



# The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Summer 2011

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*Campus photography by Joseph Mehling  
courtesy of Dartmouth College website*

## Editor's Note

In the last newsletter I was gloating over the fact that the inhabitants of Western Massachusetts had no experience with "real winters" like the ones we knew in Hanover. Unfortunately, I tempted the fates and we experienced one of the worst winters on record with huge snowfalls, collapsing roofs, leaky ceilings, and monumental potholes in response to which the local tradesmen are quite busy this summer. Of course, as many of you are aware, this was followed by a rare New England tornado this June, which moved right through downtown Springfield. Ron Weiss witnessed the twister first hand through his office window as it was heading straight for his building. Luckily it took a turn downriver and missed him by a few hundred feet. We are both grateful that our town of Longmeadow was spared and appreciate those classmates who have inquired after our well-being. The area was devastated with over 800 homes severely damaged or destroyed, Mainstreet in the South End is in shambles, two nearby towns have been nearly wiped off the face of the earth, and miraculously only three people were killed.

As so many of us are experiencing, I reached my seniority on April 4th, 2011. Although someone told me there is a saying the one ages 10 years between 64 and 65, I have not found that to be true. I don't feel any different this year than last except, of course, when I must enter or state my age. It would be great if you would share with your classmates some of the unique ways that you have celebrated or plan to celebrate this signature birthday. Please let us know and include a photo. Can anyone top David William's breakfast at the Taj Mahal? (See below). I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible in Williamsburg this September. Happy Birthday!

For those of you who haven't yet heard Conan O'Brien's commencement address, you must. It is the address we all wish we could have had at our own and children's graduation. It's riotously funny and irreverent but still full of good advice. Check out the link on the Dartmouth website.

Dave

## Message from our Class President

The weather during June has been not been kind to greater Springfield, MA, where I live. On June 1 we had a tornado run right through downtown Springfield on a 40+ mile easterly path of destruction. After skipping around for 10 miles or so, it finally touched down a few hundred yards across the river from us, headed right for our building until it got turned south for a few hundred yards while it was over the Connecticut River. It missed us by a few hundred feet. If you'd like to see what a tornado looks like when it is very close and trying to suck the water out of a river, Jim Lawrie has posted on our class website a picture from the vantage point of my office, taken by someone who had a camera handy. The damage was extensive all along the path, which ran through the heart of Springfield. Miraculously, only three deaths were attributed to the storm even though many houses and commercial buildings were totally destroyed.

Less than a week later, a heavy squall line ran through Longmeadow, knocking two trees down on top of our house. We were lucky and the damage wasn't too serious. I'm ready for normal, uneventful summer weather.

I hope that I'll have chance to see you at our 65th Birthday Party at Colonial Williamsburg, which will be from September 15 through 18. Even if you can only stop by for one event, please do so.

Our next mini-reunion, following right on the heels of Colonial Williamsburg, will be on Friday evening, September 30 and Saturday, October 1. Friday night dinner will be at Murphy Farm at the Quechee Club. John Engelman, who is serving as our mini-reunion chairman for this event (while Bear Everett hikes the Appalachian Trail) says that this venue allows us to set up tables outdoors if the weather is good, or indoors, if it isn't. The class Executive Committee meeting, to which you are all invited, will be held at 10 a.m. in the Winship Conference Room on the second floor of Blunt. That will be followed by a tailgate and the game against Penn.

Ron Weiss

### Preliminary Plans for Fall Mini-Reunion in Hanover

We have the Quechee Club for our class dinner on Sept. 30th. We're actually at a place called the Murphy Farm at the Quechee Club. This venue allows us to set up tables outdoors if the weather is good, or indoors, if the weather isn't. The arrangements I've made thus far include a cash bar from approx. 6:30 to 7:30, (we can change those times if we want), dinner served at 7:30. There will be at least 2 choices of entree (which I/we will select later in the summer), along with salad, rolls, and dessert. Also, wine service at the table. I've asked that the cost be kept to between \$50 and \$60 per head, including tax and gratuity. The catering manager said that that would be no problem. (These were plans as of May 26, 2011. Check '68 website for updates) John Engelman



## News from the College

### Commencement 2011

Graduation this June was unusual with the choice of comedian and Harvard grad Conan O'Brien to deliver the Commencement address. (I urge you all to listen to Conan's compelling speech.) To paraphrase Chair of Dartmouth's Board of Trustees, Steve Mandell '78, the speech was far from the usual dry address. Although there were many jokes, there was a marvelous blend of humor (90%) and wisdom (10%). Conan told the Class of 2011 that "your path at 22 will not necessarily be your path at 32 or 42. One's dream is constantly evolving, rising, and falling, changing course." He emphasized that "whatever you think your dream is now, it will probably change." He also spoke of learning from failure as he did from his ill-fated stint on the Tonight Show urging that "if you accept your misfortune and handle it right, your perceived failure can become a catalyst for profound re-invention." He warned that some disappointment is inevitable, but "the beauty is that through disappointment you can gain clarity, and with clarity comes conviction and true originality." There were some funny references to the tough job market faced by the graduates this year, partly related to "aging baby boomers refusing to leave their jobs" (i.e. Jay Leno). Conan predicted that parents "will spend more money framing your child's diploma than they will earn in the next six months" and suggested that "the only people hiring right now are Panera Bread and Mexican drug cartels." He poked fun at the Ivy League prestige rivalry and imagined what life would have been like if he had attended Dartmouth instead. "If I had gone to Dartmouth, today I'd be getting an honorary degree at Harvard. Imagine how awesome that would be." His parting message was: "Work hard, be kind, and amazing things will happen."



## Invitation to our 65th Birthday Party in Colonial Williamsburg

This year marks another milestone for the majority of us, that being the celebration of our collective 65th birthday—an event truly worth celebrating! And we have selected a venue worthy of such an august celebration, one that also truly honors historic achievements, that being Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia.

### The details at this time include the following:

**Dates:** Thursday, September 15 through Sunday, September 18

**Lodging:** We have arranged for rooms to be held under the name of “Dartmouth ’68 65th Birthday Celebration” at the Williamsburg Lodge, where our room rate will be \$169-199 per night, or at the Williamsburg Woodlands, with room rate of \$119-139 which includes a continental breakfast. The Lodge is in the center of Colonial Williamsburg, with the Woodlands off to one side of the village. You will be responsible for paying the room rate directly when you make your reservation.

**Admission Cost:** For those staying on the premises, a \$17 admission covers your cost of access to all of the facilities in the village for the duration of your stay.

**Group Events:** We are planning the following group events for attendees:

**Thursday Evening**—informal dinner gathering after a day of travel;

**Friday**—guided tours of Colonial Williamsburg are available. Golf, other activities, spas, and lunch will be on your own, although we will likely be organizing golf together for those interested. Dinner Friday will be in one of the colonial taverns, with a colonial theme dinner;

**Saturday**—more tours of the town, with a possibility of a van to shuttle to Jamestown and Yorktown. Golf and other outdoor events will also continue. Dinner tonight will be our official “birthday” celebration dinner and finale banquet;

**Sunday**—our departure day, with no group events planned. (However, there will be an optional Sunday Civil War battlefield tour...Dave Walden organizing with a degree of help from Dave Peck).

