlier or stay later at your leisure. As we did in 2006, we will likely be using the Silverado Resort in Napa as our home base, but much has yet to be defined and decided. There will be many activities and events to be determined.

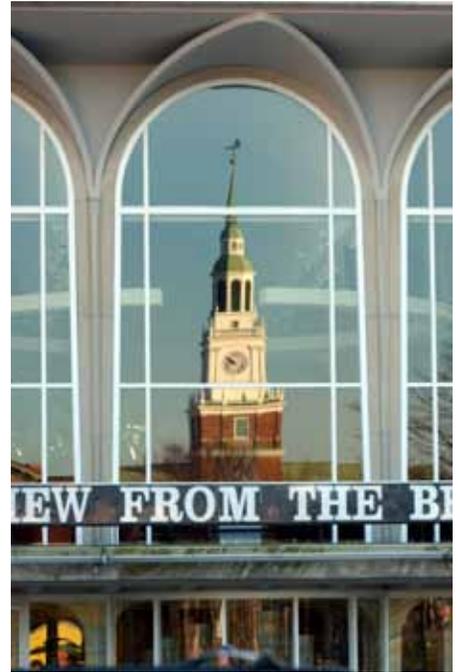
If there are any of you who would be interested in assisting with the planning and organization of this event, we eagerly seek your participation and your input. Please let me, Ed Heald, know of any interest you may have by emailing me at esheald@aol.com or calling my cell at 978-430-3165.

Collectively and individually, we have much to be thankful for. Join us to share this special time. Put a hold on these dates today for 2016.

World Premier Performance at Hopkins Center

By **Dan Tom** – 4/18//15

I was in Hanover February 20 to attend the world premier of the Metropolis Concerto for Violin and Wind Ensemble at Hopkins Center with the Dartmouth Wind Ensemble. The concerto was commissioned by our classmate **Roger Anderson** and is based on the Fritz Lang silent film, *Metropolis*. Also in attendance were classmate **Cedric Kam** and his wife **Betsy**. I stayed with Cedric at his house in Boston and the three of us drove up to Hanover on the day of the concert. Before the concert we had dinner at Murphy's with Roger and the composer, **Richard Marriott**. We drove back down to Boston on Saturday, but not before viewing the ice sculptures from Winter Carnival that were still on display. I don't recall seeing so much snow in the four years we spent at Dartmouth. Attached is a photo of the five of us in the lobby of the Sixth South Street Hotel (l to r: **Betsy Kam** (Wellesley '69), **Cedric Kam**, **Dan Tom**, **Roger Anderson**, **composer Richard Marriott**). A YouTube video of the performance can be found here <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yuc9IQTcpUw>



The Big East Ski Trip 2.0: Okemo Mountain Magic

By Gerry Bell – 4/14/15

We held the second annual '68 Big East ski trip at Okemo Mountain Resort this past January 20-23. I got a little smarter over the past year and planned it for midweek following MLK weekend (instead of Super Bowl weekend) at strategically located and very accessible Okemo (instead of remote out-in-the-boonies Sunday River). And ... success!! Attendance tripled—17 people in all—including veterans of our Western ski trip, as well as new blood sampling the D '68 ski experience for the first time.

Which was the whole point: have a great mini-vacation skiing an uncrowded mountain (we're old enough to do what we want mid-week!), and recruit fresh faces not only for Big East but for our annual Western trip too.

Attendees were **Dave and Nancy Dibelius, David and Roberta Gang, Gerry and Jackie Bell, Bear Everett, Rich duMoulin, Steve Schwager, Tom Enright, Peter Fahey, Bob Bloch, Peter Emmel, Chris Mayer, Ed Heald, John Engelman, and David Walden. Bruce Senn** planned to join us but was a last-minute emergency cancel; counting on him next year!

We enjoyed a fabulous reunion central house (as long as you had four-wheel drive!), a throwback pizza-and-beer evening, a night out at a fine Irish pub, and a wonderful catered reunion banquet on our last evening.

I can't take credit for this ... well, okay, I pushed everyone to the Irish pub because I had a craving for bangers and mash ... I have to give credit to Okemo. Besides our luxury lodging, relaxing apres-ski, and terrific meals, the resort did an outstanding job with the skiing: an amazing recovery from an ice and sleet storm the preceding weekend to give us immaculate packed powder, long cruising runs, and sunny skies. And, as befits our station in life, we found a pretty good place for on-mountain lunch too!

We had such a good time that we're going to do it again—same resort, same mid-week, same house, and hopefully another one like it to house even more classmates. Watch this space!



