



# The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Winter 2018

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*Images courtesy of Dartmouth Alumni Flickr account, campus photography by Joseph Mehling courtesy of Dartmouth College website*



## Editor's Note

The countdown is on toward our exciting and memorable “best ever” 50th reunion. At least 240 of us have indicated that we plan to attend and I hope that we’ll hit 300 classmates, as we get closer to the event. Check the ‘68 website ([www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org)) for the latest schedule updates. And don’t forget to fill out the “Who Are You” survey and receive a discount on your reunion costs.

In my request for submissions sent to you in October, I asked for you to weigh in on how attending Dartmouth College might have changed your life and hoped a few of you would respond. Since no one has yet taken me up on the offer, I feel compelled to write something that will hopefully inspire you to contribute next time.

What I cherish most about my Dartmouth education was the opportunity to broaden my world and explore the liberal arts with the guidance of dedicated and inspiring teachers. There was English 2 with the eloquent Jeffrey Hart, promoting the literature of World War I by author Robert Graves and poets Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon. And there was Greek and Roman Studies taught by delightfully pompous Bob Sweeney who presented classical historians Herodotus, Thucydides, and Tacitus, and the naughty poet Catullus – the author of racy poems appealing to Dartmouth guys. In Government 5 I read Plato’s Republic, John Stuart Mill, and William Graham Sumner and there was a fabulous seminar on Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy where only 12 of us devoured 450 pages per week. I loved the entertaining music courses of Jim Sykes (who could play any piece by ear on the piano) where we dissected Bach’s *B minor mass* and Verdi’s *Rigoletto*. But most memorable for me was Modern Art 56. Although I took it pass/fail and had to power book for the exam in my only ‘02 Room all-nighter, I was exposed to dozens of 20th century artists whose styles I gratefully recognize to this day. Who would believe that this remarkable educational journey including a semester in France would be available to a pre-medical student!

Apart from the world-class academics and many wonderful friendships, I was inspired by the outdoor culture of Dartmouth. Through the freshman trip and beyond, I gained a love for hiking and the out-of-doors, now passed on to my children. And thank-you Dartmouth for introducing me to skiing! From those early days of struggling with lace boots, cable bindings, and blue jeans, this WV boy has become a decent skier (although I never made it down Warden’s at the Skiway). As a student at the end of the evening, when WDCR signed off with *Dartmouth Undying*, I would always tear up. And I still do. Dartmouth has immeasurably enlarged and enriched my world.

Best,  
Dave Gang

## Message from Our Class President

Dear Classmates:

Given the approach of our 50th Reunion, it is no surprise that 2018 will be a noteworthy year for the Class of 1968. This year will also mark a vital threshold for the future of the College. In April we will formally launch a \$2.75 billion (or more) capital campaign. Our reunion will do its part in propelling the campaign through its early stages, toward our 250th anniversary next year, and beyond.

The guiding principles for the “Call to Lead” campaign will be a vision of Dartmouth’s distinguishing characteristics. This vision has been developed over the past few years through an inclusive process led by newish Board Chair, Laurel Richie ’81. Dartmouth stands apart as the fusion of a renowned liberal arts college and a robust research university. The five pillars that support our mission are: 1) liberal arts at the core (including science and technology but only in a broad context), 2) scholars who love to teach (world class research that embraces undergraduates), 3) base camp to the world (addressing global challenges at home and abroad), 4) profound sense of place (intimate community enhanced by a pristine environment), 5) adventuresome spirit (active involvement indoors and out to promote lifelong friendships and learning).

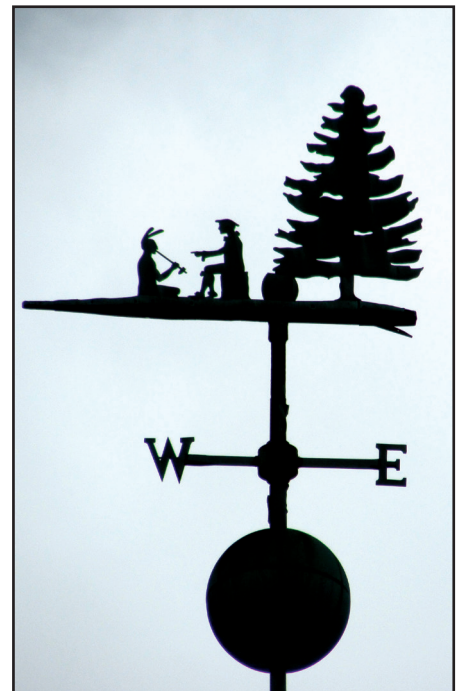
The funds needed to sustain this vision in our competitive world will span the full range of investments in academic resources, facilities, and student life. The largest single component will be student financial aid. The result will be strengthening our position as **AN IVY LEAGUE INSTITUTION, IN A LEAGUE OF ITS OWN.**

As the campaign unfolds, we will confront another pivotal decision. In August, President Hanlon established the “Enrollment Task Force” to consider the opportunities and challenges of increasing undergraduate enrollment by 10 to 25%. Its charge is unusual: it is to determine how, not whether, such a plan might be executed. The “whether” will be decided by the Trustees. The Alumni Council and the Task Force have requested input on this process from all sides. These requests have stimulated the most spontaneous and spirited commentary as on any issue facing the College in many years. Some of our classmates’ thoughts are reflected elsewhere in this newsletter.

Whether or not you favor expansion (and I suspect that our demographic will have a knee-jerk opposition), there is sound basis for carefully considering it. We are the smallest among our peers and getting smaller as half of them have or are expanding meaningfully. Our small size hampers our ability to be recognized for our outstanding scholarship with consequent adverse effect on faculty recruiting and ranking recognition. Nevertheless, I believe that the decision on expansion should be based upon a careful evaluation as to whether or not expansion would enhance the vision as expressed above.

All the best

Peter Fahey  
President, Class of 1968



## Reunion Housekeeping: An Update

By Gerry Bell

Since we've had a number of reunion-related communications go out recently, I'm reluctant to become a constant buzz in your ears—but NL editor **Dave Gang** persuaded me that a reunion “housekeeping” piece might be helpful. Here goes:

**Reunion tariff:** We've developed a pretty firm estimate of our core reunion tariff, and I think you'll like it when you see it, especially with the 20% discount available if you complete our “Who Are You?” survey. More on that in a minute. But we need your help—soon—in coming up with budgets for our Early Bird reunion Thursday at Mt. Moosilauke, and for our Extended Experience stayover for Sunday and Monday. Both have budget items (buses, tents, etc.) that don't lend themselves to smooth continuous per-capita costs: once we reach and cross certain attendance thresholds, the cost jumps until more people help smooth out the per-capita tariff.

We can extrapolate attendance numbers from the “Feedback City” results received so far—and many thanks to the classmates who have returned theirs already. We can also make some educated guesses based on prior classes' experience, but still, there's nothing like hard information. So consider this our impassioned plea: if you're planning to attend, or even just considering planning to attend, please complete the Feedback City survey on the class website and return it to me, **David Walden**, or **Peter Wonson**. The website has new and improved instructions to help you bring this off.

Thanks for this, guys. Time is of the essence if we're going to get good budget estimates early on. Please take a few minutes to complete the survey and return it to us. Note: Several of you have pointed out our egregious proofreading mistake, wherein we listed activities for Monday under “Sunday” subheads. Yes, your committee—all of us, we all missed it—sucks at proofreading. Mea culpa. It's since been fixed in the survey copy.

**Reunion speakers:** We have two immensely popular and respected members of the Dartmouth community lined up to speak to us during reunion. Not going to scoop ourselves and reveal their names now, but I will tell you we are incredibly fortunate to have them. These will be fascinating—and relevant—talks!

**Who Are You?** Our Proust questionnaire, photo album, essay opportunity and “top five” lists have been available for on-line completion since October 15. Instructions are on the class website, and the link is [www.D68WhoAreYou.org](http://www.D68WhoAreYou.org). If you haven't

completed your “Who Are You” survey, take a few minutes during your holiday breather and do so. It's easy, it's fun, it's stimulating, and most of all, it's like finding gold in the street - up to 20% off your core reunion tariff!

**Special Interest Presentations (SIPs):** The feedback survey responses we've had to date include a fair number of classmates and spouses who would like to attend more than one SIP. If there's interest, and agreement by the presenters, we might be able to do a SIP rerun immediately after the first presentation Friday afternoon. If you're interested in attending more than one of these, just say “yes” or “probably” for those on your feedback survey questionnaire.

**Private Accommodations:** Some classmates (and spouses!) prefer private accommodations to dorm living during reunion. But these digs were hard to come by even last summer, and close to impossible now. A few of us made private reservations during the summer, but have since decided that our reunion responsibilities require that we stay close by in the dorms—which, by the way, are air conditioned and very comfortable, not roughing it at all. So if you're having a lack of success finding private quarters, and really would prefer them, please contact me and I'll try to be a clearinghouse for transferring reservations.

**What's New? Dave Gang** is always asking us to send in news to help with the newsletter. Here's mine: I can't think of anything more disruptive than the reunion chairman moving during the run-up to reunion, thereby sowing confusion everywhere—but that's what I did. New address: 486 Birch Hill Rd., Shaftsbury, VT 05262. New email address: [skiboy1968@comcast.net](mailto:skiboy1968@comcast.net) New phone number: 802-430-7382.

