



The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Spring 2018

Class Officers

President: Peter M. Fahey
225 Middle Neck Rd
Port Washington, NY 11050
(516) 883-8584, pfahey68@aol.com

Vice President: John Isaacson
81 Washington Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02140
(617) 262-6500 X1827,
jisaacson@imsearch.com

Secretary: David B. Peck, Jr.
16 Overlook Road
Plymouth, MA 02360
(508) 746-5894, davidbpeck@aol.com

Treasurer: D. James Lawrie, M.D.
1458 Popinjay Drive
Reno, NV 89509
(775) 826-2241
lawrie.68@alum.dartmouth.org

50th Reunion Gift: William P. Rich
64 Abbott Road
Wellesley Hills, MA 02481
(781) 772-1535, wrich@bloomberg.net

Head Agent: Joe Nathan Wright
464 Harvest Glen Drive
Richardson, TX 75081
(214) 536-8944, jnw315@aol.com

Gift Planning Chair: Ed Heald
70 Rogers Rd.
Carlisle, MA 01741
(978) 369-3544, esheald@aol.com

Mini-Reunion Chair: Gerry Bell
486 Birch Hill Road
Shaftsbury, VT 05262
(802)430-7382
skiboy1968@comcast.net

Class Connections Chair:
John S. Engelman
7 Dana Road
Hanover, NH 03755
(603) 643-3689
john.s.engelman@dartmouth.edu

Newsletter Editor: David L. Gang, M.D.
43 Knollwood Circle
Longmeadow, MA 01106
(413) 567-6126, gangx5@aol.com

Webmaster: D. James Lawrie, M.D.
1458 Popinjay Drive
Reno, NV 89509
(775) 826-2241
lawrie.68@alum.dartmouth.org

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



Editor's Note

This will be the final Newsletter before our upcoming 50th reunion in June. As of early February, there were already 250 of us planning to attend with more signing up every day. If you're still wavering, check the updated list on the newly redesigned website (www.dartmouth68.org) and see how many of your old friends and classmates are returning to Hanover.

Since the January NL and our spirited discussion on College Expansion, the Task Force on Enrollment Expansion has approved a recommendation from President Hanlon to hold our undergraduate student body to its current size. Judging from the majority of our classmates' opinions, I suspect most of us are expressing a collective sigh of relief. We can thank the task force for understanding how a large increase in enrollment would transform the Dartmouth experience in a negative way. It's not hard to imagine how crowded Hanover would be with a 1000 more students (with cars/parking lots), more lecture format courses and fewer small classes, less access to faculty, a strain on student services, and unacceptably long lift lines at the Skiway. We can now head to our 50th knowing that future Dartmouth students will receive the same broad liberal arts education that we were privileged to receive in an idyllic New England town. We are a unique hybrid school, characterized by the best features of a small college emphasizing undergraduate education and a world-class Ivy League university offering professional education in business, engineering, and medicine. I am forever grateful to have had the opportunity to attend Dartmouth and proud that the task force, trustees, and President Hanlon have made the right decision.

Speaking of our unique "Small College", several of you responded this time to my appeal to express how your lives were changed by Dartmouth. Read on and you will find several thoughtful reflections on this subject from our classmates. Also of interest are accounts of historic Dartmouth trips and an appeal to support our class gift from **Bill Rich**, an account of surviving a fire and mudslides in Santa Barbara from **Hugh Boss**, reports from both the Big East and Western ski trips, and obituaries for classmates and a spouse who led inspiring and accomplished lives.

With this spring edition of *The Transmission*, I will be retiring as your newsletter editor. I will be passing the baton to **Mark Waterhouse**, who is excited about taking on this new role. My wife and partner, Roberta-Hillenberg Gang, and I have enjoyed this opportunity to serve the class since 2010. It has been a wonderful experience to reconnect with so many classmates and to be reminded of the extraordinary individuals who make up the great Class of 1968.

Best,
Dave Gang

www.dartmouth68.org

Message from Our Class President

Dear Classmates:

Our relentless communications must have registered that our momentous 50th Reunion will take place in Hanover June 7-11, 2018. It is gratifying that over 250 of you have committed to attend. However, it is distressing that 400 of you may miss this special occasion. Please take this opportunity to review your plans and join the Class in this last best opportunity to renew old friendships, and to savor the intellectual and emotional gifts instilled within us by the College.

Right now, go to www.dartgo.org/reunions to register. It will take less than five minutes. This is a very simple and well-designed site, but if you are truly computer-challenged, you can get a paper version by contacting David Walden ([dlwalden68@comcast.net](mailto:dIwalden68@comcast.net)). If you have any hesitancy because of genuine financial constraints, please also contact David on a strictly confidential basis.

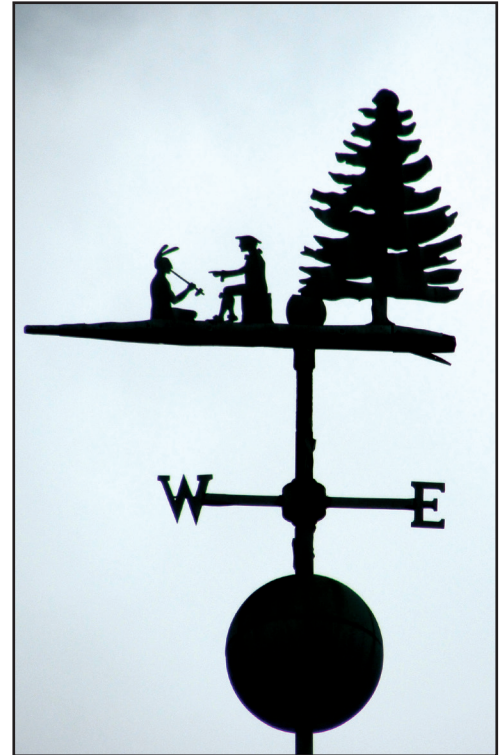
Also remember to save up to \$75 (single) or \$150 (couple) by completing the 50th Reunion survey at www.D68WhoAreYou.org (not case sensitive) **before the March 31 deadline**. Doing so will take some time and thought but is great fun especially when you get to check out your old friends' views of the world.

Now is also the time to reflect on the enduring value of the Dartmouth Experience on your life by making a generous donation to the Dartmouth College Fund. Join the 60 classmates who already have recognized this special occasion by making "multiplier gifts", those totaling three or more times (average 8-10x, up to 50x) last year's gift.

When you come to Hanover, you will see a Dartmouth you can be proud of. The College has just committed to maintaining the current size of its undergraduate student body. Therefore, the soon-to-be announced "Call to Lead" capital campaign will be devoted to enhancing Dartmouth's strengths for the 21st century as the fusion of a teaching liberal arts college and a robust research university. The campaign will assure that we continue to be **an Ivy League institution, in a league of its own**. Our own 50th Reunion campaign represents a vital early thrust to the College campaign.

Looking forward to seeing you in June,

Peter Fahey
President, Class of 1968



Reunion Housekeeping: Final

By Gerry Bell

Gentlemen, this is my last newsletter reunion bulletin. You won't have Nixon to kick around any more. I think virtually all the reunion information you may need or want can be found on the reunion registration website or on the class website: www.dartmouth68.org. If we've missed something, please let me know.

Just some updates here on activities coordinators and a last request of classmates for some resources help.

Golf – Ed Heald, who has run our annual golf trip for years, has graciously agreed to try to set up tee times during reunion and assemble groups not already assembled. The obvious times for golf are Sunday afternoon and Monday during our Extended Experience periods, but I imagine Friday or Saturday are possibilities too for those interested. Since Friday/Saturday are smack in the middle of commencement weekend, I'd ask early for those days. Ed's email is: esheald@aol.com.

Tennis – Toby Mathias did a wonderful job of coordinating tennis during our 70th birthday party in Napa, and since no good deed goes unpunished, I asked him to do the same during reunion. He also has graciously agreed, so contact Toby if you'd like to set up court times. Toby's email is: tmathias1@cinci.rr.com.

Kayaking and canoeing – I want to get out on the river in my kayak, so I have graciously agreed to coordinate our canoe and kayak adventures. We'll be doing it out of Ledyard Boathouse; please contact me if you're interested. My email is: skiboy1968@comcast.net.

Resource request – We have been wrestling with the idea of re-runs of our classmate Special Interest Presentations, since a fair number of people would like to take in more than one, and all five are now scheduled for a Friday afternoon 1:30 – 2:45 time slot. The obvious candidates for re-run times are immediately following on Friday afternoon at 3:00 (what we have penciled in for now) or sometime Saturday afternoon. I'm not crazy about either possibility; Friday afternoon would conflict with our Diversity seminar and make for a long afternoon for presenters and audiences alike, and Saturday afternoon would conflict with our Vietnam symposium or the second reading of the play "Art." I'd like to avoid all of that, so

Our strong preference would be to digitally record all five SIPs, maybe having them available for viewing during reunion or Extended Experience, certainly by link from the class website afterwards so people could view them at their leisure. Unfortunately, Dartmouth cannot help us out on this; I had thought we might be able to snag some Film Studies students, but we're told they'll all have left campus.

