



# The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Fall 2016

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## Editor's Note

We've received some wonderful feedback on the 2016 Spring Issue of the Transmission and Roberta and I thank you for your kind words, support, and continuing submissions. The most important goal of our Newsletter is to bring us together. Through articles, stories, and updates we are able to reconnect and reestablish friendships, follow our remarkably diverse careers and life paths, and support our classmates in need. To this end in Bill Rich's "History of the Freshman Trip" column last issue, Bill asked us to write to Monk Williams, whose compelling story was told in "The Tales of Two Classmates." Some of you took Bill up on the offer and wrote some beautiful letters that Monk really appreciated. Another classmate read my appeal to stay in touch despite his past issues with the College, and we have a marvelous update from him. It would appear that we're moving in the right direction.

I also received a letter from John Russell, who I consider our de facto class philosopher, responding to a number of ideas and issues from the last *Transmission*. In a thoughtful analysis and reference to David Brooks' book *The Road to Character*, John points out the difference between "resume virtues" and "eulogy virtues" and feels that many of us (including your editor) are still a bit too fixated on the former. In my June email letter to you requesting news and updates, my ask list included awards, promotions, exploits, publications, etc. or as John suggests, items for the resume list (i.e. the "wealth, fame, and status" side). On the other hand, the eulogy values of Brooks and Russell include "kindness, bravery, honesty, faithfulness, and a focus on relationships," qualities that often make more difference in how people remember us. John reminds us that while many of us still live in the land of the resume, we "are becoming aware of the need/desire to be paying more attention to the eulogy values in ourselves and our classmates." By example he mentions Bill Rich's article on Monk Williams, in which we see a classmate's expression of deep character in the face of great physical and personal adversity. Or an update letter that stated how pleased a classmate was to receive a hospital visit from another '68. I appreciate John reminding us that we should be more aware of these accomplishments of character and as John and David Brooks would have us do, rebalance the scales between the two resumes.

The current issue details some wonderful nostalgia from our athletic and musical history at the College, from Lambert Trophy to the Nightwatchmen. There are again exciting mini-reunion trip offerings to consider and more stories that focus on the human side from Bill Rich. Enjoy, contribute, and send more pictures!

Dave Gang



## Message from Our Class President

Fellow '68 Classmates,

There continue to be exciting, positive developments at the College. I wrote last month of progress on the academic and athletic fronts: successful fundraising for the establishment of ten new academic clusters, and a new indoor practice facility. The beginning of the Fall term in a few weeks will see the launch of a new undergraduate residential life system. The so-called "house system" creates six housing communities with which entering freshman will become affiliated for their entire college careers. We old guys often get upset about revolutionary change like this. Don't get upset. This system merely reestablishes the same housing continuity that we experienced 50 years ago. This is a long overdue change to remedy the lack of community in the dorms that resulted from the D Plan under which students routinely changed living places five or more times as they went and returned from off terms.

Today's Dartmouth campus is not without its controversies. I know that some classmates have been distressed by the handling of disputes among students with ethnic and other differences. These situations are not confined to the Dartmouth campus but rather are an inevitable result of evolving changes in American society. The Dartmouth administration faces a huge challenge under these circumstances to assure that all students have the best possible experience. Sometimes the trade-offs that must be made to achieve this goal are difficult to understand for us who are hundreds or thousands of miles away. Consider what aging alumni in the 1960s must have thought about us and our controversies and unrest. The College is a great and enduring institution which adapted through past challenges and will continue to thrive through today's sometimes bumpy ride.

We continue to look forward to our 50th reunion, June 7-12, 2018. We all shared a common experience back in the 1960s. We then all went our separate ways. Our common foundation has then been influenced by our various paths through life. The reunion represents an opportunity to express and compare our resulting values and experiences. The Class is working on a means to systematically facilitate such an expression and comparison of our thoughts, opinions, and enthusiasms. Start thinking about all your favorite things (e.g. experiences, books, music, performances, hopes for the future...). Be ready to express them as an embodiment of who you are. Be ready to receive others' thoughts as possible guideposts for you to consider for the future. Stay tuned as we further develop this concept.

Our next Class Executive Committee meeting and Fall mini-reunion will take place October 28-30 in Hanover. This is Homecoming and Harvard football weekend. All classmates are encouraged to attend. Watch your email for further details.

Best regards,

Peter Fahey  
President, Class of 1968



## 1965 Lambert Trophy Team 50th Reunion



**First row:** holding the banner on the left is Gene Ryzewicz  
**Second row:** second from left (next to Coach Joe Yukica) Noel Augustyn, and on far right, with mustache, peeking over someone's shoulder is Steve Luxford (who was captain our senior year).  
**Third row:** second from left is Sam Hawken, and on the far right is Norm Davis.

### By Noel Augustyn

In the category of “better late than never,” here’s some “news” that, by the time it’s printed in either the Class Notes or the Alumni Magazine or in The Transition (or both, I hope) will possibly be a year old. Last fall at the Yale game in Hanover, I joined a number of our classmates who were sophomore members of the undefeated, untied, Lambert Trophy winning, nationally ranked 1965 football team, at its 50th anniversary reunion. At the team dinner in the Inn after the game, I shared a table with **Gene Ryzewicz**, **Steve Luxford**, **Sam Hawken** and **Norm Davis**. **George Spivey** joined us for the game, but not the dinner. It was quite a season. Representing her late brother and our classmate Gary, and of course her late father, Bob, **Julie Blackman** was also there, as well as a number of teammates from the class of 67, and from the senior Class of 1966. The dinner speaker was then assistant coach **Joe Yukica**, one of the most admired and well-liked of the coaching staff in those days—and who also recruited me from high school in Western Pennsylvania. That visit

was also an opportunity to see again classmates **Greg Marshall** and **John “Bear” Everett**, whom I’ve seen in the Upper Valley again this past spring in connection with my attendance at the Eleazer Wheelock Society conference and the Aquinas House Board of Overseers meeting. Back to last fall, I had dinner with former sophomore roommate and AXA bro **Andy Hotaling**, a pediatric ear, nose, and throat surgeon, who was in Washington to receive an award from the American Association of Pediatric Surgeons (or similarly titled professional organization) for his achievements in that area of medicine. And back again to this past spring, I joined **John Pfeiffer** in March for a wonderful celebration of his 70th birthday.

OK, guys. Even though it’s late, ten classmates mentioned in a brief report. Not bad, huh?



## The Great '68 American Southwest Experience

By Dave Debelius, 6/6/16



If, like some classmates, you have ever dreamed of spending a night at the bottom of the Grand Canyon, you finally have your chance. Or if a 10-mile hike out of the canyon seems a bit much, come along in April 2017 to take in the canyon from the rim and other natural wonders and attractions of the spectacular American Southwest. As any veteran of '68 mini-reunions can attest, doing it with a group is lots of fun.

A great assortment of classmates and family members is already assembled, about half doing the hike and half sightseeing on the canyon rim. From the Grand Canyon we will move on to other adventures such as Canyon de Chelly, Mesa Verde, Monument Valley, Bryce, Zion, or kayaking on Lake Powell. Specifics will depend on the interests of the participants.

Hikers will spend the night of April 19, 2017 in a 10-person group cabin at Phantom Ranch, located on the canyon floor. Reservations at Phantom Ranch are extremely difficult to obtain, and group cabins are even more difficult, so we are fortunate to have this rare opportunity. We will be able to hike with light packs since lodging and meals are provided at the Ranch. Average high and low temperatures in the inner canyon in April are 82 and 56 degrees, and the rim is somewhat cooler, making for good hiking conditions.

Folks on the rim will spend the nights of April 18, 19 and 20 at the Thunderbird (couples) or Bright Angel (singles) Lodge, both of which are right at the edge of the canyon. There are links on the class website with more detailed information and guidance on preparing for the hike.

As of this writing there are still openings for both the hike and the rim, contact Dave Dibelius at [dave@davedibelius.me](mailto:dave@davedibelius.me) if you are interested. If you are on the fence, remember these words of encouragement from Lee Ann Womack: "When you get the choice to sit it out or dance ... I hope you dance."

