



The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Fall 2020

Class Officers

President: Dave Peck
16 Overlook Road
Plymouth, MA 02360-2932
(508) 746-5894
davidbpeck@aol.com

Vice President: Roger Witten
1010 Fifth Avenue, Apt. 1F
New York, NY 10028-0130
(212) 734-0971
rogermwitten@gmail.com

Secretary: Jack Hopke
157 Joy Street
River Ridge, LA 70123-1819
(504) 388-2645
jackhopke@yahoo.com

Treasurer/Web Master: Jim Lawrie
1458 Popinjay Drive
Reno, NV 89509-3984
(775) 826-2241
lawrie.68@alum.dartmouth.org

Head Agent: Parker Beverage
7 Merrill Street
Waterville, ME 04901-4729
(207) 873-7367
pjbevera@gmail.com

Mini-Reunion Chair:
Norm Silverman
48 Cranford Lane
Grosse Pointe, MI 48230
(313) 204-2470
Norman.silverman@yahoo.com

Gift Planning Chair: Ed Heald
70 Rodgers Road
Carlisle, MA 01741-1865
(978) 430-3165
esheald@aol.com

Alumni Council Representative:
Tom Stonecipher
4725 Itana Circle
Bozeman, MT 59715-9330
(406) 580-9797
99stonecipher@gmail.com

Newsletter Editor: Mark Waterhouse
157 Park Road
Pleasant Valley, CT 06063-4119
(860) 379-7449
mwaterhouse@snet.net

Class Memorialist: Joe Grasso, Jr.
332 Old Marlboro Road
Concord, MA 01742
(508) 633-7279
jagrassojr68@gmail.com

The '68 Legacy of Generosity

You may have noticed that we have a lot of Class Projects going on, over and above our annual Alumni Fund efforts and long standing Freshman Trip Fund. Here's a summary of those and our other contributions to the College.

\$55,457,013

I asked Sarah Baptie, our Alumni fund contact, if she could tell me the total amount '68s have contributed to the College since we graduated (and maybe while we were still students). The amount you see above is what we have donated so far to the Alumni Fund (DCF), past and current capital fund drives, Friends organizations, bequests by deceased Classmates, our Freshman Trip Fund endowment - in other words, all cash gifts by '68s to the College. Pretty Impressive. Here are some more details.

2019—2020 Alumni Fund

Under the leadership of **Parker Beverage**, during the past DCF year, we far surpassed our \$350,000 goal, donating a total of \$455,991 (30% over our goal) from 333 Classmates—a 50% participation rate (compared to an overall alumni participation rate of 36.8%). Thanks to all who contributed.

In the past three years the Class of 1968 has raised \$3,773,100 for the DCF!

Emergency Student Relief Fund

When the pandemic erupted in March, it necessitated many changes in how the College could operate. This caused many students to have serious financial difficulties. In response, the College created an Emergency Student Relief Fund with the goals of raising \$500,000 for critical needs and establishing a \$4.5 million endowment to respond to individual needs now and in the years to come. Our Class Committee decided to support this initiative by offering a two-fer to Classmates who had not yet contributed to the DCF, or who made an additional gift. Any gift to the DCF between April 8 and June 30 would be matched up to \$500 by the Class from the Class Treasury. This resulted in our Class raising \$49,360 for the Dartmouth Student Emergency Fund, in large part due to our matching fund initiative.

Freshman Trip Fund

Many years ago in discussing what our gift to the College should be at our 50th Reunion, we decided to create an endowment to support the Freshman Trip. [Yes—I know that technically it is the First Year Trip but I went on a Freshman Trip.]

Continues on page 3

From President Dave Peck

The Class of 1968 Year in Review: Presidential Reflections

Our past Class year (July 2019 through June 2020) has been both eventful and productive. We are particularly proud of our Dartmouth College Fund (DCF) results, in this particularly challenging year for the College and indeed the country. We exceeded our goals for total donations, \$455,991 received versus a target of \$350,000 (30% over!), and even more source of pride, for the first time in 5 years, met our participation goal of 50%. One part of this remarkable accomplishment was to encourage and match donations to the Emergency Student Relief Fund (ESRF): during the last three months of donations to the DCF, the Class made donations of \$49,360. Our Class really stepped forward in this year of need.

Our Mini- and Micro-Reunions have been active before shutting down for the pandemic. Classmates and guests have gathered, in person, for a dinner and concert in White River Junction last August, for golf and Homecoming last October, for the Dartmouth-Princeton game at Yankee Stadium, for skiing at Okemo (Vermont) in January and at Mammoth Mountain (California) in late February, and a Class Meeting in Alexandria, Virginia, also in late February. And looking farther ahead, we are in early planning for a collective 75th birthday party at the Greenbrier Resort in West Virginia, September 19 through 22, 2021.

Our Class Committee has gathered in person or by Zoom four times through the year: August, October, February and May. We had occasional frustrations with Zoom, signing on, getting out of the waiting room, internet crashes, but we persevered. Our next Class Meeting, already planned for Zoom, will be held at 10 am October 3. All Class of 1968 members are always welcome at all Class Committee meetings, and in general, every meeting had some new faces participate. Feel free to join us!

The Class Committee stayed busy the full year. Our Secretary, **Dick Olson**, resigned during the fall of 2019 to spend time with election matters, and the Committee was involved with nominating successors, welcoming **Jack Hopke** as our new Secretary. And our Mini-Reunion Chairman, **Bill Rich**, resigned late in the spring of 2020; the Committee welcomes **Norm Silverman** as our new Mini-Reunion Chairman. The Class thanks both Dick and Bill for their hard work on behalf of the Class over the years. Dick had been the editor of our wonderful 40th Reunion Book, as well as our Secretary; Bill coordinated the fund raising for our 50th Reunion Gift to fund the Freshman Trips, as well as served as Mini-Reunion Chair.