Robert Frost scholars will note that Shaftsbury is the location of the woods Frost stopped by on that snowy evening—he was living in Shaftsbury when he wrote the poem. I don't know if Birch Hill Rd. was the place where he swung on birches, but it might have been—lots of birches hereabouts. So—my 15 minutes of fame!

Thanks for reading. Again, please help us out with your feedback on reunion activity plans. I know **Dave Gang** has some other participatory activities listed elsewhere in this newsletter, and **Dave Peck** has some others on the class Facebook page. Let's have some fun in this reunion run-up—our 50th is just around the corner, you know!

## Message From Your Gift Planning Chair: The Most Tax-Efficient Way to Give to Dartmouth

By Ed Heald

We are now at an age where, if you have an IRA or other qualified retirement account (403-b, TSA, 457, etc.), you are required to make an annual withdrawal, the amount of which is based on the age you will be during the calendar year and the value as of the last day of the prior year. Obviously, this amount will vary annually. Under normal circumstances, this annual mandatory withdrawal, known as the Required Minimum Distribution (RMD), will be added to your other taxable income (investment, self-employment, perhaps even social security, etc.) for determining the amount of income tax to be paid.

There is a way to assure yourself of getting a full deduction of the amount you give, and reducing your taxable income, all at the same time. This is known as the Direct Charitable Distribution from an IRA (it only applies to IRAs at this time, so this may lead you to want to discuss with your financial or tax advisor if you should roll other retirement monies into an IRA. **Unless the money is in an IRA before year-end 2017, you will not be able to take advantage of this manner of giving for our reunion**).

### Here is how this Direct Charitable Distribution works:

- The first step is to determine the amount of your RMD;
- Once you know that amount, you can determine how much of that amount, up to the full RMD amount but not to exceed \$100,000, you want to gift to Dartmouth;
- You would then contact your financial advisor or the entity that is the sponsor of your IRA to complete a distribution form, designating the amount and the Payee, being the "Trustees of Dartmouth College";
- You can have the check for this distribution mailed to you, which you then forward to the College, or you can have the check sent directly to the College;
- In either case, you want to be sure that you are clearly identified as the donor of this gift. I would strongly recommend you have the check sent to you, then mailed with a cover letter to the College.

### Why is this the most tax-efficient means of giving to Dartmouth?

- The amount you gift reduces the RMD amount you are required to withdraw, which means that you would then have a lower taxable income than if you have the full RMD amount paid to you;
- Since the gift amount directly reduces the amount of the RMD dollar-for-dollar, you have effectively received a 100% deductibility of the gift, with no tax-benefit reduction based on total income;
- The reduction in income may also reduce your Medicare insurance premiums you pay, since those are variable depending on your income;
- Also, if in the past you may have gifted appreciated securities to avoid the 15-20% capital gain tax, doing the Direct Charitable Distribution instead shelters money from income tax brackets as high as 37%, which far outweighs the avoidance of the capital gain tax.

No, you do not get a charitable gift deduction on your tax return doing this, but, remember, inside your IRA you have deducted this gift amount fully against what would otherwise have been taxable income, thereby reducing the taxable income from your IRA and getting a 100% benefit.

If this appeals to you, and you have any questions about doing this, send me an email at [esheald@aol.com](mailto:esheald@aol.com) or call my cell at 978-430-3165. Or you can use the following links to the Dartmouth web site pages regarding this process. The links are [https://www.dartmouth.edu/~gpo/ira\\_rollover.html](https://www.dartmouth.edu/~gpo/ira_rollover.html) and [https://www.dartmouth.edu/~gpo/ira\\_rolloverFAQs.html](https://www.dartmouth.edu/~gpo/ira_rolloverFAQs.html).

I have already done this for 2017 year, and I will be doing this again for making my gift in 2018. Join me.



## Charitable Gift Annuity: The Gift That Keeps on Giving

By Ed Heald

As we approach our 50th reunion in June, I have two questions for you. Is your heart with Dartmouth, but your financial need is here and now? Might you also like a tax saving benefit along the way? If you find yourself in this situation, answering yes to both questions, I have good news for you. You can satisfy them all in one simple way!

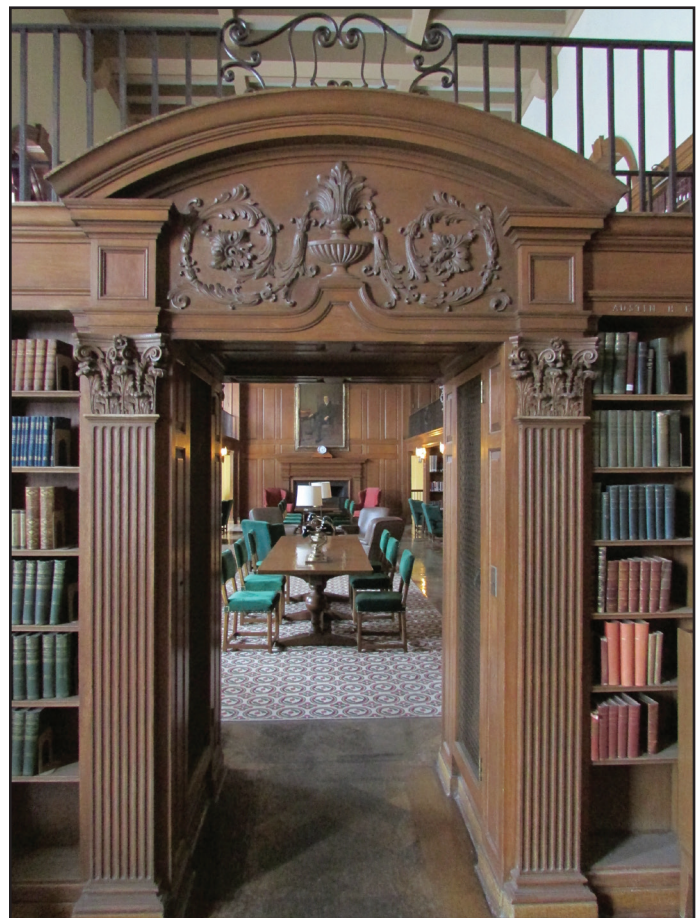
There is a way for you to make a gift to Dartmouth, yet retain a lifetime income stream from that gift for as long as you and, if married, your spouse are alive. It provides an income you can never outlive! This method of gifting yet keeping an income is referred to as a Charitable Gift Annuity. Here is how this Charitable Gift Annuity works, with an example for your consideration:

- The first step is to determine the amount of gift you would like to make to Dartmouth. In this example, I will use a \$100,000 gift (Note-the minimum for utilizing this approach is \$10,000);
- Depending on your age, the income paid to you, and subsequently to your spouse if married and you predecease her, is determined. For a male age 71, the annual fixed annuity payment would be \$5,300. For a married couple with him being 71 and her being 68, the annual fixed annuity payment would be \$4,500. This income continues until the demise of the donor (if no spouse) or the donor and donor's spouse (if a couple), whomever lives the longer;
- Along the way, you would receive a charitable tax deduction for a portion of the gift you make. As in this example, if single, the deduction would be \$41,077. For the couple in the example, the deduction would be \$32,389;
- One additional benefit is that a portion of the annual annuity payment you receive is income tax free.

The College will gladly and easily work out all the calculations and details for your consideration. The folks in the Gift Planning office can be reached at 800-451-4067, or by email at [gift.planning@dartmouth.edu](mailto:gift.planning@dartmouth.edu).

I know personally that as Sue and I were planning for my retirement, the twin goals of doing something meaningful for Dartmouth yet still keeping a source of retirement income for us were very important to us. The Charitable Gift Annuity enables someone to achieve both objectives. How much better can it get?

If you would like to discuss this personally, I would be most willing to accommodate your call. I can be reached at [esheald@aol.com](mailto:esheald@aol.com), or at 978-430-3165.



## Renewed Call for Class of 1968 50th Reunion Virtual Art Show

**A Proposal from David Peck**



*Photo from Eric Hatch's current photography exhibit:  
"Hard Times for These Times"*

As part of our upcoming 50th Reunion, now in most active planning, the Class is planning a Virtual Art Show. Our goal will be to invite digital submissions of photographs, art, sculpture, architecture and other forms of art, from our classmates and their spouses and significant others. The submissions will be gathered into a virtual gallery presentation on a large monitor at our Reunion headquarters or some other convenient location. The presentation would include profiles of each of the artists who submitted material. For an example of how a Virtual Art Show could and should work, check out the Class of 1961 link: <http://www.dartmouth61artshow.org/>.

Once our reunion is complete, we can put the Art Show up on our class website.

We invite every class member and his spouse/significant other to contribute to our Virtual Art Show. We hope to begin active collection of submitted digital images in early 2018. If you are interested, please contact **David Peck** at 508-746-5894 or [davidbpeck@aol.com](mailto:davidbpeck@aol.com).



## A Spirited Discussion: '68's Weigh in on College Expansion

(conducted by email: 11/20 – 11/21/17)

### Cliff Groen:

The idea to expand the College by 10 to 25 percent is a very bad idea. Why expand at all? The beauty of the College is its small size. Expansion will ruin that excellent experience. I do not understand this idea. Why rush with this idea?

### Peter Thompson:

I agree—the campus already has lost much of the open space we enjoyed in the 60s. And whatever happened to Small is Beautiful? Lost along with other good ideas like Zero Population Growth and Diet for a Small Planet, I guess.

### George Bruns:

I agree. There has been a constant pressure by colleges and universities to expand without concern for the cost of the overhead taken on. The result has been to price a private education out of the reach of many students, regardless of scholarship offsets. More attention should be placed on living within the school's means rather than going larger.