For further enticement, consider this excerpt from Bob Dylan's poem "Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie":

You can either go to the church of your choice  
Or you can go to Brooklyn State Hospital  
You'll find God in the church of your choice  
You'll find Woody Guthrie in Brooklyn State Hospital

And though it's only my opinion  
I may be right or wrong  
You'll find them both  
In the Grand Canyon  
At sundown

## A Great Story About Hiking the Grand Canyon

By **Phil Freedman**, 6/6/16

About 25 years ago I was kayaking the Grand Canyon. One of 4 trips. I didn't have time to run the entire 28 day private trip so I arranged to walk out from Phantom Ranch. Unbeknownst to me the fellow who was walking down and swapping my kayak for his rental car did not get there until 4:30 PM (it was in the spring.) I decided to do the climb at night to avoid the heat. So at 5PM I started out with my pack. Alone. I figured I could always just sleep by the trail if I needed to. I had 2 headlights and sufficient batteries. He had left the car at the top of the Kaibab trail (I was hoping for Bright Angel.) The sunset hike out was one of the most memorable of my life. I had an altitude watch which was new at the time. It was the only way I knew where I was on

the trail. The spectacular sunset painting those buttes was most moving. Zoroaster Temple stands out in my memory. Before long it was dark. I was just determined to go as far as I could and settle in for the night and finish the next morning. Often my headlight looked off the side of the trail and all I saw was darkness. Around 11:30 PM I stepped out on the rim. My little altitude watch was accurate to about 10 ft. I found the parking lot and the car. I drove south to Williams and miraculously found a motel for a shower and sleep around 2AM.

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## Class Connections Update

By **John Engelman**, 8/2/16

On Saturday, July 30th, several '68s joined the Class of 2018 for a barbecue during Summer Family Weekend. The luncheon was on the terrace and patio of Collis, and the weather was beautiful, if a bit warm. The '68s there were: **John Engelman, John Lazarus, David Walden, John & Jill Preotle, John Everett, Roger Witten, Bill Clark**, and **Dan & Adele Hedges** (who are building a new house on Rt. 10, just north of Hanover overlooking the Connecticut River).

Everyone seemed to have an enjoyable time, meeting with the '18s and their families, waxing nostalgic about our Dartmouth experiences, and getting an insight into the Dartmouth experience of today.

## 50th Reunion: Opus One

By Gerry Bell, 7/30/16



Greetings from your reunion chairman on the best night of his year—the night before my annual fishing trip to Canada. Same lake every summer of my life, except for the Vietnam era, since 1952. This little missive is the last thing I have to do before taking off

tomorrow at 6 a.m. (Nothing like letting it go until the last minute—where did this guy go to school? Oh, yeah—Dartmouth!)

This is the first of many reunion messages you'll be receiving from me over the next 22 months, from class president **Peter Fahey**, from our associate chairmen **Peter Wonson** (attendance and recruiting), and **David Walden** (reunion treasurer and Hanover man on the ground), and ... from the likes of *you*. After my sad and futile attempt to wriggle out of this job when Fahey asked me to do it ("I'm not the right guy, Peter, I'm not creative enough."), I was assured that "there are plenty of guys who are creative and will help us come up with a great program. You are good at herding fish, and we need you to do this." Well, it turns out that there are a lot of guys with great ideas for our 50th reunion program. More on that in a minute. First, the basics to bring you up to speed with the guys who have been working on this for several months already.

The core dates for our reunion are Friday, June 8 through Sunday June 10, 2018. But we already have some ideas for the front-end (Thursday, June 7) and the back-end (Monday and possibly Tuesday, June 11 and 12), depending on your interest. Mark the dates and block them out, guys. We will not entertain excuses like, "Sorry, I have a conflict." Come on – these are your lifelong friends, the guys who knew you when. You can't miss this. We have already reached agreement with the College that our reunion HQ will be on Tuck Mall (site of our 25th and 40th HQs), and that our dorms will be the Fahey and McClane, air-conditioned buildings. Overflow at the air-conditioned dorms in the McLaughlin Cluster in North Campus. Not too far a walk, but an incentive to get your registration and dorm reservations in early!

A good bit of our reunion program is already set according to 50th reunion tradition, and thanks to the College for that. Lunch with President Phil Hanlon, Q&A with the Trustees, a lunch at the Ledyard Boathouse down by the river, and, of course, our leading the entire procession at Commencement on Sunday. (Up until

now, and I'm sure it will continue in 2017, the Commencement procession will have been led by a bunch of old geezers. In June 2018, however, WE—a group of vibrant, dynamic, charismatic studs—will lead it!!)

Here are the additional program elements we've been working on, and what I'd like all of you to think about adding to:

- Thursday afternoon and evening, June 7: a visit to the (by then) newly re-built Ravine Lodge at Mt. Moosilauke, including an optional afternoon hike likely led by 50th Hikemaster **Bruce Senn**, and dinner (and possibly even overnight if you're so inclined) at the Ravine Lodge.
- Saturday afternoon: a class symposium on the Vietnam experience and how it changed us, shaped us, altered our perspective and philosophy. An all-star cast so far: **Bear Everett, Mark Waterhouse, Burt Quist, Dave Loring**, among others. I know they would love to hear from you with your ideas.
- Sometime(s)—maybe two or three times during the reunion – a reading of the comedy play "Art" by a group of guys who have been in cahoots about this for some time already: **Don Marcus, Charles Karchmer, and Bob Reich**. Don says it's the funniest play he's ever seen. I say the likely venue—the Bentley Theatre at the Hop—may not be large enough, because I suspect *everyone* at the reunion will want to see this!
- "Hobbyhorse" presentations: I imagine many of us have discovered some subject, other than our vocations, about which we've become passionate. (Mine is cosmology – the creation, history, and ultimate fate of the universe. I've always been a big picture guy.) Anyway ... whatever the subject, the fun is learning it, understanding it, mastering it—now's your chance to share it! We can set up any number of these, and I'll bet we find the passion is infectious.
- Sunday extension (after Commencement, when the town starts of empty out): maybe a lobster dinner for those who care to stick around. We'll still have the dorms, and no competition on campus, so ... why not? We might even follow up with golf and tennis tournaments on Monday, or even Tuesday—or with your idea!



So—please contact us with your ideas, and preferences, for our reunion. You can write to me, to our associate chairmen **Peter Wonson** and **David Walden**, to **Peter Fahey** or any other class officer, or to any member of the class Executive Committee. Above all, we need your creative ideas. None will be regarded as silly, and all will be welcomed. Let's get this party started!

One last item: Let me echo our Newsletter Editor **Dave Gang's** observation from the last newsletter: at present, the Newsletter is the only communication that everyone receives.

Our class (i.e. the College's) email address list misses about 180 of us. *Please* make sure you're on the class email distribution list: in the coming months, *nothing* will rival class-wide email for timely and complete information, and I don't want anyone to miss important updates. I know some guys are probably reluctant to be on that list – fundraising pleas, uninteresting news and updates, all of that – but you can opt out of receiving that, and elect to receive only class communications. (And I promise not to abuse your mailbox.) Please do this, not only for yourselves, but for your classmates too. Thanks for reading. I'll be in touch.

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

By **Bill Rich**, 8/26/16

*Tempus Fugit* (more formally: *fugit irreparabile tempus*). Yes, Time Flies! You don't have to think of this as an admonition against sloth and procrastination, but rather a reminder that it is time to give – and give again – to our 50th Reunion Fund. Think of it! Our adopted Class of 2018 is entering their Junior year! Which puts us less than two years away from our 50th Reunion. As I have said before, whatever you choose to give (be generous!) and however you make your gifts (several smaller ones, several large ones), I hope you will join the Class of '68 in supporting our Class Gift on our Trip to our 50th Reunion.

In this Newsletter I offer a follow-up on the stories about our two Classmates from the last edition of **This Trip Changed My Life**. What is striking to me is how extraordinary our Classmates are— especially if you keep scratching below the surface. I think you will agree. Dartmouth is different—and a key element of that difference is the Freshman Trips.