Bob Bloch and Rich DuMoulin enjoy the Nordic center with Okemo in the background



Ski dinner at the Hawk Chalet



Top of the Solitude chair. Left to right: Peter Fahey, Gerry Bell, Dave Gang, Dave Dibelius, Bob Bloch, Tom Enright, Rich Dumoulin

17th Annual Western Ski Trip

By **Larry A. Griffith** – 3/31/15



Front Row Left to Right: Dawn Lawrie, Rick Pabst, Cindy Stanley, Bob Wagner, JoAnne Chambers, and Peter Emmel, Rear: Scott Reeves, Woody Allen, Larry Griffith, Steve Schwager, Diane Wagner, Gerry Bell,, Paul Fitzgerald, Jim Lawrie, and Dave Debelius



Left to Right: Cindy Stanley, Diane and Bob Wagner, and Paul Fitzgerald

The 17th annual Dartmouth 68 Western Ski Trip was held at Sun Valley February 28 to March 7. We had a record number of people (32) and set new records for vertical feet skied per day. We were located in two large houses near the slopes. In attendance were **Gerry Bell, Dave and Nancy Dibelius, Rich DuMoulin** and his son-in-law **Tim Konrad, Peter Emmel, Peter Fahey, Paul and Kathryn Fitzgerald** and their friends **Bob and Diane Wagner, Larry and Julia Griffith** and Larry's sister **JoAnne Chambers, Jim and Bev Lawrie**, their daughter **Dawn Lawrie** and her husband **Woody Allen**, both class of 1997, and their two children, **John Manaras '67**, his wife **Susan** and his brother **Steve, Rick Pabst, Scott Reeves, Hap and Susan Ridgeway, David and Cindy Stanley, Tom Stonecipher** and his friend **Lisa**, and **Steve Schwager**. We also had two dogs. We had banquets in one of the houses each night except for one where we sampled a local eatery. **Peter Emmel** was awarded the Horses Ass of the Year award for his photography. Next years trip will be held at Big Sky MT, March 5 to 12. Please contact me if you are interested in being part of this great group.



Snowshoeing group shot Left to Right: Paul Fitzgerald, Diane Wagner, Bev Lawrie, and Kathryn Fitzgerald



News from our Classmates:



Ben Johnson's Wedding Picture from May 3, 2014

(note received 1/1/15, photo 11/4/14)

Here I am with my new bride Katie (Katherine Mary Polaski Johnson). Would love to get back to Hanover with her this year!

Ben
bjohn@me.com

Recent Photo of Dr. Joe Colgan at His Farm in South Dakota

(received from Gary Bayrd, 8/11/14)



Gary Bayrd Reports on Some Serious Fly Fishing and Hunting with Brother-in-Law, Joe Colgan

(originally received 8/11/14, photos received 4/21-22/15)



Joe and I are not retired yet, but we are both trying to work less and fish and hunt more. I caught the northern pike on the Seal River, Manitoba, last June on a big streamer fly. She was one of many that week. Joe and I have tried to get an elk with a bow several times and never had a shot. We hunted in the Owl Creek Mountains in central Wyoming near Thermopolis last September. We climbed a different mountain every day up to 10,000 feet and hunted down back to camp. Finally on the afternoon of day 6, I got a shot at this big guy. He is going on the wall at our farm in South Dakota.

The Latest on Dan Butterworth and His Puppetry

(received 8/13/14)



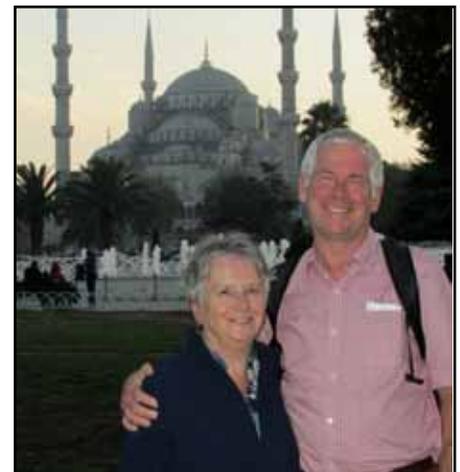
Dan's puppets, Princess and Soldier

I just performed Stravinsky's L'Histoire du Soldat at the Garth Newel Music Center in Hot Springs, VA. A wonderful group of 7 musicians and a conductor for an appreciative crowd. Above is a picture of two of the characters involved.

Dave and Diane Peck Recommend a Visit to Turkey

(received 11/10 /14)

Diane and I had two weeks in Turkey— Istanbul for several days, then on to Gallipoli, Troy, Pergamon, Kusadasi, Ephesus, Heiropolis/Pamukkale, Konya, Cappadochia, and Mt. Nemrut. And much in between! We recommend Turkey as a destination.