The creative fallback position we've come up with is... you. I don't think a Smartphone recording would be all that great, but I know there are a good many other toys available, and I'll bet some of you have them. If you would be willing to record one of the SIPs to share with everyone, we – heck, the whole class! – would be eternally grateful. Please contact me or webmaster **Jim Lawrie** if you think you might be able to help. Jim is the guy to contact for tech talk; all I can do is thank you profusely and then put you in touch with Jim; but please feel free to contact either of us. Jim's email is: lawrie.68@alum.dartmouth.org.

Final thoughts – As I write this on March 10, registration has just started and a good many of us have already registered and are listed in the Who's Coming section of the registration website. If you haven't yet signed up, please do so sooner rather than later – that generates momentum and enthusiasm, and your name might even get somebody off the fence! Better yet, call someone who's not on our class website "Plans to Attend" list and talk him into coming!

Please remember that reserving reunion housing is a separate exercise from registration itself. There's a link to housing reservations on the registration website. Remember it's first-come first-served. Don't put it off.

Finally, by the time you read this, our Who Are You website will be closed for input— I really hope your material is in there!— and open for everyone's review. I am really looking forward to this; I think it will be interesting and inspiring, and a truly memorable keepsake.

That's it, guys. Thanks for reading. I'm through with formal writing for reunion as of now, but my phone and email still work, so don't hesitate to get in touch with any questions.

Other Reunion Items

During Viet Nam: A sharing of our experiences from that time that shaped our lives

By Mark Waterhouse

On Saturday (June 9th) of our 50th Reunion, we will gather to share experiences from the Viet Nam Era and how those shaped our lives. This session is not just about being in the military or serving in Viet Nam—although those will certainly be part of the discussion. Rather, this session is intended to be about how that time shaped our outlooks about life, led to choices in vocations and locations to settle down, perhaps resulted in finding life partners—and anything else that fits the topic.

The session will start with a panel discussion by Classmates **Burt Quist, Dick Olson** and the late **John “Bear” Everett** (via excerpts from an oral history interview he did not too long before he died while hiking in Spain). The panel will be kicked off by Dartmouth History Professor Ed Miller, who specializes in the Viet Nam era and will remind us of major events that occurred during our undergraduate years. The panel is intended to set the stage for a side-ranging discussion by all who wish to participate—and that includes anyone in the room – wives/partners, kids—whoever wants the microphone. If the panel can share their experiences, so can you. Past classes who have done similar sessions consistently considered it to be one of the most meaningful parts of their 50th Reunion. We hope you will too.

So if you are already coming to our 50th, I hope you will come to this session. If you haven’t decided to attend yet, maybe this is the reason to do so, at least for Saturday.

There are several things you can do to stimulate your thinking about this:

- Watch Ken Burns’ and Lynn Novick’s *The Vietnam War* documentary
- Read President Emeritus Jim Wright’s book *Enduring Vietnam* (Thomas Dunne Press)
- Read the Class of 64’s *Dartmouth Veterans—Vietnam Perspectives* (Dartmouth College Press)

And if you are interested in seeing a journal I put together after spending the first half of last September in Viet Nam – big file, lots of pictures—email me at mwaterhouse@snet.net and I will send it to you.

Hope to see you in three months at Reunion.

Mark (Skip) Waterhouse
Session Moderator



Leslie and me and the other guy on the trip (Marc Hancock) with two VC standing on a bridge on the Ho Chi Minh trail.

Update on Class Connections Program: '68 to '18

By John Engelman

We had planned a ski day with the Class of 2018 during the class mini-reunion at Okemo in January. Approximately 35 '18s had indicated that they would join us, but unfortunately that day brought warm weather and a significant rainfall. Sadly, we had to cancel what promised to be a terrific opportunity for the two classes to spend a day on the slopes, and the logistics of rescheduling proved too difficult.

Looking forward, we are working with the Office of Professional Development at the College to host a program for the '18s to discuss the transition from life in the Dartmouth bubble to life in the workaday world. Once we have set a date, I hope a number of classmates will make the journey to Hanover to share with the seniors our wisdom and insights.

The final Class Connections Program will take place during our 50th reunion—a lunch/barbecue on Friday, June 8th for the graduating seniors and their families. This will occur on the porch, patio and lawn at Collis. If you're in town for the reunion, this is a great opportunity to meet and congratulate the young men and women who will be leaving Dartmouth for the wide, wide world just a few days later.



Last Call For Texas Hold 'Em

Peter Wonson plans to host a Texas Hold 'Em game on Reunion Sunday afternoon at the class tent. A minimum of 6 players will be required to hold the game, maximum will be 12. Spouses are most definitely welcome. A number of players expressed an interest via our Feedback City mailing in the fall, but there may be others of you who are interested. If you are interested, please contact Peter at pwonson@cox.net or 540-989-3841. The deadline for signing up is May 1.

Virtual Art Gallery – Last Call

From David Peck

'68 Reunion Virtual Art Gallery—last call for submissions! Whether you or your partner is an artist by trade or by avocation, we welcome your digital images of your creative accomplishments. We plan to have a digital gallery in Occum Common, our reunion headquarters, with a rotating display of your images of sculpture, paintings, photographs, and architecture. Images need to be submitted by May 1, to allow time to curate our virtual gallery. After the Reunion, the Gallery will become a permanent part of our Class website. For further information, contact **David Peck** at davidbpeck@aol.com or 508-746-5894. You may also contact **Jim Lawrie** at lawrie.68@alum.dartmouth.org

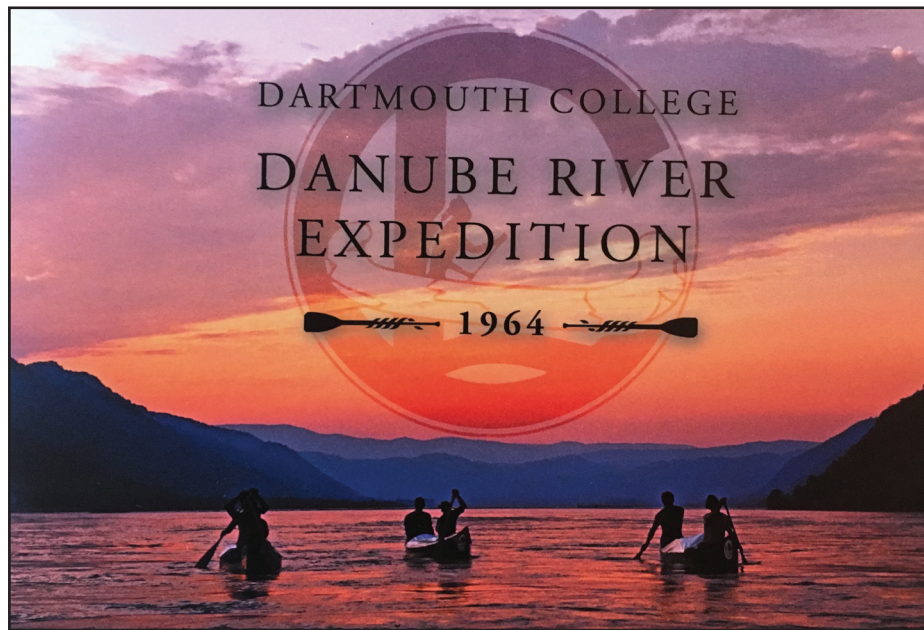
The Who's Coming to the 50th List

To commemorate our 50th reunion, we are preparing a printed Class Directory to include email, phone and mailing address contact information. If you prefer that your information be excluded from this Directory, please contact the College via email at: Dartmouth.Class.Activities@dartmouth.edu or by phone (603) 646-3200 by April 15, 2018. By doing so, you will be removed from our Directory Distribution List.

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

By Bill Rich

"This Trip Changed My Life"



Dartmouth Trips

I think I can promise that this will be the last Class Newsletter in which I make an appeal for your support of our 50th Reunion Gift to Dartmouth to endow the Freshman Trips. Of course, I know that when I ask for such a gift, it is possible - likely rather - or even certain - that you will be enthusiastically inclined. But, I do recognize the remote possibility that you might say that you really aren't all that keen on hiking or skiing or canoeing. In that event, I would ask that you think of Trips more broadly. Perhaps you appreciate the sense of humor and ingenuity by the perpetrators involved and recall the story I wrote about the bronze tiger who traveled to Dartmouth and kept saying afterwards that "This Trip Changed My Life." Or maybe you enjoyed the historical fiction about a Freshman Trip that inspired the most beautiful piece of collegiate music ever written, *Dartmouth Undying*.