### What we will need from you:

- Please let me know by return email your thoughts and plans to join us for this celebration gathering, and how many of you there will be, as we need a head count to be able to plan appropriately for the meals and events.
- As we refine the particulars for the group meals, we will be calling for a payment of your share of this cost up front, for those events in which you will be joining us;
- If you have a particular interest in golf, a van to Jamestown/Yorktown, or other interests, please let me know. The website for Colonial Williamsburg is: <http://www.history.org/>

We hope you can be part of this event, and look forward to seeing you there.

You can reach Ed at: [esheald@aol.com](mailto:esheald@aol.com)

## Make Plans Now for the 2012 Class of '68 Ski Trip to Aspen

Hi fellas—I hope everyone has had a chance to view Peter Emmel's fabulous pictures of this year's ski trip on our class website and/or newsletter (See pages 8-9). If that doesn't persuade you what a terrific experience the trip is, then, as Mrs. Robinson said, "Benjamin, I guess I just don't know what ..." Anyway. Onward. As many of you know, next year's trip is set for Aspen/Snowmass the week of March 3-10, 2012. And, as some of you may know—if anyone besides me has been counting—I've been doing this ski trip honcho thing for 13 years. I've been pondering whether I really want this gig as an unbreakable lifetime appointment (and envying Ed Heald his deft but narrow escape from becoming Reunion Chairman for Life). I've concluded that this coming trip presents an ideal opportunity for a transition—we have two guys on the ground in the Aspen area, Jim Noyes and John Blair, who are ski trip veterans, immensely proud of the Aspen ski domain, eager to share it with others, and who have foolishly already raised their hands to help. Besides, it would be a triumph of form over substance to have one guy more than 2000 miles away try to arrange everything when there are two guys right there who know the territory and can scope things out, get things done quickly, etc.

So, guys, I'm retiring. Thanks for the memories. You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore. Ha ha. Only kidding—I'm not going to stop skiing, I'm just going to stop chairmanning. But the wisdom of this transition for next year has already been evidenced. Jim Noyes has found and made a tentative reservation for a wonderful slopeside house (castle, actually) at Snowmass—six bedrooms, eight baths, sauna, hot tub—the works.

At very reasonable rates—at last, some good from the economic downturn! But, having made this reservation, Jim needs to know/ soonest/ who's coming, how many in your party, and your preference as to bedrooms. (This last is an attempt to balance social adequacy -- paying for the house -- with individual equity -- not fair to charge a guy in a top bunk the same as a guy sleeping in a palatial suite, even if both guys have the run of the

house.) Also, Jim is looking for a "Social Chairman" for the Snowmass house, as he and John Blair will be commuting from their homes in Carbondale and will not be on site 24/7 at Snowmass. Finally, he will be looking for money from you if you're in.

Contact Jim at [jepnoyes@gmail.com](mailto:jepnoyes@gmail.com) for details on the house, questions you may have, and address to which to send

money. This email is going to the distribution list above, then (with Dave Gang's assistance) to the newsletter and (with John Engelman's assistance) the class listserv. (Thanks, Dave! Thanks, John!) Time is of the essence. This house sleeps up to 16; we have to fill it, and start looking for other nearby housing if there's even more interest. So let Jim know ASAP!

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## Report on our 100th Anniversary Winter Carnival

by Ta Bear

*{Editor's Note: No doubt some of our best memories of campus relate to Winter Carnival with the ice sculptures, great parties, and ski jumping in the Vale of Tempe. For this year's 100th edition in which many of the old traditions were revived, we had a '68 reporter on assignment to give us an eye witness account of the festivities}.*

On a Friday that started out as the third non-snowy day in a row in the Upper Valley, with a temperature in the early AM of minus six degrees, I drove into Hanover on a bright, sunny afternoon from Norwich to make stops at Rauner (formerly Webster) and at Blunt Alumni Center. As I passed the Inn with the Green to my left, I could see that a lot of work had been done on the center of campus sculpture. In the sparkling sunlight, the sculpture had been transformed from a big white block of snow/ice into a castle. It was set on the north half of the Green, just beyond the center of the Green where all the paths cross. There was a big central keep (the big blocky part) with two half-round towers at the two front corners of the castle, facing the center of the Green. The tops of the half-round towers were crenellated, and the surface of the castle appeared to be scored to represent big stone building blocks. There was an arched front entry gate cut into the front wall. It was a good looking castle, bright and white in the sun. (At the hockey game Friday evening, someone said that this year's center of campus sculpture was a replica of

the original center campus DOC Winter Carnival ice sculpture.)

The center of campus seemed unusually deserted for a bright sunny mid-afternoon on the Friday of Winter Carnival. There just weren't a lot of people around. Since I had a delivery to make at Rauner, I parked between Rauner and Rollins Chapel on North College Street. In Rauner there was a display of many old Winter Carnival posters above the librarian's desk including the Carnival poster from my Dad's senior year (1941) and well up and above it to the left the Carnival poster from my brother's senior year (1966). There was no sign of the '68 Winter Carnival poster (Klondike Kaleidoscope), but it didn't help that I had no memory of what it looks like, and that the class years of the high up posters were not readable to these old eyes. There was a great feeling of both nostalgia and of tradition standing and viewing that display of Winter Carnival posters which set forth the arc of history of the College and Winter Carnival. From Rauner I walked over to Blunt to register for the Club Officers Weekend.

Zimmerman Lounge was a beehive of activity as people were coming in to register for the weekend and pick up their working materials. It's not such a big deal for someone from Norwich to do this. Usually the downer in it all is that parking around the administration buildings on campus is nearly impossible during the workweek but there was an unusual availability of parking spaces today. What I got out of it all was another Dartmouth nametag with the fancy magnet device to hold it in place. I ran into one of my buddies who works in Blunt on my way out of the building and commented that there didn't seem to be a lot of student activity around campus. Her comment was that one would be surprised at how many of the College community don't hang around for weekends, even for Carnival weekend any more.

The drive around the Green as I headed out of town revealed a very lumpy white landscape between the back of the castle and the road in front of Baker. There must have been a lot of snow mounded up there for use, which was then covered in the lovely white blanket of snow from