Hanover Class of '68 Micro-reunion from Jeff Hinman

(received 11/17/14)

Jim Cruickshank, Wells Chandler, Mike O'Brien, and Sue Chandler held a '68 micro-reunion in the Memorial Field east stands during the Dartmouth-Brown football game on November 15, 2014. The group later went on to cheer the Dartmouth Men's Hockey Team that evening. It was a rare sighting of a group of '68 Theta Delts in Hanover. Photo by Jeff Hinman 11/15/14



Left to Right: Jim Cruickshank, Wells Chandler, Mike O'Brien, and Sue Chandler

Don Clausing was Back at Dartmouth for Homecoming

(Green Card, 11/19/14)

Emmy and I were in Hanover for a Dartmouth Scholars luncheon, which coincided with Homecoming Weekend, and ran into John Engelman. Always good to catch up with him. (I still have trouble with "Homecoming Weekend"—it will always be "Houseparties" to me). We were also back on November 9th for a combined Marine Corps Birthday bash and Dartmouth Uniformed Services Alumni (DUSA) event. Dress uniforms, ceremonies, honors, speakers—a great event. Silent Auction proceeds went to local veteran assistance organizations. DUSA is open to all, and does a nice job helping both returning vets to Dartmouth and students in ROTC programs. Otherwise, loving retirement and our life in San Francisco.

Don Clausing
3960 20th
San Francisco, CA 94114

Dan Tom Reports from the Dartmouth Club of Hawaii

(received 12/15/14)



Left to Right: Dan Tom, Jim Wright, and Ron Pease

In November I attended a presentation by President Emeritus James Wright, a dinner on the U.S.S. Missouri and a breakfast at the Honolulu Elks Club located on Waikiki Beach, which were part of the Dartmouth on Location, "Pearl Harbor with President Emeritus James Wright." The Dartmouth Club of Hawaii co-hosted this alumni event. Also attending all the way from Michigan was classmate Ron Pease and his daughter Catey, Class of '09. As the event centered on Pearl Harbor and veterans, both of us could not help but recall the sacrifice of our Hawaii classmate, Robbie Peacock. Attached is a photo of Ron and myself with President Wright at the Elks Club with the ocean in the background. I've also attached a photo of myself at the Arizona Memorial with the U.S.S. Missouri in the background. These two Memorials juxtaposed at Pearl Harbor mark the start and the end of WWII.



Dan Tom at Arizona Memorial

Update from Cambridge by Richard Parker

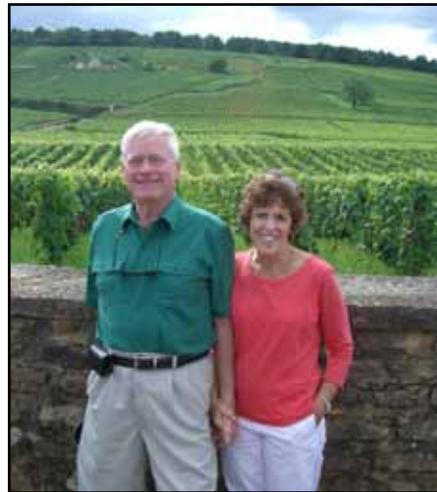
(received 12/29/14)

I'm in my 23rd year teaching at Harvard, as a macroeconomics policy specialist at the Kennedy School. We've lots of bright Dartmouth grads and a goodly number of joint degree students from Tuck. I just finished teaching a large class on "Presidents, Politics, and Economic Growth: from WW II to Obama", which lets students see how government and the economy and the guiding theories governing both have evolved over our lifetimes. I'll be working this spring on a new book, *Nixon's Ghosts: How Richard Nixon Created the World We Live In—and What We Must Do About It* for Farrar Straus.

I've stepped down from the presidency of Americans for Democratic Action, the old-line liberal group, but stay active on several other boards, including Economists for Peace and Security, the Journal of Post-Keynesian Economics, the World Economic Review, and a couple of grant-making foundations. My younger son, Tom, is a junior at Buckingham, Brown & Nichols, and is interested in Dartmouth. Sam, our older son, is a senior at Colby, where he's their varsity ice hockey goalie and was their Rhodes nominee. Here's a nice story about him that might interest some other dads on this list: <http://www.colby.edu/magazine/a-very-big-save/>.

Congratulations to Mike Ryan

(received 12/29/14, photo 4/13/15)



I haven't kept up with many of my Dartmouth friends since I moved to Tuck after my junior year. Some classmates may know that my wife of 44 years, Phyllis, died three years ago from Alzheimers. On Christmas Day I became engaged to Ellie Hall, a wonderful lady I have been seeing for about a year. We have done some great traveling together. Ellie and I celebrated the anniversary of our first date with a cruise on the barge canals of Burgundy. Here we were at the Cistercian monastery Chateau de Clos Vougeot.