Let's go back a little further in time. I would ask you to think of everything that happened after the Moor's Charity School for Indians made its own Freshman Trip up the river from Connecticut to found Dartmouth College in 1769. Although it was founded as the nation's 13th oldest college, Dartmouth established the fourth oldest chapter of Phi Beta Kappa (1787), the fourth oldest Medical School (1797), with its first-ever medical x-ray perfected in its lab. Dartmouth has one of the oldest Schools of Engineering with Thayer (established in 1867 by a gift from Sylvanus Thayer, Dartmouth Class of 1807, known as the Father of West Point). Dartmouth founded the nation's first Business School—named after Amos Tuck - in 1900. Our Class at Dartmouth was the first college class in the country required to learn some computer programming skills when we took a

little Freshman Trip to the Time-Sharing terminal in the fall of 1964. We will ignore for the moment the fact that some unknown members of our Class painted “68” all over Mount Moosilauke, but perhaps you also know that we have classmates who took a Trip up Baker Tower under the cover of darkness to put Mickey Mouse and his hands on the face of its clock. But, there was more to our Dartmouth Trip. We had fall weekends known as House Parties—and a winning football team to celebrate. We had three Carnival weekends with temperatures over 60 degrees. And, we had three Green Key weekends with snow. But, we had none like that 1931 Green Key weekend when the enterprising Lulu McWhoosh (probably her *nom de bicyclette*) decided to take a naked Trip around campus on her bicycle before church. (I’m glad to know she went to church afterwards, but her shenanigans cancelled Green Key for the next three years). The College let all of us in the Class of ’68 experience the BASIC language and the Rassias Method—and the bonfires and carnival statues we built. When I took my first Trip to the lacrosse field in the spring of 1965, I had no idea that our coach Abner Oakes ’56 was the grandson of Charles Oakes, Dartmouth Class of 1883, who scored the first touchdown in Dartmouth football history. And, did you know that the first football victory over Harvard came in the dedication of their new stadium, the nation’s first reinforced concrete *structure*, in 1903? Or that the nation’s first reinforced concrete *building* can be found somewhere on the Dartmouth campus? (Hint: I bet you have seen it, but I doubt you were able to get a good look in its windows). All of this because Eleazar Wheelock decided to have his little College take a Freshman Trip up the Connecticut River. The more you think about it, I’m sure you will recognize that a Dartmouth Freshman Trip is better than two aspirins and a good night’s sleep! When I ask for a gift to this Freshman Trip endowment, I am asking you to support the core of our unique institution.

If you find that you have been changed by Dartmouth and Dartmouth trips. If you want 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. Now is the time. Take a short trip right now to find your phone, computer, checkbook, or credit card. The Class of ’68 Freshman Trip Endowment. Thank you. You are doing the right thing. 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.

In our last Newsletter, I wrote about three Dartmouth icons who struck me as the personification of Trips: Dick Durrance (the nation’s first true international skier and The Man on the Medal), Chief Chivers (a member of our best-ever 1940 Olympic Ski Team, Manager of the Skiway, and owner of the Keewaydin Canoe Camp), and Chick Igaya (Dartmouth’s first skiing Olympic medal winner – with many to follow). I also submitted a trilogy of Dartmouth Trips – cleverly named **Fame**, **Fable**, and **Fail**. As there was only space for one, the remaining two appear in this Newsletter. Trips are lessons in life: you may succeed, you may fail. If you never try, you will never experience either one of the old *Wide World of Sports* “thrill of victory or agony of defeat.” Dartmouth Trips prepare people to take that risk in life. Trips provide preparation for all sorts of endeavors in all walks of life.

The Remaining Two of Three Particularly Noteworthy Dartmouth Trips

By Bill Rich



Fable

In the summer of 1964, most of us were making plans to come to Hanover, New Hampshire and spend four years at Dartmouth College. That summer, I was enrolled at the *Goethe Institut* in southern Germany (Bavaria), but I had no idea what was happening on the Danube River not too many miles away. Like Dick Liesching (of the Dartmouth Rugby trip to England in **Fame**), Dan Dimencescu grew up in England during the War and post-war years. His father was born in Titu, Romania in 1896. Founder of the Romanian Boy Scouts in 1913, Dimitri Dimencescu joined the army in 1916 to fight the Germans. Renowned for sabotaging the Romanian oil wells and fighting Rommel's army on Mount Cosna, the senior Dimencescu was educated in the United States and became a Romanian diplomat. After the communists took over his native country, he went into exile in Morocco and then emigrated to the US in 1956. When son Dan '64 arrived in Hanover in 1961, he threw himself into the activities of the Dartmouth Outing Club and the Ledyard Canoe Club. With this love of canoeing, adventure, and trips, Dan got the idea for a Danube trip while he was out on the Connecticut River on a foggy morning. He sought out others who would have an interest in canoeing down the Danube River, behind the Iron Curtain, and in a search for his roots,

from Ulm, Germany to Romania and the Black Sea. No such trip had ever been attempted or perhaps even contemplated since the Russian takeover of Eastern Europe. His first recruits were canoe and kayak mates Bill Fitzhugh and Chris Knight. Next came the younger Dick Durrance and Dan's fraternity brother David Donnelly. Later, with nine paddlers, they needed to attend to all of the logistics: an itinerary, equipment, authorization, funding, sponsorship, and more. In the seventies, I got to know Ellis Briggs '21 quite well (Although it never occurred to me at the time that he was nearly old enough to be a member of our 1968 Commencement 50th Reunion Class). An ambassador to numerous countries, Briggs gave an introduction to the State Department which was able to pave the way for the diplomacy required for the trip. Old Town loved the idea of the trip and donated four canoes. Visas and notebooks full of paperwork were required for each of the Eastern countries—and a travel agent with activities in the East was most helpful at the eleventh hour with some of these visas. Knight and Durrance were critical as professional-level photographers with connections, and the National Geographic sponsorship came next—for them, photos are the necessity and the story is of lesser import. The final requirement for financial support came from David Donnelly's printing business family. Another \$500 is reputed to have come from two young ladies in a liquor store who were quite taken with Dave Donnelly and his story about the trip. I not sure what they were drinking, but I have been assured that the story is true! Dan Dimencescu notes that the Western Europeans they met were amazed that they were going to canoe behind the Iron Curtain—and that they were going to paddle that far! In the East, it was the most exciting thing people had ever seen, and crowds grew and grew the further down the river they went. I am told that every Eastern European country not only met the group to check their paperwork, but that local canoe clubs would also come out to greet them. For any of us who ever went behind the Iron Curtain, you know that it was very bold of the group to undertake this trip. It was ground-breaking, it was the cover story on *National Geographic*, and it was the subject of a "What's My Line" episode. As Dan Dimencescu says, "This trip was Life-Changing for all of us."

Fail

Without a doubt, this is the most difficult trip about which to write—and my title is almost certainly unfair. First of all, where and what are we talking about here? This trip was intended to trace the route pioneered by Joseph B. Tyrell in 1893 with his brother James, three Iroquois, and three Metis Indians. Starting in Black Lake, Saskatchewan, moving through vast sections of the North West Territories, the trip followed the Dubawnt River most of the way and ended in Baker Lake above the Chesterfield Inlet in the northern-most section of Hudson Bay. This route left the forested portion of the Canadian Shield and emerged above the tree line into the so-called Barrens. It ran through Dubawnt Lake which is ice-bound almost the entire year. This is hostile and unforgiving territory. The land owes you nothing. And, the water is unforgiving. Second, why is this trip important? It is important because it may be the most controversial canoe trip ever attempted in North America. Trip leader Art Moffatt '41 was an avid and experienced canoe tripper. He was an outdoorsman and a lover of nature. He had canoed numerous Canadian rivers, including the Albany River (which I ran in 1963) to James Bay, the Allagash, the Androscoggin, and the Penobscott. He ran the Albany six times, twice with Skip Pessl '55 and once with Peter Franck. Fascinated with the Dubawnt River, Art was actually in close communication with Joseph B. Tyrell about the particulars of his trip down the river in 1893, and Tyrell shared with him the details of his journal on the trip! Read that sentence again and imagine that! The only earlier recorded trip on the Dubawnt was by Samuel Hearne in 1770 (and, no, I am not going to claim that his trip was the first recorded Dartmouth Freshman Trip—although I must admit that it is tempting!). In 1955, Art recruited four Dartmouth men and one Harvard student to come with him to conquer the Dubawnt. On September 14, two of the three canoes capsized in a tumultuous rapid, and five of the six travelers were submerged in the water in freezing temperatures. Four members of the group spent nearly thirty minutes in the water. Each of those exposed either became delirious or unconscious. Skip Pessl says he has no recollection of the first two hours on land, but he understands that he and LeFavour kept hitting each other on the shore to produce body heat and keep their clothing from freezing on them. Within an hour, Art Moffatt was dead from hypothermia, Lanouette barely recovered, and it is a miracle that the others exposed didn't perish as well. It is easy to say that you shouldn't swim fully clothed in winter conditions, but

what do you do when that is where you find yourself? With this outcome, their trip became one of both tragedy and controversy. It has been the subject of withering criticism in a 1959 Sports Illustrated article, a 1996 book by George Grinnell about his experience on the trip and his critical views, a 2014 book by Skip Pessl in defense, and a detailed article by Allan Jacobs with a point-by-point defense.