How many times have you heard about someone who has done something really significant - and then you learn that this person went to Dartmouth. And, you think, "Oh, that explains it." Think Abbey D'Agostino '14 at the Rio Olympics. Yes, Dartmouth is different. Like John Ledyard many years before, Robert Frost briefly attended the College. But, did you know what fraternity he joined? And that his brothers never understood why he would often take trips into the woods to be alone and think? And that *The Road Not Taken* was written as a joke about his poet friend Edward Thomas? Frost claimed that "my poems are all set to trip the reader head foremost into the boundless." Perhaps Frost's trip to Dartmouth changed his life.



Your support of 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 writing a check to the Class of '68 Freshman Trip Endowment and mailing it to Dartmouth College, c/o Gift Recording Office, 6066 Development Office, Hanover, NH 03755-4400.

Thank you for your support!

## History of the Freshman Trip: This Trip Changed My Life—Class Connections

From Bill Rich –8/26/16

In our last Newsletter, I wrote about two Classmates by highlighting a book about each of them—and their stories of a trip or a journey. In case you haven't bought those books yet, but would like to, they are *Courting the Diamond Sow* by Wick Walker and *The Monk* by Brett Garamella. I believe that you will enjoy reading both of them. So, what has happened since that last Newsletter? A fair amount. Let me bring you up to date.

But, first, let me observe the following. There were reasons why we were all accepted to attend Dartmouth way back in 1964. I've written about two Classmates, but I would like to think that a good writer could present a compelling story about every member of the Class. By writing about Trips, I have had the opportunity to increase a number of Class Connections. Not with the 2018's, although I value those. But, with Classmates who are a resource of incredible proportions. Yes, there were reasons why we were accepted by Dartmouth in 1964. And, I will say that everything I will write about is every bit the reason - or the reasons - that I wanted to attend Dartmouth and feel proud to have done so.

**Wick Walker.** While visiting family in the Pittsburgh area, we stopped by to see Wick and his wife, Laura (who had also competed in kayak events). We knew that they had a farm and that they had horses, but we were not prepared for what we found. Not far from an economically booming area of southwestern Pennsylvania in miles, but worlds away, the Walkers live in a National Register Historic Preservation farm (I've almost

certainly got the name wrong, but you get the point). Over the years, the 1880 house has been changed little and lovingly and it is like living in a museum. The 1845 log barn (parts of it date back to the American Revolution) is even more impressive. It is a working barn. It houses seven horses now, but has held as many as 17 in the past. The horses are taken out to pasture before dinner and brought back to the barn at first light. The Walkers love their horses and love to ride. "Pay attention during drinks," Wick said, "as you might catch sight of a fox leaping around catching grasshoppers" in the field just a few yards away from their porch.

As we were sipping iced tea in silver mint julep cups on his porch, Wick explained that his father was from Kentucky and wasn't too keen on his son going up north to an Ivy school. Wick was attracted to Dartmouth because of its outdoor programs—and that ultimately made sense to his father. There is a demanding section of Pennsylvania whitewater known as the "Dartmouth Rapids" because that is where Dartmouth kayakers set up slalom courses every Spring Break. While he was still in high school, Wick's mother was an enthusiastic supporter of Wick and his friend running wild rivers (and falls) in kayaks. You don't find too many mothers like that in today's world! By the way, Chapter IV of the book I discuss below is titled *Vox Clamantis*. If that doesn't ring a bell, please don't read any further!

Now, one of the reasons why we stay in touch with each other, or go to reunions (and minis and micros), is that we learn about the depth of classmates that we

haven't known or whom we only knew at one level. We maintain Class Connections as we go on our long Dartmouth trip, because it is enlightening. So, I had known that Wick was an Olympian and had been an officer in the Army. But, until I read his book, I hadn't known about his trip on Tibet's Forbidden Tsangpo River. And, until our visit, I hadn't known his farm was in the National Register. And, there are so many levels to a person like Wick. I was admiring one of his Afghan rugs and he explained how to date and identify them by the type of helicopter shown on the rug (from the war with the Soviets). I told him that I had seen rugs in Saudi Arabia with grotesque helicopters and soldiers shooting - he suggested that those were also Afghani, but both rare and primitive. "Perhaps you might enjoy *Goat Game*," he said, in response to a later question about his military service.

The foreword of *Goat Game* is written by Gary C. Schroen. He is a CIA veteran who served as the Agency's Chief of Station for Afghanistan in the 1980's. Immediately following the World Trade Center attacks in 2001, he led the first team of Americans into Afghanistan to evict the Taliban and hunt down al-Qa'ida. He holds the Intelligence Cross, the highest award given by the CIA. He writes the following about Wick: "No one knows both sides of the Pak-Afghan Frontier as he does. He has climbed the mountains, run the rivers, and sipped tea in countless tribal councils. In these thirteen tales, he offers readers a boots-on-the-ground feel for life and operations in this topographically and culturally rugged region.



Significantly and accurately, he depicts the complex relationship of three of the most fascinating and dangerous societies on the planet: the native Pashtuns, the intruding Arab fanatics that became al-Qa'ida, and the US Army Special Forces."

When I was President of the old State Street Research (sold to MetLife and later to Black Rock), I used to attend the Allen & Company Conference in Sun Valley. If you don't know what this is about, just imagine every key mogul and business leader in America getting together with top investment types. A friend told me how he sliced a shot off the tee and watched it sail onto the adjacent fairway. "Number three almost became number one," he explained, as the ball just missed Warren Buffett and Bill Gates. There's a lot of work, many deals, and a fair amount of fun. You also get to meet lots of people outside of business. Once, our hiking guide was Gabriela Andersen-Schiess, whom you may remember as the 1984 Swiss Olympic marathoner who staggered around the stadium in her final lap, barely able even to walk. Another time, I met a former Olympic skier named Susie Patterson, who sold real estate in Sun Valley and was working at the Conference. Her family is close to a Wellesley neighbor who grew up in Sun Valley and her brother Ruff just stepped down this year after 39 years as the Dartmouth Nordic ski coach. Years after we met in Sun Valley, Susie established her own Dartmouth connection by marrying Ned Gillette '67. Ned later died and Susie was shot when they were attacked in their tent in the high mountains of Pakistan. I asked Wick about his murder and his answer was typically terse. "I've camped up there near where he was attacked. Not alone, though. Tough neighborhood."

In my view, Wick is an excellent and accomplished writer, but he holds himself to very high standards and wants to

improve his craft. He continues to study writing and attend workshops. He plans another book about some of the leading iconic runners of rivers. One of these is a famous man with one arm. Stay tuned. This will be a book you will want to read.

**Steve (Monk) Williams.** There is also news about Monk—and a lot of communication. There is good news and there is bad news. The good news is that Monk is moving back East and will be cared for by his team of good friends and will be "within reach" of lots of care and love. The bad news is that he found that a toe was rubbing against the top of his shoe and had become infected. The toe has since been amputated and Monk offers that, in his power chair, he didn't really need it anyway. Thinking that Monk might be inspired by a story about a guy with an even worse problem, I recommended that he read *We Die Alone*, which is possibly my favorite book of all time. I can't tell the whole story—you wouldn't believe it if I did. But, the key elements are that Jan Baalsrud is the only surviving member of a group of Norwegian resistance fighters and endured the following: he survives an explosion on their fishing boat in northern Norway in March of 1943, swims to shore, is shot in the foot, loses his boot in the snow, kills a Nazi at close range, swims to an island and later to shore again, finds a safe house and then another, skis to the highlands where he is caught in a snowstorm for three days and nights while skiing snowblind in a circle, falls into a home where he is hidden, despite suffering from frostbitten toes is transported by sled to the high plateau and left there for two months, including being buried in an avalanche, and, finally, before being rescued by Laplanders, must amputate nine of his own toes which have become gangrenous. Whew!