A strong majority of the Committee co-signed a letter to President Hanlon and the Board of Trustees, urging that the College reaffirm its commitment to the primacy of writing skills in a liberal arts education.

Major accomplishments for the year included updating of the Class Constitution (last developed and approved in 1998) and development of guidelines for the Class to consider future project funding. Both of these went through multiple drafts and input from the entire Class Committee. As a Class, we have a relatively healthy account balance left over from our most successful 50th Reunion, which allows us to consider meaningful projects.

And speaking of projects, this year has continued our commitment to support discreet programs that directly or indirectly support Dartmouth College and its mission. Past projects include support for the Dartmouth Entrepreneurial Network (DEN) and the Dartmouth Vietnam Project (an oral history endeavor). The Community Service Project (CSP) has 63 contributors, at last count with classmates or their partners outlining projects they have initiated or led in their communities. We donated a copy of our 50th Reunion Book "*Who Are You*" to the Alumni Office and plan to donate a copy to Rauner Special Collections Library. And speaking of Rauner, this year we funded the creation of a sculptural bust of Frederick Douglass, which will be installed in the Library; dedication in Hanover was planned for May 2020, but has been postponed due to the pandemic. Other projects underway include purchasing and donating Native American Art to the Hood Museum, commissioning fanfare and processional music for use at future graduations, and creation of a recognition program, called the Give A Rouse Award, for classmates for lifetimes of service to their communities, the College and/or the Class. See more on these new projects elsewhere in this Newsletter.

Throughout the year, our Class has had a lively exchange, on email and in our Newsletter, of opinions and insights on topics such as the legacy and athletic admissions, universal service, sexual harassment, and the removal of the Eleazar Wheelock weathervane from Baker Tower.

As President, one of the sadder duties was to write condolence letters to the widows of classmates who passed during this year: Kathleen Nichols, Lucy Golladay, Cheryl Cobb and Barbara Paschke. Our deepest sympathy to their families, and we invite them to stay involved in the Class.

Have a great Fall, and may we soon emerge from this pandemic and can re-gather in person.

The '68 Legacy of Generosity—continued

Freshman Trip Fund—continued



1968 Freshman Trip

Source: Rauner Special Collections Library

Photographer: Per Hjortdahl

Bill Rich took the lead in fundraising and **Jim Lawrie** managed the investment until we turned the fund over to the College. As of June 30th, we have raised \$1,238,516.30 for that fund and continue to take donations. During the July 1, 2019 to June 30, 2020 financial year, we added \$4,025 to this fund.

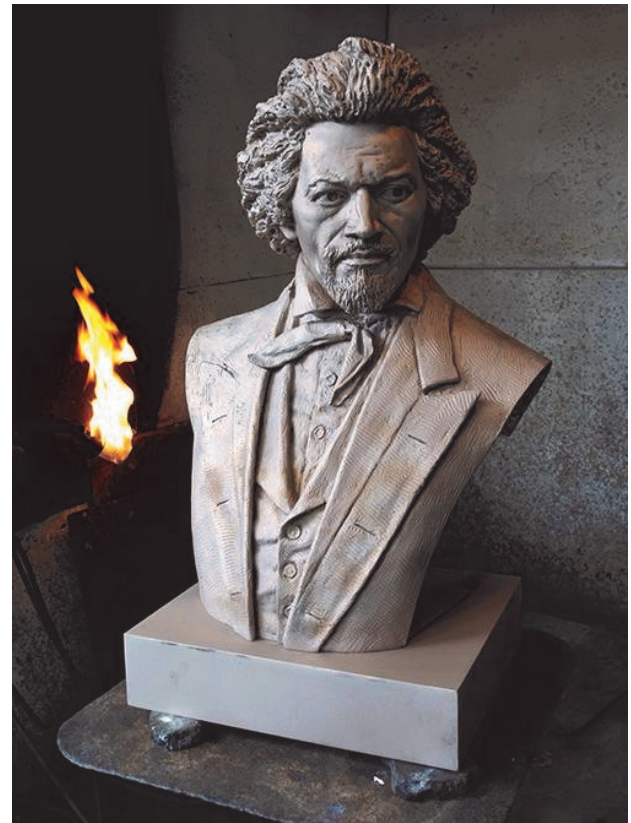
As of June 30th, the approximate Market Value was \$1,859,375.22; \$114,667.70 has been distributed from the fund since June 1, 2018.

For an interesting *Daily D* article on the history and traditions of the First Year Trips, see:

<https://www.theDartmouth.com/article/2019/08/a-look-into-the-history-and-traditions-of-first-year-trip>

Our Frederick Douglass Bust Project

The last issue of *The Transmission* provided some information on the bust of Frederick Douglass we are providing to the College and why the Class Committee thought this is important. Under the guidance of **Roger Arvid Anderson**, this project continues to move forward despite the obstacles presented by the pandemic. The bust is ready for the application of the final patina and the shipping crate has been built. Whenever COVID allows us to arrange it, we will have a dedication in Rauner Library in the old Webster Hall. The bust is planned to be placed on the mezzanine level, and a pedestal to accommodate



its scale and weight will be made once the Rauner receives the bust. We are working with Jay Satterfield, Director of the Rauner to accomplish all this.

While this would normally have been at least a \$50,000 project, Roger managed to get the sculptor to create this for \$10,000.