The criticisms (and a response by Skip Pessl) follow: these were unseasoned paddlers (all of the young men were already seasoned or had become experienced by the time of the challenging part of the trip), that the trip had conflicted goals (yes, a secondary goal was photography and it produced what turned out to be an incredible record), that there was an inadequate stock of food (the original food delivery never arrived and the group had to try to replicate supplies at the local Hudson's Bay store – with a long delay and mixed success—but, with fishing gear and rifles, they were able to live off the land for most of the trip), that they had improper equipment (other than a few materials like nylon, they had pretty much the same equipment as the 1893 Tyrell expedition because fabrics we take for granted today had not yet been discovered), that there was a lack of attention to schedule (Moffatt used Tyrell's journal as a guide and they were close to his pace until the very end of the trip. Peter Franck did suggest a faster pace of travel, but not in a manner of heightened urgency), and finally that they resorted to running rapids

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blind in mid-September winter conditions (on the contrary, as discussed below). As it relates to their pace, Pessl notes that it was awesome and humbling, and maybe even enchanting, when they left the tree line, because the terrain became infinite and so other worldly, but they didn't fall into a trance as a result. In August, they may have taken several unwise rest days, but the biggest delays were due to weather, especially in September when they were also scouting a bad stretch of rapids and were delayed by five days. It turns out that they were overly cautious and portaged these rapids, but would actually have been able to run them without incident. When the weather turned cold, while the group still felt in control of their destiny, he remembers the concern they all shared when they had to break the ice in the milk pot. And, finally, on that fateful September 14, they saw from Tyrell's journal that there were to be two easy rapids and then a portage. Moffatt's group ran one rapid and expected a second easy one. They didn't realize at the time that the one they ran turned out to be a blending together of the two that Tyrell had noted, so when they rounded a corner in the river, they heard a deafening roar and faced a wall of white water.



Skip Pessl will never be the same after this trip. He lost a dear friend and mentor in Art Moffatt, a man he admired and learned from. It cannot be easy to see such a man full of life one moment—and then gone within an hour. He has taken this experience as a teachable moment and states firmly that this trip totally

and radically changed his life. He abandoned his plans to pursue medicine, became a pacifist like Art, and has spent his career as a geologist and his life ever since trying to find his place in nature as a human being. He is a truly kind and gentle man and has spent untold hours with me going over every difficult detail of this trip. But, he doesn't choose to crawl into a shell and shelter from risks. He also remains an enthusiastic fan of Dartmouth trips and trips in general. He wants to see people get out in the world and take chances. Of course, he notes, things don't always go as planned. But, seeking risk is an inherent feature of the human spirit. Risk is an attractive feature of being in nature. Risk builds and shapes a person.

But, Wait! There's More!

There's more. There's a lot more. But, you won't find it in this Newsletter on account of space constraints. To read all of this, you will need to go to www.dartmouth68.org and click on the "Trips" tab. Here is some of what you will find there:

Others Who Came Before Us—Several other Dartmouth Icons

The 10th Mountain Division—Why the Army turned to Dartmouth for this climbing and skiing unit

Mount Everest—Why the first American ascent turned to Dartmouth

Rich duMoulin—How he and a friend sought to break the Sea Witch speed record

Ned Gillette '67—Nearly a '68, Ned was the personification of Trips (squared)

Andy Harvard '71—A touching story of the man who ran the Outdoor Programs at Dartmouth

A Few Surprise Bonus Stories

Wick Walker—Our Modest Expert

Dave Seidman—Some moving remembrances of our classmate who was lost way too early

Does It Matter?

So, why do all of these stories and all of these people matter? And, what do they really have to do with Trips? It all matters because it has to do with the difference between merely existing and actually doing something. The difference between drifting and leading. The difference between just being present and excellence or achievement.

There are now many colleges that offer Freshman Trips, but Dartmouth accounts for more than ten percent of the students across the nation who actually go on one. Trips are at the core of what makes Dartmouth different and arguably better. More than

any other Dartmouth President, John Sloan Dickey got it. He understood and celebrated the importance of Trips and the importance of “place.” At Dartmouth, we learn from our Trips how to thrive, achieve, and lead. We learn from Trips that we can be pioneers in outdoors activities or in science or commerce or the arts. Once empowered in that way, we can go off and make music in New York or movies in LA or lead an organization anywhere.

If you want future generations to have this chance, I ask again for your gift. Call 800-228-1769 and tell them you want to give to the Class of '68 Freshman Trip Endowment. Thanks.



Dhaulagiri

A Tail of Survival in Santa Barbara: Facing Fire and Mudslides

By **Hugh Boss** (received 3/2/18)

Kelly and I are safe and well in Montecito, a small community of approximately 10,000 full and part time residents adjacent to Santa Barbara on California's central coast.

Last December 4th, a fire which became known as the Thomas fire and which would eventually burn more than 280,000 acres (an area larger than New York City, Washington DC, and San Francisco combined) to earn the title of the largest wildfire in California history, started near Santa Paula, an inland town 50 miles from Montecito. It quickly spread toward the ocean, burning hundreds of homes in the towns of Ojai and Ventura. It then proceeded north and west through the Santa Ynez mountains toward Montecito and Santa Barbara. As it grew closer, Kelly and I (in a voluntary evacuation zone with cars packed and ready to leave) would chart its path each night as we watched the flames move from east to west across the hills a few miles above our home. Finally, on the morning of December 16th, as wind gusts of 50 miles per hour threatened to push the fire from the mountains through Montecito to the ocean, we evacuated with our daughter and our two dogs to sanctuary with friends in Los Angeles.

Fortunately, the winds suddenly shifted direction, the fire was contained (after consuming over 1000 structures in Ventura and Santa Barbara counties), and we were able to return home a few days later to celebrate the holidays and our narrow escape from disaster.

Not only did the fire destroy the vegetation in the mountains and canyons directly above our home, but the intense heat apparently has a profound effect on the soil itself, turning the top layer into the equivalent of a waxy substance which totally repels water. In addition, the fire occurred long after the end of the normal fire season, leaving no time for the re-vegetation process to even begin.

Rain was predicted for the morning of January 9th, and it in fact began in earnest around 3:00 a.m. By coastal standards, it was not an unusually large amount of rain - a few inches - concentrated into a few storm cells. But it all fell within about 30 minutes, compressed by unusual weather conditions into the precise burn scars from the Thomas fire. At about 3:30 a.m. the sky north of our home became an orange fireball (which we later learned was the result of a ruptured gas line which burned a number of homes). Then, in a matter of minutes, our house was awash in two feet of mud and debris, threatening to breach the French doors of our living room and flood our home.



Front yard the morning we were forced to evacuate

Initially, we had no idea of the scope of the disaster. After being evacuated by firefighters, we were driven to safety past dozens of crushed cars and trucks. Later, we heard stories of friends trapped in chest-high mud in their homes for hours, homes broken in half by boulders the size of busses, streets no longer bearing evidence of the homes that had stood there before—structures, foundations, footings, all gone. Lovely tree-lined streets, now desolate 200 yard wide boulder fields. Bodies of people discovered on the beach miles away from their homes.

The 101 freeway, a major north-south artery, buried in some places by six to eight feet of mud and debris, closed for 12 days. Water, gas, and electric lines were destroyed. A major water reservoir above Montecito breached, dumping an additional nine million gallons of water into the flood and mudflow that blasted through our community. In the end, 23 were people dead, many others injured, over 100 homes destroyed, hundreds more damaged, most within a mile or two of our home.

Because of the immense damage to infrastructure, the bulk of our community, not just those homes that suffered damage, was forced to evacuate. We were out of our home for a total of 16 days before we were allowed to return for a one hour visit. It was several more days before we had unfettered access to begin cleanup and reconstruction.

When we were allowed to return, our damage, which to us was staggering, was on a comparative basis relatively small. Although mud did not flood our home (as it did to our next door neighbor and many of our friends), we did have water intrusion and resultant mold and other damage. The cleanup of mud and debris around our home—which our contractor estimated to be at least 200 tons—has recently been completed (Debris included a John Deere “gator” which washed down from Oprah Winfrey’s property a half mile above us, seen in the upper right hand corner of the picture below of our front yard!). Now it’s a matter of getting the house back in shape, including dealing with some water issues, cleaning floors, painting and the like. Probably a few more months to have all of that completed before we can move back in.