### Ron Weiss:

Probably more income. I think it will degrade the small school experience.

### Tony Choueke:

"It is," as someone very intelligent once said, "a small college but there are those who love it." It would be a great mistake to make it bigger and for those who prefer bigger there are other alternatives. Keeping it small is what makes it special. We need the spirit of our own Daniel Webster to plead our case again, and if necessary, again and again.

### Joe Grasso:

"It is a small college but there are those of us who love her." (Partly for that reason.) I am increasingly resigned to the idea that I had the best of the Dartmouth experience, and we will never recapture or replicate it in the future.

### Gerry Bell:

Dale Carnegie's "How to Win Friends and Influence People": Page 1— "Everybody wants to be important." Gerry's Corollary: If they're already important, they want to be more important." I'd say this is empire building, pure and simple, but there's more to it than that.

You guys may recall my NL rant a few years ago about, "Why the hell does Dartmouth cost so much?" One of the reasons is faculty composition, demand, and expense. More and more kids are gravitating to economics/finance/STEM in pre-professional training for the big bucks, so there is increased demand for a much larger world-class faculty in those areas. Meanwhile, enrollment in humanities courses has decreased substantially, but the humanities faculty remains the same size. Dartmouth is not going to chainsaw cut the humanities faculty and destroy morale, but they have to meet the increased demand in other areas. They're pretty much tapped out as to how much they can charge, so the answer is a larger "clientele."

The sad thing is that this has happened because of the demand for pre-professional training, which John Dickey decried and insisted that was not what Dartmouth was about. I fear we are losing our way as a liberal arts college and becoming an undergraduate business school. And that's a shame: how many of our class have said, "I came to Dartmouth intending to study x, but I discovered (completely different) y, and that changed my life."

The answer to "we have to meet the demand" is "Really?" There are 20,000 kids a year who want into Dartmouth. I bet some of them would sit still for distributive requirements and the sophomore hurdle.

In any case, I agree with **Joe Grasso**. We had the best of the Dartmouth experience. That's the anguished cry of old men, sure, but it's the truth.

### Peter Fahey:

In my opinion, the main valid argument for expansion is this (never publicly explicitly expressed this way): all of our major competitors have expanded making us smaller and smaller on a relative basis; this is not a problem from a student point of view but makes it harder to recruit world class faculty which adversely affects our reputational ratings which are already in long term decline.

Nevertheless, I am personally not in favor of expansion for a different reason. I think the College leadership underestimates the financial challenge of getting from here to there (i.e. I don't think we can execute the larger capital campaign that would be necessary to successfully expand). Therefore, I think we should continue to make Dartmouth an even better version of the distinctive institution that it is.

**David Peck:**

I will take a slightly different take, being reluctantly, and cautiously, supportive of the possibility of expansion. As **Peter Fahey** noted, most or all of our Ivy League brethren have expanded or are in the process. We are the smallest, and getting relatively smaller. Dartmouth expanded when we went co-educational (wasn't the school around 3,200 when we were undergraduates?) and to my mind with no loss of the essential Dartmouth experience, and perhaps made it a better place. Expansion can happen and retain our special character. We had a terrific four years at Dartmouth, academic and social, and I think the students are getting a similar, if different, rich experience. A larger Dartmouth won't be the same, but at the same time, it can be, if properly considered and managed. Given my druthers, I would rather not expand, but I would not object.

**Peter Thompson:**

A response to **Peter Fahey's** comments regarding competitive edge: I see no evidence of decline in Dartmouth's ability to attract the very best professors, dedicated both to undergraduate teaching and research. That balance is critical to the student experience today as it was in 1968. Nor do I see a decline in the caliber of students, despite our small size. It seems some of this discussion came up several years ago when it was proposed that Dartmouth should become "Dartmouth University."

Another consideration is the size of Hanover and the impact on the Upper Valley. We are not Cambridge, Providence, or New Haven. Already townspeople are complaining as Dartmouth expands in every direction, most recently in reaction to the proposal to build a huge indoor sports' facility right next to a residential neighborhood. Now, one easy solution to the room problem would be a few high-rise dorms on the south end of the Green. (Just kidding!) I say all this not out of nostalgia, but from comparing my own experiences teaching at a very small but excellent college in the Midwest, versus teaching at a biggish university in New England.

**John Isaacson:**

Dartmouth has a very fine national and international ranking, based almost entirely on two elements, one dependent on the other. We are Ivy. That drives brand and the student experience has, overall, been strong, with some dents here and there, so admissions remains strong and keeps us in the top dozen or so in the country.

If we were ranked on the distinction of our faculty (research, publication, effect on basic structural understandings or the world's largest problems in knowledge or effect), we would slip badly,

somewhere in the 20's or lower. That's partly culture. We were never sure if we were a liberal arts college or a university and partly size and endowment. There is only so much we can sustain in what is a very competitive neighborhood. These inquiries are all driven by the long term need to defend the brand.

**Peter Thompson:**

So why pay so much attention to these rankings? Listen to the students! Listen to the younger faculty! Why do they come to Dartmouth? Partly because they like the interactions between students and faculty that a small college provides. There is a place for a "small college" among the Ivies. If Dartmouth gets too big, students who seek a small college will go elsewhere: Middlebury, Macalester, Grinnell. . .

Also, Dartmouth is not a brand, nor a business. "[Our] business here is learning," a friend of ours once told us.

**John Isaacson:**

Here is a little note I sent to the Enrollment Task Force yesterday. As a matter of mission and student experience, I am confident. I think it is a tactical matter of economics and in general small colleges can't spread their overhead function.

*Dear Task Force,*

*I view this as purely tactical. At the level of high mission, Dartmouth has a wonderful education to offer and offering it to more students strikes me as a good idea. The demand is clearly there. The tactics are simply a calculus of costs for housing, faculty and student services and the corresponding revenue. I suspect it is cost effective, given the capacity to spread overhead but those are analytic and tactical questions. If they are resolved, I am an enthusiast. The world needs more Dartmouth. Go Green.*

**Dave Gang:**

I confess that I am an addict for all the college rating surveys that I see in Forbes, US News, and Facebook and I get upset when Dartmouth starts dropping. Dartmouth as a "small college" is in a category all its own. It's not a big research university like Harvard or Stanford, but a small research university whose primary focus is on undergraduate education. Yet we are rated and compared to institutions with tens of thousands of students and faculties many times the size of Dartmouth's. When I interviewed high school applicants (I stopped 3 years ago), we were losing students locally to Williams and Middlebury more so than to Harvard and Yale. Many students see us more like a small New England liberal arts college than a big city university. The idea of enlarging appeals to me as more students can be exposed to the unique environment and extraordinary education



that Dartmouth offers. However, I am concerned about the congestion in Hanover and the loss of open space now enjoyed by students and residents. Think of 1000 more cars on campus and the effort of trying to drive into town on a fall weekend and finding a place to park. It will be a huge challenge financially to grow Dartmouth and maintain its unique character. I'm skeptical that this can be done in the small New England town (village) of Hanover.

**Peter Thompson:**

One solution for you personally would be to kick the addiction! I taught at Cornell College in Iowa for 15 years, which had many of the characteristics that I liked best about Dartmouth: small size, village setting, emphasis on liberal arts. So when I hear these comparisons you mention I too mentally compare Dartmouth to the likes of Williams, Middlebury, Cornell, Macalester, Oberlin, Grinnell. Dartmouth is in good company. To hell with the Ivy League if it means selling our soul! And as someone else mentioned, we still attract the very best students. No real worries there.

**Woody Thompson:**

I read a recent news article describing a controversial proposal to build a large new dorm complex in the forested area right behind the college observatory and Bartlett Tower. The idea is to add another 1000 students, but the dorm construction (drilling and blasting) has raised alarms with the astronomy and physics departments. As others have commented, I think that Dartmouth is at a good size and there would be many downsides to major expansion. Maybe open a satellite campus in the College Grant. I agree with the reasons many have expressed here, for not greatly expanding the size of the college.

**Bill Rich:**

My fear is that this expansion is already a done deal and that the early/mid-December deadline will pass before people can rally and submit objections. With recent financial information in hand, I worry that the College will find a way to lose more money on a larger scale with more students and a much greater sprawl of buildings all over the Bema park and the rest of Hanover. I still love the College, but I do not love Phil Hanlon.

## Class Connections Update

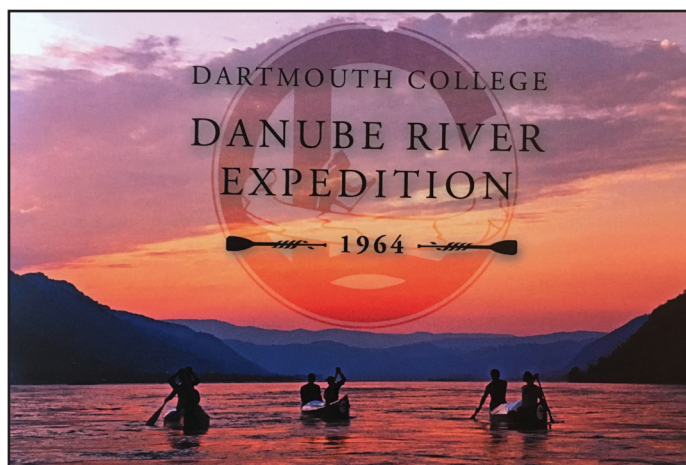
**By John Engelman**

For those who are planning on attending the Okemo Mini-Reunion in January, we have invited the Class of 2018 to join us for a day of skiing on Tuesday, January 23rd. The invitation was accepted with great enthusiasm, so we are anticipating an enjoyable gathering of '68s and '18s. We don't have a list of the '18s who will be joining us, but **Gerry Bell** will have that by mid-January. So wax your skis, pack your most fashionable ski outfits, sharpen your edges, and get ready to show these youngsters how a group of old fart alumni can handle the slopes.