*(continued on page 6)*

## The URLs fo Using the Dartmouth Class of 1968 Website

### Article by D. James Lawrie, Webmaster

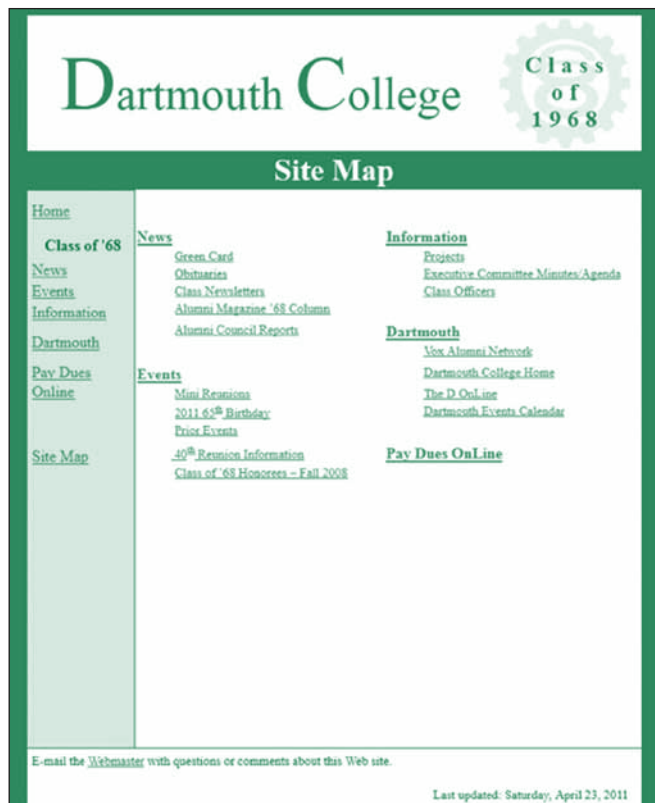
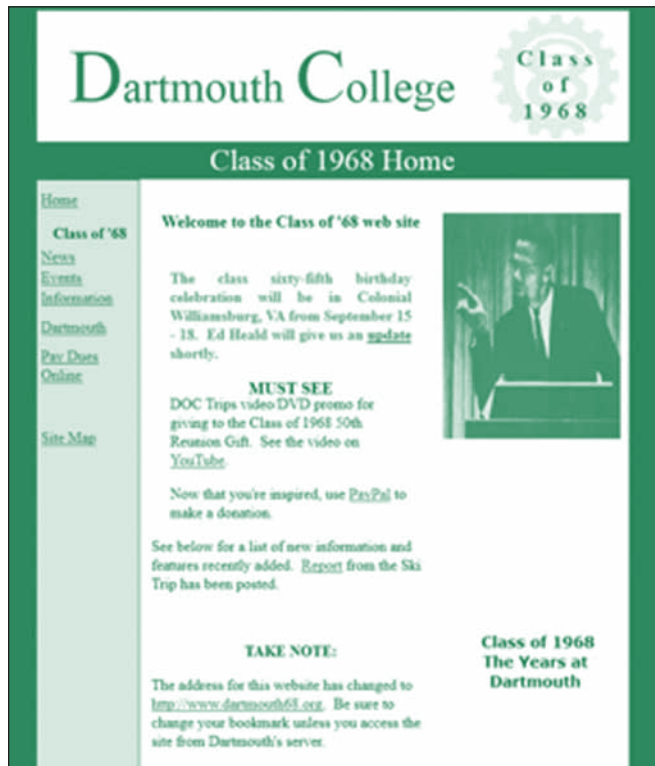
The URLs for the website are [www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org) or <http://www.dartmouth.org/classes/68/>. Either link will take you to the '68 home page. Features of the home page include a slide show [photo of Malcolm X in sample above is part of the slide show which takes 3 to 5 seconds to start after the home page has loaded (at this time the slide show includes a number of photos scanned from the Aegis of 1965 and 1968 and the 1968 Winter Carnival poster)]. Unfortunately, since the photos must fit a fixed size space, some appear mildly distorted. If you have a particular favorite you think would be appropriate for the slide show, visit the website and email it to the webmaster (Jim Lawrie). Near the bottom of the home page is a catalog of the most recent information added to the website.

A feature that you will see on every page is a menu located on the left side of the page. Among the menu's contents is a link to a site map (image 1) that presents, in more detail, the entire contents (with hyperlinks) of the website. Since the layout is simple and the content of the subpages is relatively self-explanatory, it is best for you to do a little exploring rather than providing a detailed description in this article.

Please note that all embedded documents are in Adobe Acrobat (PDF) format and that you will need the Adobe Reader to view them. Also, whenever you open a PDF, it will either appear in a new tab in your browser or in a new browser window. Adobe Flash is required to hear the musical material on the sixty-fifth birthday page (a link to the Flash download is provided on the 65th birthday page in case you need it—you almost certainly already have Flash embedded in your browser).

All photos and videos are hosted on Google's Picasa website. Like PDFs, photos and videos open in a new tab or browser window. The photos are best viewed in a manual mode. Select (double click on) the first photo in the sequence and then use the arrow buttons above the photo to move forward and backward through the pictures. You can also use the slideshow mode, but when in slideshow mode may need to wiggle your mouse to see the picture if there are two videos in a row.

The website should function appropriately in any browser. It works fine Firefox, Google Chrome and Microsoft Internet Explorer. I haven't tried Safari in awhile, but it used to work in Apple's browser as well. Most photos are presented in their original resolution and it is possible to download them to your computer (for printing or some other reason) if you would like to do so.



### Winter Carnival continued

the storm earlier in the week, Monday through Tuesday night. It was pretty, but it was not the flat Green we all know and love. I arrived back home with the temperature all the way up to 24 degrees.

On Friday evening, the men's hockey team won a hard fought 3-1 victory over Quinnipiac College of Hampden, CT. Quinnipiac was ranked just below Dartmouth in the ECAC hockey standings for a playoff position. Dartmouth skated hard throughout, forechecking and backchecking consistently up and down the ice and worked ferociously in the corners and behind the nets on both defense and offense. They made good defensive plays in front of their goalie, James Mello, who played a great game, and often controlled the puck in the offensive zone behind the goal and in the corners. Dartmouth played the game hard throughout following Coach Gaudet's scheme, and this year Dartmouth has a lot of very good, very athletic hockey players and their front line depth allowed the Green to skate four good forward lines. Dartmouth scored twice in the second period, the first a short-handed goal just before a Quinnipiac penalty was to run out, and the second after a flurry in front of the net, with shots from the point and a tip in by one of those good young forwards from the edge of the crease. After Quinnipiac scored a goal in the middle of the third period, they began to throw caution to the wind, skating and passing somewhat wildly and freely, breaking their coaching scheme, and getting a little chippy, all in an effort to tie the score. Dartmouth countered in kind, skating in a less controlled manner than that expected by Coach Gaudet. The Green was aided by Quinnipiac taking a number of penalties, so Dartmouth got to play a lot of minutes a man up. Then getting into the last minutes of the game, Quinnipiac pulled its

goalie and Dartmouth scored an open net goal to make it 3-1. Quinnipiac still hoping to tie the score, pulled its goalie again when they were down a skater, so that they could skate 5 on 5, and Dartmouth missed another opportunity to score an open net goal when the shot trickled by the open net on the left. Following the victory there was a rousing version of Men of Dartmouth led by the hockey team after they'd gone through the line of players shaking hands. Then we filed out of Thompson Arena into the sharply cold night air.

On Saturday morning: I missed the breakfast in Alumni Hall where our new Athletic Director Harry Sheehy was scheduled to speak. Even though I missed him, I must say, from hearing him speak a number of times, from speaking with him a few times, and given my observations of him out at the athletic fields, rinks, and courts, and given the feedback I've heard from staff and students, I believe that he is and will continue to be a great hire for Dartmouth Athletics.

Saturday mid-day I was returning to Norwich and had the opportunity to drive through the campus. As I came up South Park Street from Rte. 120, coming from the DHMC area, the runners were out in normal numbers on an overcast day, with the temperature at about 25-26 degrees F. As I drove up along the Green, the castle stood out in the middle, but the two noticeable groups of people on/around the Green were student led tours for prospective students, one right in front of the castle in the middle of the Green, the second on the sidewalk in front of Dartmouth Hall. As I turned the corner in the direction of Webster Ave, there was a lot of student foot traffic headed towards downtown. This was mid-day, 12:15-12:30 PM, so lunch-time, and I presumed that a lot of these folks were students, many of whom

were also couples; presumably enjoying Carnival weekend.

I drove to the end of the Fraternity Row and turned toward Occum Pond to eyeball the Occum Pond party. The road around Occum Pond was one-way against me for the day so I just continued on, but I could see a very active party scene in the distance down at the end of the Pond just below the DOC House. As I got to North Main Street, there was a lot of car traffic heading through the one-way traffic point to get to the DOC House.