Monk is moving from Tucson to the Coachman Senior Living facility in New Haven. There are frequent updates and

sometimes I wonder if Monk isn't mixing in a little of his playful humor. I haven't totally figured out the heading of a recent email, as it seemed to have a little English, a little Portuguese, and a sprinkling of nonsense. The subject line read: "Genie Shook Williams *actualizou o proprio* status."

I don't know how many of you have contacted Monk, but I am sure that he would still love to hear from any and all of you. Email is a preferred vehicle and I promise that you will hear back!

**Class Connections.** I am aware of some communications to and from Classmates and I'll share a few. **John Peirce** sends thanks for the articles and writes to say that he particularly recalls Monk's "boundless humor at Psi U." He also got to know Wick well as they were both Geology majors. "He and I worked together for three weeks in Iceland in 1967 on his return from the World Kayaking Championships in Czechoslovakia."

Another Psi U Classmate expresses "sorrow" for Monk's struggles and says, "but, knowing you, the last thing you want is sympathy from some old fart like me." He goes on to say that "life is as good as it can be." Recently retired and perhaps wanting a little sympathy himself, he notes that he had "in succession: prostate cancer (now cancer free), broken ribs, three broken hands (Editor's Note: Psi U's in our day were unusually well endowed!), knee replacement surgery, and for good measure, a heart attack (suffered while hiking to Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington last Spring). Five stents later and with physical therapy, I am good as new, sort of. Getting old is not for sissies."

Monk himself writes to highlight how big the Ledyard Canoe Club is with its recreational and competitive white-water slalom activities. He pays tribute to the

*continued on next page*

key role that Jay Evans '49 played in the development of the sport at Dartmouth. Jay was "an admissions officer who lived in Hanover and was the founder of the national whitewater kayak program." He coached our first Olympic kayak slalom team. His son, Eric '72, was nicknamed "The Hammer" and is described in Monk's book. The name came from the question of what you do when you are completely exhausted, and Eric's response was that "you just hammer through it." Monk suggests that Eric was in that same upper echelon as Wick in the competitive world. Monk also moves seamlessly from the kayak slalom course on the Mascoma River "along Route 4" to the fact that Route 4 was "the road-trippers' road away from campus to the Southeast toward Boston" where one could find "many women's colleges" and some "classy femmes." I confess to being amazed that this is the first time in all of this discussion of Dartmouth "trips" that the famous and sometimes infamous "road trip" has come up. Perhaps there will be more on that later. I mean, some of them might have actually been Freshman Trips, right?

I have been in touch with his "East" Guardian—once his move occurs in about a month. He assures me he could write a book about Monk's accomplishments and humor. He shares two stories of note. The first is that Monk once wore

his track spikes for Coach Al Merrill's so-called "10 Minute Loop" interval training run during the preseason. Monk ran it in 8 and one half minutes - and no one has ever run it faster. The other is that, when he was working for the College, Monk and some fraternity brothers shot a deer, had it gutted, and hung it in Dean Carroll Brewster's garage. He then called the Brewster home and represented himself as a Game Warden suspicious of deer-jacking activity and reports of a deer in their garage. The deer ended up being served for dinner to a group of Ivy League Deans.

Finally, there is this note from a Classmate. "Dear Steve,...You probably have little or no recollection of me—though we were classmates at Dartmouth and Yale - we didn't spend a lot of time together. But, having read with great interest your recent letter to the Transmission, I feel moved to write you, to let you know how you influenced the course of my life. Once or twice during law school, we ran together - in the cemetery behind the school, I think. I hadn't done any running back then; I was part of the lunchtime basketball crowd. But, it was a treat to run with you, partly because even I could recognize athletic superiority when I was in the presence of it, and partly because you had such an easy and relaxed attitude to life and school, a rarity I thought, and in any event an attitude very hard for me to

acquire. But that running set me on a long course of more and more running, which became central to my life ... and helped create some happy distance between me and my law jobs. ... Reading about you, though, reminded me of someone whom I well and truly admired. So, I thought I might simply tell you that, and wish you all the very best."

Assignment for next class: Read and Write

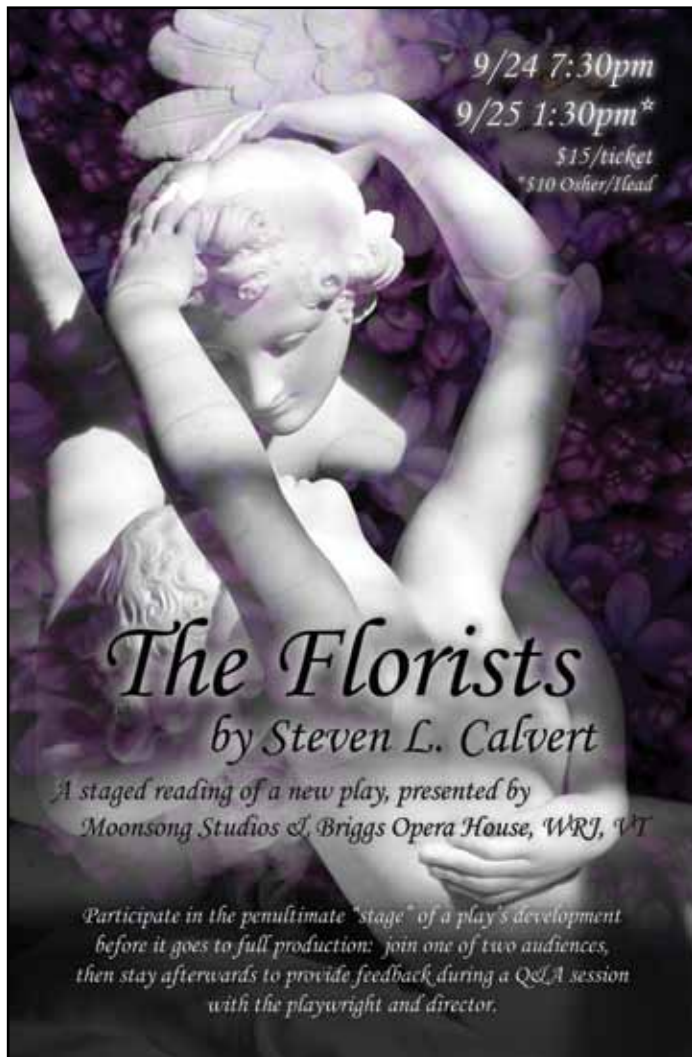
*Courting the Diamond Sow*, by Wick Walker  
*The Monk*, by Brett Garamella  
*Goat Game*, by Wick Walker

Say hello by email to Monk at:  
[scwmanmn46@gmail.com](mailto:scwmanmn46@gmail.com)

*{Editor's Note: Bill sent me this FYI after the last NL: Following our last Newsletter, many of you have gone to Amazon to buy the books about Wick and Monk. Wick's book comes right up, but Monk's won't unless you include the author's name, Brett Garamella. Happy reading!}*

## Invitation To See My New Play "The Florists," 9/24-9/25/16

By Steve Calvert, 8/9/16



This is a “staged reading,” the last step in a new play’s development, before it goes to full production. Actors rehearse with the director, and run the play for a live audience while reading from scripts. They enter and exit, and move around stage, as in a full production; a minimalist set and certain props (chairs, tables, flowers, etc.) are used; some lighting directs the audience’s attention.

Please come to the Briggs Opera House, 5 South Main Street in White River, 7:30 Saturday evening, September 24. It’s \$15 at the door, primarily to pay seven local actors. Bring spouse and friends. Everyone’s welcome, and there’s no telling who may see something that makes a difference. You will enjoy Christine Williamson in the lead role!

This play already has ’68 roots. **Peter Wonson** edited. **Greg Marshall** introduced me to playwriting ten years ago, and organized the “table reading” for this play last fall. (Christine Williamson of Orford’s Moonsong Studios read that night, and is partnering the play’s development—that’s her poster art, too.) And David Briggs (Norwich University ’68) has not only offered his Opera House, but much advice and friendship as he seeks to develop the arts in the Upper Valley.

