



The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Spring 2016

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Editor's Note

Winter in over is over in the Northeast although I'm not sure that we had one this year. There was hardly any snow for Carnival and I believe the last decent snowfall we had was at our Okemo Mini-reunion at the end of January. At that time the remarkable groomers kept the slopes open for us and we had a great time. Cross-country skiers were alas not so lucky. My favorite experience was skiing through freezing rain while desperately trying to clean my goggles and keep from crashing into Gerry B. The Western Ski Trip experienced much better conditions as you can see from the pictures further on in the NL.

Our local Pioneer Valley Dartmouth Club hosted Music Department Chair, Steve Swayne, who gave a fascinating prelude talk before the April 9th Springfield Symphony Concert featuring Beethoven's Symphony #8 and Brahms' blockbuster 2nd Piano Concerto. Steve and members of Massachusetts and Connecticut Dartmouth Clubs held a cocktail reception beforehand to celebrate the occasion. Dave Gang and Peter Weston represented the Class of '68.

On a serious note, at Class Officers Weekend last fall, we learned that fewer than half our class members are reached by e-mails today. While many of us have chosen not to give out our e-mail addresses to the College, among the rest of us more than half will delete Dartmouth e-mails without opening them. It has become clear to me and your other class officers, that the printed word, i.e. class newsletter and alumni magazine, may be the only way to connect with many of you. With that in mind, if you are an e-mail deleter, have elected not to provide your e-mail address, or just hate e-mails and avoid the Internet, I am appealing to you to send me and/or Dave Peck your news and updates. Your classmates care about you and want to hear from you. And please be aware that you can be selective about which e-mails you wish to receive from the College. If you have issues with the College (and some of us do), you can elect to receive only e-mails coming from our class. For those classmates who fall into the categories above, please consider re-engaging. Stay in touch, we'd love to hear from you.

Finally, 2,176 offers of acceptance have now gone out to the Class of 2020. The class promises to be one of the most diverse in College history and pretty smart too. (Of course not as brilliant as we are/were, only 37% are valedictorians.) The overall admit rate was 10.5%, which frustrates those of us who still interview and rarely see our students get admitted. It's hard to believe that our Class Connection 18's are now halfway through their college experience and we will be marching with them on Baker lawn in two short years.

Best,

Dave Gang

Message from Our Class President

Fellow '68 Classmates;

I write this at a propitious time for both the College and our Class.

Although both of the following developments have been announced through the usual College channels, classmates may not have noticed their importance among the news flow. Both represent rapidly attained financial achievements even before the formal commencement of the next capital campaign.

First, on the academic front, we have secured full funding for President Hanlon's prime goal to establish 10 new academic clusters. These clusters will be led by newly hired world class scholars, who will draw together other cross-disciplinary faculty resources focused on important 21st century fields of inquiry. The fields include Arctic Engineering Amid Climate Change, Breaking the Neural Code, Challenges and Opportunities of Globalization, Digital Humanities, Global Poverty Elimination, Mathematical Decision Science, Cybersecurity, Personalized Treatment of Cystic Fibrosis, Health Care Delivery, and Computational Science. (See the Provost section of the College website for details.) Alumni and friends committed \$100 million to this program triggering an additional \$50 million challenge match.

Second, Harry Sheehy has succeeded in raising \$30 million for our foremost athletic facilities need: a new indoor practice fieldhouse. This project will relieve the strain on the overloaded Leverone and give us the largest permanent practice space in the Ivy League.

Your Class is also making tangible progress toward its most important long-term goal: maximizing the success of our 50th reunion, June 7-12, 2018. We are pleased to announce that Gerry Bell has agreed to take on the role of Chairman (a.k.a. Czar) for the maxi-reunion, having earned his stripes by leading our award-winning mini-reunion program for the past few years. He will be ably assisted by Vice Chairmen David Walden (our man in Havana, er Hanover), and Peter Wonson (in charge of recruiting/promotion, already the most widely connected guy in the Class). In my last letter and recent Executive Committee meetings, we have reflected a variety of ideas for reunion activities. (Go to the Class website www.dartmouth68.org and see the minutes of our 2/13/16 meeting for a complete listing.) We are still taking ideas, but what we really need now is for classmates who are interested in a particular activity to step forward and take responsibility for making it happen. If not hearing volunteers, the Czar will be upon you.

Our next Executive Committee meeting is scheduled for Saturday, May 21, Zimmerman Lounge, Blunt Alumni Center. As always, all classmates are welcome.

Best regards,

Peter Fahey
President, Class of 1968



D '68 70th Birthday Celebration: Napa, CA September 13-16, 2016

Reminder and Update – by Gerry Bell, 2/21/16



Greetings, gents. The holidays are over and, as my dad used to say, “The back of winter is broken!” We Eastern skiers know that winter never got its back up in the first place, but let’s not go there ... On to more pleasant topics!

I imagine lots of us are beginning to formulate plans for this year’s vacations, trips, expeditions, etc., and I wanted to remind you of our 70th birthday plan for this September. As you read this, it’s less than six months before we convene in Napa for our largest mini-reunion ever—rivaling, in fact, the attendance of a couple of our Hanover reunions. Let’s see if we can surpass them!

Here are our confirmed attendees to date:

Bob Block, Jim Lawrie, Ed Heald, Ed Schneider, Tad Hooker, Hugh Boss, Clark Wadlow, Dan Hedges, Dave Cooperberg, Jim Snyder, Tom Stonecipher, Gary Horlick, Ron Weiss, Dave Stanley, Joe Grasso, Fred Palmer, Warren Regelmann, Don Clausing, Norm Silverman, Jack Sedwick, Larry Smith, Cedric Kam, Warren Connelly, Gerry Bell, Tim Gifford, Dan Bort, John Blair, Mark Waterhouse, David Gang, Bill Adler, Ted Levin, Bill Rich, Dennis Donahue, David Walden, Larry Griffith, Daniel Tom, Randy McElrath, John Fieselmann, and Toby Mathias.

Gotta be some guys in there you want to see again or reconnect with, right? And what better place than the beautiful wine country of California to do it—and in the harvest month of September, when wine tasting is at its best!

Here’s what we’ve scheduled, with definite time slots, and what else if planned, time slots to be determined:

Tuesday evening, September 13 (arrival day) – Dinner at The Arbor at our reunion central and lodging headquarters, the Silverado Resort. The same initial step as at our 60th birthday party—why fool with success? Thanks to **Ed Heald** for discovering this on our first go-round!

Wednesday, September 14 – The Great Sonoma Road Trip (one valley over), led by Sonoma connoisseur Jim Lawrie. This is close to if not fully subscribed, but we can start a waitlist or consider additional carfulls.

Wednesday evening, September 14 – Bus ride to a dinner out, researched and planned by our dining impresario and man on the ground **Ed Schneider**, at a brand new banquet venue operated by our 60th birthday friends at Tra Vigne Restaurant.

Thursday, September 15 – Wine tour, tasting, and lunch at V. Sattui winery, led by their loyal client and our classmate **Tad Hooker**. I understand that V. Sattui is so exclusive that they don’t sell in retail stores, only at the winery and by subscription to their clientele. So, a chance to see how true wine connoisseurs live! This outing is limited to 25 people, so best not to delay.

Thursday evening, September 15 – Bus ride to our reunion banquet at the home of our generous host **Ed Schneider**, on the grounds of beautiful Meadowood Resort in St. Helena. The highlight of our 60th birthday bash, sure to be the highlight of this one as well.

Our other planned activities, not yet with definite time slots (because we want to be flexible in meeting demand) include:

Golf (on Silverado’s great courses, likely both Wednesday and Thursday): Coordinated by **Hugh Boss**, who has already reserved a bunch of tee times.

Ballooning over Napa: According to ballooning coordinator **Clark Wadlow**, a wondrous once-in-a-lifetime experience (“God’s view of Napa”) not to be missed. He has me convinced; I’m going!

continued on next page

Lunch at the Hog Island Oyster Bar at the Oxbow Public Market in Napa. Fresh oysters and clams, great selection of wines, led by lunch and wine guru **Bob Block**.