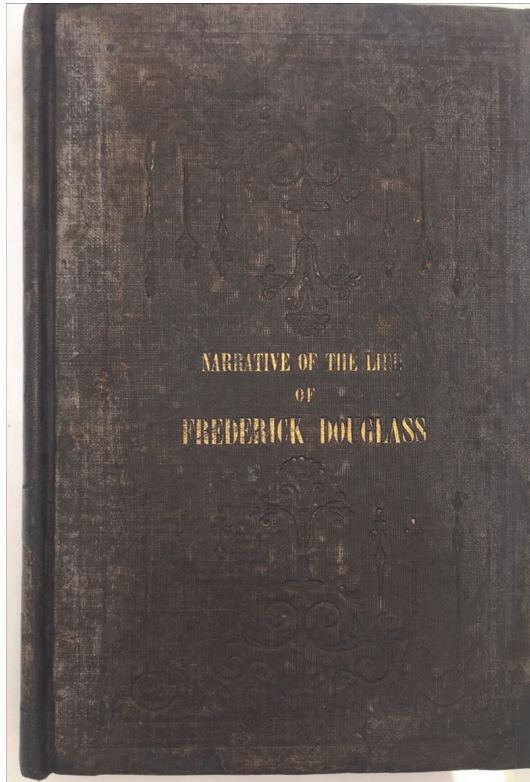
Frederick Douglass Part 2

In talking with Jay Satterfield about the upcoming shipment of the bust Roger asked him what books or papers by Frederick Douglass were in the College archives, in hopes that at some point they could be shown in conjunction with the bust. Jay told Roger that Douglass was noted for two particular books, and that the College archives had a first edition of the second, which included an exceptional letter by Douglass. What the archive was lacking was his first autobiographical book from 1845, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*.

The first edition is rare as only 5,000 were printed. Jay said they were desperate to have one, and it would only get more rare as many institutions were playing catch up with archiving

Continues on next page

The '68 Legacy of Generosity—continued



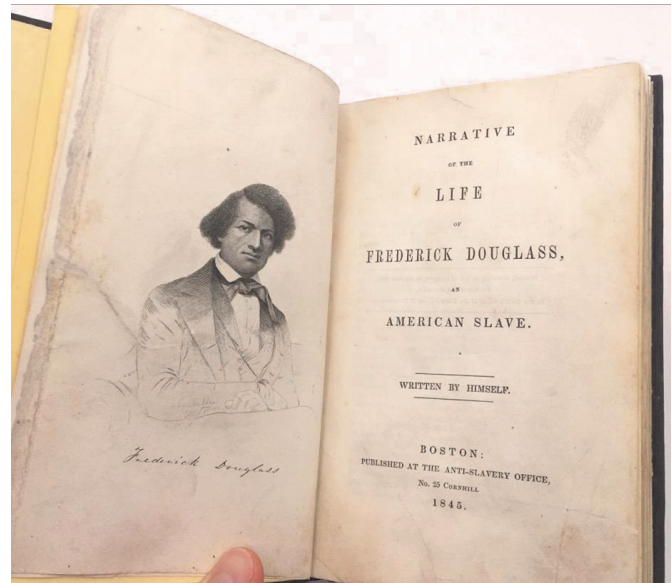
Black literature. Jay said he wanted a copy that he could use in teaching, meaning it could be handled.

Roger asked Jay to review the marketplace and let him know if any copies of the 1845 Narrative were available and at what cost. Roger told him that at the dedication of the bust it would be a great moment as well to hand the College a first edition of the 1845 Narrative as a gift of the Class of '68.

After reviewing the marketplace Jay said 3 were available: a pristine copy for \$35,000 that was really too precious to handle for teaching purposes; another with a weak binding that would need conservation at a \$15,000 cost; and a third copy that was already restored and in a clamshell box for \$9,000 that would be perfect for teaching use.

Unfortunately, Jay said in the world of rare books, the longest he could ask for a “hold” on a book of this importance was one day. While Jay could have used his acquisition funds to make the purchase, Roger thought—as did other classmates including me—that this should be another Class of '68 project complementing the Douglass bust.

So as my favorite Mayor I worked with liked to say, Roger grabbed the bull by the tail and faced the situation, and committed to raising the \$9,000. In the matter of just a few days,



that was accomplished through the generosity of several **Anonymous Classmates**.

Zia Dough Bowl

Proving that Roger either has too much time on his hands or is determined to bankrupt the Class—or both—here’s another Class project he is responsible for.

Just in time for our July 2020 Class Committee meeting, Roger submitted a proposal “to sponsor the purchase of a masterpiece of Native American Art for the Collection of the Hood Museum... Object or objects would be nominated by the Director of the Hood Museum in consultation with the Curator for Native American Art.”

This proposal was motivated by several factors:

1. A commitment by the College, through the Call to Lead Program, to become a leader in Native American Studies including art. The college then took the very serious step of funding a full-time curatorial position in Native American Art.
2. The new Native American Curator, Jami Powell, PhD (a citizen of the Osage Nation) described the collection of Native American artworks as strong, but lacking a core group of significant masterpieces.
3. John Stomberg, Director of the Hood Museum, who participated in the July Class Meeting, felt our Class could be of greatest help to the Hood in acquiring a masterpiece or perhaps over time a series of masterpieces to lift the collection’s profile for being a leader in the teaching and exhibition of Native American art.

Continues on next page

The '68 Legacy of Generosity—continued

4. And oh, by the way, the Class of 1971 had given the Hood a budget of \$30,000 to buy a work by the Native American artist T.C. Cannon. A little inter-class competition anyone?

In August 2019 Roger brought John Stomberg and Jami Powell to meet Lyn Fox of Fox Fine Pueblo Pottery, considered one of the best dealers in that world, to review his current inventory. Lyn showed them the Zia Dough Bowl, and the museum immediately recommended it as its primary purchase goal for the Class of 1968. Here it is:



In his proposal to the Class Committee, Roger included extensive commentary from Lyn Fox on why this was an extraordinary purchase. Too lengthy to include here, but they boiled down to rarity, classic design, and the aesthetic of near flawless form. If anyone would like to see the full write-up, let me know and I will be happy to send it to you.

So our Class has procured this bowl for a cost of \$15,000 including shipping to the Hood.