Mike Ryan
644 Village Park Drive, Unit 301
Wilmington, NC 28405
(910)685-5994

A Report from David Soren, Our Class Archeologist

(received 12/31/14)

Below is a photo of myself on our archaeological excavations in Tuscany at Chianciano Terme, conducting a subsurface electronic test to see if there are ruins below the ground to dig. I'm still Regents Professor of Anthropology and Classical Studies at the University of Arizona and am running my overseas school in Orvieto, Italy. Classmates heading over to Italy can visit our affiliated archaeological excavations in Orvieto (Umbria) or at Populonia (Tuscany) or our digs at Troia, south of Lisbon, Portugal. My new textbook on Roman archeology comes out next week along with 3 documentary movies we shot on location in Italy last year with our own film crew. So I'm a long way from retirement at the moment, teaching ca. 1000 undergrads and grads each year.

(Editor's Note: I'm with you David. Keep up the good work. The "R" word is not in my vocabulary either.)



Sin-Tung Chiu Sends Greetings and an Update from Hong Kong Over the Holidays.

(received 12/30/14 and 1/22/15)

Played a house recital on Sunday 12/28/2015 at my late cousin's residence in Hong Kong; he was Sin-Sing Chiu, Dartmouth Class of 1965! His widow Patricia Chiu has been a perfect hostess...Sin-Sing and Patricia Chiu were great friends of Jim and Susan Wright. Their son and daughter also graduated from Dartmouth College some years ago. I have enjoyed sharing meals and quality time over fine cuisine with former classmates dating back to 4th grade during my school days in Hong Kong before I left for Dartmouth College in 8/1964! Also in 8/1964, I played my public debut recital at Hong Kong's City Hall concert hall. I was 17 then. That was 50 years ago! This trip is a sentimental journey down memory lane!!

Besides meeting up with relatives, friends and former classmates, I re-acquainted with a friend from my 3rd grade year in Hong Kong! I will return to Hong Kong in 8/2015 to volunteer my service alongside with him to help train and coach young musicians from hugely disadvantaged circumstances in Hong Kong and South China in their youth orchestras. I will also tour with them to Singapore during the last week in 8/2015 so we can all work with the youth orchestra in Singapore.

My friend served 37 years as a civil servant in the Hong Kong government in 18 departments and retired in 2002. He was in charge of the Music Administrator office in 1999 when I returned to help teach violin to youth in Hong Kong with a program called "Music for the Millions"! In retirement since 2002, he went back to his first love, the violin, and started teaching some violin students in Hong Kong and now conducts rehearsals and concerts with his 6 youth orchestras...combining Chinese and Western musical instruments at that! Since then, he set up 4 Foundations and 6 youth orchestras in Hong Kong and South China for hugely disadvantaged young children hoping their training through music will serve as therapy for them and to rebuild their characters through music as community service. This will be a daunting challenge but this will also be my greatest pleasure working alongside with him!

In the meantime, I will keep up my obligations teaching violin at 4 schools and performing on violin in San Francisco and the Bay Area throughout 2015-2016. I have recital programs planned till 12/2016 as of this writing. As you can see, I still am active as a violin instructor and I still perform on violin. I am fortunate my work is my hobby and I enjoy quality time with everyone I am in touch with! I really count my blessings!

Steve Elliott was Back in Hanover This Fall

(received 12/31/14)

Tom Stonecipher was out east in September and we enjoyed a nice dinner at Molly's after a chance meeting with Jeff Hinman on Main St. We had a picture taken but it was not ready for prime time even though we each thought the other looked great. Barbara and I treated Tom to some of my son-in-law's maple syrup and he responded in kind at Christmas with elk and buffalo jerky, but didn't say whether or not he had a hand in securing the meat.

George Spivey Continues to be Recognized for His Civil Rights Work

(received 12/14)

George Spivey, formerly Falmouth's affirmative action officer and a retired educator, was honored by the Massachusetts Teachers Association at the group's annual Human and Civil Rights dinner Friday (6/20/14) in Boston. Spivey received the Louise Gaskins Lifetime Civil Rights Award for his work with not only the town and schools but organizations such as the NAACP, Concerned Black Men and Falmouth's No Place for Hate committee. Spivey displayed "compassion and leadership, inspiring people to reach for high goals with dignity and respect," teachers association member John Reed, who nominated Spivey for the award, said in a news release. In January (2014), Spivey was honored by the Falmouth Clergy Association with its first award for human rights work and community leadership. (Taken from Cape Cod Times, 6/25/14, Sean F. Driscoll)