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

By **Bill Rich**



### “This Trip Changed My Life”

#### **Trips Past, Present, and Future**

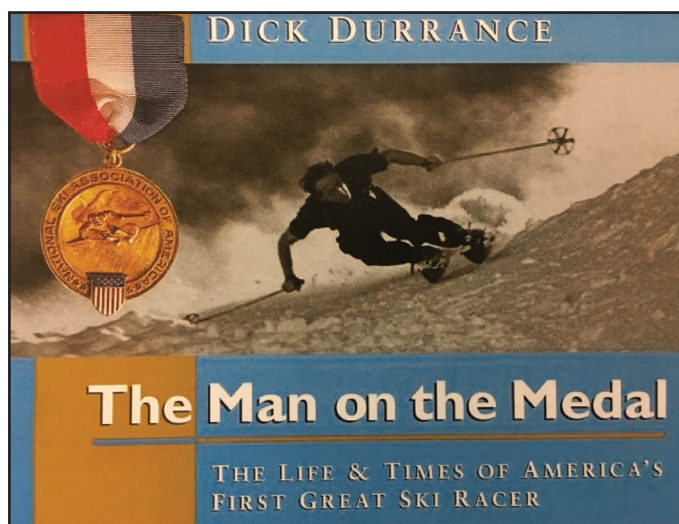
An alert reader might ask, “What is all this? I thought our Newsletter would just inform us about classmates and what they are up to!” Good question. But, my task is to write about how each of us in the Class of '68 finds that we are connected to the College we attended and to Dartmouth Trips—Freshman or otherwise. Basically, as I am writing about Trips, I am hoping you will cut me a little slack!

In this submission to our Class Newsletter, I am moved to highlight a critical point. There is something unique to Dartmouth and it sits at the heart of why we should support our Reunion Gift to the College. And, at the core of the College are the Dartmouth Trips. I contend that they are the personification of the College in so many important ways. So, that’s why I choose to write about them. And, it’s why I hope you will choose to continue to support our 50th Reunion Gift to the College.

I hold a strong belief that the Present and Future are built on the shoulders of the Past. When we ask for gifts to support the future, we carry forward the qualities of the institution – qualities that were established some time ago. Our Reunion Questionnaire asks Who Are We? I would ask further—And Where Have We Come From? What are our values and strengths, our virtues and foibles, our enduring qualities? Why is it that Dartmouth is

“miraculously builded in our hearts?” The answers should lead us to celebrate three of the icons who have built our past. I hope you enjoy their stories – I could have chosen many others. And, the answers will also lead us to enjoy and consider carefully three Dartmouth Trips—the trips I call **Fame**, **Fable**, and **Fail** (the two latter to be published in the spring 2018 Issue).

But, again, why all of this attention to Trips? Here’s why. If I were President of Dartmouth College, I would make the following proclamation. I would make it clear that Dartmouth is not “almost” like Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. Or, for that matter Brown, Columbia, Cornell, or Penn. No, we are different, different, and different! And, if you don’t like who we are, don’t come! As Daniel Webster said, we make Men (and Women)! We make leaders, artists, enterprising people, teammates, volunteers, problem solvers. How do we do this? It starts on Day One with Trips - Run totally by students - Challenging, Rewarding, Demanding, Inspiring. We get out of our Comfort Zone, away from our Safe Zone – and into our Achieve Zone. And, we have lots of fun doing all of this! Which all other schools can see but are afraid to admit! This is Who We Are!



*Dick Durrance—A Dartmouth Icon*



## Dartmouth Icons and What We Can Learn From Them

By **Bill Rich**

### Two members of the Class of '39

#### Dick Durrance

How crazy is this? A boy is born in Florida, but his mother doesn't think the local schools are any good – and she has heard good things about the schools in Germany. So, she picks up her family and goes there. While riding the train, she sees a charming little town and says let's get out here! And, that is how the Durrance family ended up in Garmisch-Partenkirchen! The young boy hangs out with friends who like to climb mountains in the summer and ski in the winter. He becomes a German national champ and later one of the best skiers in the world. He is told that Dartmouth is the college to attend for a young man like him. A many times college and U.S. champ, Durrance was really the first American to excel on the world stage. But, you have to understand that skiing was different then. For the downhill, you had a start and a finish, but often no gates in between. Durrance would scope out the mountain and see where he might take a shortcut. Once, he intentionally skied off a cliff, did an unplanned flip and a half, and broke through the crust below with his head. He dug himself out, finished the race, and came in 14th. A short and stocky man, he would ski with his chin seemingly inches above his ski tips. His goal was to get down the mountain the quickest way possible. Because of his long US dominance and being the first to achieve International success, Durrance is the Man on the Medal of the US National Ski



*Dick Durrance*

Association. But, he didn't stop there. When the War broke out, he became an expert in designing equipment at Boeing. After the War, he became a pioneer developer and manager of many leading ski areas, including Alta and Sun Valley. He knew how to get something done and promote it, which is how he brought the 1950 FIS Alpine World Championships to Aspen, representing the first world championship to be held in the US and the first to be held outside of Europe. As his ski racing wound down, he became an expert photographer and created many beautiful ski documentary films. He blended comfortably with socialites who admired his mix of athleticism, accomplished talents, and arts – all on a world stage. What strikes me most about

this man is that he was a Free Spirit, was supremely confident, was personable and persuasive, and was an unusually creative and imaginative person. How fortunate it must have been for any of us who had the pleasure and honor of getting to know this extraordinary man! His son Dick carries forward his love of photography and sense of adventure (read further to see how!).

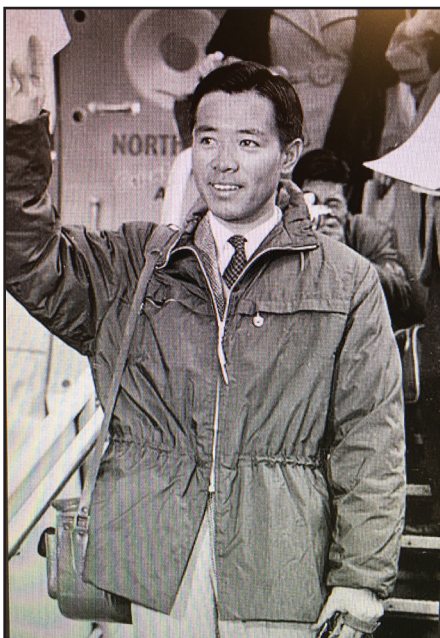
#### Howard (Chief) Chivers

Born into a family of educators, Howard Chivers was the son of Arthur, a Dartmouth biology professor, and the brother of Warren, the Headmaster at Vermont Academy. It is unclear if he learned first to walk or to ski, but like his classmate, Chivers became a leading US skier. Just as Durrance was the top US alpine skier for many years, Chivers was our top nordic ski racer. A February 6, 1937 New York Times article notes "Dartmouth Pride. The twenty-seventh Winter Carnival opens and Dartmouth earns a 'perfect score' as Chivers leads a 1, 2, 3 sweep in the cross country and Durrance wins the downhill and Francioli of the Swiss team finished second." Whereas Dick Durrance may have built a greater International reputation, Howie Chivers was content to focus more on North America. Leader of the 1939 best American cross country team ever assembled, Chivers (with Durrance) was a member of our strongest and internationally dominant 1940 US Olympic ski team (which was denied glory due to the cancellation of those Olympics). This team, by the way, our best ever, was essentially

*Continued on page 12*

totally comprised of Dartmouth skiers! After the War, Chivers coached and taught at West Point and then ran the Ford Sayer ski program in Hanover. In 1948, he began managing the Keewaydin Canoe Camp in Temagami, Ontario, and in 1956, he was named the founding manager of the Dartmouth Skiway. In 1961, he bought Keewaydin, and all of the guides (except Nishe Belanger) sensed that Chivers was in a vulnerable financial position and immediately went on strike, demanding much higher pay. Reckoning that those demands would have bankrupted him, Chief fired all of the guides and was forced to find replacements in a few short weeks. Some of those striking guides later came back and asked to be hired at their original pay, but he told them to take a hike. (And, by that, he wasn't referring to a Freshman Trip!). Chief built Keewaydin Camp into the world's largest owner of wood and canvas canoes and significantly grew its enrolment. He retired after the 1974 season. In February 1984, he participated with speed and grace in a cross country ski race. Three weeks later, he died way too young of cancer from a melanoma he couldn't see on his back. Many of us knew Howie Chivers from the Skiway, and a few of us knew Chief from Keewaydin. Some of us even know how he lost a finger. He always struck me as a humble man with a quiet sense of humor. I witnessed his grace and kindness. When challenged, he could also be very tough. If Dick Durrance put American downhill skiing on the map, Howard Chivers put American cross country skiing there as well.