As I headed towards the traffic light at the Inn corner, I saw lots of students headed towards downtown and I could see lots of foot traffic downtown as I turned right onto West Wheelock Street.

I managed to nap through almost the first two full periods of the hockey game against Princeton. I listened to the rest of it on WFRD-FM, and Dartmouth was leading 3-1 when I tuned in. The way I heard the game, Dartmouth controlled the game even with all their delay of game penalties and won 4-1. John Engelman was at the sold out game and witnessed the Dartmouth dominance, the sold out crowd, and the repeated tennis ball incidents, mostly flowing from the student sections. Sorry that's all the personal observations I have to report on the Centennial Winter Carnival weekend. However, there was an article on the [Boston Sunday Globe](#) online about the 100th Anniversary of the Dartmouth Winter Carnival; you should check it out.

## Report from the Alumni Council Meeting in May, 2011

### From Gerry Bell

The May 2011 meeting of the Dartmouth Alumni Council has come and gone, and it was quite routine, without any real controversy or earth-shattering news. The official detailed digest of the meeting is attached in the class website version of this report, but I did want in this summary to pass along two bits of good news, along with a reminder for your input.

The first news has to do with the change in the fall term academic calendar, of which you may already know, and the effect it will have on the Freshman Trip, a subject near and dear to our 50th Reunion Project hearts. Briefly, the faculty has prevailed upon the College to move up the fall term ending date (starting in 2012) so that finals end before the Thanksgiving holiday. (It is thought to be a waste of time to come back after the holiday for three or four days of classes, then reading period and finals, ending the term about December 8th or 10th). But in order to do this and not abbreviate the length of fall term, it will be necessary to move the start of classes to much earlier in September, which in turn will require advancing Freshman Week (oops! I mean "First-Year Student Orientation"), and, before that, the Freshman Trips.

I was concerned that the time thereby made available for Trips—between the end of summer term and the beginning of fall activities—might be so compressed that one or more "flights" of trips might need to be canceled or shortened, thereby diluting our project's goal of providing the Trip experience to all incoming students. So, from the smorgasbord of Friday evening activities offered to alumni councilors, I chose the DOC session and asked the question. The young woman (Class of 2012) who will run Trips this year was very forthright: "Yes, they'd recognized the problem, and they absolutely are not

going to compress the time available for Freshman Trips or cancel or shorten any trips. They will need to start the first round of trips during summer term finals, so sophomore-turning-junior trip leaders won't be able to participate at the very start. However, since the Freshman Trips always have far more volunteers for trip leaders and support staff than spaces available, that shouldn't pose a problem." Heartening news!

Parenthetical note: When I asked my question, she said, "I know you! You're the guy in the Trips DVD!" Ah, fifteen minutes of fame ... anyway, after our session, several councilors asked me, "What was that about?" When I told them, they all thought our project was a fabulous idea and wanted to know if they could contribute. No fool I—I told them, "Of course you can; we'd be honored to have you participate!" So here's hoping Bill Rich sees some non-'68 checks coming into the Trip Endowment Fund!

The other good news comes from Senior Vice President for Development Carrie Pelzel's presentation on "re-imagining reunions." The College is very interested in increasing the "yield" (academic word for "attendance") for reunions, and, in my estimation, well it should be. I've often been struck by the intensity of the reconnection that occurs when an alum, especially a long absent alum, arrives back on campus. Why wouldn't the College do everything it could to make that reconnection as attractive and feasible as it could for as many alums (and their checkbooks!) as possible?

Carrie acknowledged this, and summarized a number of programs and activities that might make reunions more attractive. (Although, to my mind, the biggest single attraction is not College-sponsored activities, but the reunion program put together by the class itself. In

this we have been blessed by a succession of remarkably creative and hard-working reunion chairmen and committees.)

Then she addressed the biggest single damper on reunion attendance. The elephant in the room, as everyone realizes, is mid-week reunions. We've struggled with this ourselves, most notably at our 35th reunion (which had the best program ever. Thanks, Greg Marshall!) I am now happy to report that the College is taking a very serious look at scheduling all reunions on the weekends (commencement weekend and the following weekend) perhaps as early as June 2012. There would obviously be unprecedented demands on resources such as tents, poles, tables, chairs, rooms, wine, cheese, etc., but the staff in Alumni Relations believes they can pull it off. I sure hope so. A weekend schedule for our 45th in 2013 would really help us keep the momentum going from our fabulous 40th to the run-up for our 50th. Keep your fingers crossed that this unfolds successfully.

One final reminder. You have probably already seen the notice from the College and the Alumni Council that three alumni-elected seats on the Board of Trustees will be available next spring. There is a call out for candidate suggestions from the alumni body; please don't be shy about making your ideas known to the Alumni Council Nominating Committee.

That's it, guys. Thanks for reading. Keep those cards and letters coming; I will be at our class fall weekend Sept. 30 – Oct. 2 if you want to bend my ear personally.

*{Editor's Note: Moving all reunions to weekends is a great idea! Holding older class reunions mid-week is a relic from the era when many our age were likely to be retired. As I and many other ageless '68's continue to work, attending weekend reunions is more feasible because it doesn't require taking a vacation week. I'd also like to put in a vote for more faculty lectures. Roberta and I found them to be a highlight of the reunion.}*

## Another Great Year for the '68 Annual Ski Trip to Montana

### A Report from Gerry Bell



*At the train station (L-R)  
Larry Griffith, Rick Pabst, Rich DuMoulin, Gerry Bell.*

That was terrifying!” So said Peter Fahey, arriving at the bottom of the moderately pitched main entry trail to the back side of the Big Mountain, in an impenetrable, zero-visibility, utterly disorienting fog the likes of which neither of us had ever experienced. I didn’t answer him right away, as I was too busy blindly trying to figure out the pitch of the slope I was standing on and, just as unsettling, whether I was moving or not.

“Well”, I finally said, “they told us it could get a little foggy here. I guess this is what they meant.”

Yes, the Big Mountain in Whitefish, Montana is legendary for its sometimes foggy weather. The visibility is often measured in “chairs.” A “two chair day” means you can see the next two chairs in front of you on the chairlift, but no farther—you get the idea. (Especially when it’s a “one-chair day,” or, as on this day, a “no chair day.”)

So, the annual ski trip wouldn’t have been complete without a good old-fashioned Big Mountain white out, and we had one. We also had everything else necessary for a complete Dartmouth ’68 ski trip - wonderful company, fabulous snow, great terrain, gourmet food, luxury ski-in ski-out lodging, and a bonus reconnection with a long-lost classmate!

First, the company: our usual gang of rebel warriors was a bit diminished this year because of the off-the-beaten-track location of the Big Mountain, next door to Glacier National Park near the Canadian border. Nonetheless, the hard core showed up: Larry and Julia Griffith, Hap and Susan Ridgway, John Manaras ’67 and John’s brother Steve with wife Lindsay, Jim Lawrie, Peter Fahey, Rick Pabst, Dave Dibelius, Peter Emmel, Max Milton, rookie tripper (at long last!) Rich duMoulin, and my good friend and fellow Sunday River ski instructor Mark Haskell,

who summed up the trip better than anyone at the end of the week when he said to me, “this zip code will definitely see me again. In fact, I can imagine the day when this zip code will have my name in front of it as my address.”)