Gary Hobin Reports Good News from Leavenworth

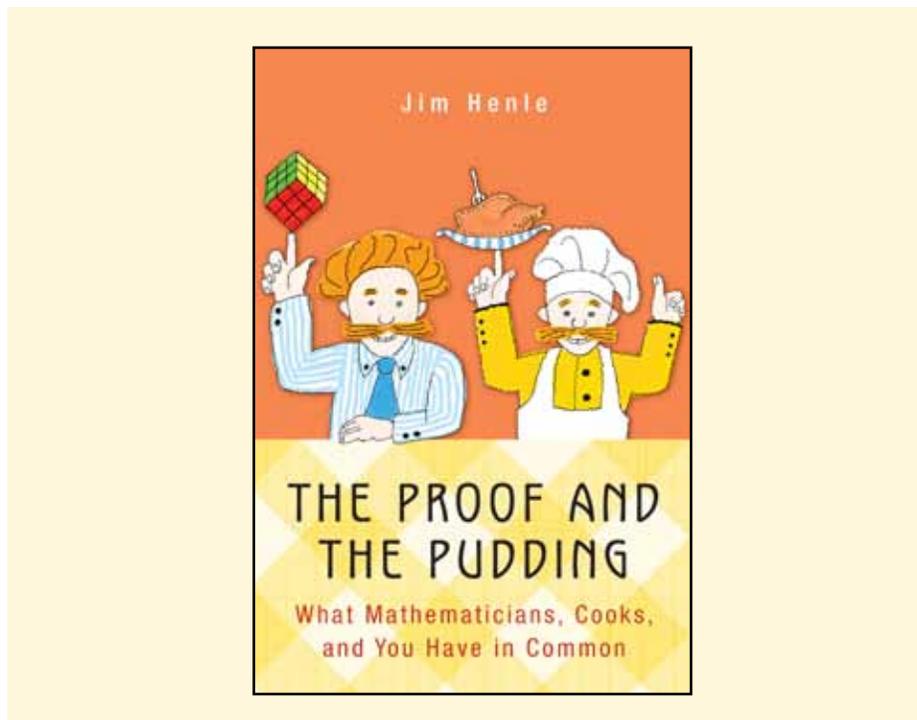
(Green Card, 1/9/15)

Just about the best news of the quarter has been the weeklong visit of son Brian (U-GA, mores the pity), who had just graduated from Army warrant Officer Staff College. He was with us at Thanksgiving before returning to HQ, US Army Central Command at Shaw AFB, South Carolina. On a personal note, I've been invited to speak at St. Mary University (twice now) on subjects related to the Middle East—most recently on The Islamic State. Seems I'm considered something of an expert (least of all by me).

Gary Hobin
16209 Sloan Road
Leavenworth, KS 66048

Jim Henle Has a New Book in the Works

(received 1/28/15 and 2/8/15)



My news is that I have a book coming out this spring sometime. The topic is unusual: mathematics and cooking. Even stranger, I never apply math to cooking. (And I don't apply cooking to math.) The book is all about how the two disciplines are practically the same: how we judge math/cooking, how we create math/dishes, how we solve math/kitchen problems, etc. The title is *The Proof and the Pudding*.

I'm moved to write another little bit. I find it rare that a course I took at Dartmouth has a specific relevance, but it's happening now and I want to point it out. I took a course in European history as a distribution requirement. I'm embarrassed to say that I don't remember who taught it. The lectures were wonderful, though, and they say something about the current crisis in the Ukraine that I haven't heard from anyone today.

The most important point I took away from the course was real and legitimate fear that Russia (then the Soviet Union) has of enemies to the West. The invasion by Napoleon and the invasion by Hitler were experiences no country can easily get over. The fall of the Iron Curtain led to the dissolution of the buffer zone that protected Russia from invasion. First, the countries in the zone became free. Then one by one, they joined NATO and/or the European Union.

Putin started to fight back in numerous regions on its periphery—Georgia, Moldova, etc. The impending loss of the Ukraine was the last straw. If this analysis is correct, then it's pointless to arm Ukraine. Russia is not going to back down, even if it impoverishes itself. If my recall of this course is right, Russia regards the loss of Ukraine as an existential threat. I am no fan of Putin. He's a corrupt, narrow-minded despot. But Russia has almost always been ruled by despots. The problem facing Europe is the problem it has always faced. How do you deal with the Russian bear? The only conceivable solutions involve giving Russia the security it feels it must have.

I also remember from that course an explanation of why so many wars were fought in this area. It was because

(that wonderful, unremembered professor said) there are no natural boundaries. There are no mountain ranges, seas, or rivers that all sides might agree on as a boundary.

If you go back far enough, Ukraine was a stronger power than Russia. In the sixteenth century, Crimean Cossacks invaded Russia, seizing Moscow. It may seem bizarre an ancient trauma might live on in a country's memory. But I'm told that some in Afghanistan still resent the invasion of Alexander the Great!