Dartmouth Fanfare and Processional

Tired of hearing about Roger? Well one more time. In fact, I have exercised my non-existent prerogative as a former Class President to make Roger the Class Vice President for Cultural Projects.

The idea for an original Dartmouth Fanfare and Processional came out of a discussion between **Roger Anderson** (lest you have forgotten which Roger we are talking about) and **Cedric Kam** after our 50th Class Reunion. Both felt the Commencement music was perfunctory and lackluster, leading to the question, why shouldn't an institution with Dartmouth's long history not have its own fanfare and processional to use at Commencement or other College proceedings?

Cedric had played trombone with the College Band and remembered playing in the endowed Class of 1879 Trumpeters from the top of Baker Library during commencement weekend in a small brass ensemble with Bernie Simmons and **Jim Tonkovich**.



Ced Kam and
Trusty Trombone



That tradition was lost a few years ago, devolved into a short, simple fanfare adapted from a College song by the then band director, played over and over during Commencement. The College has since appointed a new band director - Brian Messier. Cedric has now had the opportunity to both meet and play with Brian. He came away impressed by Brian's podium skills as well as his outreach to alumni who were once band members.

So at the July 11, 2020 Class Meeting, the Class Committee agreed to sponsor a three-year musical invitational—that is 3 composers over 3 consecutive years—who will be invited to compose a fanfare and processional to be used at the College's Commencement ceremonies and other appropriate events. Each composer's fee will be \$5,000 (so a total cost to the Class of \$15,000) and the College will have unrestricted rights to use the composition in the future. The compositions will also be played for our 55th Class Reunion in 2023. At that time we can perhaps get some sense if any of the compositions might become Commencement standards, that is, used every year or often.

The first composer invited to compose a fanfare and processional is Noah Luna, composer of the Orozco Cello Concerto first played by the Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra in May, 2019, and whose melodic sensibilities were well-received by the audience and the 68s in the audience. The next two composers will be nominated by Brian Messier, the current music director of the Dartmouth College Band and Wind Ensemble. Those nominations will be subject to a discussion and vote at a Class Meeting.

Continues on next page

The '68 Legacy of Generosity—Wrap-up

Hood Affinity Group Proposed

We have received a gentle challenge from John Stomberg, Director of the Hood, [as well as the '71s, although they probably don't know it] to build on our Zia Dough Bowl donation and continue our purchases of significant Native American items, particularly but not solely from the Pueblo cultures, for the Hood collection. This has led to consideration of the creation of an Affinity Group that would support such purchases over time without necessarily drawing from the Class Treasury.

Three Classmates have already indicated an interest in participating, and we would like to find out if there are other '68s who would be interested. With the '68s and '71s already supporting the Hood in this area, a niche of '68 gifts would be a way of letting other classes know they too can help the Hood as a class project.

Any gifts would come from the Class rather than the individuals in the group, so the Class Committee (which includes any Classmate who wants to participate in Class meetings) would need to weigh in on anything that would go as a Class gift and the Hood would have to be interested. So the point of this Hood Affinity Group would be to pool funds from affinity members specific to a Hood gift, and then run it by a Class Meeting to see if it meets with general approval.

So are you interested in being part of this group? If so, let **Roger Anderson** know at raanderson@att.net.



Photo by Jeffrey Nintzel

The fourth in a series of exhibitions presenting the Hood's extensive and varied holdings, *Native American Art at Dartmouth* surveys the breadth and depth of the permanent collection of indigenous art from North America, from the historic to the contemporary. We can help the collection be even better.

ENOUGH

A few issues ago, we noted that **Peter Fahey** was inducted into the Stephen Mandel Society for his extraordinary service to the Dartmouth College Fund. **Bill Stahl** was at the ceremony as were **Roger Witten** and I. Bill thought Peter's remarks that night were worthy of reporting to the Class and provided the following summary of them. I thought they provided an appropriate closing for the discussion of the "'68 Legacy of Generosity." Bill writes:

"I had enough" was the theme of Peter's speech upon induction into the Stephen Mandel Society and an explanation of why he has been such a consistent and generous supporter of the College. His theme represented the best of Dartmouth and was consistent with the person we '68s have known for so long.

In part the theme focuses on his family values and humility rather than the services to Dartmouth we are familiar with. He basically put his love for his family (and Dartmouth) above a major payoff from Goldman Sachs going public. The opportunity was to see his two sons, Peter '94 and Michael '97, play lacrosse together was more important. To do so, he retired from Goldman just before his 47th birthday and Goldman's IPO, and attended every game that season.

He then did a similar trip with his younger daughter Katie '06 after she had to stop playing lacrosse. He and Katie took the 2005 winter term off and did an 11 week, North American ski trip.

Peter closed his speech with a story about a pretentious fat-cat, private equity, billionaire who was making a speech at a fancy summer reception in Easthampton, Long Island.

In the audience were two Dartmouth-related members of the East End literati—Kurt Vonnegut (a 1983 Montgomery Fellow) and Budd Schulberg '36.

Vonnegut whispered to Schulberg: "That guy gets paid more in a day than you have been paid in your lifetime of royalties from 'What Makes Sammy Run,' 'On the Waterfront,' and all the rest."

Schulberg replied: "Yes, but I have something he does not have...ENOUGH!"

A night like this further convinces me that when I retired from Goldman Sachs in 1993, I also had...ENOUGH!

Editor's Note—What went unsaid was how the ENOUGH has translated into sustained and extraordinary generosity to our College.

More from Ed Heald on Class Legacy Planning

Continuing the theme of Class and Classmate Generosity, Ed provided **Charlie Anderson's** emotional and inspirational Legacy Planning Story.

Ed writes—Many of us may not remember **Charlie Anderson**. Although he entered Dartmouth with us, he did not graduate. And yet, he has been a steady contributor to the Alumni Fund and has included Dartmouth in his legacy planning.