## Chiharu (Chick) Igaya '57



*Igaya at the airport*

In 1951, just a few short years after World War II and its significant hostilities between the United States and Japan, Corneilius Vander Starr encountered an enterprising young man in a Tokyo ski shop. Starr, known as Neil or CV, was the founder of American International Group (AIG), which built a huge and profitable business in Asia. Over the years, Starr placed some forty young men at American colleges and universities (many at Dartmouth), and these individuals often returned the favor by going to work at his company. Despite some concerns and reservations from friends and family—as it was only two years after the formal signing of the US—Japan Peace Treaty, Igaya ventured off to Dartmouth

in 1953. He wasn't too worried as he had encountered many Americans at the Oslo Olympics in 1952. In all, Igaya skied at three Olympics including 1956 in Cortina d'Ampezzo and 1960 at Squaw Valley. He won six American national college championships and five national championships winning at various times the alpine combined, the slalom, the downhill, and the giant slalom. Just as Dick Durrance had created a skiing style he called the Dipsy Doodle, Chick employed what he called the Cha Cha Cha. Ironically, after all of the greats who preceded him, when he won the silver medal in 1956, Igaya became the first Dartmouth skier ever to earn an Olympic medal. Back on campus for exams after his Olympic success, Chick was just one of the guys. When he returned to Japan, he was honored as a national hero! Since graduation, Igaya has been a leader in the insurance industry and for his native country in Olympic and other sports advocacy. He hopes to pin a medal on a Dartmouth athlete sometime at a Japanese Olympics.



*Igaya skiing on a roof*



## The First of Three Particularly Noteworthy Dartmouth Trips

By Bill Rich



I have chosen to highlight three Dartmouth trips for a variety of reasons. The first of these appears below and the others will be featured in the spring newsletter. Having learned all about alliteration at Dartmouth and probably being just a bit too clever, I call these trips **Fame**, **Fable**, and **Fail**. None of these is a garden variety, everyday trip. Each one reveals a lot about Dartmouth and the trips we take. Think about what made these trips turn out the way they did.

### **Fame**

The Dartmouth Rugby Football Club's 1958 trip to England actually began in Shanghai in 1939 when CV Starr (remember that name?) got to know the parents of three year-old Dick Liesching. As war began to break out, the Lieschings moved back to England, and young Dick was whisked away to school in the western countryside. As he neared college age, he thought it would be fun to go to a coed school like Middlebury, but CV Starr instead steered him to Dartmouth. While the modern Dartmouth Rugby club had

been founded in 1952, Dick Liesching found it in 1955 to be quite unserious: the boys played games, but didn't practice much at all. They basically used the sport as an excuse to drink beer, and they sometimes "watered" their own playing field. Right away, Dick set several goals for the club: to become more serious, to recruit football players to play rugby, and to plan a trip to England, his

*Continued on page 14*

hometown and the home of rugby. As an aside, Dick thought this would be a really cool way to get to meet the Earl of Dartmouth. So, how did it happen? In 1952, along with the founding of the rugby club, Corey Ford, a writer, humorist, outdoorsman, and member of the Columbia class of 1923, retired to Hanover. In 'Football for Fun' he wrote, "Perhaps you wonder how I came to take up rugby. Well, the fact is that rugby took up me. My home here in Hanover adjoins the college playing-fields; and so in the course of time it has been adopted as headquarters of the Dartmouth Rugby Club, an independent organization which has no home of its own. I am hailed as 'Coach' for want of a better title." The beloved Ford took in some of the players as residents, offered students access to the boxing ring in his house, and in the summer of 1958, in response to an invitation from Eddie Eagan, Chairman of the Sports Committee of the Eisenhower People-to-People program, soon found himself planning a trip to England. Requests for financial support went out, and the money began to trickle in, but it wasn't until the last minute—after several players had already gone home for Christmas—that Sigurd Larmon, president of Young & Rubicam, gave the funds to put them over the top. Finally, the plans had fallen into place. Dick Liesching's father Raymond had arranged games for the team and an itinerary was set. But, then, getting wind of these plans, the president of the British Rugby Union declared that no British team would be allowed to add a Dartmouth game to an already full schedule. Raymond Liesching called and told his son, "Don't come! There are no games!" So, the trip was off. The next day, he called again to say that he had been able to schedule one game – would they still like to come? Dick Liesching (President), John Hessler (Captain), Will Gray (Secretary), and Earl Glazier (Treasurer) then met at Corey Ford's and decided to go, even if it was for just the one game. After the first game against Haselmere (a 12-0 win), the Old Milhillian team observed that the Dartmouth players knew what they were doing and scheduled a second game - and five more matches promptly fell into place. Watching the second game, former All-England player Jerry Jenkins joined the team at halftime and told them that thereafter, he would become their coach and help them guard in lanes rather than pursue like crazy all over the field. Rather than thinking about winning, the British were more concerned that these Yanks played their game well and in the proper way. Our boys had a lot to learn: in England, you warm up in the locker room and not on the field lest it seem to be showing off, you discreetly call out "Well played, indeed" instead of the more vulgar "Hit 'em," you never cheer when an

opposing player leaves the field with an injury as it appears to be taking joy in his misery, there is a ritual where each team cheers the other off the field after a game, and you sit in a pool after a game with the other team prior to showering and then dining together with lady friends and other fans. Although they had a lot to learn, the Dartmouth boys did pretty well, winning five of their seven games. I wish I could share the stories I've learned of what happened to the celebratory scotch bought in the Shannon airport to be consumed on the way home, or the number of players allowed to go to Paris during a four-day break in the trip, or the way Al "The Tractor" Krutsch won over the Brits with his humor about his weight in stones, or that if a British player grabs you firmly by the front of your shorts you just don't exclaim that "he has grabbed me by the somethings," or the unexpected fund raising that occurred at a Pensioner's Home on the first night in England, or the fact that the Dartmouth rugby players had become the Kings of the Land in England during this trip. Oh, and that they actually DID get to meet the Earl of Dartmouth—and Field Marshall "Monty" Montgomery too. All of the players found this to be an incredibly positive experience, it was truly ground-breaking, and remains a wonderful memory. This trip, more than anything else, established the legacy for the Dartmouth Rugby Football Club that now rules the Ivy League and is a national powerhouse. There is, however, a sad footnote. When Corey Ford died in 1969 and left his estate mostly to the Rugby Club - for the purpose of building a proper clubhouse - the College dithered and resisted for an embarrassing thirty-six years. Today, the stunning Corey Ford clubhouse finally sits in the most beautiful rugby setting in the land.

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## Summary Thoughts About Dartmouth

I can still remember the day I knew I wanted to go to Dartmouth. I may have been only nine years old when we took our trip to Hanover, but I could see that Dartmouth was a community with character and personality and spirit. My dad was a Dartmouth Class of 1930 and had shared a suite in his fraternity with John Sloan Dickey (maybe the reason I was accepted!). My parents had just bought a neglected old farmhouse in Southern Vermont, and we had begun to spend weekends there. It was beautiful but pretty rustic. On this late October weekend in 1955, we were

entertaining a Harvard grad and his wife, and we were planning to see the Harvard-Dartmouth game in Hanover. Not only was this going to be the second nationally televised football game for Dartmouth, but I think it was only our second game ever against Harvard to be held in Hanover. Dartmouth was winless and Harvard had only one loss. Our guest joked that if Harvard didn't win, he was going to come back and "burn down the barn!" I was worried. With their expected arrogance, the Crimson team asked for the "best hotel in town" and was put up in the Hanover Inn. Our noble Freshman Class of '59 learned of this and turned out in full force to serenade the Harvard players all night long with stirring renditions of their favorite Dartmouth songs. The game was thrilling, and it included an interception by our safety on the one-yard line. When his momentum carried him into the end zone, it was ruled a safety and Harvard was awarded two points and the ball after our kick. Today, that would be a touch-back and our ball on our twenty-yard line. Despite that unfortunate result of a great play, we held on to win, 14-9. (I didn't need to consult the record book for the score). On the way back to the farmhouse, I quietly asked my mother, "Do you think Mr. Dunlap is really going to burn down the barn?"

For our Fiftieth Reunion next year, I have been on a quest for information about and stories of hiking, skiing, and canoeing/kayaking trips. And a rugby trip. And even for a trip made by a brass tiger up to the "House of Loud Noises." In thinking of Dartmouth trips—Freshman and otherwise—I have had the opportunity to consider and investigate all sorts of trips and to speak with and meet all sorts of Dartmouth people. Without exception, they have an enthusiasm for Dartmouth and for Dartmouth trips. They love their trip mates and teammates. They have all been changed in significant and profound ways. At Dartmouth, we are different, and they all know it.

I suspect that you are different too and that you have been changed by Dartmouth and Dartmouth trips. I ask you to help future Dartmouth students have the same sorts of experiences,

to learn, to grow, to change their lives in all manner of ways. If you want to make the world a better place in this small way, at our little college in the woods, please give in one of the ways listed below. I am grateful for your support.

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 800-228-1769 or by writing a check to the Class of '68 Freshman Trip Endowment and mailing it to Dartmouth College, c/o Gift Recording Office, 6066 Development Office, Hanover, NH 03755-4400.





## News from our Classmates:

### Dave Gang visits Bill Adler in Mountain View, CA.

(June 2017)

I was out in Palo Alto this past June for son Nick's graduation from the CCRMA School (music engineering) at Stanford. Having sat through a ceremony at 100 F in Stanford football stadium that morning, it was a pleasure to recover in Bill's delightfully air conditioned house and sip gin n' tonics. I envy you Californians despite the fires, and have kept a CA medical license going for 53 years in case I ever want to work / ease into retirement there.