If you can’t make the Saturday evening show, you’re also welcome at the 1:30 Sunday matinee, September 25th. That show is co-sponsored by OSHER @ Dartmouth, the lifelong learning program I started when I worked at the College. One show or another, please come, help a new play prepare for market!

Steve Calvert ’68  
Bristol, RI  
scalvert68@cox.net  
401-574-5171

CLASSMATES, THIS IS YOUR CASTING CALL!

That’s right. My play, “The Florists,” needs you to come see it, and stay after to discuss with the director (also our lead actress) and me. You’ll be working with a different kind of love story: The old florists believe flowers speak to women—but can their magic help Max win Molly over her family’s objections, the ghost of her dead husband, and that pretty woman with designs on Max? Your comments may well suggest changes for final editing.

## Classic Rock Bands Play Again at Reunions in Hanover



*Tracks at Flashback II, L-R: Ken Aldrich, keyboards; Steve Calvert, guitar; Skip Truman, bass; Ned Berndt '72, drums; Russell Pinkston '70, lead guitar; Peter Wonson, lead vocal.*

**By Steve Calvert and Peter Wonson, 6/23/16 (revised 7/1/16)**

Five years ago, **Peter Wonson** published “Old Times, Good Times,” the story of the rock bands who in the late 60s and early 70s sprouted like ivy all over southern and central New Hampshire and Vermont. Those bands included Tracks, which was a blending of two Dartmouth campus bands—the Nightwatchmen with **Steve Calvert** and Peter’s Ham Sandwich.

Over the weekend of June 17-18, Steve and Peter were onstage for the first time since their band *Flagrant Neglect* played at our 45th reunion. Steve has participated in several reunions of both Tracks and the Nightwatchmen over the past 25 years. The latest get-together of the bands included Steve and Nightwatchmen band mates Russell Pinkston '70 and Peter Logan '70 on the Friday night of this year’s Dartmouth reunions, when the Classes of '70, '71, and '72 held a “cluster” 45th reunion in tents fronting Alumni Gymnasium.

Nightwatchmen played a 45-minute set, followed by a 45-minute set by Tracks, with Steve, Russell Pinkston, and drummer Ned

Berndt '72. The Tracks’ set was highlighted by several Tracks’ originals, a medley of Sly and the Family Stone hits, and the band’s signature arrangement of “All Along the Watchtower.”

The Nightwatchmen’s set (Beatles, Stones, Cream, Jimi Hendrix, Doors, Wilson Pickett, Temptations) caused singing and dancing. Also, says Steve, it prompted “reunion tent folks to pull up chairs to watch the Nightwatchmen as if it were a concert. I took it as a compliment. The front row did not budge from their seats for the whole show. It was fun playing to people paying that much attention!” There is talk of another Nightwatchmen reunion for our 50th in June 2018, even though a more “current” band has been engaged for one of the nights. We shall see....

The next night, Saturday, June 18, Steve (rhythm guitar and vocals) and Peter (lead vocal) were in Keene, NH, for *Flashback II*, a seven-band show that included Tracks. In addition to singing with Tracks, Peter served as emcee for the show.



## Class of '68 Fall Mini-Reunion, Friday and Saturday, 10/28-29

By John Engelman, 8/14/16

### Friday:

#### Homecoming Parade and Bonfire

The Parade kicks off at 7:30pm. Meet across from Memorial Stadium.

### Saturday:

#### Class meeting

10am to noon, Zimmerman Lounge, Blunt Alumni Center. All '68's are welcome to attend

#### Tailgate

12pm to 1:30pm, south lawn of Alpha Delta Fraternity (directly across from Stadium)

#### Football game vs. Harvard

Kickoff at 1:30pm (order your own tickets)

### Class Dinner

Murphy Farm at the Quechee Club. \$60/person  
Cocktails @6:30 p.m. (open bar serving beer, wine and soda),  
Cheese & Crackers, Crudit  & Fruit Slices  
Dinner@ 7:30 p.m. See menu choices below:

Roasted Pork Loin, rubbed with fresh herbs and Dijon with a fresh apple maple glaze

Sesame Crusted Salmon served with a sweet sushi rice & citrus soy ponzu sauce

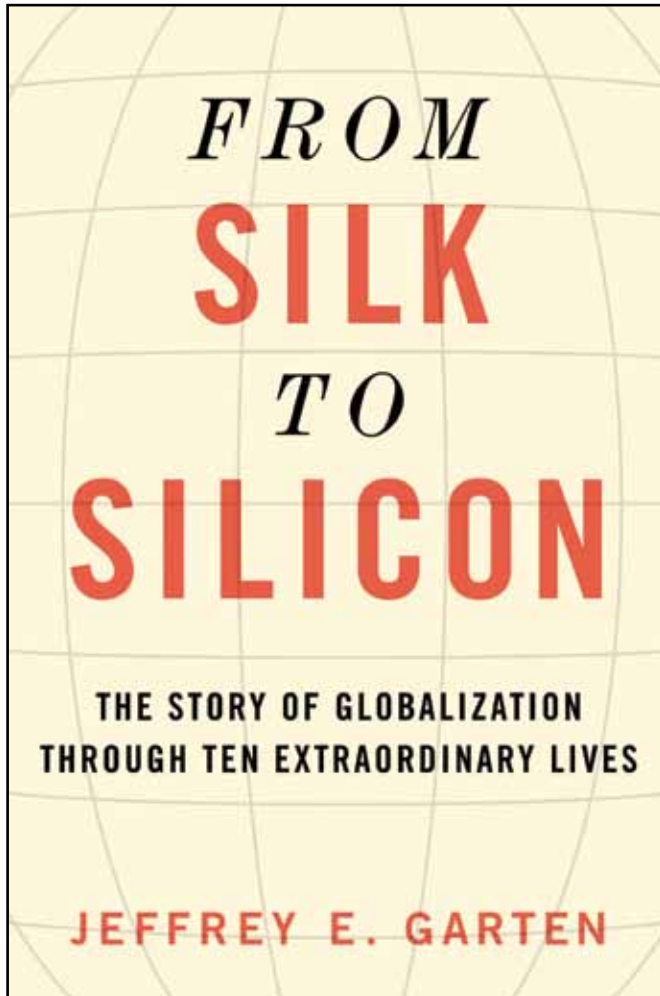
*All entrees include 2 chef side dishes, a mixed field green salad with seasonal accompaniments and a dessert.*

***Please RSVP to [john.engelman@dartmouth.edu](mailto:john.engelman@dartmouth.edu) with the number in your party and your entr e choices. Please respond no later than October 14th.***



## From Silk to Silicon by Jeff Garten

Review by Dave Gang



Rarely have I enjoyed reading a book on my vacation as much as I did Jeff's latest book: *From Silk To Silicon: The Story of Globalization Through Ten Extraordinary Lives*. Jeff has chosen 10 exemplary stories of movers and shakers who have made the world a more interconnected place. These individuals, nine men and one woman, had to be "transformational leaders" to be on Jeff's top ten list and indeed they were. The list includes: Genghis Khan, Prince Henry, Robert Clive (consolidated India for the British Empire), Mayer Amschel Rothschild (Godfather of International Banking), Cyrus Field (laid the Atlantic cable), John D. Rockefeller, Jean Monnet (father of the European Union), Margaret Thatcher, Andrew Grove (genius behind Intel), and Deng Xiaoping. To make

the list a leader had to be someone who "opened doors to a broad array of possibilities for progress" or who "initiated or were in on the ground floor of a powerful, fundamental trend or movement that had an outsize impact on the world."

Each story is beautifully written, inspirational, and self-contained. As I began each one, I couldn't put the book down until I had finished. After each story, Jeff finishes with an analysis of the individual's impact and continuing impact on the world. For someone like myself who is not involved in politics and business, the book gave me tremendous insight into how individuals like John D. Rockefeller was able to create such monopolies or how Jean Monnet's insights and persistence led to the development of the European Union. But there's more to the book than just learning about the exploits of these great innovators. In each story there are inspiring personal details that we can apply to our own lives and endeavors. Many were willing to try and fail and keep coming back until they achieved their goals. I was particularly impressed by Cyrus Field, who failed again and again at laying the Atlantic cable, but just wouldn't quit until he was successful. The story of Andrew Grove and his success at Intel is more approachable to us since we all benefit from his genius at computer processors. It's an amazing story of genius and persistence. And of course we must admire the dramatic impact of Margaret Thatcher and Deng Xiaoping on the economies of Britain and China.