I asked Charlie to share with us why he feels this way, and here is what he wrote:

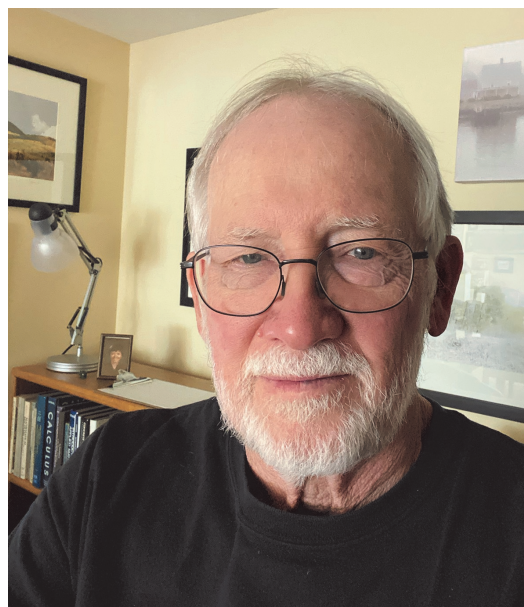
WHY I SUPPORT DARTMOUTH

As a non-graduating member of the class of '68, why would I contribute more or less annually to Dartmouth and leave a legacy in my will? In short, because I think a Dartmouth education provides extraordinary quality for those who receive it. Dartmouth's intellectual atmosphere is at a higher level compared to other institutions I've experienced. Our complex society needs well-trained, intelligent, and knowledgeable people capable of looking dispassionately at all sides of an issue. Dartmouth, for all her faults, produces graduates with these traits.

I didn't have a great time at Dartmouth. I was cripplingly shy and unable to function socially around people I didn't know; this morphed into depression and I dropped out before the end of my sophomore year. I eventually did graduate elsewhere but the intellectual fizz I encountered in Hanover was missing. Dartmouth had fascinating classes and wonderful professors in every field. I taught high school for thirty years, but still loved

interesting classes; perhaps not surprisingly those I took to renew my teaching certificate didn't always measure up.

So it isn't fond memories of undergraduate idylls, nor long-lasting friendships, nor a fast track to Wall Street that informs my decision to leave a substantial part of my estate to Dartmouth. It's my feeling that Dartmouth propels students to excellence. A Dartmouth education prepares students to be responsible stewards and leaders for our modern world, and we need those more than ever.



Ed concludes—All I can say is thank you, Charlie, for what you have written and done in your commitment to the College. If any of you are so inclined, please let me know your story at esheald@aol.com

New Class Officers

The Class has two new Class Officers—**Norm Silverman** who replaces **Bill Rich** as Mini-Reunion Chair, and **Joe Grasso**, who assumes the new role of Class Memorialist. Go to <https://www.dartmouth68.org/events.html> for Norm's comments upon assuming the duties—too lengthy to include here.

Norm Silverman



Joe Grasso



The '68 Community Service Project—Update



Through David Peck's missives, *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* class columns, and *Transmission* articles, you've had multiple opportunities to read about the Class's Community Service Project (CSP) – the rationale, purpose, reasons for participating, and the numbers – participants and prospects.

This update is different. But, if you have questions about the CSP, by all means visit the Class website and/or contact one of us.

Peter Hofman: pdhofman12@gmail.com; (603) 767-4250)

Jim Lawrie: djames68@gmail.com; (775) 771-7774)

Peter Wonson: pwonson@cox.net; (540) 989-3841)

The CSP's first anniversary is approaching. What an unexpected year it's been. No one could have anticipated what the world – and the U.S. in particular – has experienced. The pandemic has profoundly affected community service activities of all stripes: some were discontinued; new ones sprang up, driven by need and people's creativity; and public health concerns prevented some of us from continuing our service. It also presented novel opportunities to contribute, from the arts to agencies meeting people's basic needs. Our responses have been varied – from the very personal-in-the-trenches activism to financial generosity beyond anything we've done in the past.

The year's events have made it abundantly clear how connected we are to each other and the rest of the world, how age-old systemic failings dramatically impact fellow citizens, how we are affected by – and can affect – others, and the all-too-evident needs of myriad communities everywhere. What we've witnessed has surely been a stark reminder of our relative privileged positions, as well as our vulnerabilities. If we don't step up, who will?

Many of us have....for years. Some classmates and their spouses/partners have shared examples in the CSP. Take a look. You might find activities you could replicate. You can see

a selection of activities in the “public” space on the Class website – www.dartmouth68.org– hover over Community Service Project on the left side of the Home Page and click on CSP Stories. Better yet, explore the CSP Catalog – if you're not yet registered, follow the online instructions or contact one of us.

What the CSP doesn't yet have in numbers we've made up for in the widely diverse activities people have shared. Some have been careers, others purely voluntary – from solo acts to large organizations and everything in between. The communities served are equally varied. All this from a small fraction of our large pool of classmates and spouses/partners – close to 1,300 people! The three of us have been impressed by what people have shared and expect we'd react similarly to activities yet to be shared. If you aren't participating in the CSP, why not do so now? Current events call on us to act. Doing so can have far-flung benefits!

The nature of the CSP made it obvious we had to include our life partners. The range of service activities people have shared in the CSP is illustrated by those of two spouses, **Diana Bort** and **Jill Witten**, which follow. We're grateful for their contribution to the CSP and hope they prompt you and your spouse/partner to join in.

Love Delivers: Movies about natural birth
Diana Bort: diana@lovedelivers.org; (510) 778-1523)

Overview: We produce media and events to share the benefits of truly natural childbirth, including homebirth.

For millennia women birthed their babies in their own space either alone or with assistance. Now it seems women rely less and less on their innate power to give birth and rely more and more on outside forces. Love Delivers and its supporters are cheerleaders for mothers and a resource for obstetricians, teachers, families and healthcare practitioners who want to learn about natural birth.