Cliff Groen in Central Park and Beyond

(received 4/6 and 4/21/15)



Last Sunday, I ran the Scotland Run 10K (6.2 miles) in Central Park. The race was fun. There were 8,003 finishers, including me. The previous Sunday, I also ran a 10K. Before these two 10K races, my last 10K race was in 2008. April 9 will be the third anniversary of my stroke.

(Gerry Bell adds: Yeah, Cliff, I think we want the photo as an inspiration to the rest of us. First in a series—Cliff in a 10K, a 15K, a half-marathon, then a marathon! Get some of the rest of us off our butts and working to show the world what the Class of '68 is made of! Thanks for showing us what we can be!)

In January, I started taking free online courses offered by edX. I took the online course given by Dartmouth about the Environment. That course was Dartmouth's first online course. I also took courses on the poetry of Walt Whitman taught by Harvard, and Jazz Appreciation taught by the University of Texas. Now, I am taking courses on the poetry of Emily Dickinson taught by Harvard, the History of the Reconstruction taught by Columbia, and The History of American Capitalism taught by Cornell. I did not know much about poetry before.



John W. Mrozak, Jr.

(Submitted by John Couser, 4/14/15)

John Mrozak died of septicemia on March 25, 2015, at the age of 69, after a long period of illness and disability.

John grew up near the Hudson River, in Buchanan, New York. At Hendrick Hudson High School, he was an honor student and captain of the football team, participated in debate and the school newspaper, and played in the school band (piccolo) and orchestra (bassoon). His impressive record there secured him a scholarship to Dartmouth, which otherwise would have been out of the reach of his parents.

At Dartmouth, he was active in student government, majored in English, and joined Foley House. He continued to date his high school classmate, Suzanne Hurley, who attended McGill University in Montreal. To the end of his life, John remained very appreciative of his Dartmouth experience. Forty years later, he spoke of wanting to thank the man who'd been director of financial aid. And he spoke fondly of professors whom he'd admired, particularly Alan Gaylord.

After their wedding on the eve of his Dartmouth graduation, he and Suzanne moved to Chicago, where John earned an M.A. in English at the University of Chicago. There he also applied successfully for status as a Conscientious Objector, interrupting his graduate work to do alternative service as a hospital orderly.

The next phase of his life was devoted to helping troubled adolescents. John Isaacson hired John at the Massachusetts Office for Children, where he became Deputy to the Director. He later served the Justice Resource Institute as a Director in their Treatment Facility for Disturbed Teenagers at the Danvers State

[Mental] Hospital in Massachusetts. In that capacity, he was called upon to speak at institutions including Harvard, Boston College, and Tufts. He was justifiably proud of his advocacy on behalf of what we now call at-risk youth. John must have brought much to such work. He was a very empathetic man. He struck his college friends as large in body, large in spirit, funny, gentle, generous, thoughtful, and caring. His service as a CO and as a youth counselor gave expression to all of these qualities.

Sadly, his marriage to Suzanne failed, and John moved to Dutchess County, New York, to be near his parents and his childhood home. There he met and married a Ukrainian émigré, Elena Pelih, a talented pianist and piano teacher. Due to complications from diabetes, John spent the last several years of his life in a nursing home in Poughkeepsie. During this period, classmate Jon Hull monitored his situation and served as liaison to a cadre of concerned classmates, friends, and brothers, who offered moral support.

Even in those circumstances, John was not without a sense of humor. He reported that during their senior year, his fraternity brother Bob Reich tried to fix him up with Bob's Wellesley counterpart, Hillary Rodham. According to John, Bob told him that whoever married Hillary would surely become President one day. But he "turned down the date. Oops."

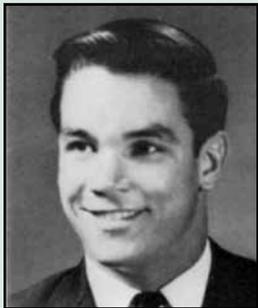
John Mrozak was a fine and sensitive man, a real mensch. He is mourned by his widow Elena, and by all those who had the pleasure of knowing him.