And now, the lost classmate bonus. Every year I research the Dartmouth Alumni Directory for classmates who might be locals at our ski destination, and send them an e-mail asking them to join us. Two years ago, at Steamboat: Bill Philip. Last year at Tahoe (really doesn’t count, he’s a ski trip regular): Jim Lawrie (although I got him to do a lot of the work) and Dave Stanley. This year in Whitefish: after 43 years, our own Joe Carbonari and his lovely wife Pam. They came to Arrivalfest at our condo the first night (Joe was instantly recognizable—looks just the same!); and they so enjoyed themselves that they invited us all to dinner at their beautiful Kalispell home Sunday night, favored us with Mardi Gras beads at our dinner soiree at the Lodge at Whitefish Tuesday night, came to dinner at Steve and Lindsay Manaras’ home in Columbia Falls Wednesday night, and Joe came to our reunion banquet at the Kandahar Lodge Thursday night. (Pam, mayor of Kalispell for eight years and a force in Montana politics, had to be in the state capital Helena that night, righting wrongs or tilting at windmills, I forget which.)

The point of all this about Joe and Pam isn’t really about the ski trip—you guessed that, right? It’s about the resources Dartmouth gives us for making connections. After all these years, Joe proved that you can take the boy out of Dartmouth, but you can’t take the Dartmouth out of the boy. He seamlessly fit right back into the fold. So for that matter did ski trip rookie Rich duMoulin,



joining us less because of my repeated pleadings than due to Dave Dibelius's iron-fisted pressure!

Putting the ski trip aside for the moment, guys please use the tools Dartmouth gives us to make connections. Pick up the phone or email a classmate with whom you've been too long out of touch. In Chicago, waiting for my train (another story!), I called the law office of my

fellow Alpha Theta Peter Shaeffer and got right through the otherwise impenetrable wall of administrative assistants to talk to Pete. It was short notice, and we couldn't make it that evening, but I'm through Chicago often enough that I know we'll make a connection.

You do the same for some friends for whom it's been too long. We've reached the age at which we're no longer primarily

occupied with raising kids and building careers. We now finally have that wonderful gift of time. Use it to reconnect with the guys who knew you back when.

Oh yeah, the rest of the ski trip ... yada yada yada. You've heard before all about the slopes, the snow, the restaurants, the fun and games, and that's all fine. In the last analysis, though, the ski trip is really about the company, and the camaraderie. Peter Emmel will shortly put his Picasa album of a kazillion pictures on our class website, and those will tell the ski trip story far better than I can. Enjoy and make plans to join us. Next year's trip is to Aspen, Colorado, March 3-10, 2012. Aspen denizens John Blair and Jim Noyes will be helping organize things. Let's make this the best yet, and the most well-attended, and the one with the most rookies and long-lost classmates. Do take my point, yes? Let's make this happen!



*Lineup at the summit of "The Big Mountain" at Whitefish (L-R) Gerry Bell, Rich DuMoulin, John Manaras '67, Larry Griffith, Mark Haskell (FOG), Steve Manaras (brother of John), Jim Lawrie, Dave Dibelius, Hap Ridgeway (Elsewhere on the mountain: Rick Pabst, Peter Fahey, Max Milton, Susan Ridgeway) (Behind the camera: Peter Emmel) (in the condo: Julia Griffith)*



*Psyching up for Peter Fahey's video (L-R) Peter Fahey, Gerry Bell, Jim Lawrie, Larry Griffith, Dave Dibelius, Mark Haskell.*



*Group shot at Steve & Lindsay Manaras home (L-R) Inset front: (in Sunday River garb) Mark Haskell & Gerry Bell. Inset left: Rich DuMoulin. Seated: Peter Emmel, John Manaras '67, Larry Griffith, Susan Ridgeway. Standing: Max Milton, Dave Dibelius, Joe Carbonari, Pam Carbonari, Hap Ridgeway, Lindsay Manaras, Steve Manaras, Julia Griffith, Peter Fahey, Jim Lawrie, Rick Pabst.*



## Announcement for Frank Couper Dartmouth Memorabilia Auction

From Peter Fahey

In April, Frank Couper passed away. Frank was an active and much beloved classmate who also had the claim to fame of being the last Dartmouth Indian mascot. Upon his death, his family discovered in his home an extensive collection of high quality Dartmouth memorabilia which it has donated to the Class to be utilized in a way to benefit the Class and to honor Frank's memory. To achieve this objective we will be conducting, beginning in October, on the Class website auctions of a dozen or so of these items each month for 4-5 months. Proceeds from the auctions will be donated to our 50th reunion project: the Class of 1968 Freshman Trip Endowment Fund. Bidding will be encouraged by all alumni in light of the potential widespread interest in both the items and the cause.

Below is an abbreviated list of the first dozen items to be auctioned. (More detailed descriptions and photos will be on the website beginning October 1.)

1. Dartmouth pennant with Indian chief head emblem.
2. Booklet dated 10/1/68 announcing Dartmouth's \$51 million Third Century Fund Campaign.
3. Commencement program for our 1968 commencement.
4. Program for the 1/28/67 banquet celebrating the 1966 Ivy League Football Championship.
5. 25th Anniversary Tribute to Karl Michael.
6. Game program for the 11/18/67 Dartmouth vs. Cornell "Fall Houseparties Game"
7. Booklet "1881-1980, a Century of Dartmouth Football"
8. Commencement 1931 edition of the "Dartmouth Pictorial"
9. Hardcover book, "This is Our Purpose" by Ernest Martin Hopkins
10. 1967 focus issue of Newsbook magazine, "The College Scene Now" featuring a 13pp illustrated article on Dartmouth
11. Brochure "The Dartmouth Plan" with initiation statement by John Kemeny
12. 20"x30" color poster "Dartmouth Campus 1969"

There are 40-50 additional items of similar general character that many alumni would love to own and to be indiscriminate in their willingness to pay in light of the worthwhile cause to which the proceeds will be devoted. We encourage classmates and others to go to the Class website ([www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org)) frequently beginning October 1 and have fun with this activity.

## News from our classmates

### Bill Adler sends us news from California, April 2011

I'm home recuperating from my second hip replacement (first was seven years ago) and catching up on neglected correspondence. The difference in joint replacement surgery in only seven years is amazing. This time, I did not have to donate units of my own blood before surgery—there's a machine that collects the blood during and after surgery, cleans it and puts it back in your body. I walked out of the hospital with only a cane 30 hours after the operation. Last time I was instructed to use a walker for a couple of weeks and then a cane for a few more. Now I only need the cane for balance. I discontinued pain medication after two days. The main danger is that you have the impulse to try too much too soon.

Anyway, family and friends are all doing fine. To bring you up to date: I resigned from my position as general counsel of Globalstar, a satellite communications company, at the end of 2009 but continue to work under a consulting agreement through 2011. The company didn't hire my successor for six months, and it turns out I know too much for them to let me go completely. I've thus been lucky enough to avoid an abrupt transition to retirement, and I've not had to rely on savings or social security to support our travel habit. Marsha continues to work as a policy advisor to one of our Santa Clara County supervisors, specializing in children, seniors and families. Unfortunately, the California county and state budget follies have forced her boss to cut back her hours. She's picked up a couple of consulting gigs to fill in the time and supplement her income.