Our movies are reminders that it is natural for mothers and babies to work together for safe and loving deliveries without the need for drugs and other interventions. Filmmaking is highly collaborative whereas birth is extremely intimate. For each film, it has been essential to assemble teams that know how to operate in both spheres.

“Miss Margaret” screened in several midwifery conferences, at the Birmingham, Alabama Museum of Art and the African American Museum and Library in Oakland, California. It has

Continues on next page

The '68 Community Service Project—Update continued

been part of college curriculums and is now part of the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C. This movie was instrumental in having Margaret Charles Smith inducted into the Alabama Women's Hall of Fame.



“Birth Day,” our first film and one of the most viewed birth films in the world, has screened in 14 film festivals in the United States and 4 foreign countries. It has screened in countless classes and midwifery conferences and was installed in the Museum of Science in Boston for 18 years. “Homebirth” is part of the regular curriculum at the Tzu Hui Institute of Technology in Nanzhou, Taiwan and, along with “Five Countries, Six Births, Seven Babies,” has screened in countless classes and midwifery venues.

Love Delivers is happy to gift any Dartmouth graduate (or student) with its videos and/or its "Wild Naked Ladies" birth alphabet book. Contact Diana at the email address above.

Spruce Peak Chamber Music Society

Jill Witten: jillwitten@yahoo.com

Overview: A series of 3-4 chamber music concerts per year in Stowe, VT.

The Spruce Peak Chamber Music Society is committed to bringing Stowe, Vermont, area audiences the finest performances of an extraordinary repertoire and to creating transformative education programs that benefit community members of all ages. In addition to 3-4 evening concerts per year, the performers go into local schools and play portions of their programs, talk about the music and answer questions. They also visit the Vermont Youth Symphony and Green Mountain Youth Symphony.



The purpose of the Chamber Music Society in Stowe is to bring world-class musicians from New York, Berlin, Montreal, and places beyond to the mountains where top classical performances are rarely heard. The concerts are held in the beautiful, state-of-the-art Performing Arts Center right at the Stowe ski village at Mt. Mansfield.

The intimacy of the setting allows for a direct connection between the audience and musicians. Currently the audience sits on the stage, but we hope to expand to gradually fill the auditorium. Our audience has grown to about 100+ from about 70 people at the first concert. Word has spread that this is a unique experience.

On the educational side, the musicians have received very enthusiastic responses from school children and youth orchestra members attending their programs. One middle school student wanted to begin violin lessons immediately!

Virtual Class Meeting—October 3rd—All Invited

Join Zoom Meeting from 10:00 a.m. to noon, EDT

<https://dartmouth.zoom.us/j/93748155605?pwd=bE5NcGVYMExzSDdqblV1N1NpNldWQT09>

Meeting ID: 937 4815 5605—Passcode: 903550

Or call in: Find your local number: <https://dartmouth.zoom.us/u/aBLlMC7mw>

Class Discussions

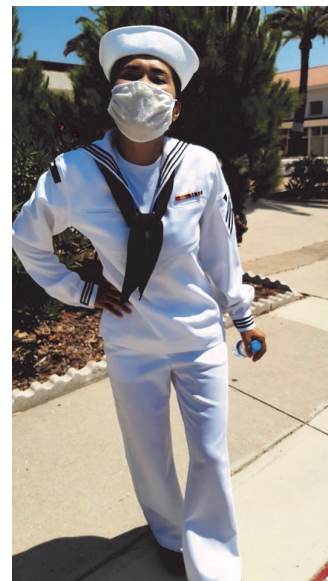
During—and After—Viet Nam

As I was preparing this issue of *The Transmission*, it occurred to me that three years ago Leslie and I were in the midst of a trip to Viet Nam, and in particular, to I Corps where I had served in 1970—now 50 years ago—with a trip to Ha Noi. It was a great trip and we have talked about going again. After returning, I put together a journal of the trip which I would be happy to share. Lots of pictures, so it is a big file—nearly 22 MB—so your email will have to take a file that big, or I can send it by Dropbox. Let me know and I will be happy to provide it.



Sunset in Hue—looking from our hotel to the Imperial Palace across the Perfume River

We have remained in contact with our guide, Cong Tran, who lives in Da Nang. Because of the recent spike in COVID-19 cases in Viet Nam, I checked with him to see how he was doing. During the course of our e-mail exchange, he told me that his daughter Nguyen is in the US Navy, stationed in Rota, Spain. That stuck me as pretty interesting, if not downright surreal. Here she is.



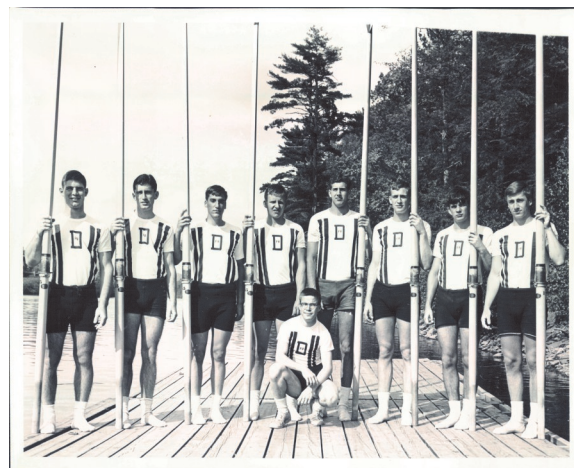
A somewhat lengthy but thoroughly enjoyable “Written ‘Oral’ History” from **Pat Bremkamp**:

I’ve always done better taking whatever life threw at me than trying to make a life plan. In 9th grade I read an article in *Field & Stream* about Vietnam titled “Advisors Hell, We’re Fighters” and decided that wasn’t for me. Born and raised in Oklahoma and never farther than the neighboring states, I made a plan to go to the University of Oklahoma and the Vietnam war would be over before I graduated.