The uncertainty of future rains is now the big question mark, although ironically as of this writing, this has been the driest season of record. The county has instituted a plan for mandatory evacuations for the entire community when rain above a certain level is predicted. It was implemented for the first time on March

1st, affecting a total of 30,000 people in Montecito and adjacent areas, but fortunately the storm then was less than expected, and additional damage was limited. This protocol will clearly remain in place for the rest of the winter, and in all likelihood for a few more years as well.

Takeaways? Not only how fortunate we have been, but also (for me) how in the course of my 70 years this has been by far the closest I’ve come to the kind of tragedy and devastation our world sees on a regular basis. And the individual stories we have witnessed - the deaths and memorial services, the destruction, the heroism, the generosity, and the hope. Many tears in the last few months, but many more smiles, laughs, and hugs.

Thanks to so many of you for your expressions of concern. Kelly and I are thrilled to be able to send our best to everyone. We are REALLY looking forward to the tranquility of Hanover in June for our reunion.



Front yard – note Oprah Winfrey’s John Deere “gator”, upper right hand corner

Big East Okemo Ski Mini-Reunion: January 2018

By Dave Debelius

From January 22 through 26, 17 people including 3 spouses gathered for 4 nights at Okemo Mountain Resort in Vermont for the fourth annual Okemo skiing mini-reunion. The attendees were: **Burt and Cathy Quist, Dave Gang and Roberta Hillenberg-Gang, Dave and Nancy Dibelius, Gerry Bell, Paul Rizzi, Tom Enright, Rich duMoulin, Steve Schwager, Sam Swisher, Eric Hatch, Peter Emmel, Peter Fahey, Bob Block and Ben Romney '69.**

We stayed in a wonderful house directly on the Sidewinder trail and an adjacent ski-in ski-out condo. On Tuesday it rained so about half the group went to see *The Post* at the matinee in Rutland, which was well received by all. We noted that most of the other people in the theater (including a random D'67) were also wearing ski parkas. Unfortunately, the rain also put an end to our planned ski outing with the Class Connection 2018's, about 25 of whom had signed up.

After an overnight freeze and superb grooming by Okemo, the skiing was firm but fun for the rest of the week. There was even some delightful packed powder under the snow guns. Dinners were over the top, prepared by Paul, Tom, Roberta, Nancy and Cathy, desserts were truly decadent, and the camaraderie was a pleasure every minute. We also appreciated coming back to the house for lunch each day. Many corks were popped and we enjoyed some truly wonderful Italian red wine from Bob's cellar and some truly great New England microbrews.



Ski Day #1: Rainout at the movies in Rutland. Dave and Nancy Dibelius front left; Dave and Roberta Gang front right, DuMoulin in the middle with a megapopcorn

Sign up for the 50th if you haven't already. As everyone who has attended mini-reunions can attest, there is a welcoming environment and an instant bond even with people you didn't know at Dartmouth. New friendships form quickly so don't be reluctant even if you haven't participated in prior alumni activities. And we hope you will join us at Okemo next year!



Dave, Paul, Tom, Burt, and Gerry enjoy an Okemo feast



*Front row (L-R): Roberta Gang, Nancy Dibelius, Ben Romney, David Gang, Dave Dibelius, Peter Emmel, Cathy Quist.
Back Row (L-R): Gerry Bell, Eric Hatch, Sam Swisher, Bob Bloch, Tom Enright, Steve Schwager, Peter Fahey, Rich DuMoulin, Paul Rizzi, Burt Quist, and 2 friends of DuMoulin - Barrett Holby and Peter Bauer*

Western Ski Mini-reunion to Snowmass: March 2018

By Dave Debelius and Jim Lawrie

Bluebird skies, fresh snow, and great people to ski and hang out with. It doesn't get any better than that. From March 2 through March 9, classmates and guests crushed the cruisers, frolicked in the powder, gathered by the fire to defy frost and storm, and raised a cup to the lip in a pledge of fellowship. Zum zum zum ...Anybody remember that?

Anyway, Aspen/Snowmass in Colorado was the site of the 2018 western ski trip for classmates and spouses: **Hap and Susan Ridgway, Jim and Laurie Noyes, John and Chris Blair, Jim and Bev Lawrie, Larry and Julia Griffith, Paul and Kathryn Fitzgerald, Rusty Martin, Peter Emmel, Scott Reeves, Rick Pabst, Rich duMoulin, Peter Fahey, Gerry Bell, Dave Dibelius, and Steve Schwager.** We were joined by guests **Bob and Diane Wagner, Martin Cole, Doug Hercher, Mark duMoulin, and Charlotte Irving.**

Jim and Laurie secured two beautiful houses right across the street from one another and just a short walk from a ski trail. As always, the casual friendliness of communal living was one of

the best parts of the trip. Delicious group dinners were prepared by the Lawrie, Ridgway, Noyes and Blair cooks showing off their skills—we ate too much and loved it.

Other highlights included a terrific dinner at famous Krabloonik restaurant (also home to a large dog sled racing operation, and no, that really was elk that we ate), a cross country ski and snowshoe expedition to Ashcroft, and for a lucky few at Snowmass, a hike up the ridge (breathtaking at 11,000 feet) to ski fresh powder on Long Shot, one of the best ski trails in the country. After the cross-country/snowshoeing adventure all of the participants were found sitting on benches in Aspen eating ice cream and listening to an old guy (guess that could have been us) tune his guitar and play his dulcimer.

Look for an announcement about the Western ski trip 2019, scheduled for Beaver Creek and c'mon along! The search for houses has begun and trip details will be announced on the class website, the newsletter and DAM '68 column.



*Group Photo from Snowmass, March 2018 –
Front row (floor): Weems Westfeldt, Rick Pabst, Scott Reeves, Hap Ridgway, Susan Ridgway,
Peter Emmel, Jim Lawrie, Gerry Bell
Second row: Julia Griffith, Larry Griffith, Bob Wagner (friend of Paul Fitzgerald), John Blair,
Chris Blair, Paul Fitzgerald, Rusty Martin, Rich duMoulin
Third row: Laurie Noyes, Jim Noyes, Dave Dibelius, Bev Lawrie, Steve Schwager,
Mark duMoulin (Rich's son), Charlotte Irving, Kathy Fitzgerald, Martin Cole
(friend of Rusty Martin), Diane Wagner, Peter Fahey, Doug Hercher (Peter Emmel's stepson)*



*Dave Dibelius, Peter Fahey, Jim Lawrie, John Blair and Jim Noyes
enjoy a beautiful morning at Snowmass*



News from our Classmates: Dartmouth Reflections

Peter Hofman: Thoughts on the Dartmouth experience

(received 1/15/18)

Experiences can profoundly affect one's life by being either life-changing or life-affirming. I think my Dartmouth experience was the latter. It affirmed my belief in the value of a liberal arts education and my desire to live closer to nature in a rural area.

Although I missed my senior year at Dartmouth (I was a so-called 3-2 student at Tuck), I tried to expose myself to a wide range of courses. For example, I'm so grateful I took Music 1 and Italian Renaissance Art (which I aced even though I took it pass-fail). I credit my Dartmouth (and Tuck) education for my ability to serve successfully throughout my career as the generalist in rooms full of specialists—from transportation engineers, biologists, geologists, geochemists, geophysicists, and construction engineers to energy and water treatment experts, inventors, and even educational assessment experts. At a time of rapid technological change and with the unpredictability of what future jobs will look like, I think that the type of liberal arts education Dartmouth provided us—and provides today—is essential for successfully navigating what will be uncharted waters.

With regard to being close to nature, I wanted to attend Dartmouth because it was. Even though I wasn't active in the DOC, on countless afternoons as I walked across the Green and soaked in what I saw, I felt glad—blessed—to be alive. Since returning from the Peace Corps, I (actually Phyllis and I) have lived in rural areas and the feelings I had on the Green are still with me today—as I see a sunrise or sunset at home or just seeing the hills from the house or whenever we leave. The earth—nature - is just so beautiful, in large as well as intimate ways. I'm grateful to have lived as close to it as we have all these years...it might even help me live longer!



Peter Hofman and Rain

John Pierce: “How Dartmouth changed my life”

(received 1/21/18)

Like most of us I came to Dartmouth as a sponge, ready to soak up new experiences and new understandings and experience life. I am particularly grateful for learning how to program a computer (on a 300 baud teletype—the memory really does seem archaic!), pushed to write clearly, encouraged to follow my curiosity, challenged to think critically, and to always think of others.

My earth sciences training gave me a ticket to earn a living as a scientist and the opportunity to experience the world. I recall Bob Reynolds (one of many great geology profs) saying: “The great thing about being in geology is that you can choose anywhere in the world to work, and then your only problem is how to get someone else to pay to send you there!”