Jellybean Factory outing: My wife Jackie toured the Jellybean Factory (free samples!) in nearby Fairfield on a previous Napa trip. She says it's fascinating, and a nice change of pace. She's a little leery of heights, so this will probably coincide with the balloon expedition.

Winery tours and tastings: As I've said before, there are so many wineries, and so little time ... Check out all the Napa wineries and their tour and tasting logistics. Go on your own or with a couple of friends if you like, or tell me you'd like to see if we can organize a somewhat larger group.

That's the story. I'll cut this short (Dave Gang is always telling me I should join the support group Onandon Anon) by asking you to contact me at skiboy1968@roadrunner.com if you'd like to join us. We have a block of rooms reserved (under "Dartmouth '68 70th Birthday") at the Silverado Resort; you can make your reservations directly by calling them at 800-532-0500 or 707-257-0200.

Thanks again to all those I mentioned here who have helped with this so far, and who will be helping more in coordinating our activities. And thank you for reading – look forward to seeing you in September!

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

By **Bill Rich**, 2/24/16

Once again, I would like to remind you that it is time to give to our 50th Reunion Fund! Our adopted Class of 2018 is now well into sophomore year, and their co-Presidents have even survived one of our Class meetings and the stories at lunch that followed. Our classes will continue to have **Class Connections** events together, growing still closer over the next two plus years. Which means that our Reunion is just around the corner! So, now is the time to do whatever you can to support our reunion gift. As you know, we are endowing the Freshman Trips, and I really can't think of a more worthy cause. Whatever you choose to give, and however you make your gifts, I hope you will join the Class of '68 in supporting our Class Gift as we make our own Trip to our 50th Reunion.

In past Newsletters, I have written Timelines highlighting the connection of Dartmouth to outdoor activities and trips of all sorts. I have suggested that the key thing about Trips and Dartmouth is the development of a person. I have asserted that Dartmouth has a competitive advantage over all other institutions of higher education with its Trips and its commitment to them—and what students can learn from being involved.

In our last Timeline, I promised to write about two classmates who are the subjects of fascinating books. Both men were

Olympic athletes, competing at the highest level of sport. Both are accomplished intellectuals. Both have traveled extensively and these two books were written about their travel. One book covers an extraordinary trip at an extreme level of human endeavor and the other about a challenging journey through life. Both classmates have given me permission to write about them in this column—now renamed as **This Trip Changed My Life**. I hope what I have written will do them honor and justice. The point of all of these stories is to highlight what is unique, what is special, and what is especially good about Dartmouth. I believe it all starts with the Freshman Trips.

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

Thank you again for your support!

History of the Freshman Trip: This Trip Changed My Life—The Tales of Two Classmates

From Bill Rich – 2/24/16



Today, I want to write about two books. Each tells the story of a trip or a journey by one of our classmates. One of the books shares with us a death-defying drama while the other describes the journey of a life entrapped. Neither book seeks fame or sympathy—although both of them could. I ask you just to put yourself in the shoes of these classmates, to

imagine the entirety of what they have dealt with, and to consider how petty our daily routines may seem in comparison.

Instead of calling this feature in our Class Newsletter the Timeline VI (promoting the history of Dartmouth Trips), I have decided to re-name this series as "This Trip Changed My Life." As this part of

the Class Newsletter has evolved, it has become less and less a literal Timeline of Dartmouth events and more about Dartmouth trips, the people, and their journeys. And, I continue to be struck by the number of Dartmouth alumni who note that "This trip changed my life" - so much so that I think the new title is entirely fitting for a column that is dedicated to the first of all Dartmouth trips that we take—the Freshman Trip. In the last Newsletter, I promised to write about two classmates whose lives have changed—in dramatic ways - on their journeys of life. They are the subjects of fascinating books - one written by a classmate about a trip he led and the other authored by a young writer about the life of a second classmate. I can recommend to each and every one of you that you ought to stop what you are doing right now, and read both of these books. These books are compelling in different ways, they tell stories of men who once moved very much in parallel with each other, and the stories are powerful and moving. Go to Amazon and buy copies of *Courting the Diamond Sow* and *The Monk*. Then, after that, I would be remiss if I didn't remind you that all of this attention to Trips is in support of our upcoming Reunion Gift—and to respectfully ask that you make yet another donation to our 50th Reunion Gift (to endow the Freshman Trips).

Wickliffe W. (Wick) Walker: The story that Wick tells in his book is extraordinary at so many levels. When he returns to the Dartmouth campus (or the Dartmouth Grant, as he did two summers ago), those in the know treat Wick Walker as a deity, and with good reason. A canoe and kayak National team member and Olympian multiple times, Wick and a friend ran the first descent of the

Great Falls of the Potomac. Wick assures me that world class kayakers don't just go out and take crazy, daredevil risks. They plan and study and plan some more. Then, they go and do their work in the water. In 1972, Wick persuaded the brother of his best kayaking friend not to retire from the sport, even though this meant putting them both in competition with each other for one of only three spots on the Olympic team (which they both ended up making). In 1988, Wick was asked what else he would like to do in life, and he replied that he would like to "run the river equivalent of Mount Everest." He later found just such a river.

A tremendous amount of snow falls in the Himalayas, and when it melts, it runs down a surprisingly small number of paths. Within 200 miles, there are some of the greatest rivers in the world, including the Yangtze, Mekong, Salween, Irrawaddy, and Brahmaputra rivers. One of these rivers, the Tsangpo, runs a thousand miles and literally disappears from view while it drops 9,000 feet. For much of this descent, it cannot be seen either from land or by satellite. When it emerges and joins the Brahmaputra, there has actually been debate about whether it is the same river. The Tsangpo runs through the Pemako (Land of Flowers), which is represented by the recumbent goddess Dolje Phagmo (The Diamond Sow). This is the land of legend often known as Shangri-La. But, we must remember that this is a forbidden river in a forbidden region of Tibet. As the Tsangpo runs down to the sea, the monsoon air rises up from the Bay of Bengal, creating an extraordinary and unique mix of flora and fauna - including the most migratory birds of all of Asia. The faint of heart should know that the land is home to many varieties of snakes and leeches. It also harbors many tribes

of shy and suspicious peoples, giving rise to tales of a phallic cult (I for one am hoping they remain shy and out of sight) and a poison cult that likes to kill visitors with poisoned fingernails (just as soon not see them either). It is easy for me to joke about these tales from the comfort of my home, but for a moment, just imagine walking through their lands. Wick tells us all of this in an engaging and informative way.

Beyond the history and culture of this land, Wick also covers all of the planning—the team, the risks and challenges, the permitting and other logistics, the equipment and food provisioning, transportation, communications, and so on. The team was just about the most expert on earth, with Tom McEwan (Wick's white-water partner), brother Jamie McEwan (Olympic medalist), Roger Zbel, and Doug Gordon (thought to be the most experienced of all). Wick and Tom had scouted the river the year before, but the water level was higher during the expedition. This was a potentially huge issue. Wick goes into extraordinary detail nearly every step of the way and you will feel as if you are there with him and his team. Without revealing the whole story (stop here if you would like), I can tell you that Jamie was flipped at one point with his spray deck unsecured and had to swim ashore—losing his boat in the process (though it was discovered and returned several days downriver). Tragically, Doug Gordon was also flipped in the hydraulics beneath a small waterfall and was unable to right himself. He was presumed drowned and neither he nor his kayak was ever found. His voice was still on his answering machine when the call came in to inform his widow of his death.

Last Spring, I attended a Dartmouth Ledyard Club whitewater Symposium with Wick and, of the various trips

presented, there was a death on nearly half of them. Therein lies the challenge and the excitement of river expeditions. There are risks in going to where no one has gone before. This is something that Dartmouth people do.