Three years later, the war was heating up, so when my football coach asked “Hey Bremkamp, you want to go to Dartmouth?” I said “OK” and threw out that plan. Of course, my parents couldn’t afford it, but the school gave me a partial “academic” scholarship and a promise of a job. So, a plane, a train and a walk up the hill and I was there.

My new plan was to play football and major in math, but by the end of the first term, everything had changed. An injury ended my football career (and the scholarship) and I missed a math test due to an away game and was booted from the program. A friend said “Hey Bremkamp, you should major in engineering.” I had never considered it, but I said “OK” and pulled out a campus map to find Thayer School. Same friend asked “Hey Bremkamp, you want to join the rowing team?” I’d never seen

a shell or a race, but I said “OK” and wandered down to the river to find the boathouse. What a great sport... you play it sitting down!



1968 Freshman Heavyweight Crew

Standing left to right: **Pat Bremkamp; Duke Ellis; Dave Swift (Captain); John Peirce, Jr.; Dick Patrick; Bob Lowd; Alex McCarthy;** kneeling: **Dave Hull**

Source: Dartmouth College Photographic Files

Pat Bremkamp—continued

My friend was on a roll, so he also said “Hey, Bremkamp, if you join ROTC you won’t get drafted.” I said “OK” and signed up for NROTC.

Without the scholarship, my parents ran out of money and loan collateral at the end of my junior year and, even worse, engineering is a five-year program. As a result, I had to drop out of rowing and look for a job. A fraternity brother said “Hey, Bremkamp, I’ve got a research job. You want to assist me?” I said “OK” and that allowed me to make it through the year. For my fifth year, he passed the project down to me, and I was able to graduate and put a down payment on a car. An extra benefit of the fifth year was one more year for the country to calm down after Tet.

After graduation, The NROTC Officer asked me “Hey Bremkamp, you wanna go to California?” I’d never been to the west coast, but I’d seen Annette and Frankie in Beach Blanket Bingo, so I said “OK” and drove out Route 66 to Port Hueneme, just north of LA. I envisioned myself surfing the waves on the California beaches like a bronzed god, but it turns out surfing is not like skiing. You are supposed to wax the top of the surfboard, not the bottom. I didn’t know that and my max ride was under 2 seconds.

Since I was an engineer, I was assigned to a Construction Battalion, or CB, and we were known as Seabees. The Personnel Officer asked “Hey, Bremkamp, your battalion is in Vietnam, so instead of sending you there, would you like to be transferred to Headquarters here in Port Hueneme?” I said “OK” and was transferred and assigned as SLJO, or “Shi++y Little Jobs Officer.” I did a variety of things. If a local service club wanted a speaker, I would smile, eat the food and make a speech. I flew in the belly of an ASW [Anti-submarine Warfare] plane, low and slow, to Hawaii and back to get a load of pineapples for the base commander. I flew down to LAX in a sea rescue helicopter to escort the Admiral to base for an inspection. For some reason I don’t remember, I was sent to the other two Seabee locations in Gulfport, MS (hot and pouring down rain), and Davisville, RI (great clambake with quahogs!).

It wasn’t all fun. I flew a second time to Hawaii to lead an honor guard for a funeral. I was the one who had to fold the flag and present it to the widow. Heart wrenching!

The best job I did was Community Services Officer. An area in Port Hueneme was called “La Colonia” and was mostly home to former migrant workers. Conditions were harsh. I visited several families and a typical household was mom and dad, 4 kids and 2 grandparents in a one-bedroom house. Still, they were glad to be here. One grandpa told me that he grew up in Guanajuato “donde la vida no vale nada” [Editor’s note—my limited Spanish tells me this means “where life has no value], and was glad his family was here.

Every month, I coordinated sending medical teams into the area to do what we could to help. Once, I coordinated with the schools and sent Navy buses to pick up school children and

bring them onboard the base. We gave them a medical checkup and a little bag of bandages and such. Then, we gave them a dental checkup and a little bag with tooth brushes, toothpaste and floss. If either checkup found something serious, we got their name and address and arranged for a follow-up. After the checkups, we fed them lunch, then took them out and let them climb on the construction equipment and take rides. Finally, we loaded them on a boat for a ride around the harbor. Sadly, although La Colonia was only a couple miles from the beach, many of them had never seen the ocean. Our hope was they would expand their horizons and see a way and the motivation to a better life.

Toward the end of that assignment, I was selected Navy League Junior Officer of the Year (JTOY) and I smiled, ate the food and made a speech.



Pat talks to the President of the Navy League at the JTOY Banquet

When the Battalion returned from country, I rejoined them, but the Battalion Commander said “Hey, Bremkamp, would you like to have a Seabee Team?” I didn’t know what that was, but I said “OK.” Turns out I wasn’t qualified because I didn’t have the rank or the experience, but, after all, I was JOTY so they made an exception (or maybe they wanted to get rid of me).

I found out that Seabee Teams were 13-man teams and our mission was to “win the hearts and minds of the people.” Sort of a military version of the Peace Corps. We were strictly forbidden from any military work. I was Officer in Charge (OIC) and had a Chief who spent most of his time keeping me out of trouble, 3 builders (wood and brick), 2 equipment operators, 2 mechanics, an electrician, a plumber, a steelworker (welder) and a corpsman (medic). We were outfitted with a bulldozer, a grader, 2 dump trucks, a front-end loader and other equipment, so we had a lot of capability.

After training, we were sent to Vietnam for an 8-month deployment. Like most teams, we were assigned a Province and ours was Kien Hoa Province (now called Ben Tre after the capital city) in the Mekong Delta. On the drive down from Saigon, I got my first impressions of Vietnam, and they weren’t good.