Unlikely Warrior: John Robert (Robbie) Peacock II – Class of 1968

An Original Paper by Jennifer Gargano, Class of 2014

(As some of you may know, Jim Wright taught a course in 2014 entitled "America's Wars and Those Who Fought Them". Jenni Gargano '14, took that course HIST96, and decided to do her project on our classmate Robbie Peacock. Her assignment was to investigate the experiences/life of a Vietnam soldier who died in the war. I knew Robbie only as an acquaintance, but after reading this I'm truly sorry I didn't get the opportunity to know him better. John Engelman, 3/27/14)

Opening the new academic year of 1964-1965 at Dartmouth College, Undergraduate Council President David Weber '65 stated that the Dartmouth man could not be “a whole man in any meaningful sense—without having acquired a social consciousness and without having developed some sort of feeling for other people and the capacity to relate to them.”¹ John Robert Peacock II, or Robbie Peacock as most people at



Dartmouth knew him, exemplified what David Weber referred to as a “whole man” during his time at Dartmouth and his few years after that he spent in service to his country. Born and raised in Hawaii, Robbie was the only child of John Robert Peacock I and Patricia Cooke Peacock (who later divorced in his senior year of college).² He attended Hawaii Prep Academy, where he seemed to be an exceptionally well-rounded student: a leader in the school band and orchestra, a career member of the football team, captain of the baseball team, and student government vice president.³ Following in his father’s footsteps and though he loved beaches and the warm outdoors, Robbie applied to (the “unbearably cold and isolated”) Dartmouth and began in the fall of 1964.⁴

During his freshman year, Robbie roomed with Jonathan Gregg Doll in Smith Hall 104 and originally signed up to study agriculture, probably because of his upbringing on his father’s ranches and his interests in the environment and the outdoors.⁵ Tom Brewer, a “tripee” of Robbie’s from their freshman hike, described him as a the most “physically perfect young Hawaiian man you could imagine, with a spirit [and] character that was equally beautiful...Robbie was open, generous, and interested in a positive way in the world around us.”⁶ Robbie played football in freshman year (trying to emulate his father), but he thought himself too small to play at the college level and decided not to

play the next year.⁷ Eager to continue with a sport, he originally asked a friend if he (the friend) thought it possible for Robbie to walk onto the hockey team—which made no sense considering he had never even skated before!⁸ This aligns with the exact person Robbie seemed to be—always trying to engage in different activities and willing to connect with others. Unfortunately, Robbie’s freshman year was cut short because of a terrible car accident over spring break with his classmate, Dana Waterman, in Iowa. He took a medical leave for spring term until September 1965 in order to recuperate back in Iowa at Dana’s home.⁹

Robbie’s later years at Dartmouth brought him new and exciting opportunities. In the fall of 1965, in what was deemed an uncharacteristically “low [year] on numbers, but high on quality” for men to be joining fraternities, Robbie was one of 18 men to join Theta Delta Chi, which Peter Wonson referred to as the “Animal House.”¹⁰ An anomaly then as it is now, Robbie did not drink alcohol, and would walk around Theta Delt fraternity parties with a cup of water.¹¹ He was accepted as “one of the guys” and got along with everyone, but at the same time, held onto his personal values and did not compromise them for the status quo. Additionally during his sophomore year, Robbie joined the varsity lacrosse team. Though described as a dependable player by teammates and as someone who “consistently turned in impressive performances,” Robbie was not the most aggressive on the field.¹² No matter how coordinated and capable, Robbie felt reluctant to take advantage of or hurt the other team—showing his truly good-natured qualities even in competition.¹³ He served on the Undergraduate Council in his last year at the College, and even made it on the Dean’s List according to his mom.¹⁴ He declared an English major, and filled the rest of his schedule with religion, philosophy, and government courses.¹⁵

Dartmouth’s campus went through a shift between 1964-1968—from few articles in campus publications covering news of the war to classes covering Vietnamese history, regular and consistent coverage of war opponents’ meetings and talks, and even an organized “teach-in” against the war.¹⁶ Despite being in Dartmouth’s Navy ROTC program, Robbie’s doubts about the war were, in some ways, very strong—though he was in no place to do anything about it because he was committed to service starting

**Above photo of Robbie Peacock from the Green Book, Fall 1964*

after graduation. But, "...His reasons for service were personal: he loved his father, who had been a Navy flyer in WWII as his grandfather had been one in WWI—so there was a strong genealogical pull that had gotten Robbie to where he was."¹⁷ According to Richard Parker, a friend of Robbie's in senior year from their membership in Casque and Gauntlet Senior Society (where they both lived that year), he and Robbie stayed up nearly the entire night of April 4th, 1968—the night of Dr. King's assassination—walking around campus, talking about the Vietnam War, civil rights and Dr. King's message, the upcoming presidential election, and justice—feeling as though their values and beliefs were shattering before their eyes. Parker noted that by the end of the night, Robbie knew that "he would do what he had to, but...his heart was gone now. Somehow the dream of learning to fly and doing what his father and grandfather had done wasn't enough to justify killing in this war."¹⁸ Graduation nearing and the war looking more and more vicious everyday, Robbie even considered resigning his ROTC commission.¹⁹ Though struggling to balance his love and admiration for his family and his own sense of what was right and wrong, Robbie chose to complete ROTC and fulfill his duty. Robbie did not graduate with his class because of his medical leave in freshman year, and instead finished up classes at the end of the fall of 1968.²⁰ Robbie left a positive and bright mark on the community he touched.