Stephen C. (Monk) Williams: Monk's story tells how the man I will call the "stud from Boonville" was entrapped in the fullest moments of life. After one of the Timelines in our Class Newsletter (promoting our 50th Reunion Gift), I received the following email (with a few edits):

Hi Bill: You last contacted me with a soft cry out to the brothers of the Psi U lodge to entice us to make the 45th Reunion for Dartmouth '68s, but as I told you, being in a power chair now, I'm no longer that transportable. I really enjoyed your account in the latest Class of 1968 Newsletter of your summers at Howard Chivers's Camp Keewaydin. I too went to a canoe camp in Canada's Ontario. I went to Camp Temagami, halfway between Hudson's Bay and Chicago when I was only 13 years old. Your Keewaydin and my Temagami now share the same web site.

My parents drove me from Boonville in Northern New York to Temagami, which was a long drive through Algonquin Provincial Park to above North Bay (I was such a serious student when in law school I drove there from New Haven for a ski meet once). With my father being an ex-Eagle Scout (few of them in the late 1920's when he got his Eagle) we camped out along the way, so I really felt deep in the woods and then I also had a long ride on a ferry across a Lake Champlain-sized lake to Camp Temagami. My train ride home was back through Chicago and then by the big train stations in Syracuse and Utica. So I crapped out on returning to do that again, the next year focusing instead on the Boy Scouts: getting my Eagle

Scout and going to the 1960 Boy Scout Jamboree in Colorado Springs, where I saw my 1st tornado. The train ride there was fun. I felt it was a cool way to see the country.

The Boy Scouts got me hiking and canoeing in the New York Adirondack Mountains and lakes near Lake Placid, including one summer at an adventure camp on an island on Lake Placid, where we cooked our meals over open fires. Mountain climbers around Lake Placid all sought to be "46'ers" for climbing the 46 peaks over 4000 feet in the Adirondacks. I got 43 peaks. My ascents of Moosilauke w/ Dartmouth skiers don't count here.

I first was in Lake Placid for their Winter Carnival when high schools from all over New York State including my Boonville Central came to ski downhill and slalom on Whiteface Mountain. The XC was on the course by the high school, close to the downtown, and hockey was played in the same ice rink used by the USA hockey team that won the gold medal in the 1932 Olympics (the 4-2 score the USA won by was still posted when I watched games there when in high school). Of course, now updated for the 1980 Olympic Games. Also, Jim Speck (Dartmouth '67 and Psi U) grew up there.

Thanks for this trip back remembering what I once was able to do. Best, Monk

Astute readers will pick up on the reference to the power chair and the closing comment about "what I once was able to do." The book, *The Monk*, is a thorough and sympathetic description of how Monk succeeded in the ski world, how he coasted through one of the hardest law schools in the world, and how it all changed when he learned that he had multiple sclerosis. Possibly facing his greatest disappointment years later, Monk exemplifies the patience (and optimism)

of Job in the ways that he continues to soldier on. The voice doesn't work too well today, and the fingers may be a little slow on the keyboard, but the mind is sharp and witty and as humble as ever. If you knew Monk—or if you just want to say hi to this wonderful classmate—you can reach him at scwmanmn46@gmail.com. I think he would love to hear from you.

My earliest memory of Monk is of the friendliest guy you could ever imagine. He never boasted about anything - what you had done was always terrific - while what he had done was gosh and golly kind of regular. I picture in my mind asking about how the ski team had done over the weekend. The conversation would go something like this. "Great!" Monk would say. "We won (the latest) Carnival - so and so skied great and came in first in the XC." How did you do, Monk? "Oh, gosh, I did OK. I came in second." I remember Monk at the start of our 1968 Psi U - Beta Bike Race to Smith running around on our front lawn with a helicopter beany on his head, laughing and bringing laughter to all. A few years later, when I bought some Trak skis from him, he told me how he had failed to do well in a particular major ski race because he was making such beautiful and graceful strides on his skis for the benefit of the lady fans who were watching that he expended way too much energy to finish well. Monk was motivated in his youth to be the "stud from Boonville" on the slopes and in life in general - and that was a powerful motivation before and after his Dartmouth years. But, at the fraternity, Monk hid his athletic prowess, his academic genius, and his ambitions behind a kind and generous and modest aw-shucks exterior. He achieved a lot at the highest levels of sport and academia. Today, as described in his book, the stud

from Boonville is trapped in a body that won't do all of the things that he wants it to do.

Monk was an integral part of the Dartmouth Ski Team, along with classmates Bill Kendall, Sandy Cameron, and Hans Preban Mehran. He notes that Hans focused mainly on the downhill, but "he skied XC at Carnival because he's from Norway." After graduating from Dartmouth, Monk went to Yale Law School. Unimpressed by the "piss ants" he found there, and distracted by skiing (competitively and coaching) and later working at Dartmouth, Monk took long stretches away from school and several leaves of absence. Once, to the amazement of classmates who rarely saw him in class, Monk returned to take an exam and - on the way there - he found an empty whiskey bottle in the street, carried it into the exam, sat down, slammed the empty bottle down on his desk, and let out a loud "Ahhhhhh." Jaws dropped all around. Sadly, few of these people really had gotten to know Monk.

Poised to be the Women's XC coach for the 1976 Innsbruck Olympics, Monk was fired in a highly political shuffle. The team and the skiers were much the worse for this change. A little more than a decade out of Dartmouth, Monk discovered that he had MS, and later met the love of his life and married. His wife could decipher his speech and attend to his every need - only to discover too young that she had cancer and would be gone from Monk in a few short days. Never discouraged by all of this unfairness of life, Monk still exercises regularly and even gets out on skis - in a manner of speaking. His body isn't doing what he wants it to do, but the mind is there, the memory is sharp, and the humor is awaiting you. Take a few minutes and drop him a line. This is one of the best guys in the world.

Open Letter to the Class: Ideas for our 50th: The Freshman Hike

By Bruce Senn, 2/26/16

I think a hike up Moosilauke to kick off the reunion is a great idea. Many of us would be starting our 50th reunion in the same way we began as Dartmouth students. I also think hikes during 2016 and 2017 would also create interest in the reunion and for our class gift. I'm hoping to locate pictures of some of the trails from 50 years ago—perhaps from classmates, perhaps from the DOC. At some point I will connect with the DOC and see if they



have anything in their archives from that long ago. One of my thoughts for our 50th reunion is to show some of our freshman trips as they were then and as they are now. My interest is to observe what 50 years has done to the trails and surrounding environment. My own trip was from a UNH cabin in Franconia Notch, up the Old Bridle Path, south along Franconia Ridge to Liberty Springs' shelter, and back down to Franconia Notch.

I want to hike the same route and to see the impact the years have had on the ridge trail. I'd also like to hike some of the other routes.

I'd be glad to have other classmates join me either in person or in spirit. As I recollect each trip spent 2 days at Moosilauke Ravine Lodge and 2 days on other trails. The trails around the lodge are easy to find. Perhaps classmates could email me their various routes or perhaps the DOC has records that go back that far. I'm glad to take pictures and compare them to pictures from classmates or the DOC.

Pictures and accounts could be posted on the '68 website and presented at the reunion and might promote interest in our 50th reunion gift. In any case I hope classmates would email me their interest, recollections, and any photos of their particular trips.

For this year I have plans to revisit at least four trips: my own trip to Lafayette and Franconia Ridge, Dave Dibelius's trip from Franconia Notch to Kinsman's Notch, my trip from Moosilauke to Kinsman's Notch, and the common trip to the top of Moosilauke from the lodge. Depending how my leg shakes out, it will probably be in the fall. The other three participants on my trip are in the class directory and I'll try to contact them. I don't remember that anyone had a camera, but perhaps they will share their recollections or be interested in joining me. Two are in Washington State and one is in New Jersey. Because of recent back surgery I will probably wait until the fall to make these hikes.