Our three adult children are doing great. At least, that's what we glean from their Facebook pages, which, as we all know, is the best source today for information about one's children. Marsha's son, Andrew, who published his first novel, "To The Last Drop," in 2008 is hard at work on his latest book which he hopes to begin shopping in the next couple of months. Andrew lives near Santa Fe, NM. My daughter, Debbie, received her MBA from NYU three years ago. After a stint as director of digital marketing at Channel 13 in New York, she's now a client manager at Blue State Digital. BSD ran the Obama for President on-line campaign in 2008 and now, having grown much larger, does Internet-based fundraising, advocacy, social networking and constituency-development for progressive non-profits, political campaigns and corporations. Debbie and Andrew are both single. My son, Josh, and his partner have been building a fairly substantial real estate development company in Washington, DC, Lakritz/Adler Development. Josh married Shannan Butler in May 2009. Shannan is an associate producer at CNN in DC. During the 2007-08 real estate lull, Josh wrote a screenplay based on his experience as the speechwriter for the Secretary of the Treasury in 2001-2002. It's a political satire called, oddly enough, "The Speechwriter," and it won a prize in the comedy category in an international competition in 2009. There's a pretty well-known director attached to it. All they need now is production money. No problem, right? These offspring may yet be able to support us in the style to which we'd like to become accustomed.

Marsha and I overfed our travel habit last year with overseas trips to Mexico, France and Spain and domestic trips to Colorado and New England, among other places. The Mexico trip included attending Ted and Stacey Levin's daughter's wedding near Cancun. We also dropped in on the Levins in Denver in July. We've

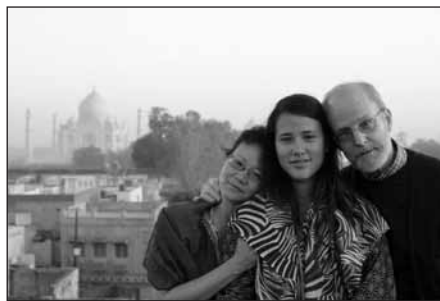
enjoyed brief visits with Roger and Jill Witten in Vermont and New York City, and Bill Kolasky and I renewed our college roommate-hood (with much nicer accommodations and better food, of course) at the fabulous class golf trip to Oregon, described in the Winter "Transmission." Marsha and I are still culture vultures, too. I continue to serve as a trustee of TheatreWorks, Silicon Valley's professional non-profit theatre company, and we attend some fifty live performances a year locally and on our travels.

We're planning to attend the class 65th birthday party in Williamsburg in September. I hope we'll see you all there.

*{Editor's Note: Roberta and I look forward to seeing you and Marsha in Williamsburg. We chuckled at your comment on Facebook. We also have discovered that most of the news on our sons comes from notes and photos posted on Facebook.}*

### **David Williams and family really know how to celebrate a birthday!**

My 65th birthday breakfast: sunrise breakfast overlooking the Taj Mahal, with wife, My-Hoa, and daughter, Lê-Anh. As good as it gets./David



### **Steve Reiss has retired from teaching to start a new company**

After 27 years, I retired from academic employment to build a psychological test publishing company called IDS Publishing. My wife Maggi (Smith College '71) is our president. IDS publishes the only comprehensive assessment of what motivates a person. IDS' Business and



Self Discovery assessment products compete with Myers Briggs; IDS publishes school motivation assessment for adolescents with poor grades; a sports motivation assessment that has a number of world class athletes and Olympic teams using it; and we just published our health motivation assessment to help people cope with chronic health issues. Our oldest son, Michael, is a statistical analyst engaged to marry Kristen Lambert, and my younger son, Ben, will graduate medical school next year. In addition to IDS, I write ("The Normal Personality," is now available in paperback from amazon.com) on what I call the psychology of conscious purpose, that is, the radical idea (for academic psychologists) that human behavior can be predicted from conscious human purpose. Update on my most recent books: "The Normal Personality," is now available in paperback from amazon.com. "Human Needs and Intellectual Disabilities" may be ordered from NADD ([www.thenadd.org](http://www.thenadd.org)). "How God Inspires Us: Our 16 Basic Desires" is being written for 2012 publication. Also, check my blog, "Who We Are," on [www.psychologytoday.com](http://www.psychologytoday.com).

Steven Reiss, Ph.D. Emeritus Professor  
Ohio State University  
Tel: (614) 885 0801 Fax: (614) 885 2323

### **John “Bear” Everett is off to hike the Appalachian Trail, April 19th, 2011**

Well, here I try to go again, another attempt at a long hike on the Appalachian Trail. In an acknowledgement of the passage of time, i.e., I'm getting old(er), this will be a section hike, not a through hike, even though I'm hoping it will be a long section hike.

Having failed to hike into Virginia on any of my three previous attempts at a thru-hike, I'm going to start in southwestern Virginia, on the shoulder of Mt. Rogers, the highest point in the state. Mt. Rogers is near the towns of Marion and Damascus, VA, east of Interstate 81. I'm headed out on April 19 by cab to the Hanover Inn, by Dartmouth Coach to South Station in Boston, by slow train to Lynchburg, VA, where my friend Tom Blue from work in Roanoke volunteered to pick me up and drive me down to the trailhead on Wednesday. In anticipation of the hike I worked with a personal trainer this winter, a specialist in deceleration training, training to go downhill in a controlled, strong, painless manner. As I road walk the hills around Balch Hill in Hanover, the training seems to be providing exactly the benefit I was looking for. Strong, controlled, painless (in the knees) downhills. I'm excited about the hike and really looking forward to it. Oh, and it is spring-time down there.

Wednesday, Tom Blue and I will drive down from Roanoke to the Damascus area, probably getting there shortly before lunch, so I'm going to start slowly with only a half day of hiking. After that I'll go at a measured pace, 8-9 miles per day, until I build myself up into trail shape, after which I'll build myself up to about 12 miles per day. This is a rough plan at the beginning of the hike for when I'll have the chance to get off the Trail and into a town, and so be able to

make phone calls and even get on the internet. It is not a schedule and will change probably every day.

On Trail at Elk Garden, Wed. Apr. 20. 6 hiking days to Atkins, VA-Apr 26. 4 hiking days to Bland, VA-Apr 30. 5 hiking days to Pearisburg, VA--5 May. 7 hiking days to Catawba VA-12 May. 2 hiking days to Daleville, VA-14 May. 2 hiking days to VA Rte. 43 to Buchanan, VA-16 May. 5 hiking days and a wake-up from Daleville to Glasgow, VA--20 May. 3 hiking days and a wake-up to Buena Vista--23-24 May. 5 hiking days to Waynesboro, VA--28-29 May. Through the Shenandoah to Front Royal, 10 hiking days--7 June. 5 hiking days to Harpers Ferry--12 June. Not committing to any plan after Harpers Ferry. Note there are no zero days, and I haven't made up my mind when/how frequently I might stay overnight in town.

So I can call out on that schedule, I hope, and use the internet if there is a terminal available. I'll be using my cell phone, 603-667-5898, so call and leave a voicemail message and I'll get back to you when I can. My email address is as above, [jceverettjr@aol.com](mailto:jceverettjr@aol.com). Again, availability will be more of an issue. When I find internet access, I'll try to up-date folks in this format about where I am and what has been going on as I walk the Trail. Wish me luck. I hope to see you all later in the summer. John Everett

### **Good news from Roger and Joanne Lenke**

Our son, Michael Lenke, just accepted the offer to join the Class of 2015.