Earth Sciences also gave me a sense of space and time that many never really experience. We humans really are very insignificant in the big scheme of things. The closest I have ever come to a truly religious experience was looking at a core we'd just drilled on a scientific expedition west of Australia. It encompassed the exact time of the Cretaceous/Tertiary boundary when the dinosaurs became extinct because of the asteroid impact in Mexico that acidified the world's oceans. In this core the transition was sharp—less than a cm across—and the material in the core changed from white chalk to black shale as 90% of life, mostly carbonate organisms, was exterminated. And then the few survivors that remained

began to flourish and filled the ecological void that had been created. It was Evolution 101 on a dramatic scale!

I've always felt privileged to have had the opportunity to go to Dartmouth. Of course, it was a formative time of my life. My experiences there shaped who I am today. I hope I've given back to others more than all that I learned there!



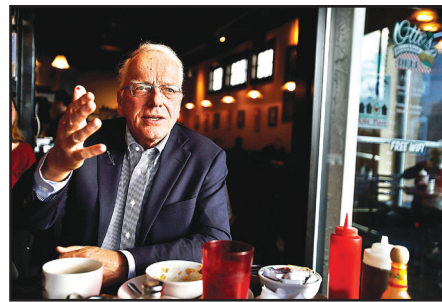
John Pierce and his big Chinook, 8/11/17

Sherwood Guernsey: Reflections on Dartmouth

(received 1/31/18)

I have no long essay on why or how Dartmouth made a difference, but the short of it is: I grew up in a very small, poor town in upstate New York, on some very beautiful rural land. My dad worked at GE, but because he refused to move, he never climbed the GE corporate ladder; my mom was a stay-at-home mom (remember those?). My graduating class was 64 people! Maybe one-third of the class went to college. Not having had the prep school background or coming from a big city, Dartmouth was just a kind of trip to Mecca: not in the religious sense,

but in the sense of a pilgrimage to a whole new and expanded world experience. I worked hard to be sure I made it the first year, and then began to relax a bit and explore all the possibilities and incredible variety of courses, opportunities and fellow classmates. I took full advantage of the widest range of courses I could, making the value of a liberal education come alive. On a proverbial road trip and blind date, I met my future wife at Mt Holyoke. I gained a huge respect for all types of different people, beliefs, values and opinions. I stayed up for hours on end debating the issues of the day, often over a few good brews. Dartmouth changed my life because it expanded my vision, self-confidence, knowledge, and beliefs. The rest was up to me. The opportunities were mine to grasp.



Sherwood Guernsey

John Melski: My 50th Anniversary Stories about Dartmouth and Marriage (excerpts)

(received February 2018)

My wife Linda and I will attend the 50th reunion of Dartmouth 68, which is one year after our 50th wedding anniversary. My stories about Dartmouth and marriage are inseparable. "We are all stories in the end, just make it a good one eh?" (The Tenth Doctor Who, speaking to a sleeping Amy Pond).

Foundation: A local alumnus recruited me for early admission to Dartmouth. My parents had different reactions. My mom

lived in Poland as a child and never finished high school. She was Catholic and discovered mysticism after reading "*Seven Story Mountain*," the autobiography of Thomas Merton, a Trappist monk who died in 1968. She thought Dartmouth was too big a step for one generation. She feared I would grow away from our family. She was right. My father was a machinist and man of few words. He worked 6 days a week for Western Electric and on the seventh day, he labored on upkeep of our home. He eschewed religion. I abandoned my faith on June 18th 1960 after reading *Walden Pond* by Thoreau. My dad wanted me to apply to Dartmouth, but I would need financial aid. My application was accepted, I got financial aid, and worked in Thayer Dining Hall to help pay the bills.

Dave & Diane: My first dormitory room was 407 New Hampshire Hall. It opened to a stairwell. Fire doors isolated me from the corridors on either side. I was "The Phantom of New Hampshire Hall" until I made friends beyond those doors, including **Dave Peck** and later his wife Diane. We are forever friends.

Meeting Linda: Linda and I met after my freshman year at Dartmouth and her freshman year at Cedar Crest College in Allentown, Pennsylvania. We had summer jobs at Bergen Pines County Hospital, New Jersey. She was a nurse's aide and I was an orderly. We met in the linen closet...for linen. We kept meeting in the break room for lunch. The romance began with whimsy when I made a paper ring for her from the wrapper of a straw. After our junior years, she moved to Hanover for training as medical technologist in Mary Hitchcock Hospital. We were married on June 18th 1967 and moved to Lebanon Street, Hanover, NH.

Professors: My professors at Dartmouth were exceptional. Professor Peter Bien had me drink from the firehose of English Literature. *Zorba the Greek* had

the most lasting effect. Basil, the narrator, asks Zorba “Are you married?” Zorba replies “Am I not a man? And is a man not stupid? I’m a man, so I married. Wife, children, house, everything. The full catastrophe.” Zorba’s response inspired *Full Catastrophe Living* by Jon Kabat-Zinn, a book that restored my mental and spiritual health years later.

Dartmouth: “Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire.” (Plutarch) The time-sharing computer in College Hall ignited my passion for computing, which eventually led to my career in Medical Informatics. To balance my education, I majored in psychology. I assisted Professor Gulick in his study of stereoscopic vision. Perceptual psychology is a subfield of cognitive psychology and the antithesis of “nuts and sluts” psychology as it was called in the undergraduate vernacular. Cognition and computing were my twin stars of inspiration. The psych syllabus included *Escape from Freedom* by Eric Fromm, which explores our transcendent need to belong to something larger than ourselves. My transcendent need turned out to be the practice of medicine.

Mary Hitchcock-Dartmouth: After Johns Hopkins, we moved to Willey Hill Rd, Norwich, Vermont, for Residency in Internal Medicine at the Mary Hitchcock-Dartmouth Medical Center, which was still in Hanover, New Hampshire. Our oldest son was born there in the fall of 1972. That winter, we camped in a nearby cabin where snow covered the chimney top and the wood was frozen. With a propane torch and matches, I lit the fireplace. We huddled near, feet first. Linda melted the soles of her shoes. We returned to the warmth of our home on Willey Hill Road where all the power was electric, including heating, lighting, and pumping water.

I went cross-country skiing, leaving my young wife and newborn son. Soon after I left, the power failed and the temperature started to drop. The utility crew that fixed the transformer and restored our power might as well have been angels.



John and Linda Melski, *Cave of the Mounds, Blue Mounds, WI, 2015*

**Dick Anderson:
Dartmouth—A Sense of Place**

(received 2/25/18)

In many ways my adult life has been a tale of two places, if not cities, and I guess I’ve got the granite of New Hampshire in my muscles and my brain after all. Dartmouth College and the Upper Valley were a brave new world for a small town, public high school, California kid who had never been east of the Mississippi River until arriving on campus that fall of 1964. The Freshman Trip was, of course, a terrific introduction to the place and its history (as related by President Dickey at the Ravine Lodge), and a great way to meet fellow newly arrived students, and being tagged to do chores at various fraternities during Freshman Week was an odd, but interesting way to be introduced to campus life. Like many of us, I

was a bit overwhelmed by my first-term English seminar class, in my case taught by Professor Peter Bien, a Kazantzakis scholar. *Zorba the Greek* was one of several books we were compelled to read, discuss, and write about that term, but I gradually found my footing, and survived, and discovered that reading was actually fun. When in Hanover this past December I stopped by the Left Bank Books store and bought a copy of Kazantzakis’ *The Last Temptation of Christ*, translated from the Greek by Professor Bien, which I just finished reading. This seemed to me as good a way as any to celebrate and acknowledge a lifetime of reading and learning which took root in that daunting seminar so many years ago.

The ability to sample a variety of academic disciplines is, of course, the hallmark of a liberal arts education, and as a pre-med chemistry major who spent many an afternoon tucked away in one lab or another, I truly appreciated the opportunity to take courses in economics, sociology, history, religion, government (Starzinger), geography (Huke), American literature (Perrin), and even art history. Freshman basketball with Coach Tony Lupien, intramural sports in various venues including softball on the Green in the spring, Fraternity Hums on the steps of Dartmouth Hall each spring, bonfires before home football games and real center-of-the-Green Winter Carnival ice sculptures, the long frigid trek from the Wigwam dorms to Thayer Hall for breakfast on winter mornings, and watching all 7 games of the 1967 World Series between the Cardinals and the Red Sox (whose star pitcher, Jim Lonborg, was, like me, a San Luis Obispo High School alumnus) while confined to bed in Dick’s House with mononucleosis, are several readily recalled memories of life then.