Over the next 2 years I hope to spend a lot of time in the NH woods, and this "project" would focus a lot of my hiking.

All thoughts are welcome.

Bruce Senn

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Big East Ski Trip 3.0: “Never Mind, It’s Making Us Better!”

By Gerry Bell, 2/9/16

The D ’68 third annual Big East ski trip, once again held at Okemo Mountain Resort in Vermont, is in the books. From January 26-29, a total of 16 classmates and spouses assembled for skiing, reconnection, great food and wine, and ... research. More about that last in a bit.

Those present included **Dave and Nancy Dibelius, Dave and Roberta Gang, Gerry and Jackie Bell, Bear Everett, Tom Enright, Peter Fahey, Steve Schwager**—and trip newcomers **Burt and Cathy Quist, Rick Pabst, Bruce Senn, Allen Ott,** and **Paul Rizzi**.

Arrival day Tuesday January 26 was a mild but changeable day—sometimes overcast, sometimes sunny, sometimes a passing shower—but the snow was soft and forgiving, the slopes virtually empty, and **Dave Gang, Tom Enright** and I had a fabulous time cruising the mountain. That evening we gathered at the same sumptuous reunion central house we enjoyed last year for a great Dibelius Enterprises lasagna dinner—thanks to **Dave and Nancy** for the idea and the effort!—supplemented by contributions from **Cathy Quist** and **Dave Gang**. Dessert was memorable too—would have been even more so had I remembered to pick up ice cream as **Nancy** asked me to ... I guess I’m just a big picture guy and can’t be trusted with details.

Wednesday on the mountain demonstrated the vagaries of Eastern skiing. The previous day’s showers had soaked into the snow and then frozen solid, making the skiing—in the approved vernacular of ski area managements everywhere—“challenging.” Yup—“challenging day on the mountain.” I spent the day trying to persuade my classmates that the demanding conditions were just “making us better”, and hoping that no one got injured or worse on my watch. We broke for a leisurely lunch at on-mountain restaurant Epic, then skied a couple more runs and called it a day. That evening we dined at Harry’s Restaurant, an Okemo fixture with an eclectic variety of dishes and a superb wine list, the selection coordination of which was performed admirably by Winemaster **Gang**.

Thursday was a better day for skiing—still pretty firm, but great fun if you paid attention. Okemo does a great job of recovering from weather disasters, and they did so this day as well. Thursday evening, though, was the highlight of the trip—another in-house meal at Reunion Central, another culinary triumph for **Mr. and Mrs. Dibelius**. Surf and turf—steak and lobster tails, best meal in trip history, and at a fraction of the amount we dropped

dining out at Harry’s. So I—we—learned something from that, and here it is.

I had noticed **Dave Dibelius** looking speculatively at a magnificent, huge slopeside house above Okemo’s spiffy Solitude base and asked, “Hey, whatup?” He said, “I was thinking, instead of a reunion central some miles from the mountain and an overflow condo on the mountain, wouldn’t it be nice if we could all be together, without having to travel to and from? We could ski-in, ski-out and we could have all our meals in. Save some money from whatever premium we might have to pay to stay slopeside. A lot of the guys—and wives—think that’s worth exploring.”

Well, hell. How many more years are we going to be able to ski together? We might as well go first class! So Friday morning, the Research Committee—**Dave and Nancy Dibelius, Rick Pabst, Dave Gang** and I—got a tour of the place from Okemo’s Director of Lodging. As Brigham Young said, “This is the place!” Big enough to sleep at least as many as at the house we’ve been using, with walking distance ski-in ski-out condos right nearby for the overflow. Negotiating right now about the lodging price and slopeside premium, as well as some special arrangements we’d like them to make for our accommodations. But I’m optimistic, and I really think we can pull this off and make this trip extra-special next year. I know we’ll have the 2016 crew, and, while prior commitments kept 2015 attendees **Bob Block, Rich duMoulin,** and **Peter Emmel** from joining us this time, they all swear they’ll be back for 2017. In the words of Robert Frost, “You come too!”



Gerry Bell, Bear Everett, and Nancy Dibelius hang out at the Hawk ski house.

18th Annual Western Ski Trip to Big Sky Montana

By **Larry Griffith**, 3/28/16

The 18th annual Dartmouth 68 ski trip was held at Big Sky Montana March 5-12, 2016. We were located in two large houses near the slopes. In attendance were **Dave and Nancy Dibelius, Peter Emmel, Peter Fahey, Paul Fitzgerald** and his friend **Bob Wagner, Larry and Julia Griffith** and Larry's sister **JoAnn Chambers, Jim and Bev Lawrie, John Manaras '67**, his Brother **Steve Manaras** and his wife **Lindsay, Rick Pabst, Scott Reeves, Hap and Susan Ridgeway, Dave and Cindy Stanley, Tom Stonecipher** and his friend **Lisa Albert, and Steve Schwager**. We were very lucky to have three powder days.

Meals were in one of the houses except for one night dining out. On Wednesday a large part of the group made a road trip to Yellowstone Park. A smaller group had an opportunity to ski at the Yellowstone Club. The Horses Ass award was given to **Rick Pabst** for his sense of style. Next years trip, 2017, will be held at Jackson Hole March 4-11. Please contact me if you are interested in joining us next year

Left to right, are Scott Reeves, Dave Dibelius, Jim Lawrie, Peter Emmel, Nancy Dibelius, JoAnn Chambers (Larry Griffith's sister).



Front (L-R): Dave & Cindy Stanley, Joanne (Griffith) Chambers, Larry Griffith, Dave & Nancy Dibelius, Scott Reeves, Rick Pabst, Steve Schwager, Lisa Albert.

Rear: (L-R): Peter Emmel, Susan & Hap Ridgeway, Bob Wagner, Paul Fitzgerald, Julia Griffith, Linsey & Steve Manaras, Peter Fahey, John Manaras, Jim & Bev Lawrie, Tom Stonecipher

Danube River Journey and Budapest Days - April 2016

By Dave Peck, 4/27/16

April saw the Danube/Budapest Trip Version 1.0, organized by **Bill Rich** and his fiancée **Sylvia Hahn-Griffiths**. A total of 18 people spent a week on a river cruise on the Danube, from Passau, Germany, Linz, Melk and Vienna in Austria, Bratislava in Slovakia and four days in Budapest, Hungary. Besides Bill and Sylvia, the group included **Diane and David Peck, Helen and Peter Fahey, Cathy and Warren Cooke, Trish and Peter Baylor, Ann and Steve Mason, Betty and Mike Lenahan, Sandy and Larry Smith, and Janet and Bob Woodburn**, friends of Bill. The first week was on a Viking cruise ship, with the usual great food and staff, with knowledgeable local guides at each of our stops. While highlights of the river portion of the

trip are too many to list, the classical music concert evening in Vienna and the leisurely cruise down the famous Wachau Valley were particularly memorable. Bill, Sylvia and the Woodburns did that portion on bikes! The Budapest portion was led by Sylvia (a Hungarian-American), and a friend of hers, who is the author of a detailed local guidebook, so we were well led and informed with native speakers. Using a mix of walks and tram rides, the group visited the grand Central Market, the Parliament Building, the Franz Liszt Music Academy and St. Stephan's Cathedral. And the meals were divine, for both lunches and dinners, accompanied by fine local wines, beer and live entertainment.



Trip organizers Bill Rich and Sylvia Hahn-Griffiths

Front (L-R): Steve Mason, Sylvia Hahn-Griffiths, Anne Mason, Bob Woodburn, Janet Woodburn, Anras Torok (our local guide)

Middle (L-R): Betty Lenahan, Trish Baylor, Mike Lenahan, Cathy Cooke, Warren Cooke, Sandy Smith

Back (L-R): Helen Fahey, Diane Peck, Peter Baylor, Peter Fahye, David Peck, Bill Rich, Larry Smith.