We learn much about globalization and historically how it evolved through examples of these ten lives. Jeff's commentary then weaves it all together for us and we're better prepared having read this book to understand the growing interdependence of our world economy. The book is perfect for inquisitive readers who want to know more about the history of globalization but who don't work in the areas of political science, banking, and finance. Jeff's style is as appealing and engaging as two of my other favorite non-fiction writers, Bob Reich and Tom Friedman. This was a great read and I highly recommend the book both to my classmates and the general public.

*{Editor's Note: When Jeff sent me a copy of his book last winter, I had hoped to do a review for the Transmission to accompany his update letter in the last edition. Since I didn't get a chance to read the book until summer vacation, the review is now included.}*



## News from our Classmates:

### Jim Snyder announces his retirement

(Green Card, received 5/26/16)

Forty years after graduating from Boston University School of Law, Jim Snyder has retired from his In-House legal position at Atlas Copco, a Swedish industrial products company that acquired his former employer, Edwards Vacuum, three years ago. Jim was with Edwards Vacuum for thirteen years and before that practiced International Law at Dun & Bradstreet. Jim and his wife of forty-six years, Sarah (Hunt), Mt. Holyoke '71, have trips lined up to Bryce and Zion, Athens, and Istanbul, and will be joining the Class of '68 Napa trip in the fall. Jim and Sarah welcome classmates to join them at home in Mendham, NJ, or at the beach in Barnegat Light, NJ.

James A. "Jim" Snyder

### Gary Horlick sends an update

(Green Card, received 5/23/16)

Kathryn and I are now empty nesters, with John (27 years old) and Jamie (23) each about 15 minutes away. We promptly celebrated with a 4-day weekend in Paris, followed by a couple of weeks driving slowly up the West Coast of New Zealand. I'm still practicing International Trade Law, about half litigation and half negotiation of the new agreements (I am

counsel in both TPP and the agreement with Europe), and fulltime being amazed at the statements by politicians.



Gary at the Nationals: Max Scherzer struck out 20!

### Michael Jacobs is still teaching

(received 5/30/16)

The most recent issue of *The Transmission*, and particularly its news of Monk Williams and Doug Jewett (we were quite close at college and then law school), brought back lots of good memories and raised the usual - and some of the less usual - questions about the vagaries of life and aging. In any event, I'm grateful to *The Transmission* for evoking these feelings in me.

As you can infer from my e-mail address, I'm on the faculty of DePaul, where I've taught law for the past thirty years. I have two children, Jeff, 29, and Maddie,

27, who graduated from Wash U and Williams, respectively. I've had the normal academic career, I think, though I started a bit late: teaching, papers, talks, and travel, most of it to Australia and China, to teach and consult in my so-called area of expertise, Antitrust. As of this fall, I'm on half-time status, which means, very happily, that my wife and I can get away from Chicago for a hunk of the winter.

All the best

Michael Jacobs  
Distinguished Research Professor  
of Law

### News from the Heartland from Gary Hobin

(Green Card, received 5/28/16)

Greetings from the Heartland! We're rapidly closing in on another graduation day at US Army Command and General Staff College, which means the press to get final seminar grades into the computer system is on us. I've been leading two elective seminars this term - one on Terrorism and one on the Middle East. We end classes next Friday, then have a week of student out-processing before Graduation Day. We're hoping for "seasonable" weather for our outdoor ceremony, but Kansas has been inundated with rain, hail, thunder, and lightning for the past few weeks, and our lawn and garden are a might soggy! It's better than the drought, however. One benefit of being an academic: I can justify doing a lot of reading. Right now I'm in the midst of *The Silk Roads - A new History of the World* - by Peter Frankopan, a Brit.

Gary R. Hobin  
16209 Sloan Road  
Leavenworth, KS 66048





*Roger with Hailey, age 2 1/2, teaching "Pa" how to steer the boat.*

### **Roger Gutner reconnects**

(received 6/6/16)

We have a great class that contains many of the country's leaders and innovators, and to that end please add my name to the email list. It will be fun to follow their accomplishments, and even reconnect with some of them. After all it was only 50 years ago that many of us last met!! On a personal level I am well. While I no longer play tennis (it became too difficult to find partners and playtime to sustain a level which could satisfy me). About 30 years ago I became a runner, and while I no longer have the passion to run marathons, I still am out there several times weekly to keep limber and healthy. It also still allows me to eat without regard to calories, as it is a great burn!

I retired from medical practice last October, and have no regrets either for having stayed in it so long, or for exiting when I did. It was time. Retirement has been both rewarding and enjoyable. I

have turned a hobby of buying and selling old paper money into a career with challenges that are far different from those that I encountered in Medicine. The newness sustains me.

Between us Janet and I have 5 children, I having three and she two. Mine include an attorney, an entrepreneur and a Nurse. Four of five have given us 8 (yes 8!) grandchildren over just 5 years. This explosion of life has allowed me to fine tune my parenting skills, which had long gone to pasture for lack of use. It is also fun.

Shortly we will be moving from Laconia, NH, where we have lived for 13 years, to Scarborough, Maine, precisely to be closer to family. In short life is good. I do cross my fingers when morning arrives.

In an earlier email, I expressed dismay at the political direction our college has taken. I'll save that for a further newsletter. I am interested in my classmates' opinions, and would welcome the dialogue.

### **Peter Thompson hooks up with John Russell in Hawaii**

(received 6/6/16)

My wife and I visited the Big Island of Hawaii for the first time in March. We enjoyed the laid back pace and the volcanoes. People still hitch hike there! I arranged to meet my roommate from freshman year, **John Russell**, at a Starbucks, and we actually recognized one another. He seems really content with life in Hawaii. Sorry we didn't have enough time to visit his home. It's a big island!



*Mullein plants on the side of Mauna Kea - one is gesturing with the shaka sign.*

The *NH State Geologist* has asked me to write up a description of the geology along the Appalachian Trail in NH, written for the layman. Should be a fun project, starting in Hanover where I mapped bedrock last summer, and continuing north!

Peter J. Thompson  
PO Box 46  
Post Mills, VT 05058



{Editor's Note: In my East Coast ignorance, I had to ask Pete what this meant, who replied: "I didn't know either before I went there. Never watched Hawaii Five-O - guess you didn't either. You hold your hand up with just the first finger and pinkie - used as a greeting, especially when walking or driving - it means something like aloha, hello, what's going on, etc." Pete}

#### A Brief Update from Chris Mayer

(received 6/6/16)

Our youngest of three, son Luke, will be attending Dartmouth Medical School beginning this Fall. He graduated from Claremont McKenna College in 2014 and has led a peripatetic life since then, so it will be nice to have him settled and within shouting distance here in the Upper Valley. (I'm also counting on him being all doctored up and ready to care for me in my coming dotage...)

#### Multiple Updates and a Transmission Reconnection from Cliff Groen

(received 6/6/16)

**Tony Choueke** was my roommate in our second year at Dartmouth. We were living in Cutter Hall (now renamed as Cutter Shabazz Hall). The last time I saw him was in about 1989 or 1990 in Manhattan. After his news in the Spring Transmission, I sent him an email. He replied very quickly and we have connected again. We are friends for life and regard each as brothers. I am an American but I grew up Asia. I came to Dartmouth from Singapore. I had no family living in the U.S.A. I have fond memories of our Freshman Trip but was not prepared, having arrived from London without camping clothes.

I stay in touch with **John Engelman, John (Bear) Everett,** and **David Walden.** In May, my wife (Marti) and I had dinner with them at the Pine in Hanover. Marti and I bought our home in Quechee about twenty years ago, but our main home is in Manhattan.