### **Congratulations to Jim Lawrie, still a fine athlete, May 2011**

I've been focused on final preparations for the US Masters swimming Nationals meet held in Arizona between April 28 and May 1. The meet was a good one for me (in the 60 -64 age group [3 weeks short of my 65th birthday—believe me

that 4 years, 344 days makes a big difference at our age] placed top 10 in all but one of my individual events with a 4th in the 1000 free style and 6th through 9th in the other 4 events). One other bonus: I got to spend 4 days with my daughter Dawn (Dartmouth '97) who swam for Dartmouth and still swims regularly despite being the mother of 2 and holding a full time job.

### **News from Paul Schweizer, living the “good life” in Arizona (and hopefully avoiding the fires)**

Here's a quick update on the “good life.” I'm fully retired now and am thrilled to have the unrelenting pressure of running a business in my past. Lauren and I now spend six months per year in upstate New York and the other six months in Phoenix (guess which six are in Arizona?). My life remains incredibly busy doing all the things I didn't have time to do during the last 45 years. Truly the “good life. My new address is: Paul Schweizer, 4430 E. Camelback Road, Unit 43, Phoenix, AZ, 85018.

### **Jeff Hinman reminds us of those preppy '68's immortalized in the Japanese classic “Take Ivy”**

Look up the book “Take Ivy” by Teruyoshi Hayashida, Shosuke Ishizu, Toshiyuki Kurosu, and Hajime Hasegawa. To quote the dust jacket blurb, “Take Ivy” was originally published in Japan in 1965, setting off an explosion of American influenced “Ivy Style” fashion among students in the trendy Ginza shopping district of Tokyo. “Take Ivy” was printed in English for the first time in 2010. The predominant models of “Take Ivy” are members of the Dartmouth Class of 1968, who possibly are unaware that they are kings of fashion in Japan and unsung kings of style in their own country. Some of the '68 super models are Dick Patrick, Ed Heald, Rob McCormack, Steve Robinson, Woody

Thompson, and Randy Blair (Hugh Freund '67 got a full page). These men are all probably owed about 46 years of residuals for modeling. I first saw the book several months ago in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts Bookstore. A recent Wall Street Journal article said the English version is being sold at J. Press Clothiers. (See WSJ Saturday/Sunday Edition, February 5-6, 2011, pp. D1-2) It's time to dust off the old Dartmouth jackets, sweaters, etc. By the way, last week (February, 2011) Dick Stowell let me know that a first edition in good shape goes for about \$2000. Jeff sent a copy of the book to Woody Thompson who replied: "Hi Jeff, thanks for sending me that amazing book – much appreciated and enjoyable! I wasn't the real deal as preppies go but must have fooled the photographer. I still have that vintage Raleigh bike in the basement, so now I'll have to make good on threats to have it restored. However, pride or blame goes to Ed. Heald. I think he's in the shots from the food line in DDA (one in color). Is that him or a stunt double in the "1968" sweater?"

### **Jack Hopke discusses life in New Orleans after Katrina with Dave Peck, February, 2011**

**Jack:** I'm looking forward to next month's annual Tennessee Williams Literary Festival, because that event brings my annual visit from fraternity brother/Renaissance man R. Barton Palmer and wife Carla. This year's the centennial of Williams' birth, so attendance will be strong and star-studded. Bart's always among the brightest of those, and I'll interview him again for WWNO. Last year Bart's panel and new book—he publishes one roughly every 3 weeks—concerned Williams and Hollywood; we'll see what this year brings. Before the Williams event, we have Mardi Gras; after it the French Quarter Festival.; then the Jazz & Heritage Festival; then the combo weekend of Cajun Zydeco Fest/Seafood Fest/

Creole Tomato Fest, and then Satchmo Summerfest. Sometimes we actually work. Congratulations to our Dartmouth Club of the Gulf Coast, which just won the "Small Club of the Year" award at the Club and Affiliated Groups Officers' Weekend in Hanover

**Dave:** Nice pithy news...thanks. I agree on Bart's book production...as class secretary I sometimes get complimentary copies, and they keep on coming...have a lot of fun...sounds great. I'm curious: what's your take on the degree of recovery of New Orleans? From a distance, I get a sense the French Quarter and downtown, and perhaps the Tulane area, is back to full speed but other residential areas not yet recovered, nor very close to be?

**Jack:** You're right in guessing that there are sizeable areas that aren't even close to full recovery. With respect only to city boundaries themselves, one could point to neighborhoods like Gentilly as proof. Go to neighboring parishes such as St. Bernard and Plaquemines for even more severely lagging redevelopment. N.O. metro population is down by 140,000, a very large percentage, and we're going to lose congressional representation. With two months of the year gone, we're already 50% ahead of last year's murder rate. The issue of recovery, as is no surprise to you, is an immense one. N. O. was in a number of ways a failing city BEFORE Katrina. I see the storm as an exclamation point; perhaps, if we're lucky, a catalyst. Physical, governmental, educational, and ethical infrastructures have needed overhauling for a LONG time. The public school system's been a total crime and embarrassment. The economy's not safely diversified. Government remains corrupt at many levels, as recent federal investigations have shown. Streets remain unrepaired and water lines leak beneath them. College students graduate and leave town. Little has been done to stop the coastal erosion that will, in

short order, put this city under water PERMANENTLY. The area's populace continues to elect regressive, obstructionist representatives, whose reactionary, fundamentalist agendas frustrate long-term environmental, economic, and cultural measures that would reform how this city and this state address problems. (Are my politics showing?) New Orleans can be a stimulating but also extremely frustrating place to live. The old line (black AND white) remain clique-ish, nepotistic, and racist, but that's not necessarily what the visitor sees, and the city needs visitors for survival---it's America's adult theme park---so the face the city puts on smiles with food, music, and the encouragement of various types of indulgence and escape. We do have many new, good restaurants, and the music scene is vibrant, even though many of our musicians have still not been able to return from evacuation because of prohibitively high rents. The state gives very liberal tax incentives, so many movies are now shot here. There is growth in digital technology. The creative arts scene stays active, although we still lack performance venues of varying sizes and a French Quarter live theater mainstay and uptown cabaret have shuttered. There's a lot more to say, and I'm being critical here to the point of perhaps not wanting this to be published. This is for you, in answer to your question. If you'd like me to consider writing something for the magazine, say, a month or two down the line, I'll gladly do that. Personally, I'm doing OK. I'm very happily married as of last year. Work is good day-to-day; could always be better, but what's so unusual about that? Gotta get on the air 'bout now. Smiles and a lift of the Sazerac to you. [jackhopeke@yahoo.com](mailto:jackhopeke@yahoo.com)

**Dave:** A most interesting rich response to an almost rhetorical question. Jack: I really appreciated your letter. Wow. Yes, your politics are showing, but since they align with mine, I appreciate them!! Thanks so much.

### **Greg Marshall sends us news from retirement in Maine**

I have become chaplain of a home hospice and small hospital in Rockland, ME. Feels like I am doing the work I have been preparing for 64 years! Hope anyone who needs to retreat to the shores of Penobscot Bay will contact me at [gregorym1947@gmail.com](mailto:gregorym1947@gmail.com) I'm attaching a little piece for the newsletter that I think my classmates will find of interest.

From Greg Marshall, Chaplain, Kno-Wal-Lin Hospice, Rockland, Maine

D. is a 97-year-old woman who is letting her pacemaker battery run out. Going through even a relatively minor surgery to replace the battery is not what she wants to do.

"Enough is enough! I've had a wonderful life and it's time for the end to come!" D. tells me with a sparkling smile.

D's doctor says that when the battery finally goes D's heart will just stop and there is no pain.