Bob Reich Signs His Latest Book for Classmate and Fellow Author Jonny Agronsky

By Jonathan Agronsky, 11/4/15

News: Bob Reich has spent his professional life fighting for the American worker, the average Joe who has been progressively left behind during the past several decades as corporate profits soar. In late October, Bob appeared at Raleigh's Meredith College as part of a national tour to promote his latest (14th) book, *Saving Capitalism: For the Many, Not the Few*. My partner, Bonnie



Fitzpatrick, and I, who live in Pinehurst, North Carolina, attended the event, which also featured North Carolina civil rights leader, the Rev. William Barber, and historian and university professor Timothy Tyson.

During Bob's remarks, he noted, that, while passing through an airport a few days earlier, a woman had come up to him and asked, "What are we going to do?" After the laughter had subsided, he admitted that he was, in fact, easy to spot in a crowd, but he could not answer the lady in an equally brief sentence. He did, however, know what she was talking about. He said that, during his recent travels, he had found many other Americans to be equally perplexed, and angry, about the concentration of the nation's wealth into the hands of a relatively small number of people (c.

150 families), at the expense of everyone else. I for one applaud his conclusion that the best way to solve this imbalance is to give working Americans a fair share of the wealth they are responsible for creating, rather than giving it all to the company's top executives and shareholders, a system that Bob, among others, notes is just not working. He notes that such an approach would incentivize people,

put money in their pockets, which they then will spend, boosting the national economy. Everybody wins.

On a humbler note, this classmate had a story published in the May-June online issue of *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*. "His Guardian Angel" is the true story of a young hitchhiker I picked up in the late 1960s whose father's ghost appeared to him on a Vietnam battlefield, enabling him to rescue his fellow platoon members from certain death. I am currently finishing up my fourth nonfiction book, as yet untitled, about a Jewish refugee from Hitler's Germany who returns to his native country decades after fleeing in 1939, to investigate the suspected murder of his father by the Nazis.



News from our Classmates:

Doug Jewett, is Still Climbing – Report from Mt. Rainier

(received 9/21/15)

I thought I would share this pictures from this summit of Mt. Rainier. Along with me for the climb were sons Jon (in blue) and Chris (in orange). The picture was taken at 6:30 AM; July 14, 2015, after a 6 hour ascent and crossing 6 crevice ladders, standing at 14,410 feet above sea level at the highest point of the rim of Mt. Rainier's Crater. A five-hour descent had us back to down to the Paradise Lodge at 5400 feet. Bone tired, but a day sent from Heaven! (I had climbed Rainier 37 years ago, and was surprised to find out how much it had grown in height and steepness over the intervening years!)

More mundane news is that I retired this year after fifteen years as the CEO of Ramgen Power Systems, Inc., an advanced engineering firm focused on supersonic shock wave compression. We sold the company last year to Dresser-Rand, and they were in-turn bought out this year by Siemens. I continue to serve as Founder, Chairman, and CEO of American Global Health Group, LLC. AGHG is an aloe vera products company with farms and processing plants in Taishan and Hainan, China. Susan and I have had a second home in Taishan since 2002. Our primary markets are our AloeDerma skin care products in China, our AloeCure extract for stomach acidity and health in the US, and our AloeCure beverages primarily in the US and Europe. Susan and I have had

a second home in Taishan since 2002 at our first aloe farm. It is located deep in old agricultural China with the nearest village about a km away. Our two daughters, Julie and Heather, keep us busy with five grandkids, and along with son Jon we are lucky to have them here in Seattle--where Susan and I have lived in the same house for 37 years.

Life is full and rewarding!



Photo of Doug Jewett (middle) and sons from Mt. Rainier, Jon (blue) and Chris (orange)

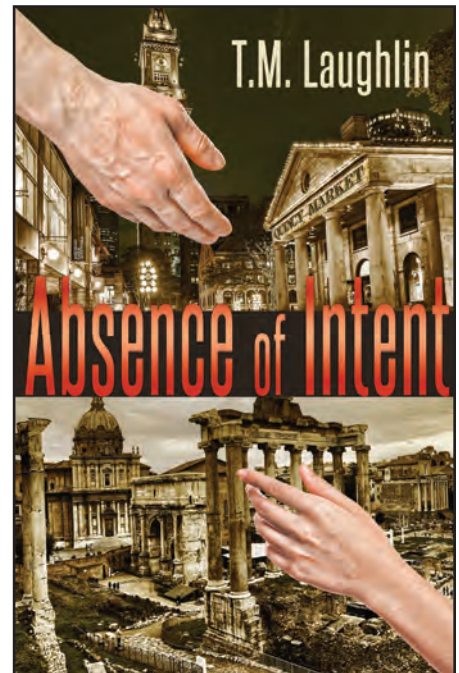
Tom Laughlin Has Just Published A Novel

(received 10/12/15)

Great to see everyone at the Class Executive Committee meeting and tailgate over Homecoming weekend. The game and dinner at Quechee were both rousing good times! At the dinner, Pete Fahey suggested I send to some information about my recently e-published novel that was mentioned at the meeting. Title of the novel is "Absence of Intent." It is a fictitious romantic drama about a young Boston family forced to grapple with many of life's challenging circumstances

including careers, friendships, politics, affairs, mishaps, and birth of a child. There are complicating factors that produce much anxiety, tension and remorse. The family pulls together to overcome difficulties, but there is a persistent struggle for redemption and escape from haunting memories. Their suspenseful journey travels through Boston's Back Bay and North End, Italy's Tuscany region and Rome, and an Ivy League campus in New Hampshire! I've attached a pic of the book cover that perhaps you could include in the '68 Newsletter.

I think many of our classmates would enjoy the story, especially the parts that feature familiar NE venues including our alma mater. The novel can be accessed on most e-book sites including Amazon/Kindle, Apple i-Books, and Barnes &



Noble online store/Nook e-books (type title in search block).

Also attached is a recent picture of my wife Mia and I. Mia and I have been married for 41 years and have two adult children: daughter Laura, a lawyer, married and about to deliver our first grandchild; son Kiernan, an HBS MBA, now a senior brand manager at J&J, engaged with wedding planned July 2016.



Review of Tom's Book by Peter Fahey

(received 1/20/16)

I read our classmate, Tom Laughlin's novel, *Absence of Intent* and enjoyed it very much. It is published as an e-book so it also allowed me to make further progress into the 21st century since it was the first e-book I had ever read. Moreover, I read it on my iPhone on the Nook app after downloading from the Barnes & Noble.com site. I previously would not have imagined reading on the phone as the comfortable experience that it turned out to be.

The book relates the life experiences of young couples pursuing business careers largely in and around Boston during the second half of the 20th century. The

characters confront various social and family challenges some of which unfold in Hanover.

The Boston setting, '60s beginning time-frame, and Dartmouth connections had great appeal to me. In addition, the embedded travelogue from Good Harbor Beach to the Italian cities to Philly coincides with mine over the years. The author's ability to recount cultural details, however, far exceeds mine. He either has a better memory than mine or did a bunch of research. Likewise the political and financial history that we all lived through was familiar to me but better than I could have readily related.

The personal and moral ups and downs of the principal characters were engaging and often mysteriously unresolved. Based on my experience, classmates, especially those with any Boston area exposure, would find this book to be a worthwhile read.

Ben Johnson Enjoyed Fall Mini-Reunion at Homecoming

(Green Card, received 10/15/15)

Enjoyed the mini-reunion 10/10/15. Game was great, enjoyed especially having dinner with my old South Mass roommate Roger Witten and his wife Jill. (Thanks to John!). My wife Katie is producing her next *Nutcracker* at R.I.T. in December. Had Lyme disease this summer but am finally well. Thanksgiving in Puerto Rico!

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Dave Goldenberg is Now a Filmmaker

(received 10/23/15)

I am now retired from a long career with international NGOs which took me to over 35 countries. I worked for Plan International for a number of years running their research and evaluation unit, conducting strategic planning and assessments of new countries for operations. Then I was a consultant for a number of other NGOs including Care, Save the Children, and others.