In April of 2015, I did my last race (my 80th race). Now, I jog on a treadmill near our home. Today, I jogged for four miles. I am still taking free on-line courses. I have completed about 17 or 18 courses taught by Harvard, MIT, Dartmouth, Columbia, Cornell, and other universities, which keeps my mind busy. One course that I took was called *Italian Opera* and was taught by Professor Swayne of Dartmouth. That course was excellent. I did not know much about opera. I met him when he gave a talk before seeing *Turandot* at the Met Opera in January, 2016. After that, Marti and I became opera fans. In March, 2016, we saw *Le Nozze di Figaro* and in April, 2016 we saw *Otello* at the Met Opera.

On May 30, Marti and I had our 45th anniversary. I met her at Harvard Law School, where we were classmates.



45th Anniversary of Cliff and Marti

#### Celebrating A Second Anniversary from Ben Johnson

(received 6/6/16)

Katie and I celebrated our second wedding anniversary in May. We started ballroom dance lessons again and performed a local recital yesterday, doing a tango. Her ballet studio is growing and now has 120 students. She had two successful performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in April, helping to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's passing.

I am still working at Merrill Lynch. I contracted Lyme disease last May, a tick bite at the battlefield of Gettysburg (I became one of the casualties of the battlefield!), but after a year of convalescence and half a year at the gym, am now back to playing tennis. Was in bed for two months, as it was not diagnosed correctly. Watch out for ticks!

Enjoyed the mini-reunion last fall and hope to do one of the alumni trips.

#### Peter Hofman has made a difference in Lee, MA

(received 7/18/16)

Since returning from the Peace Corps in 1971, I have - professionally and/or personally - worked to minimize our impact on the environment and, where possible, to improve it. Phyllis, my wife of 44 years - has been as ardent in this effort as I have. We designed and built our first house - in NH - to be energy efficient and to make it easy for us to recycle and compost. Over the years I served on our town's conservation commission and we personally participated in numerous town and coastal cleanup efforts. The first 20 years of my career focused on environmental issues.

Upon moving to the Berkshires at the end of 2013, we maintained our environmental orientation - installing 45 solar panels on our roof, switching the house from oil heat to wood, and continuing to compost and recycle (yes, we've also owned a Prius since 2010). In 2014 we joined the local Recycling Committee (somewhat of a misnomer since it's involved in far more) and I became chair last year. Probably not surprising to some, Massachusetts has adopted a wide range of environmentally friendly policies, covering energy efficiency, solar energy development, composting, recycling, and more. Individual communities have also shown leadership in this area: Nantucket passed restrictions on plastic packaging in 1989 and Great Barrington took a similar step in 1990 by banning polystyrene drink and food containers. That movement has picked up a great deal of steam in the last couple of years, probably due to increased litter, concerns about fossil fuel use and pollution, and publicity about plastics overwhelming our oceans. Lee is one of 20 communities in the state that passed a plastic ban this year - actually, we passed two, against some stiff odds!

My work on this effort - to essentially ban the use of thin-film plastic shopping bags and polystyrene drink and food containers - consumed me pretty much full time from last July through mid-May, when our Town Meeting adopted by comfortable margins both bylaws we proposed (we're also supporting the year-long transition/roll-out). I played a leadership role in a two-town (and eventually three-town) initiative - writing a winning competitive grant proposal to get state technical support, creating various public education materials, holding several public meetings, sending out

major mailings, appearing on a local TV talk show, engaging with the business community, and much more. Success in Lee - more of a blue-collar community than our neighbors to the north and south - was not a foregone conclusion, especially with the opposition of two of our three Select Board members. But we persevered, always took the high road, counted votes, and pulled it off. Now, Lee, the region, and area beyond (the Housatonic River runs through our town and discharges into Long Island Sound) will benefit. We also sent a powerful message to our young people - that we care about the world we're leaving them and that citizen activism can bring about change.

I'm proud of our success, honored to have worked with such a great group of people, and very grateful we won - I'm not sure I could have gone this a second time. Think globally, act locally - it really can work.



*Peter, reining in his new rambunctious dog Rain*

### **Update from the class Concert Violinist—Sin-Tung Chiu**

(received 8/1/16)

On Sunday 7/17/2016 at 4PM at San Francisco Community Music Center (SFCMC) concert hall, I presented a special Reunion Recital with my former African-American violin student and his younger cellist-brother from 1974, some 42 years ago when we first met in Bay View, Michigan at the Bay View Summer Music Festival and Summer Conservatory of Music!! I was then 27 and they were 16 and 14 still in high school! That was my first professional appointment as Artist-in-Residence to perform on violin and to teach violin and viola soon after I completed my education at Dartmouth College, The Juilliard School, and Teachers College, Columbia University. We had lost touch for 34 years!

However, in 2008, my former violin student Googled me and found me listed at the violin faculty of SFCMC. An email was sent to the registrar at SFCMC and was forwarded to me in turn and we made contact again in 2008! As I found out later in 2008, my former violin student is a Yale graduate, a violinist, a lawyer, a Marathon runner with 60 Marathons worldwide under his belt to-date, and for the past 25-26 years a Father at a Roman Catholic Church in Nashville, TN!! He came to San Francisco, CA to run the 2008 San Francisco Marathon and we met in person again at my residence. Since 2008, we have occasionally met and performed together in concerts both at SFCMC in San Francisco, CA and at his Church in Nashville, TN! I also taught violin master classes at his Church by his arrangement. This is a heartwarming story!



*Sin-Tung (far left) on stage performing with students at Community Music Center, Mission District Branch, San Francisco, 7/17/16.*

Sunday 7/17/2016 was truly a memorable day because I pooled together some of my current SFCMC violin students and violin students from The Nueva School in Hillsborough, CA where I have taught violin for the past 25 years since 9/1991. (I have taught violin for the past 28 years at SFCMC since 9/1988!) Young musicians from the 6th grade on up made music with older musicians like myself. We closed this Reunion Recital program with everyone performing ensemble music by Mozart (Ave Verum Corpus Motet, K. 618) and by John Williams (Themes from Harry Potter films)!! One family in particular provided a grandfather, a daughter and a granddaughter all playing violin!! Throughout Sunday 7/17/2016 at SFCMC, we all enjoyed music, rehearsing and performing, conversations over food, and warm friendships old and new!

### **Peter Brown sends a long overdue update**

(received 8/5/16)

I look forward to seeing my classmates at our fiftieth reunion. Like everyone, I have faced my own personal and professional challenges in the past five decades. However, in retrospect my professional life as a lawyer has remained centered in one city and one area of specialization. I have spent my entire career as a lawyer in private practice in New York City. Most of that time I was in increasingly large firms, where I specialized in the fields of

information technology and intellectual property. While many big firm lawyers focus on either litigation or transactions, I have active matters requiring both sets of skills. In the past five years I have also trained as an arbitrator and mediator.

In 2013 I was a partner in a national firm with 900 lawyers. As many lawyers will tell you, the life of a partner in these big firms comes with internal pressures and client demands. As a whole, these firms are often not happy places. In addition, law firms in this category tend to diminish the status of partners as they reach

standard retirement age. After careful discussions with my wife, I made the decision to cut my ties with big firm practice and open my own legal boutique in the middle of Manhattan. For ethical reasons, I never discussed my plans with my existing clients and I never asked for their financial commitment. Some might call this foolhardy at any age, but I was 66 in the spring of 2013.

I spent one month fixing up my rented office in The Chrysler Building, buying stationary and working on a website ([www.browntechlegal.com](http://www.browntechlegal.com)). Clients don't believe you're in business without a website. I decided that without the overhead of large firm, I could lower my rates and still make a living. After this short start-up period, almost all of my big firm clients asked to stay with me. Fortunately, the work has continued for the past few years at a strong pace. Last year, I even conducted a short trial in the Federal Court in



*Peter and Celeste Brown, summer 2016*



Chicago. Practicing on my own has meant that I had to re-learn the skills of more junior lawyers at big firms. I am improving my drafting and research skills with each passing month. The administrative side of the practices requires me to be a part-time bookkeeper and marketing director.