Bill Adler and Dave Gang in Mountain View, 6/17

### Labor Day reunion from Tom Laughlin

(received 9/5/17)

I've attached a pic to include in the next newsletter. Barbara and **Jack Hopke** visited Mia and **Tom Laughlin** Labor Day weekend at their summer residence in Vermont. The attached pic shows Jack and Tom happily exploring Mount Snow near Tom and Mia's place, wearing their Dartmouth Green!



Jack Hopke and Tom Laughlin, Labor Day Weekend at Mount Snow in Vermont, 2017

### "Long time, no write" from Jack Hopke

(received 9/6/17)

My wife keeps after me to send in my developments since (semi-) retirement last fall for newsletter inclusion. OK, I'll do it. Not right now, said the Great Procrastinator, because I'm headed for the station to complete the recording of my Saturday night jazz program. (Check it out at 8 PM CDT at [www.wwno.org](http://www.wwno.org).)

I'm glad Tom sent in our picture (above). I didn't know him at school; we met on a couple of the sailing mini-reunions in the BVI and became friends. We had a delightful, if too-short, visit this past weekend. He did me the honor of saying

I'd have been a great fit as a Bones Gate brother. I'll have to confirm that with **Terry Lichty**. We'll be back up north for Dartmouth Night/Homecoming/class meeting early next month.

It appears someone suggested to the Class Executive Committee that a music project I did be made available to reunion attendees next June, a collection I called "Septuagenarian Serenades." I realized after a high school reunion back in '14 that all my fellow Teaneck and Hanover mates would be turning 70 soon, and I made a very eclectic 3-volume collection of tunes about aging, in general, including musical thoughts about memories and experiences of a lifetime. I don't think I had you (DG) on the original list of addressees. If you would like a copy, I'll be glad to send CDs or to tell you how to access it on Dropbox. I need to talk with the Committee about how they expect to make it available for the 50th.

Best regards from NOLA,

Jack Hopke

### Jim Snyder writes about Alaska revisited after 50+ years

(received 9/11/17)

This July, Sarah (my wife of 47 years) and I joined another Dartmouth-connected couple (Ray and Blythe Fortin, parents of Cam Fortin '05) on an Alaskan Dream Cruise from Juneau to Sitka to celebrate our milestone birthdays (my 70th and Blythe's 65th). I had traveled to Alaska during my Dartmouth days, and regaled my fellow travelers with stories about that earlier trip. Only a few months after returning from Alaska, **Pete Ginder's** obituary appeared in the Fall 2017 edition of "The Transmission", prompting me to share the following reflections about my trip with Pete to Alaska more than fifty years ago:



In May 1966, after finishing our Spring Term finals, Pete and I cleared the junk out of our dorm rooms (Middle Wigwam for me and Woodward, I think, for Pete), loaded up Pete's '56 Ford and hit the road, bound for Anchorage. In the best tradition of college travel, we stopped en-route in Minneapolis to mooch a dinner and a night's lodging from the hospitable parents of a Sig Ep fraternity brother, Mike MacGlaughlin '67.

The next morning we set out from Minneapolis and drove straight through to Anchorage. One of us manned the wheel while the other slept in the back seat or fiddled with the radio, fruitlessly searching through the farm reports and static for suitable music. Whenever I hear "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" by Dusty Springfield or "Red Rubber Ball" by the Cyrle, I'm transported back in time to the summer of 1966, driving endless miles in Pete's car. Two memories still resonate:

I was at the wheel, bombing along the North Dakota interstate, when the front hood came unlatched and flew open, transforming Pete's car into the automotive version of an open-mouthed crocodile, rocketing down the highway at 65 MPH. I hunched down, peered through the opening between the dashboard and the lower rim of the open hood, and yelled for Pete to wake up and help me find safe spot to pull over. Luck favored us and we managed a safe landing. We surveyed the damage, unbolted and tossed away the crumpled hood, then continued along the highway. Later that day we found an un-damaged hood in a junkyard. For fifty bucks the friendly junk dealer bolted the red replacement onto Pete's blue car and we were good to go.

At sunrise a day or two later we rolled into Edmonton, Alberta, and stopped at an all-night restaurant/bar for breakfast. Just as we were paying our bill, four

very drunk conventioners stumbled in, accompanied by four equally drunk females. Overhearing one of Pete's snickering wise-guy comments, one of the women took offense and made a bellowing charge at us like an angry rhino. Fearing a western-movie-style, table-tipping, bottle-smashing bar fight, we scuttled out of the place as fast as we could and burned rubber going out of the parking lot. After jouncing along 1500 miles of dusty, tooth-rattling (but very scenic) un-paved Al-Can Highway, we rolled into Anchorage.

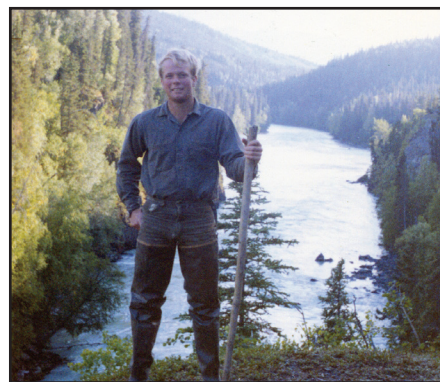
Pete found a job packing salmon at a local fish processing plant. I signed on as a welder's helper with Anchorage Natural Gas, installing pipelines in Anchorage and the nearby Kenai Peninsula. Alaskan

wages were high and our day-to-day needs were quite simple, so we managed to save a good bit of money during the course of the summer. On the weekends, we took casual day trips out to the boonies where we fished for trout and salmon and climbed the Chugach Mountains, while keeping out a watchful eye for moose and bear. Focused as we were on our jobs and the great scenery of Alaska, and safe within our college student cocoon from any cares about jobs, families and other adult worries, we lived "in the moment". As Peter Matthieson said in "The Snow Leopard" "...And surely this is the paradise of children, that they are at rest in the present...like frogs or rabbits."

We were blessedly unaffected by the societal tensions and political turmoil brewing in the "Lower 48". The Tet Offensive, the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy, the shootings at Kent State and the angry occupations of college campuses were all in the future. We were poised at an inflection point in our lives and hadn't a clue.

We returned to campus in the fall of 1966 and pursued different academic tracks: Pete was a Government major and I majored in Psych (while making an ultimately unsuccessful effort as a pre-med), so our paths didn't cross in the classroom. We remained casual friends, bumping into one another at Sig Ep fraternity events. After graduation we went our separate ways. Pete fulfilled his Army ROTC commitment, then got a law degree and returned to Anchorage to practice law. I served four years as an Air Force Electronics officer, then got a law degree and practiced corporate law in Massachusetts and New Jersey.

Pete was a very solid guy. Our trip to Anchorage and our summer together was quite pleasant, thanks in large part to his easy-going personality. I was sorry to hear about his passing. To prove that we don't change a bit as we age, I have



Above: Jim and Sarah Snyder in 2017 at a glacier near Juneau  
Below: Jim Snyder in 1966 on the Kenai Peninsula

enclosed a picture taken during the summer of 1966 on the Kenai Peninsula, near Anchorage and a second picture taken 51 years later at a glacier near Juneau.

### **Paul Rizzi regretfully will miss the 50th**

(received 10/28/17)

I'm looking forward to our annual ski trip mini-reunion at Okemo. I am not going to our class reunion...unfortunately. I have a family event that week. I hope that Tom Enright will be going to Okemo as the three of us have had great fun racing each other. I've gotten myself into better physical shape, so I should be able to win a couple of those races this time, instead of always bringing up the rear. Pray for snow, as you are still aware it's still summer in New England right now.

I've been retired for 1½ years. I was formerly CEO of Merrimack County Savings Bank and Co-CEO of New Hampshire Mutual Bankcorp in Concord.

*(Editor's Note: Thank goodness it finally got cold and we now have snow. Was at Okemo on 12/16 and things look very promising for our January mini-reunion.)*

### **A note from David Soren, honored in Italy**

(received 11/10/17)

Just a note that the Italian government, in recognition of my archaeological work there for the past 30 years has named a new strain of olive they are developing after me. So in 3 years when it grows to maturity I can face posterity as an olive.

Regents Professor of Anthropology and Classics  
University of Arizona

*{Editor's note: Can we get some Sorenolives for 50th Reunion to go with our Class of '68 wine?}*

### **Wonderful Article in National Catholic Reporter celebrates career of Arnie Resnicoff**

(received 11/19/17)

Here is a link to 11/10/17 *National Catholic Reporter* article: "Rabbi Arnold Resnicoff, retired Navy chaplain, found humanity amid war—Vietnam veteran talks about lifetime of bringing the presence of God forward." <https://www.ncronline.org/news/people/rabbi-arnold-resnicoff-retired-navy-chaplain-found-humanity-amid-war>

The photo that follows is from Beirut, which goes with the article since it begins and ends with my time at the bombing. It's an official DOD (Dept. of Defense) photo taken in 1983, in Beirut—end of October, when we were still digging up bodies in the wake of the terrorist attack.