Now I am engaged full time in what I originally wanted to do when I entered anthropology: make films. I've been making short and medium length documentary films about local history in Ohio, community organizations in Rhode Island, and alternative theater in Israel. I do it all: filming, production, editing, distribution.

My wife, Suzanne, and I just returned from Israel where I had the world premiere of my first feature length documentary. "Return to Haifa - The Other's Story" concerns an Israeli theatrical adaptation of a novel by Ghassan Kanafani, the foremost Palestinian man of letters. In Israel, he is often branded as a terrorist. He was

a spokesman for the PFLP, the most radical wing of the PLO and was assassinated by Israel in 1972. But just three years before he died, he wrote "Returning the Haifa" in which he linked the tragedies of both peoples: The Holocaust and the Nakba. It was a controversial play in Israel and in Washington where there was a brief run by the Israeli cast. The film's two screenings in Haifa were very well attended. The mayor of Haifa showed up and touted the screenings as an indication of the city's tolerance (in contrast to other recent acts of cultural repression by the city and the Ministry of Culture). There was a full page article about the film in Israel's leading newspaper, Haaretz. <http://www.haaretz.com/misc/iphone-article/.premium-1.679916>

I am anticipating an American premiere in January.

For a trailer, see:
<https://vimeo.com/87504935>

Otherwise, we have four grandchildren and three step-grandchildren. Our eldest grandchild just began her freshman year at Sarah Lawrence.

Thoughts from John Russell and Mini-Reunion with Alex Chisholm

(received 12/16/15)

"Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water...Chute!" In the Fall 2015 edition of *The Transmission*, Peter Fahey shared a photo of "the third Fahey generation going through the Chute." Check out the enclosed photo of grandpa Peter Fahey in the water...he was the first generation to go through that same chute in the spring of 1967. Count'em...that's 48 years before granddaughter, Emily, did it in 2015.

Here's another Class of '68 "trip back in time" anecdote I recently enjoyed. Back in September, my wife Alexis and I had a chance to meet fellow classmate Alex



John Russell and Alex Chisholm, ageless in 2015

Chisholm at a restaurant in Eugene, Oregon, where Alex lives. Alex agreed to meet with me only after I promised I wouldn't bore him or my wife with any "Animal House" war stories from our Dartmouth years. As it turned out, we both ended up sharing how during our college years whether we were aware of it or not, we were delusional...immature, clueless and insecure...and any war stories that I was involved in were undoubtedly alcohol fueled and "unconsciously" posed bravado. Anyway, it was good for Alex and me to be able to look back and laugh at ourselves: who we were and who we weren't during our time in Hanover.

When I returned home, I went looking and found a photo of Alex and me that has a funny back-story. A couple of years after our graduation, I was just getting involved in the ski business and Alex was a fledgling professional photographer in San Francisco. Somehow through some innocent finagling, I got him a gig to shoot some production stills on a ski action film we were doing up in Lake Tahoe. So here's a shot of Alex and me (anybody know who the third guy is?) in the spring of 1970...and a photo of the two of us 45 years later during our recent rendezvous. The years have been kind to us if for no other reason than we can get together and talk at a much deeper and, I daresay, more honest level than I could have ever approached in my youth as a Big Greener.



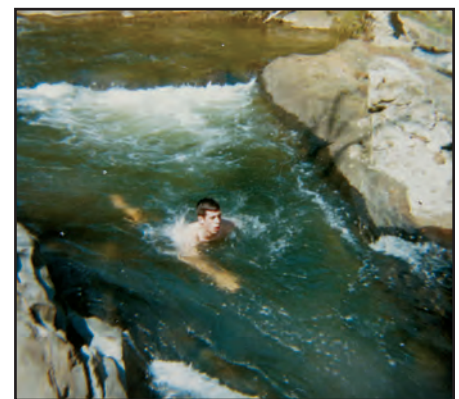
Alex Chisholm, John Russell, and Jean-Claude Killy, 1970

Let's hear a "short cheer" for growing old graciously...accepting with gratitude the things I couldn't appreciate "back in the day."

Respectfully Submitted- John Russell

P.S. From Alex Chisholm:

To those of you who are confused by my "new" first name, I've actually been answering to that since I left Hanover and moved, along with my girlfriend, to the West Coast. She began calling me by my first name, Alex, rather than my nickname "Doug", which was short for Dougal, and it just stuck. I liked it because of its simplicity, and I was instantly absolved of the necessity to regularly explain both the spelling and pronunciation of my former moniker.



Peter Fahey going through the Chute in 1967

Sin-Tung Chiu Updates His Concert Career

(received 12/28/15)

Currently writing from Sydney, Australia after spending one week in Hong Kong to visit relatives, friends and 14 former 4th grade classmates; we attended the Centenary dinner for our primary/secondary school for over 3,700 dinner guests at Hong Kong Convention Center with alumni returning from USA, England, Canada and Australia as well. We sang our old school songs!! Lots of speeches, group photos, music and prizes too...a memorable event and evening!!

Currently busy in Sydney, Australia visiting relatives and rehearsing for a Gala concert organized to honor me on Sunday 1/10/2016 at a music conservatory concert hall on the Central Coast 2-hours by car north of Sydney, Australia!! I will perform on violin in solo repertoire as well as in chamber music repertoire with gifted local Australian musicians collaborating. This Australian Gala concert in my honor on Sunday 1/10/2016 will be another memorable event on my current overseas trip!! I count my blessings!!!

Returning to San Francisco, CA on Tuesday evening 1/12/2016, one week late for my violin teaching part-time at my 4 schools with makeup violin lessons to be scheduled.

Bart Palmer Still Working Hard at Clemson

(received 12/28/15)

1. I continue as Calhoun Lemon Professor of Literature at Clemson, where this last year I have taken on directing the new "World Cinemas" degree program. Like all state universities, Clemson is competing for the top 10% of applicants, especially

those from out of state (for obviously financial reasons), and this new interdisciplinary degree, with its international dimension, was presented as a desideratum to the faculty by the admin. I was the lucky one chosen to direct because for the last decade I've been the general editor, along with a colleague from Middle Tennessee SU, of a scholarly book series, TRADITIONS IN WORLD CINEMA. Here's the website: <http://www.eupublishing.com/series/TIWC>. The most recent book I published personally in the series is INTERNATIONAL NOIR.

2. My books this year for other publishers are: THINKING IN THE DARK, SHOT ON LOCATION, MULTIPLICITIES IN FILM AND TELEVISION. Also, with Bill Epstein '66, INVENTED LIVES, IMAGINED COMMUNITIES: THE BIOPIC AND AMERICAN NATIONAL IDENTITY. Here's the web link to that book. <http://www.sunypress.edu/p-6223-invented-lives-imagined-communi.aspx>

3. I assumed the editorship of THE TENNESSEE WILLIAMS ANNUAL REVIEW, which is sponsored by the Historic New Orleans Collection.

4. I continue pro bono teaching (American/World history and government) at an alternative high school in Atlanta. Website <https://sites.google.com/site/hegaonline/>

5. I continue to work with an international team of scholars on a long-term project of providing a new edition, in thirteen volumes, of the poetry and music of Guillaume de Machaut, acknowledged as one of the most important artists of the later Middle Ages. This project includes recordings of his lyrics and motets by the Orlando Consort for Hyperion Records.

I work on the liner notes for these releases. The Consort's first CD in this series was nominated for a Grammy, of all things, 2014. Here is the team website: <http://machaut.exeter.ac.uk/?q=node/1516>

My plans are to teach another five years at Clemson, then retire to continue my scholarly/editorial work full time.

ppalmer@Clemson.edu

Tony Choueke Is Another Class Author

(12/28/15)

I have written two amusing books but I would like to hold off on announcing until the next Transmission. By then they should be available on Amazon with an audio version as well. The only hiccup in all of this is that both books are in Hebrew. Since I don't take myself seriously, I have decided to write only comedy.