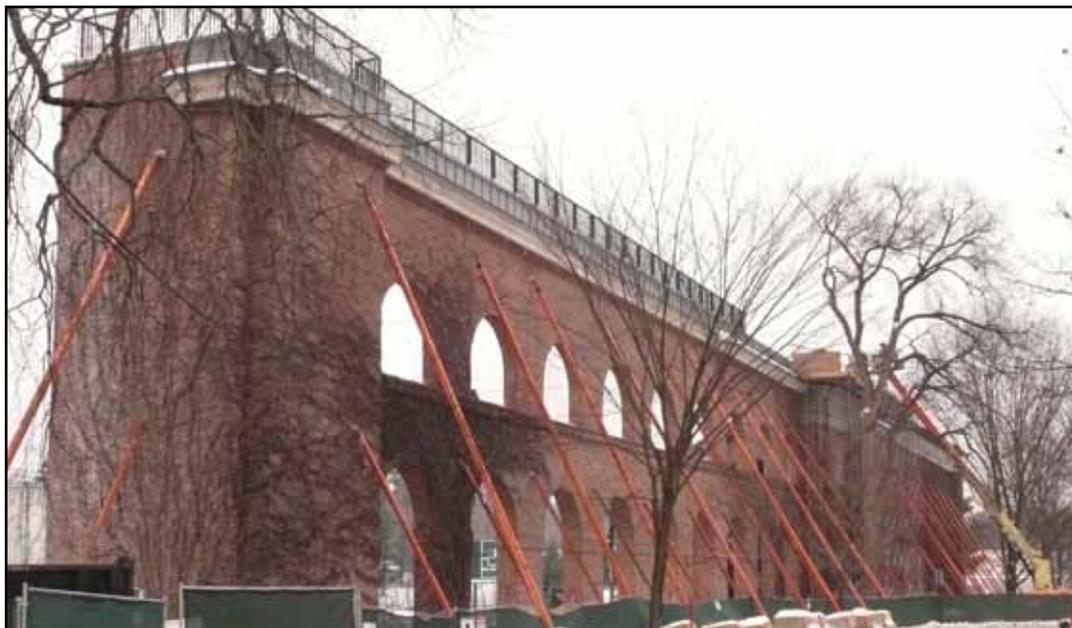
Robbie's personality was the opposite of the stereotypical image of a fighter, but his courage and dedication negated this contradiction. He spent the summers of 1967 and 1968 in basic training in Quantico, Virginia, where he earned the Honor Man award of his Officers Candidate School platoon.²¹ Completing flight training in March 1969 in Pensacola, Florida, he was presented with the High Flyer Award and named to the Captain's List.²² Robbie received his naval aviator's "Wings of Gold" and served with the Second Marine Aircraft Wing in North Carolina, and eventually went overseas to Vietnam in July 1972 as a Marine Corps Captain.²³ On October 12, 1972, Captain Peacock and

First Lieutenant William Price, the co-pilot on this flight, were assigned a combat mission over North Vietnam, part of President Nixon's "brutal Operation Linebacker."²⁴ Their last known location was about fifteen miles west of Dong Hoi in Quang Binh Province, North Vietnam.²⁵ Their aircraft, an A6 Intruder, failed to return to the base as scheduled, and the two were never released or acknowledged as POWs by the North Vietnamese. In 1973, Robbie's mother wrote to Charles Breed in Dartmouth's Office of Development that there was "hardly a glimmer of hope" for Robbie's return and that his status was listed as "Missing in Action."²⁶ In 1976, his status changed to "Died While Missing" and, even since, his body has yet to be recovered.²⁷ This fact alone almost makes it even harder to deal with the death of a young man who so brightened the world around him.

Although his life was short, Robbie exemplified what is to be a "whole man" in the most meaningful of ways. Every alumnus who reminisced about him spoke of his genuine kindness, force of personality, non-judgmental character, gentleness, innocence, and beautiful smile. He was able to transcend strict boundaries at Dartmouth and fell into different roles: an athlete, a fraternity brother, and a kind soul—someone who questioned and was critical of even his own actions and understood the actions of others even if they countered his own. His ability to relate to people—shown in the breadth and depth of his friendships—made him an incredible man, one whose life was cut off way too short. Robbie's life, service, and its meaning is now only a memory, but can never be forgotten.

(Editor's Note: Please see Class of '68 website for footnotes, personal anecdotes, photos, and references.)

2014–2015 Reconstruction of Memorial Field



Photos by Jeff Hinman