Excerpts:

*As a teenager, Resnicoff had his sights set on an acting career. He went to Dartmouth College as a drama major, but the weight of a family obligation pulled him in a different direction. His grandfather, an Orthodox rabbi, escaped from Russia in 1903 when Resnicoff's father was just three. Arnie, as he refers to himself, grew up in a "super patriotic family" and as the eldest of three boys, was expected to "pay my dues and serve." So instead of heading to New York and a possible stage career, he went from Navy ROTC straight to the rivers of the Mekong Delta in South Vietnam.*

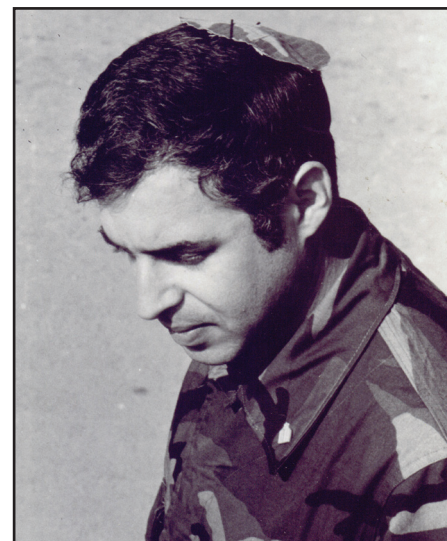
*Back in an era when the term "terrorism" still held the power to jolt, Rabbi Arnold Resnicoff came face-to-face with its raw reality in the aftermath of a truck bombing of Marine barracks in Beirut, Lebanon... Among the first to arrive at the site of the bombing, Resnicoff and others "faced a scene almost too horrible to describe," he wrote that evening. "Bodies and pieces of bodies were everywhere. Screams of those injured or trapped were barely audible at first as our*

*minds struggled to grapple with the reality before us—a massive four-story building, reduced to a pile of rubble; dust mixing with smoke and fire, obscuring our view of the little that was left."*

*His report—in many ways an extended theological reflection—received wide coverage the following April when President Ronald Reagan read it for a speech to the 1984 "Baptist Fundamentalism" convention organized by Rev. Jerry Falwell.*

In terms of the reunion, I'm Class of '68 but didn't graduate until '69 because I took a year off between sophomore and junior years to work on a kibbutz in Israel. So a lot of the people I remember graduating with were '69ers, as we went through our final year before heading off to parts unknown (for me, straight to the rivers of Vietnam). So I'm skipping the '68 reunion, although I always look forward to reading about it after the fact.

A few years ago I got the chance to go back to Dartmouth as the speaker for a number of events over Veterans Day weekend. That visit will live with me for awhile!



Arnie Resnicoff, Beirut, 1983



**Eric Hatch announces an exhibit of his photography**

(received 11/10 and 12/1/17)



My first one-person show, "Hard Times for These Times," is opening on December 6 at the Middletown Arts Center, 130 N Verity Pkwy, Middletown, OH 45042. This is a big deal for me! The show, curated by Ellen Fisch of New York City, consists of 16 photographs treating architecture and artifacts as the external manifestation of inner states or emotions; you might call it psychological architecture. These feelings / psychic states cluster around the sharp changes in American culture over the past 25 years. 7 of the 16 images were taken in the Cincinnati area. There are 16 images, all printed on aluminum with a satin finish, ranging in size from 10 x 15 to 24 x 30.

Ever since I started to become serious as a photographer, I've been drawn to the wreckage our times have created and left behind as we move towards an unintentional future. "Wreckage" is a broad term, and it covers everything from infrastructure to buildings to farms to factories – and to human feelings, ideals, and jobs. These pictures are what one viewer called "post-industrial ghosts." They're honest, yet they're not exactly documentaries, for a weird but haunting beauty lurks in them all.

MAC is a force for good in its community, offering programs that appeal to artists of all sorts. Hope to see you there! The show is scheduled to run from 12/6 through the last week of January.

**Aloha from Dan Tom**

(received 11/22/17)

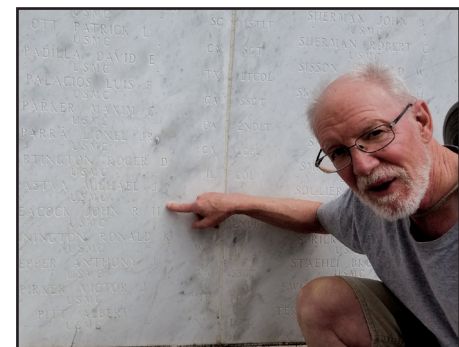
On August 26 I went on a Dartmouth Club of Hawaii sponsored hike of the Old Pali Road led by **Stuart Ball '70**, who is the legendary author of *The Hikers Guide to Oahu* and a local hiking icon. I was the contact person with Stuart and together we planned the event. I remember riding in the car with my dad and mom over this road as a child before it was replaced by the Pali Tunnels.

In October and November two classmates visited Hawaii. **Cedric Kam**, who is originally from Hawaii, and his wife Betsy flew out from Boston to see friends and family and to stay in their Hilton timeshare. On Halloween night we had dinner together at a local restaurant called Cinnamon's. On November 9 **Bob Black** flew in from Vermont to attend the AMA meeting at the Hawaii Convention Center and then stayed on afterwards to do some sightseeing. On Friday the 17th we met for breakfast at Cinnamon's and then headed out to the Koko Crater Botanical Garden followed by a stop at the Halona Blowhole. After lunch at Ramen Ya, owned by the wife of one of Cedric's Punahou classmates, we hiked along the Hanauma Bay Rim Trail and enjoyed the fantastic scenic views of the mountains and ocean from up above the bay (see photo of us on the trail). Saturday morning after breakfast we went to the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. While there we were able to find the name of our classmate **Robbie Peacock** listed on the memorial wall honoring the MIAs of the Vietnam War (see photo of the engraved name with **Bob Black** pointing to it).

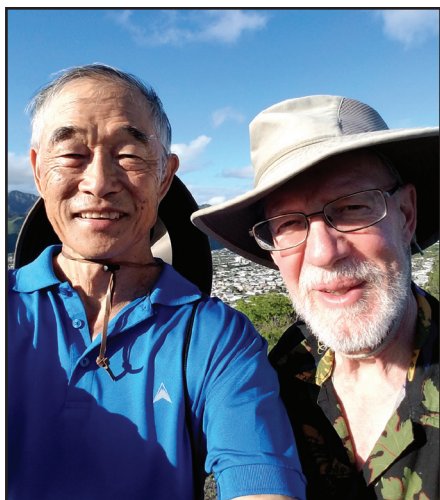
I then took Bob to the Pali Lookout with its panoramic view of the windward coast (see photo of Bob and me at the Pali Lookout). A drive on H3 through the Koolau Mountains with views of its steep cliffs took us across island and then we continued on to the North Shore passing through my hometown of Wahiawa where James Dole had his homestead. We stopped at the Dole Plantation tourist attraction, viewed Haleiwa beach and had shaved ice, a local favorite, at the famous Matsumoto's Shave Ice. Sunday was Bob's last day here and we spent the afternoon at the Honolulu Museum of Art. I also drove Bob past the Charles Hitchcock house in the Manoa neighborhood. The house was built for Charles Hitchcock, who was a professor of geology and mineralogy at Dartmouth and the state geologist for New Hampshire.



*Dan Tom and Bob Black at the Pali Lookout in rain gear*



*Bob points out Robbie Peacock on the MIA memorial wall*



Dan and Bob hiking the Hanauma Bay Rim Trail

### Jamie Newton updates: from graduation to New Mexico

(Received 12/3/17)

Prof. Carnicelli settled behind a large desk, lit his pipe, filled the Baker Library classroom with a great cloud of aromatic smoke, opened a book, smiled as only a man who truly loves his work can smile, and introduced our small group of first-quarter freshmen to the poetry of John Donne and William Butler Yeats. A librarian with a degree in Teutonic Philology – she graciously decoded both words for me – not only evaluated my freshman commentary on Hesse’s *Siddhartha*, but in hours of uncompensated conversation shared her profound understanding of Buddhist ways of being in the world. Professor after professor wrote detailed comments on every page of the papers I submitted, honing my analytic and expressive skills, mentoring as well as teaching. (I’ll never forget this comment by a professor of Spanish literature: *Ingenious... Ingenuity is not always a virtue!*) Dartmouth gave me a foundation for my future academic endeavors. Equally important, some extraordinary faculty and students demonstrated

conscientious responses to the crises that so challenged our nation and the world during our undergraduate years, helping me discover my own moral compass.

Coming to Dartmouth as an unsophisticated small-town Arizona boy, I was intimidated by better-schooled classmates who spoke casually of scholars, events, even whole domains of knowledge I had never heard of. I seriously considered what I would do if I were to flunk out in my first or second term. The learning curve felt ever so steep. A few days before my father died of cancer in April 1968, he spoke to me metaphorically of his approaching death. The path we had traveled together would soon divide, he said. We must go our separate ways, neither knowing what lay ahead. We could not promise to be unafraid, but we could assure each other that we would go forward despite fear. The invitation to give the valedictory address to our class forced me to confront myself. Would I find the courage to speak from my deepest convictions, or would I retreat to the safety of tradition? For me, our graduation demanded conscious self-definition.

What is my life like now? I retired after three decades as a professor of psychology at San Francisco State University. I live with my wife in rural southwestern New Mexico, near our daughter, son-in-law, and two teenage grandchildren. I chop wood to heat our old adobe house,

garden, and care for a flock of chickens. I serve on the board of a genuinely independent community radio station, where I produce and host a public affairs program I call Civil Discourse. (To hear podcasts, visit [GMCR.org](http://GMCR.org).) From time to time I facilitate public forums, educating in the public domain. I nudge and nurture grassroots organizing. My wife, Marion, and I have supported a Quaker program to fund education for kids from poor rural families in El Salvador for more than 20 years. The two of us play traditional tunes with an acoustic band, *The Big Ditch Crickets*, all volunteers, performing for benefits and dances. We sing rounds and multipart harmonies with a choir of friends, just for fun. Although the nearest town has only 12,000 people and is a half-hour’s drive away, I’m privileged to be part of a diverse community of creative, engaged people whose commitment and compassion strengthen my resolve to remain resilient, and to make my life an example of dispelling the illusion of futility.