It's worked out quite well. I have a publisher. I have had a very good life, no complaints. I am very grateful to Dartmouth and to our class where we had a great education and a good jumping off point to the rest of our lives and careers. Although I am 70 years old, I have decided not to retire but to continue working and being every bit as active as I was before. I had the opportunity to buy numerous artworks and to set up our family residence in Japan which is a National Cultural Asset, as a museum.

If anyone is interested in it they may visit my website at Choueke Residence, Kobe www.choueke.com

Hope to see you at our 50th reunion in Hanover and also at our 75th.

Bob Reich and Gerry Bell – Best Ticket of the Century

(received 12/28/15 – from Gerry)



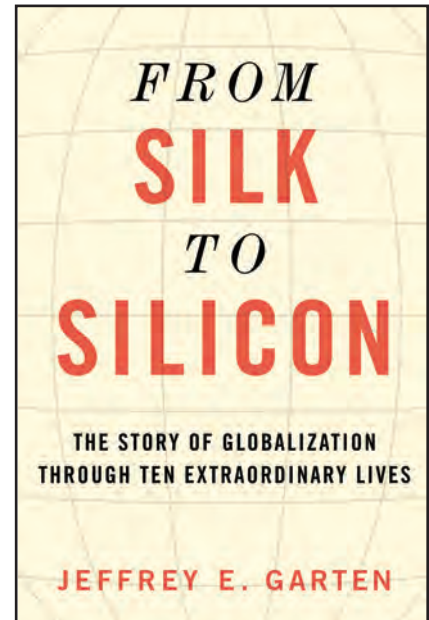
The above photo is the attempt by my sister-in-law's neighbor in Northfield, MA to start a grassroots prairie fire. He even has a campaign slogan: "Don't let everything go to hell—Vote Reich/Bell! "Well, America could do a lot worse. And there's a good chance it will. {Editor's Note: How prophetic!}

Jeff Garten Has Just Published a New Book

(received 12/30/15)

Greetings from Paris, where Ina and I have been spending the holidays for fifteen years, and where we just celebrated our 47th wedding anniversary. In late October Ina's 10th book goes on sale, and it has elements of a memoir of our lives together, as well as great recipes. I met her at Dartmouth in my freshman year, and she was a steady fixture in Hanover for the next three years, so it's a good Dartmouth story.

As for MY book, it comes out March 1, and is being published by HarperCollins. It's my fifth book, but by far my most ambitious one. It's called "From Silk to Silicon: The Story of Globalization Through Ten Extraordinary Lives." Each chapter is the life and times of someone who did something spectacular to make the world smaller, more connected and better. It covers the last thousand years, beginning with Genghis Khan. It's my first venture into historical biography, a genre that has fascinated me since my junior year at Dartmouth. I started it when I stepped down as dean of the Yale School of Management in 2005 and became a full time member of the Yale faculty, and I have worked on it on and off for the last ten years. My website—JeffreyGarten.com—has a ton of info on the book.



Bob Block Celebrated His Retirement with a Trip to Alaska

(received 12/30/15)

Sorry I won't be seeing you and skiing with you at Okemo. I developed a lumbar disc problem in late summer, which is improving without surgery, but will be avoiding impact activity for another 2-3 months.

Lots of activity here in Bennington: Retired from my Orthopaedic practice on June 30, after 37 years of stimulating and rewarding patient care. As a celebration of

this occasion and my 45th wedding anniversary with Lora, we took a National Geographic Cruise and photo expedition to Alaska. Great opportunity to enjoy and photograph whales, eagles, and families of grizzly bears fishing for salmon. The NG naturalists and photographers were phenomenal.

Soon after, we had a rendezvous in NYC with Warren and Marilyn Regalman. Lora and I had met at their wedding all those days ago and wanted to do the town in celebration. We were even able to get

tickets for Hamilton, which was one of the most captivating plays I've ever experienced. Fortunately, W and M are joining us for the class 70th birthday in Napa.

I am busy trying set up wineries for us to visit and certainly encourage classmates to contact Gerry Bell ASAP if they are interested in joining us in September.

Joe Leeper Received an Award

(received 12/30/15)

At the 2015 meeting of the California Geographic Society, I was named Educator of the Year. I was cited for 4+ decades of service to the CGS; for my numerous scholarly papers presented at annual CGS meetings; for my active Presidency, which led to constitutional revisions that helped double CGS membership; and for the establishment of student paper contests featuring financial awards for top papers. It was a most pleasant and humbling surprise.

Jim Frey Reports on His Alaska Adventure with John Hamer

(received 1/4/16)



John Hamer and Jim Frey in front of glacier

Alaska had been on our must-see list for many years, and my roommate of three years and fraternity brother, John Hamer, and his wife Mariana were interested in going there as well. In addition to meeting them occasionally since we've lived in Annapolis, the four of us have



Left to right: John Hamer, Mariana Parks, Iris Frey, Jim Frey with white whale skeleton

traveled together in Washington State (2004) and Oregon (2013). Mariana and Iris get along famously, and John and I have had a great relationship and shared many experiences since 1964.

We decided to investigate Alaskan cruise options on small boats, eliminating massive, 'floating city' cruise ships. Some friends of John's highly recommended the Alaskan Dream Cruises company, a subsidiary of Allen Marine, which built many of the ferries that service New York City. The majority of the ferries that rescued USAir passengers during *The Miracle on the Hudson* landing by Captain Sully Sullenberger were built by Allen Marine. We booked the last cruise of the season, an eight-day Glacier Bay and Island Adventure tour, starting on September 8th and ending on the 15th. (Interestingly, a few weeks after our booking, this cruise was offered by Dartmouth Alumni Travel.)

We sailed on *The Alaskan Dream*, a 40-passenger, 104-foot long catamaran-hulled boat (our Captain Eric's description

instead of calling her a ship). There are 18 staterooms, a lounge and presentation area, and a dining room.

Our eight days on the boat and in the natural settings was an immersion experience, not merely a cruise, accompanied by enjoyable, interesting fellow travelers. For over 40 years, Allen Marine Tours has featured the best of Southeast Alaska on custom-built boats. They showcase scenic beauty, amazing and abundant wildlife, and intriguing native culture. Many times, we lingered in the midst of foraging and spouting whales (with a few breaching ones); observed multitudes of sea lions, seals, puffins, cormorants, eagles, many other indigenous birds, and several bears; got really 'up close and personal' to thundering tidewater waterfalls and glaciers; and saw stunning wilderness areas accompanied by resident Tlingit tribal natives and *The Alaskan Dream's* cultural heritage guide and naturalist. The most fascinating part of the cruise for me occurred when Captain Eric pulled the boat nose-in to a double glacial waterfall and precisely maintained the forward engine speed to offset the powerful cascading waters and prevent passengers (and their cameras) from getting soaked.

The four of us can highly recommend Alaskan Dream Cruises to those looking for a different type of travel experience/adventure.

Jim Frey
410-757-9386

David Rossman and Richard Lappin in the Far East

(received 1/6/16)

David Rossman, '68, and Richard Lappin, '68, joined "American Paul" Rothschild, '67, for a trip to Vietnam and Cambodia in December. We all agreed that it was a much more pleasant experience than the one the government was offering to these locales back in the day, despite the fact that this trip didn't include free airfare. We were all astonished by how welcoming and gracious the people were. It was a trip that we all thought ranked at the top of our travel experiences.

David Rossman
Professor of Law
Boston University Law School
765 Commonwealth Ave.
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Left to right: David Rossman, Lynne Rossman, Paul Rothschild, Richard Lappin, Judy Lappin and Marsha Rothschild.

Some Wadlow Family News from Clark

(received 2/28/16)

By way of Wadlow family news, I offer the following:

After three years of designing, planning, and building, Vicki and I have finally moved into our new home on the Intracoastal Waterway near Wilmington, North Carolina. Shortly after we moved to Wilmington in 2013, we attended a cocktail party where one of the first people we met was Frank Gibson, Class of '67. Frank and his wife Judy have become our very close friends.