The personal highlight of my undergraduate years came with Winter Carnival of 1968, when 20 or so of my Tri-Kap

fraternity brothers each gave a pint of blood at the Blood Bank in Boston, raising \$500 (donors were paid \$25 for each pint given in those days) to fly my soon-to-be fiancée Barbara from California to Hanover, done as a total and complete surprise to me. She, of course, was then selected as the Winter Carnival queen—"Queen of the Snows"—triggering a hectic three days of activities, personal appearances, and interviews for her, with me tagging along as her humble escort. We married in December of 1968, and will celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary later this year.

After medical school and internship in San Francisco, Barbara and I returned to Hanover in 1973 for my radiology residency at DHMC, now as a family with two young children. We lived our first year in a Rivercrest duplex (now gone), and our next two years in a small rental house on Carpenter Street in Norwich (still there). Fortunately we were able to run a tab and pay our grocery bill monthly at Dan and Whits, which greatly helped us manage our meager finances. Our older daughter, who presently lives with her husband and two daughters in Napa, CA, started school at the Norwich Elementary School. In good weather I would ride my bicycle from Norwich to the hospital, then still located on Maynard Street in Hanover. It was a wonderful time in our lives, and very different from the undergraduate years.

39 years of radiology practice followed, the first seven in Manchester, NH, the last 32 in Visalia, CA. Along the way our younger daughter, who was born in Manchester and now lives with her husband and two children in Orford, graduated from Dartmouth (Class of '99), and our son, who lives with his fiancée in California, is currently spending a year in Hanover as a MALS grad student at Dartmouth.

Now fully retired, Barbara and I divide our time between our ranch in Creston, CA, not far from where I grew up, and a recently acquired home in Lyme, NH. Each winter I spend time reading and evaluating college scholarship applications from local high school seniors, in a small way helping the next generation get started on finding their place in the world. Californians by nature and upbringing, Barbara and I have over the years become New Englanders as well, and now relish the feeling of being locals returning home to the Hanover Plain each time we step off the Dartmouth Coach in front of the Hop.



Dick and Barbara Anderson

Additional News from our Classmates:

Peter Wonson – a life of volunteering in Roanoke, VA

(received 2/5/18)

In addition to being part of our 50th Reunion Committee and our 1968 Dartmouth College Fund leadership team, both of which have been very enjoyable and highly rewarding, I stay busy volunteering in the Roanoke Valley. I am a Life Member of the NAACP, and the second vice president of the Roanoke Branch. I am deeply involved in our ACT-SO program, a national academic competition in 32 categories for high school students. I volunteer for Roanoke Valley

Reads, a literacy initiative, and am on the board of the Northwest Neighborhood Environmental Organization (NNEO).

The organization I am most excited about being a part of is a non-profit called One Valley, an environmental and civil rights group. I am the vice-chair of our steering committee. We've spent five years building partnerships with local businesses, other non-profits, Roanoke City government, and Virginia Tech University, and in the past year we've begun work on several of our specific projects. One of those projects, in conjunction with the local Coca-Cola plant, is the cleaning up and day lighting of a creek in Northwest Roanoke that at one point runs via a culvert under the plant's main building. Our ultimate goal is connecting the creek and future walking path to the Roanoke Valley Greenway network.

Another project, in conjunction with the NNEO, is an urban garden initiative. Much of Northwest Roanoke is a food desert, and this initiative is having an impact on people in terms of healthy living, healthy diet, and some level of self-sufficiency in growing healthy foods. Our "mother ship" garden has been producing abundant crops for the past two years. The NNEO owns 41 vacant lots in Northwest Roanoke which it has agreed to let us use to create a network of urban gardens throughout the community.

Our centerpiece project is the George Washington Carver Environmental Education Center, for which we intend to break ground late this summer. To establish some context, the "Star City" of Roanoke, where I have lived since 1981, is considered to be among the most segregated cities in the South, and Northwest Roanoke encompasses the historic black community. The Carver Center will be the first independent educational entity in Northwest Roanoke designed to attract and teach students and adults from every part of the Roanoke Valley. It will

contain a science lab and classrooms to deliver environmental education for students K-12 and for adults. It will include a working and teaching kitchen to provide education, training and career opportunities as well as locally grown food for a restaurant and market on the grounds of the Center. It will house two "anchor" tenants, offering additional employment. And it will host programs, speakers and seminars designed to inspire African-American and other students of color to follow career paths into "green collar" and environmental work, fields that are growing rapidly in our country but are very under-represented by people of color.

I believe that over the next decade or two, One Valley and the Carver Center will be a game changer in the lives of all residents of the Roanoke Valley, and especially residents of the African-American community. Our ultimate goal is to help lead the way for Roanoke to become a model post-racial Southern city.



The Ham Sandwich in June 1968 on Tuck Drive. Left to right: Ken Aldrich, Hanover H.S. '65, Peter Wonson '68, Dan Morgenroth '68, Dom Puccio D71 (missing Skip Truman, Hanover H.S. '68

Sin-Tung Chiu reports from Hong Kong trip – 12/2017-1/8/18

(received 3/14/17)

Memorable 20-day visit to Hong Kong where I was born and raised!

I had my public recital on 1/6/2018 with a Hong Kong-based pianist, a fellow alumnus of The Juilliard School in New York City, a childhood friend reunited after 54 years, plus my master class with El Sistema Hong Kong Youth Orchestra's disadvantaged young musicians on 1/7/2018. (see photo below).



I also performed in a private house concert in Hong Kong and was interviewed with performance on Radio Hong Kong RTHK radio 4 regarding my lifelong musical career in performing on violin and violin teaching! Most touching was my reuniting with former violin students I taught in violin master classes in Hong Kong 30 years ago and with musicians from Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra when I performed as a violin soloist 40 years ago!! Last but not least, I also reunited over fine cuisine with my former 4th grade Hong Kong classmates from childhood days 54 years ago!!

Lots of nostalgia!!! Regrets I will miss our 50th Dartmouth reunion in 6/2018 in Hanover, New Hampshire due to obligations in my life then!! Wishing all attending the grandest of times shared and with old friendships celebrated!!!

Bill Mutterperl, another busy retiree who will attend the 50th

(received 2/3/18)

{Editor's Note: When I received this great photo from Antarctica, I asked Mutts to give us an update}

I must say I was startled to see the "Mutts" salutation; for the most part that is one for the time capsule, although we do see the Witten's periodically and Roger probably still calls me that.

Not a lot of excitement going on, but everyone seems to like the picture I forwarded. I retired 3 years ago following a legal career mostly in the banking industry. We reside in NYC but spend our winters in Southern California to get out of the cold. So it's ironic we traveled to Antarctica this year, but we were talked into it by my youngest son, who naturally came along with his wife for the ride. A very worthwhile, if ambitious trip, for a couple of 71 year-olds. I do know I have seen enough penguins for several life-times.

We have two sons in their 40's. The younger one who lives out here is a TV comedy writer. They have no children. My oldest son is a Spanish teacher in the D.C. area and he has 4 sons, the oldest of whom is a sophomore at NYU. Boy we are old. Anyway my wife Nancy and I keep busy with a lot of travel, and I am also involved on Boards of several charities, mostly dedicated to youth; and am still politically active. Our 50th anniversary arrives 3 weeks after the 50th reunion. Hope to see you there.



Bill and Nancy Mutterperl on recent trip to Antarctica pre-50th anniversary



Adele Hedges



Adele Hedges of Houston, Texas, and Hanover, New Hampshire, passed away January 24, 2018, of natural causes. Adele was born in 1947 in Orange, Texas, to Clint and Rhea Oglesbee. She received her undergraduate degree in French Literature and her law degree from the University of Houston. Adele received her masters and Ph.D. degrees in French Literature from Rice.

Adele met her future husband, **Dan Hedges**, at the State Bar Moot Court Competition in 1973, where they were on opposing teams. In 1974 they both began their legal careers at Fulbright & Jaworski. In 1976 they married and became the first married couple to both be allowed to stay at one of the major Houston law firms.

In 1992 Adele ran successfully for Associate Justice of the First Court of Appeals of Texas. She served in that position for ten years, at which time Governor Rick Perry appointed her Chief Justice of the 14th Court of Appeals of Texas. Adele was recognized as the most outstanding appellate judge in Texas.

One of Adele's greatest accomplishments on the bench was her leadership of the project to restore and renovate the 1910 Harris County Courthouse, which now houses Houston's two courts of appeals.

In 2008 Adele and Dan completed construction of Houston's first Platinum LEED Certified residence. More recently they completed the LEED Certified remodeling of a home in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the Connecticut River. They planned to move there in April 2018.

Adele deeply loved Dartmouth College from which Dan and their son Clinton graduated. Adele was an avid supporter of the sustainability program at Dartmouth and the Dartmouth Organic Farm.

A memorial service for Adele will be held Thursday, May 3, at 1:00 p.m. at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Hanover. Following the service, there will be a reception in the parish hall.

Any members of the Dartmouth class of 1968 who attend, are asked to meet with Dan in the parish hall prior to the service, enter the sanctuary together, sit together, and leave together to attend the reception.