I am sure many lawyers in our Class value the freedom and relaxation of retirement. As I approach my 70th birthday, I prefer staying in the game as long as my health and stamina will allow. If one works in the field of technology, like I do, you have to stay on the cutting edge to stay relevant as a lawyer. This keeps me excited, engaged and keeps my brain sharp. At the same time, practicing as a boutique allows me to set my own schedule and take time off when the mood strikes me. Much of my vacation time is spent

visiting our active family. About 17 years ago I returned to Manhattan from the Westchester suburbs and currently live on the East Side with my wife of nine years, Celeste. Celeste is a former lawyer and current entrepreneur in the fashion business. We met while she was in-house counsel at a technology client in Florida. Celeste has transformed my life in many positive ways, including partnering with her on the dance floor to master my new hobby of ballroom dancing. She also enthusiastically joins me in travels to destinations far and wide, including Prague, Beijing, Barcelona, Singapore, Paris and Bermuda. I have a son and daughter who were raised in Westchester County but as adults roamed far from home. My daughter, Malina, currently lives in Los Angeles with her husband and two daughters.

Needless to say, my two granddaughters, Eloise and Evelyn, are very special to me. My wife and I travel to LA as frequently as my law practice allows, to see these beautiful and smart girls. My son, Jonah, works in the advertising industry and currently lives in Shanghai, China. My trips to China have been less frequent but we stay in touch via Skype and WeChat. Jonah always manages to get home for Thanksgiving and major family events.

The foundation of this active and fulfilling life was my four years at Dartmouth. For that, I will be forever grateful.

*{Editor's Note: I'm with you Peter, at 70 years young, I prefer staying in the game.}*





## Renovation of Baker Library

From Jeff Hinman, 8/23/16

The wrapped tower makes me think that a Christo imitator has been active at Dartmouth. The last great artistic project on the tower was the placement of Mickey Mouse's head and hands in June, 1966.





### Jeff LeVeen Anecdote I:

Submitted by Peter Fahey, 6/2/16

As we approach the 15th anniversary of the World Trade Center disaster, I remember our classmate, Jeff LeVeen, whom we lost on that tragic day. Jeff and I were not close when we were at Dartmouth but we had numerous common friends. He was a universally popular guy, quick with a smile and a witty riposte. He was a top flight golfer (club champion as an adult) and bridge player. After Dartmouth, he pursued a highly successful career on Wall Street finishing at Cantor Fitzgerald. Even back in college, he had a wise-guy attitude that seemed to us country folk as typical of New York City (even though he was in fact from suburban Long Island). As a result, his theme song on campus became *The Boy from New York City* by the Ad Libs (“Oo-wah, oo-wah, boo-boo diddy, tell you ’bout the boy from New York City...”).

Jeff and I became closer when we co-chaired our (record breaking) 20th reunion giving committee in 1988. At that gathering, we had the DJ play the aforementioned tune repeatedly. I, and everyone who knew Jeff were devastated by his loss from the 104th floor of the north tower of the WTC. His memorial service drew overflow crowds to St. Mary’s of Manhasset church and a subsequent reception.

In March 2002, a number of classmates were gathered at Aspen/Snowmass for our annual ski outing. We resolved to conduct our own memorial service for Jeff. We asked Jackie Bell to go



out and try to find a cassette or CD of *The Boy from New York City* for background music. By then, it was an old and obscure tune, nowhere to be found. We prepared to proceed with the memorial sans tune.

That day, classmate, Joe Lowry, and my son, Michael, were skiing together on Aspen Mountain. We wandered into the restaurant at the top of the mountain for a late morning break. What was playing on the Muzak system? “OO-WAH, OO-WAH, BOO-BOO DIDDY, TELL YOU ’BOUT THE BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY...”

## Jeff LeVeen Anecdote II:

Submitted by Gerry Bell, 6/2/16

I remember how desolate Jackie was when she came into our condos at the end of the day in Aspen and said, "I know how much you guys loved him, but I couldn't find the song." I said, "Don't worry about it, things will be fine", and then Fahey and Joe Lowry and Peter's son Michael showed up with the improbable story of Jeff's barging into their ski day at the top of the mountain.

Our Aspen memorial service featured, above all, Jeff's fraternity brother Sandy Dunlap's memory. Sandy said he knew Jeff was not only an executive at Cantor Fitzgerald, but a leader and a person people instinctively looked to for guidance. He said, "At the worst moment, when they realized all hope was lost, I can hear Jeff saying, 'Well, isn't this a pisser!'"

My own story came from the every-other-month phone calls Jeff and I would exchange about mega-pension fund investing. (This was after he put the arm on me for a contribution to our 20th reunion – he was co-chair for fundraising, as Peter Fahey has noted – and we agreed, "Hey, let's keep in touch.") I called him once about an investing fad that was taking the pension world by storm (for you sticklers for detail, it was called "immunization"), and I said, "Jeff, I know Cantor Fitzgerald is primarily a bond outfit, and interest rates are high, but I think this is bullshit." "Yeah, I've heard of immunization. Are you sure?" "Yeah, I'm pretty sure. Here's why." And I told him why, from the really, really long view of an actuary, I thought I was right. And Jeff said, "Well, if you think you're right, why the hell do you need my advice? Tell the dumb bastards they're wrong!" Remembering him, I think that we couldn't have had that honest exchange if we hadn't had the indelible Dartmouth experience in common. No bullshit, tell me what you think.

I thought of Jeff again last month when I received an email from Gary Blauch's widow, Beryl, about our upcoming hike in the Grand Canyon. She said, "I think that is such a wonderful bucket list idea! Gary would be the first in line for that!" And, remembering Gary, I replied, "He'd not only be there, he'd be leading the rest of us up the hill!"

So now to my second topic. It's occurred to me that we as a class have collectively paired up with an extraordinary group of people, most of whom will accompany us to our 50th reunion. But for those who don't have their guy – our classmate – around any more ... why don't we invite them to our reunion free of any reunion tariff? (We have the money to do this, trust me. I have not checked with the class officers or the class Executive Committee

on this; but gee, I'm the Reunion Chairman, and you guys had to know what I was when you asked me to do this ... what do you think?")

I hope you will agree to this. I think of Christine LeVeen, and Beryl Blauch, and Jeeps Lendler's wife Susanne, and all the rest, and how much richer we will be to have them and our collective memories with us at our 50th. And please, if you're close to any other of our widows, call them and encourage them to join us.

Thanks for reading. Long anecdote, but do I publish any other kind?

## Another memory of Robert Calvin Larson, deceased, 12/29/14

Submitted by Peter J. Logan, '70, 5/6/16.

I am Class of 1970. I was saddened to hear that Robert Larson, known to all as "Sex" Larson, passed away in late 2014. As a freshman in South Wig/French Hall, fall 1966, and for the next two years, I was amazed, entertained and impressed with Bob Larson. We all were. I don't recall a livelier guy. Quite a character. He seemed to be friendly to and with everyone. He won over the ladies like no one else (hence the nickname). He was outlandish, and lived publicly, but never bragged. His good fortune was to be shared.

I remember him pulling up to the dorm on many a Friday afternoon in his 4-4-2, and in one motion getting out of the car, holding up a little bag, and telling all and no one in particular: "I've just been to Edith's!" He said his major was "Maps." Had crab races in the common room. He often wore his "1968" sweater (swimming), and always had a smile.

I remember when he was caught with a girl in his room overnight, an offense punishable by expulsion. He came up with a creative story about seeking a motel for her, not finding, etc. The only time I saw him in a three-piece suit was the day of his formal hearing at whatever the disciplinary body was. He was going over his upcoming appearance with those of us relaxing in the common room. Reportedly, he was the first student who beat the rap. (Times soon changed, of course.)

RIP.



## Memorial Sculpture by Dimitri Gerakaris '69 Is Installed in Dartmouth's Renovated Memorial Stadium

(The Class of '68 was a contributor to the project.)