Son Jeff, '98, who was head worker at our 30th reunion, has just finished directing "The True Memoirs of an International Assassin" starring Kevin James, and is about to start work directing "The Hitman's Bodyguard" starring Ryan Reynolds. Both movies will be released later this year. Tom, two kids, now lives in Portland, OR, and works for Amazon in Seattle. Ray ('95) is an oncologist in Fairfax, with three kids—and Emily, age 12, talks about going to Dartmouth. Anne (01') lives in Massachusetts just outside Providence. She teaches Greek and Latin in high school and at Providence College, where her husband Fred teaches ancient History.

News Update from Fred Glickman

(Green Card received 3/21/16)

Last year, in early September, I hiked with friends for several days in the Northern Presidential Mountains in N.H. We hiked from hut to hut (actually bare bones lodgings serving very good food), in the system run by the Appalachian Mountain Club (AMC). Lots of young Dartmouth grads are among the kids staffing the huts. It reminded me how very special Dartmouth is due to its proximity to these mountains. The hiking is not easy, with endless rocks and boulders. The trails are steep. You need to carry extra gear even in the summer to protect against hypothermia. If you are at all interested, please go. We are not getting any younger. You will be well rewarded.

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Bob Haslach

Submitted by David Peck, 2/21/16

Robert Dittmar Haslach died of prostate cancer at his home in Washington, DC on October 27, 2015. Bob came to Dartmouth from Lake Forest, Illinois, and while at Dartmouth was active in the Barbary Coast, WDCR, the Jack-O-Lantern, and the Classics Club. He and wife Linda Allison were married in St. Thomas Church in Hanover in July of 1968, right after graduation. After Dartmouth, Bob moved on to the University of Chicago where he earned a Master of Arts in 1969.

His career in radio kicked off in Seattle, Washington, followed by more radio in the Netherlands and ten years working as a press person and speechwriter for the Royal Netherlands Embassy in Washington, DC. Later, he worked in international aid in the Francophone region of Africa. Later in his career, he worked as a translator in French and Dutch, and authored multiple books including a children's book *Rowley's Very Fine Day*, profiled in the November-December 2011 class column. Bob also nurtured a lifelong interest in drawing. Bob is survived by: his wife of 47 years Linda, two daughters and a son, three grandchildren, two sons-in-law, and many nieces and nephews. In addition, Bob was the nephew of Charles Dittmar, Class of 1943.

Jock Soper

Submitted by David Peck, 2/22/16

James "Jock" Macleod Soper died on December 21, 2015, in his retirement home of Patagonia, Arizona. Jock grew up in Darien, Connecticut, and attended St. Luke's School in New Canaan, where he was active in National Honor Society, the school newspaper, and served as both class secretary and class treasurer. At Dartmouth, his freshman year dorm was South Massachusetts, where classmates remember him as affable, pleasant and often smiling. College records show Jock was a member of Gamma Delta Chi, but left Dartmouth before graduating. His writing career began as a "cub reporter" for the Brattleboro Reformer in Brattleboro, Vermont. Jock moved on to New York City, where he worked in public relations and won a Silver Anvil Award from the Public Relations Society of America. Later, he moved to Sonoma County in California, where he wrote about one of his favorite interests, wine. Jock spent the last five years of his life semi-retired in the town of Patagonia, Arizona. He is survived by his wife of forty-two years, Pamela, and two children, Amada and Colin.

Bob Larson

Submitted by David Peck, 3/15/16

Robert Calvin Larson died December 29, 1914, of complications arising from lymphoma, after a ten-year battle. Bob grew up in Everett, Washington, where he captained the swim team and was involved in student government. As an undergraduate at Dartmouth, Bob was on the swim team during his freshman year, and majored in Geography. He was remembered by friend Dan Butterworth as an incredibly fit free spirit, nicknamed “Sex”, who would walk around shirtless, a cigarette behind his ear. Bob enjoyed muscle cars with big dice hanging from the mirror and a real record player under the dash. He received his Masters in 1970 from the University of Cincinnati and Doctorate from Indiana University in 1975. He spent most of his teaching career at Indiana State University, from where he retired in 2006. After retirement, he returned to the Pacific Northwest, settling in Port Angeles, Washington. Swimming remained an important part of his entire life: Bob was a Master’s swimmer for years, ranked in the top ten nationally in distance events numerous times. He is survived by his wife of thirty-five years Kate Larson and three children: sons Robert of Tacoma, WA, Jack of St. Louis, MO, and daughter Elizabeth Dicker of Chapel Hill, NC, as well as two grandchildren.

A “rambling memory of Bob” by Dan Butterworth, 2/20/16

Down in the Wigs, we all felt a bit “out of the loop” as far as the rest of the campus went. It made us all kind of stick together and join together on adventures. And it was wonderful to learn about other parts of the US.

Two characters, Bob Larson and (?) Fredrickson were from LA by the ocean. They were “looser” than us East Coast types, intriguing, and just “lots of fun.” Bob Larson was kind of shortish and incredibly fit and would walk around shirtless, a cigarette behind his ear.

He became known as “Sex.” That was the name we used to talk to him, etc. Lots of drinking bouts, lots of laughter- sitting on the floor propped against the wall talking about “everything.” Later that year the two visited me down in West Hartford during a vacation. We gathered with some people, and decided to go to a party somewhere with a weird guy driving another “muscle car.” “Sex” went with the other guy. He took off so fast that we couldn't keep up with him. In front of us he went around a corner, veered to the other side and, just able to avoid a taxi, flipped the car on its side. It slid a ways with sparks flying and came to a rest against a curb. “Sex” and the driver climbed out, shaken and ran over to our car. The crazy driver said to us- “That's the coolest thing I've ever done.” We left him to try to persuade the police that this was true.

Later, as the 60's invaded our lives, Bob stayed the same- it was kind of calming in a way- I remember walking up Wheelock and Bob pulled over. He now had a beautifully “souped up” muscle car with big dice hanging from the mirror. And.... he had an actual record player in the car under the dash. He could play 45s (lots of Beach Boys type of music).

Memories of John Rassias—A Great Friend and Teacher of the Class of 1968



Rassias hugs Clark Wadlow at ALPs graduation, 1999

Submitted by Clark Wadlow, 3/14/16

The Class of 1968 lost a great friend recently. As seniors, in a very perceptive move, we voted John Rassias the most outstanding teacher at Dartmouth. He had brought to us the joy of learning languages in an active and an interactive way -- in marked contrast to the dull, memorization-based methods we had all experienced in high school.

John had a great sense of humor. Like many of our classmates, I enrolled in one of his ALPs (Accelerated Language Programs) summer immersion programs in 1999, together with my wife. Vicki had lived in Italy for a year before entering college. For her, the class was, in John's words, akin to an archaeological dig, to find and restore her ability to speak Italian. In contrast, John suggested that for me it was more like a space shot, to see if there was intelligent life out there. The ALPs graduation was a fun spoof on the seriousness of academic events. John led all the graduates on a raucous tour of the campus, through the Inn, and into the Bema for delightful ceremony.

As a class we continued to have a close relationship with John. He famously tore his shirt open at one of our early reunions. And he repeated the show at our 40th reunion when he spoke at our class dinner.

Like many of our classmates, Vicki and I had the great experience of cruising the Greek Isles with John and his wife as part of the Dartmouth Alumni Travel program. There are so many great memories of having dinner on the ship with John, walking the streets of small island towns with John, and listening as he joyfully conversed with residents and others.

John Rassias was larger than life. He was funny, he was warm, and he was a hugger. With his passing, the Class of 1968 has lost one of its few remaining personal human contacts with the College we attended.

{Correction: The individual seen standing to the left of Tom Russian on p.26 of the Fall '15 Newsletter is Bryson Ley, not Dave Bergengren (thanks to Jim Noyes for catching this error).}