Allan Johnson

Adapted from *The New York Times*, 1/7/18

Noted sociologist and novelist **Allan G. Johnson**, an influential figure in the profeminist men's movement and the broader progressive movements for social justice, died on December 24 at his home in Canton, CT, surrounded by family and friends. He was 71.

Author both of nonfiction books and novels, his work coupled keen analysis with engaging, accessible writing in books addressing gender, race, and class. Best known among them are *The Gender Knot*, and *Privilege, Power, and Difference*. "Allan was passionately committed to ending men's violence against women, which is how I was initially drawn to his work, and to him," said the author and cultural critic, Jackson Katz. "He made a major contribution to our theoretical and practical understanding of how men - especially white men - can and should play a role in the struggles for gender, racial and economic justice." Paula Rothenberg, editor of *Race, Class, and Gender in the United States* said by unraveling society's patriarchal legacy, *The Gender Knot* was "one of the best, most readable, and most comprehensive accounts of patriarchy that is available in print."

Born on January 26, 1946, the son of Valdemar Nels Johnson of Sequim, WA, and Alice Griswold Johnson of Newburyport, MA, Allan lived in Washington, D.C. until he was six, when his family moved to Oslo, Norway for two years, where his father was posted with the U.S. Navy. Upon returning to the U.S., the family settled in Andover, MA. Johnson began writing while in high school at Philips Andover Academy, graduating with prizes in poetry and short fiction in 1964.

At **Dartmouth** Allan participated in ROTC and the Ledyard Canoe Club and earned his B.A. in Sociology and English. After college he earned a Ph.D. in Sociology at the University of Michigan. His Ph.D dissertation focused on women's roles in Mexico City, where he lived for eight months. It was while he was a professor of sociology at Wesleyan University in Middletown, CT, that he began a lifelong commitment to understanding the fundamental nature of social life and systems of oppression and privilege, including how and why systems of privilege are created and maintained by society. The issue that first drew him to these problems was men's violence against women. In the late 1970s, he began volunteering at the Rape Crisis Service in Hartford, CT. He developed an undergraduate course on the sociology of gender to explore the structure and culture of patriarchal systems and male privilege. A consultant with the National Center for the Prevention of Rape, he served on the board of the Connecticut Coalition against Domestic Violence,

as well as testifying before the state judiciary committee on laws to protect the rights of sexual assault victims.

His first book, *Social Statistics without Tears*, was published in 1976. After leaving Wesleyan, he wrote his next book, *Human Arrangements: An Introduction to Sociology*. During this time he also rediscovered his love of fiction, writing short stories and working for a brief time in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, with the American novelist, poet, and editor, Leonard Wallace Robinson.

Returning to the U.S., he joined the faculty at Hartford College for Women where he taught sociology and women's studies. During this period, he wrote his most important nonfiction works, including *The Gender Knot: Unraveling Our Patriarchal Legacy*; *The Forest and the Trees: Sociology as Life, Practice, and Promise*; *The Blackwell Dictionary of Sociology*; and *Privilege, Power, and Difference*. In 1995, he began speaking and conducting trainings around the country addressing topics of race and gender, initially on behalf of diversity consulting firms in corporate settings.

Following publication of *The Gender Knot*, he shifted his focus to presentations and workshops at colleges, universities, and non-educational settings. His first novel, *The First Thing and the Last*, was published in 2010 after meeting with considerable resistance from mainstream publishers because of its realistic portrayal of domestic violence. Publishers Weekly recognized it as a notable debut work of fiction, and Oprah Magazine listed it as one of ten "Great Reads" in April, 2010. *Nothing Left to Lose*, his second novel, was published the following year and revolved around an American family in crisis during the Vietnam War. *Not from Here* was his last book, a memoir published in 2015 that explored the meaning of being white in North America.

In addition to his writing, Allan was an avid swimmer and musician. He continued to swim a mile a day at a local pool until just before his death, and passed his love for swimming on to his children and grandchildren. He studied jazz piano as an adult and his house was always filled with music.

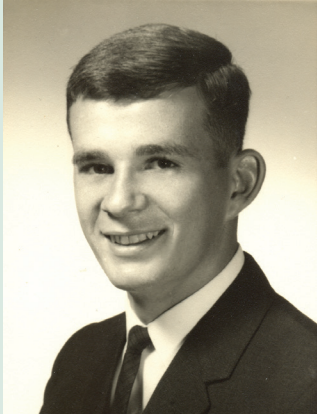
Allan is survived by his beloved life partner, Nora Jamieson, a healer, writer, and gatherer of women, with whom he shared his life for 37 years; three children, Paul Johnson, Karla MacDonald and Emily Johnson; and four grandchildren.

"He was a man of integrity and depth of soul," Nora said of him, "who carried and wrote of suffering, creating exquisite beauty that pierced the heart. More than anything, Allan wanted to walk the path of a real human being."

Following a home funeral and family-led graveside service, Johnson was buried in the North Canton Cemetery on December 29.

Alexander Eugene McCarthy (1947 – 1972)

Memoir from his sister, Margaret E. McCarthy, February 2018



The reminiscence of an itinerary that commenced as an infant in the Good Samaritan Hospital in Phoenix, Arizona, where our father decided to move after WWII, and a fiery ending as a Captain in the USAF at Lackland AFB in Fort Worth, Texas, emerges periodically. What happened in the interim? A few cross-country trips in the late 1940s landed our family of four and one Irish Setter adiabatically back in Springfield, Massachusetts, where Alex and I attended school, in particular, the then prestigious Classical High School. Concurrently, when the Class of 1968 entered Dartmouth, I graduated from Wheaton to pursue graduate school in Pittsburgh.

Letters to me and a birthday gift from the campus shop with the banned logo issued forth from Wigwam, Lord, and AD (Alpha Delta Phi). Alex was stroke on the Varsity Crew, practicing in the summer on the lake at our summer home with his skull, a gift from his high school crew coach. Tired, we switched boats. He majored in a combination of mathematics and psychology, following the path of least studying. In those days the SAT language exam allowed one to opt out of Latin with a 650. He scored a 651 to study Russian. What logic?

Happenstance placed me in May 1968 in the Hanover area where I got to meet on extended visits, the brothers of AD. I managed to acquire and now donate to the archives **Steve Engelman's** AD license plate, Dartmouth banners, clothing, crew paraphernalia, rude birthday cards, and one huge red fuzzy Christmas card with an extended finger, denoting Alex's feelings about the holiday. Oh, yes, **Lael Kellett's** textbooks. Purchase a book? Alex actually used my physics textbooks.

Commencement Day was a disaster as my genius brother failed one sociology course, did not graduate then, and was told on the day of graduation with all our family there. Everyone departed except the two of us. As I sat alone watching the future graduates' procession from a seat at the 9 East Wheelock Street Black Mass Brewery, I felt as though the theatre of the absurd had become a reality. Where was the Class of 1968 going? I watched each of

you parade by.

I fished out his stuff from the AD attic and the sex room to store at our parent's home. Alex attended a local college summer school to finish a bit late, a move that actually allowed me to know him even better as an adult. End of summer we parted, he to the Air Force in the South to become a pilot, and I, to work elsewhere and finish my last academic degree.

Recently, in my Alumnae Magazine in the Class Notes Section, I read about a sister who had lost her brother during that war with the reflecting words of, "a brother that I never knew," a phrase, jolting at first, which thankfully does not apply to me. No sibling rivalry ever even though I got the boy's bike and snowshoes to pass down. Lots of laughter prevailed.

Dave Fuchs wrote a timely serious obit in the Alumni Magazine in 1972. My advice about this particular reunion is to remember the ones who are not there but more so to enjoy your reunion; it's about the pleasure of reminiscence. You can all now answer my question to the Class of 1968 as to where you have been.

Peggy McCarthy aka Margaret E McCarthy, PhD

*An additional memory of Alex, prepared for our 40th Reunion (former roommate and AD brother **Lael Kellett**)*

Alex was a super smart guy that didn't think he was or didn't want to be. My best memories all revolve around his innate sense of having fun and pulling pranks, such as building a behind-the-dorm snow statue to compete with the more formal one in the front, diving head first down the snowy incline into the cemetery, sliding down the hills through the trees at night from the Wigs down to the river on stolen Thayer trays, Magic Monday, the road trip to Hellsapoppin, flying five foot long paper airplanes out the fourth floor window of the dorm, the End of the World Party to celebrate the great Northeast power outage, hall hockey/frisbee/body surfing, body finding while kite flying, playing endless games of pick up sticks while he waited to go into the air force flight school that then led to his death.....or perhaps you could just find the Baker Tower Mickey Mouse photo? Alex left us early before we got to see what he might have become, but I suspect we were spared years of practical jokes and missed out on a lifetime of laughs."

Class of '68 50th Reunion



June 7 - 11, 2018