D. lives by herself, is able to go for a drive to church or the store if someone picks her up and appears to have more of life ahead if it were not for that battery running down.

"Do you believe that God is three or God is one?" she asked me, a chaplain visiting for the first time.

Believing that D. wanted to put me on the spot and confirm my orthodox belief, I mumbled something like: "I believe God is both."

But before I could launch into a theological explanation, D. chimed: "I believe God is three and I talk to each one every day!"

Her voice had such certainty in it that my usual skepticism and doubt refused to show their faces. I believed like a thrice-reborn sinner at a revival.

"Jesus is my brother and I talk to him like that," D. went on enthusiastically.

"Wow! That's great!" I encouraged wondering what it would be like to sit in on one of their conversations.

As usual when I meet someone like D., I sit silently in awe of strength and courage, the real "symptoms" of faith.

Before I leave, D. fires up her dancing sheep which sings "Thank God! I'm A Country Boy!"

"I've played that sheep so much for people that I had to put a new battery in him! He sings so much his battery ran out!"

That's what's happening to D. I thought. She is singing so much her battery is running down. It's not going to be replaced. Thank God for hearts like D.'s!

### **Reflections on the life of Frank Couper from Steve Calvert, David Peck, Alan Ackerman, and Eric Jones**

Frank loved music almost as much as he loved people. He'd carry his double-bass anywhere to play with old friends and new. In the spring of '65, several of us wanted to be Peter, Paul & Mary; and if we'd all been as good as Frank, we might have pulled it off. His contribution wasn't just a great pair of hands on that enormous instrument. He also brought a smile, the best-natured laugh, and ego control so perfect he could fit into any group--of musicians, of fraternity brothers, of people. At our 40th reunion, Frank wasn't feeling great, but nothing could stop him from helping us make music together in honor of classmates who had gone on before. Many of us will remember Frank, singing and sometimes playing, always smiling, always ready to lead the laughter with that unflinching twinkle in his eyes.—Steve Calvert

My first introduction to Frank was in freshman year Math, in the dreadful shower-stall decorated Bradley Building, I recall. He was the smart-alecky kid behind me who always raised his hand to answer or ask questions. But of course, we were all smart-alecky. We introduced ourselves right after the class, and were friends ever since. At the first home game thereafter, there he was, with a trim sculpted physique and war paint, doing extraordinary flips and attacking the other team's mascot. One of his modes of celebration of a Dartmouth score was to do marine pushups for each point. When Dartmouth beat Harvard 48-0, he was some tuckered out. He had to do 7, then 14, then 21, then 28 pushups...you get the drill. We both were in the Glee Club for four years, both second tenors, and often roommates on the Glee Club trips. He always brought along his bass violin, to be part of one or more sets of music with Glee Club, and it made for cumbersome travel to and from our host houses. He was pathologically worried about scratches to his beloved bass...but it sure wouldn't fit the trunk of a car! We both joined Tri-Kap, and in our three years, the house won Hums all three years. During our undergraduate time, with House and music in common, it was a warm and tight friendship. After graduation, we would see less of each other, at occasional Dartmouth events and when he would visit Boston on business, but the old friendship would immediately restart and carry on as if we had never separated. His affection for Dartmouth never flagged as well...he was very supportive of our planned class gift for our 50th Reunion, and the last email I had from him was asking about where to send his check. Frank was a fine friend, and I will miss him greatly. —David Peck

Back then, in a crowd of all of us in late adolescence trying to figure out who we were and often being mean and insecure and either overly aggressive or painfully shy in the process, myself included, I remember Frank as a rare island of good-heartedness and what I have come to call “centered”. I remember his spirit being almost too good to be true, although it just endured until I believed. So sorry he’s gone. So glad we had him- Alan Ackerman

FRANK WAS A GOOD ROOMMATE, CLASSMATE, FRATERNITY BROTHER AND FRIEND. HE WILL BE GREATLY MISSED.—Eric Jones

**Obituary:  
Frank Everett Couper ‘68**

Frank Everett Couper, the last of the Dartmouth Indian mascots, died April 6, 2011 after several years of declining health with a neurological condition.

Frank came to Dartmouth from Kensington, Maryland, where he was active in Orchestra and Gymnastics. At Dartmouth, he did freshman swimming, and was a four year member of the Gymnastics Club, Glee Club, Cheerleading Club and Dartmouth Orchestra, continuing to play his beloved bass violin. He was a member of Tri-Kap., which won three consecutive Hums competitions while he was there. But he is best remembered in his role as the Dartmouth Indian mascot at our football games, a role he also served for four years. The use of Indian mascot was dropped thereafter, so he was the last.

After Dartmouth, he served in the United States Coast Guard, and while with them obtained his law degree from Georgetown Law in 1976. Over his full career, he obtained the rank of Lieutenant Commander. After retirement from the Coast Guard, he continued in private law practice in Montgomery County, and

did pro bono work as well. He continued in his love of music for his entire life, playing his bass violin (several times at Carnegie Hall) and electric bass, singing, serving in an English Handbell Choir and supporting musicals from the “Pit”.

Frank is survived by his two children, son Scott Couper, who serves as a minister in South Africa, and daughter Kristen Schellhase, and his four grandchildren. Frank’s dad was in the Dartmouth class of ’35.

**Reflections on the life of Blackie Davis from Ron Brown**

With deeply felt sorrow, I just received the news of Blackie Davis’ untimely passing, last October. In addition to what was included in the Winter 2011 Newsletter, Blackie played freshman football, briefly, before deciding that he really didn’t want to follow in the footsteps of his father, who was a star football player at either VMI or Vanderbilt. From freshman year, Blackie was resident on the fourth floor of New Hamp, where he roomed with Paul Kruger and Bjorn Lange. He, Charlie Grad and I all became frat brothers, at Sigma Phi Epsilon/Sigma Theta Epsilon, in our sophomore year. By senior year, Blackie, Charlie and I roomed, together, in the infamous (to other fourth floor inhabitants) New Hamp “Pit” which was decorated in what best could be described as vintage New Orleans bordello style. Although the three of us were close during college, Blackie, literally dropped off the radar, after graduation, for unknown reasons and neither Charlie nor I ever was able to track him down, thereafter. He was an outstanding frat brother, good roomie and great friend, who will be missed.

**Obituary on James Blackwell Davis, 10/9 2010**

James Blackwell “Blackie” Davis, Jr. died October 9, 2010 in Charles Town, West Virginia. At Dartmouth, he was a member of Sigma Theta Epsilon, did track and football during his freshman year, and was a member of ROTC. After service in the artillery branch of the Army, he attended the Wharton School of Business and then he worked in San Francisco for Sunset Designs. He then returned to West Virginia in 1974 where he purchased and renovated an 18th Century farmhouse, and worked in banking until his retirement in 2002 to dedicate time to family, home and community. James was active in multiple philanthropic groups including Zion Episcopal Church and Jefferson County Historical Society, and loved many things involving history. Interested in landscaping and horticulture, he planted more than 2,000 trees throughout Jefferson County. He is survived by his wife, Eileen Taylor Davis, children Thomas Davis and Mary Davis Blood, and grandson Liam Blood.

## Graduation 2011: '68 Legacies Carry on the Tradition



*Dick Olson, David Peck, and Dave Bustard, '68 parents of three Thayer sons who received engineering degrees this June.*



*Deborah and Dick Olson celebrate with son Dan '04, PhD, Thayer '11*



*David Peck and son, Sam '10, Thayer '11*