At the Border Convergence sponsored by the School of the Americas Watch, November 10-12, 2017, my wife (center) and I (at right) held a banner with friends before the great wall that divides the US and Mexico sides of Nogales, joining the call for just and compassionate policies toward immigrants and our Latin American neighbors.



Photo of Jamie Newton (far right) and friends





## Vincent Evans Starzinger

Valley News, 9/8/17

Hanover, N.H. — Vincent Evans Starzinger, a Dartmouth College government professor who shaped the careers of over a generation of graduates by inviting them to think critically, died on Wednesday, Sept. 6, 2017, at Wheelock Terrace, Hanover. He was age 88. Nicknamed “The Zinger” by students and colleagues, Starzinger retired in 1994, after 34 years at Dartmouth, but his influence extended far beyond that time.

In 2008, government professor Richard F. Winters wrote in the *Valley News*: “The legendary Zinger...His monumental reputation...derived from his brilliance in challenging students to think and in employing the broad base of scholarship. He directed his intellectual vitality at a range of heterogeneous students, not just government majors. It is that kind of mind, operating with that kind of passion, that Dartmouth should be seeking and rewarding.”

Starzinger credited his ability for writing concisely and powerfully to spending two years in the Army press corps, stationed in Kansas City, Kan. Starzinger also credits these years for giving him the time to reconsider his career, deciding to return to school for a PhD rather than become a lawyer.

Starzinger’s book *Middlingness* was published in 1965, long before it became popular to speak to a politics of the center. A revised edition, *The Politics of the Center*, was released in 1991. Most recently, social media posts are referencing the book as accurately describing the current political landscape with populists dominating the political debate from the right and the left, and the consequences for those caught at the center.

Starzinger noted in his book that the politics of moderation “is least realistic where it is most relevant, and most realistic where it is least relevant.” In societies torn by extreme political divisions, “the center will very likely be pulverized from both sides and driven to futile negativism. On the other hand, commitment to the center is likely to be a fairly realistic enterprise where the political left and right both stand within the same value consensus.”

“In a work of remarkable concision and argumentative vigor,” wrote Stephen J Tonsor (1924-2014), professor of history at the University of Michigan. “Starzinger moves from past political reality and theory to enduring concerns and contemporary debate. The thirty years of French and English history he traces were dominated by a quest for a middle way. Starzinger not only uses the historiographical evidence to great effect, but at a time when Trollope’s novels had not yet been popularized by TV he employs the evidence of French and English novels impressively and to great historical purpose.”

Starzinger attended Roosevelt High School in Des Moines, Iowa and graduated summa cum laude from Harvard in 1950 in a class that included Henry Kissinger and James Schlesinger. Starzinger was awarded a Frederick Sheldon Fellowship to support research, study and travel abroad for one year. He graduated from Harvard Law School in 1954 and received his PhD in political philosophy from Harvard in 1959.

Starzinger climbed over 200 high peaks in the United States, Canada, New Zealand and the European Alps (including Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn). He specialized in the Upper Engadine, spending almost every summer there. Starzinger bought a second-hand single shell whose Greek name meant “came from no

one” and rowed 58,606 miles on the Connecticut River from 1960-2007.

Starzinger met his future wife, Mildred Hippee Hill, in 6th grade at a dance class in their hometown of Des Moines, Iowa. They married in 1953. For 53 years they lived on Elm Street in Norwich, Vt., before moving in 2013 to Wheelock Terrace, Hanover.

Starzinger is survived by his sister, Harriet Locke Macomber of Des Moines; two children, Evans Starzinger of Alexandria, Va., and Page Hill Starzinger of New York City; and his wife, Mildred Hill Starzinger, of Wheelock Terrace, Hanover.

Messages of condolence may be expressed with the family through an online guestbook by visiting: [www.rickerfuneralhome.com](http://www.rickerfuneralhome.com).

### Memories from Our Classmates:

**David Walden**, 9/8/17

I had two courses from The Zinger and he taught part of a third course I took. I was blessed with a lot of good teachers here, but he was the Dartmouth prof who had the most influence on my life. There was nothing ordinary about that guy.

**Cliff Groen**, 9/8/17

This is very sad. He was the best professor that I had. He gave me excellent and practical advice. I was just thinking about him when I am here in Quechee now for one week.

In my first year at Harvard Law School (HLS), which I didn't like, I came to Hanover to see him. I was thinking about ending my first year there and then pursuing a Ph.D in political philosophy at Harvard. I saw him in his office. He convinced me to stay in HLS.

I also took three courses with him. In the first course, which was about political philosophy, I won the competition for the best essay. He gave me the prize (a book). That was my first time to meet him.

The last time when I met him was in 1992, after I left Tokyo. We had lunch at the Hanover Inn. I gave him a Sumo souvenir. I will miss him very much.

### Dirk William de Roos

Submitted by David Peck, 10/23/17



On July 1, 2017, **Dirk William de Roos** of Greenwood Village, Colo., beloved husband of Joyce de Roos, passed away after a brief illness. He leaves behind his wife, three children, four grandchildren—and his—brother, including eldest daughter, Gretchen (Richard) Buechsencheutez, their three children, Callan, Adele and Richie of Thousand Oaks, Calif.; daughter Christiane Ketje de Roos of Denver, Colo.; son Dirk (Heather) de Roos, their son William Tate of Manhattan Beach, Calif.; brother, Jan de Roos of Omaha, Neb.; and extended family in Iowa and Nebraska including his uncle and aunt, Dick and Helen Dirks, of Akron.

Dirk also leaves a legion of friends across the globe who shared in his adventures. He loved the wilderness and had a deep knowledge of history. Dirk combined these loves with humor and wit to make him one of the great raconteurs.

Dirk was born in Sioux City, Iowa, on November 3, 1945, to Bill and Betty (Dirks) de Roos. Betty is formerly of Akron. Dirk grew up in Omaha, Neb., where he was the valedictorian at North High School.



Immediately upon graduation, he worked on an archaeological dig with the Smithsonian and was a Civil Rights activist in Mississippi. He attended Dartmouth College where he met Joyce, his wife of 51 years. After college, Dirk served as a lieutenant in the 214th Field Artillery Division of the United States Army. He received his law degree from Indiana University and retired from his Civil Litigation practice in 2015.

Dirk's family will hold a private celebration of his life. Those wishing to honor Dirk may make donations to Opera Colorado or Tesoro Cultural Foundation.

### **Additional thoughts on Dirk de Roos**

Submitted by Joyce de Roos, 10/23/17

It is with great sadness I write to you regarding the death of my beloved husband, Dirk de Roos, who died suddenly of pancreatic cancer on July 1, 2017. We were married in Concord, N.H. his sophomore year and shared the years 1966-1968 on the Dartmouth campus and making AXA our home. Heywood Hale Broun covered us on his news cast in 1968...AXA won the Winter Carnival snow sculpture contest and my parents in Oregon saw the coverage...3,000 miles away. It was the first glimpse they had of their first grandchild, Gretchen, born at Mary Hitchcock Hospital in 1967.

Dirk and I were looking forward to his 50th reunion. He had just retired and I found his Dartmouth 1968 sweater. We laughed. It still fits me...but did not fit him!

I have added his obituary and picture. Just wanted to add: Our young love was so strong, beautiful and so lasting...our life of 51 years seems too short together...We have three beautiful children and four grandchildren...Dirk was planning on another African safari (this was to be his 9th safari) in two weeks before the onset of a sudden migraine headache which led to his death in 10 days. There were those who said we were too young to get married when we did...I am glad and cherish the beautiful and adventurous years we shared together.

### **Land Lincoln Washburn**

Submitted by David Peck, 10/30/17

Land Lincoln Washburn died on January 14, 2014. Land came to Dartmouth from many places, as his father's career as an arctic geomorphologist kept the family on the move, so his primary and secondary education took place in New Hampshire, Virginia, Illinois, New Zealand, California and Connecticut. Summers were spent in northeast Greenland. Land interrupted his time at Dartmouth with three years in the Peace Corps, working in the Dominican Republic, where he met his wife Gloria. Upon return to Dartmouth, he graduated with a major in Sociology. He and Gloria lived in Santa Barbara, California and Boulder, Colorado before moving to Seattle in 1972. There he worked as a campaign aide to a gubernatorial candidate, later as a liaison to the Legislature. Land had a variety of career opportunities, including wooden boats, marine indemnity work, industrial safety with training by OSHA, and working with pile contractors. He was one of the founders of the Pacific Northwest chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society. In 1996, Land became active in hydro-racing, participating in the national racing circuit with friend for life Joe Fraunheim. Land was an avid and eclectic reader, writer, correspondent, PBY/Catalina aircraft fan and traveler, and delighted his children and grandchildren with his goofy sense of humor and readiness to be a kid at any time. He is survived by his wife Gloria, daughter Aniyisa and husband Todd, son Tyler and wife Tiffany, and three grandchildren, as well as sisters Sila and Nuna.



# Class of '68 50th Reunion



June 7-11, 2018