Continues next page

Pat Bremkamp—continued

There was barbed wire everywhere! It hid the old French architecture and made every building look sinister. On every bridge was a soldier shooting at debris and brush floating down the river. Worst of all were the dead bodies laid out alongside the road!

Our compound was on the outskirts of Ben Tre away from any other military bases. It was square, about the size of two football fields side by side, and had a bunker in each corner. As Seabees, we had the skills and equipment, so previous teams had built the buildings for quarters, kitchen, dining hall, shops and bar. We had clean hot and cold water and real showers, so conditions were way above average.

We also had a large payroll. We had 8 Cambodian mercenaries who manned the bunkers at night, 2 cooks, 2 housekeepers and a bar maid. The Province assigned me a translator, and we employed four trainees. The trainees were local boys aged 14 to 16 because at 16 they were drafted into the army. Our goal was to teach them a skill so their lives in the army would be better.

After being there a while, my impressions changed. The people were farmers just like all the farmers I knew back home. They were humble, hard working and proud. With their English, the little Vietnamese I'd learned and my high school French, I was able to get to know some in the village outside the camp. They weren't political; they wanted the war over so they could get back in the fields and not spend the night in the bunker they had built in their house. Every house had one.

The work ran like a business. Each week I met with the Province Chief and we discussed possible and current projects. When we agreed on a project, I prepared a quote and a schedule and if he approved, he gave us the money to do the project. The rumor was, the US gave the Province Chief equipment and supplies for the Province, and he sold it to exporters who shipped it off (yes, sometimes back to the States). What he didn't need for his villa on the seacoast, he gave to us. We used the money to buy materials and hire laborers on the local economy. Since all able-bodied men were in the military, our laborers were women, kids and wounded or disabled, but we weren't really hiring them to help us, we were hiring them to help them.

Here are a few of our bigger projects: We built a wing on the local hospital for a recovery ward. They were stacking recovering patients in the hallways or, in good weather, outside. We couldn't get grout or caulking for that project, so in a sword-to-plowshares moment one of my guys had an idea. There was a local artillery unit and their shells came packed in green styrofoam. They had mountains of it. We got a truckload and when dissolved in gas, it made a sticky, goopy green gel that dried to a waterproof solid that stuck to tile and wood. The color wasn't great, but it kept the roof tiles in place and the rain out.

Another project was a two-room school. That was interesting because the Village Chief and the local VC leader were brothers and they were locked in a political struggle for control of the

village. The VC leader saw this as a win for his brother and was against it. When we went on site to start the project, one of the locals told us that it had been bobby trapped, so we went back to camp and I went to get some help. Now, the US Military had a program called the Chieu Hoi program [Editor's note—loosely translated as Open Arms] where VC could change sides and fight for the South instead. There was a Chieu Hoi unit not far from us, so I arranged to get a couple men to sweep the job site every morning and disarm the bombs. A couple weeks into the project, the VC leader got frustrated and had his men come running out of the trees firing up in the air. They weren't trying to kill us, just send a message. We got the message and pulled off the job. A week later we were called back. Seems the villagers told the VC leader they wanted the school, so the VC leader and Village Chief agreed they would share the credit. We could finish the project. At the celebration banquet, I'm told, both the Village Chief and the VC leader were there, but I couldn't tell who was who. So, I smiled, ate the food and made a speech.

The villages often had banquets for us when their project ended, and part of the fun for the villagers was watching me eat the local food. Sometimes I didn't know what we were eating and my interpreter said "don't ask." I figured if it didn't kill them, it wouldn't kill me, so I ate everything. Sometimes, it was clear. In one case, it was chicken. I knew because they had molded the chicken into the shape of a chicken and put a real head, wings and tail on it. Spectacular and delicious. Sometimes, they were proud to show me. At a project down by the coast, the village signature dish was shrimp which they laid out on the dock for a week or so until it was fully pungent, then rolled in bitter grape leaves. I did my part... smiled, choked down the food and made a speech.

We also did a refugee housing project. We built 10 "tiny houses." We were doing two other projects at the same time (because I couldn't stop saying "OK"), so we employed a "habitat for humanity" approach and had the refugees help build the houses that were going to be theirs. We had to relax the quality standards, but it didn't matter because the refugees were so happy and proud.

We did another project as a gift to the city. One of my guys suggested we build a playground. We couldn't find one in the whole city. The Province Chief approved and gave us some land, and we scrounged up materials and built it. It had a merry-go-round, swings, slide, a teeter-totter and NO BARBED WIRE. The kids loved it.

Like stateside, we made good use of our corpsman by having monthly medical sessions. We would pick a village and spend about 4 hours doing whatever we could for the villagers. It was popular to the point where people were walking miles to attend. Sometimes, medical emergencies came to us. In one case, a husband and wife in a nearby village got into a domestic dispute and he threw a grenade at her. The neighbors carried her into our camp. Our corpsman performed emergency first aid, then trucked her to the hospital in Ben Tre. I was told she survived. I hope so.

Continues next page

Pat Bremkamp—continued

The days were long and the work was hard, so some nights, to unwind and relax, I'd climb up on a bunker, stretch out, gaze at the stars and watch the war go on around us. The Delta is flat so I had a good view, and with the sky so dark and the air so clear, the colors were vibrant. When Puff was working [Editor's note—the Douglas AC-47 Spooky nicknamed "[Puff, the Magic Dragon](#)"], the tracers from her miniguns were a solid crimson trace down to the ground. Most nights the ponies [Editor's note—the OV-10A also known as the Bronco] were flying and they made graceful arcs as they circled in, then swooped down...the brilliant white trails of the rockets lighting the sky. As they got closer there were green tracers from the machine guns, and when pulling up, the bright popcorn bursts of the anti-aircraft fire. It was a constantly changing light show. If you could keep from thinking about what was really happening, it was beautiful.

We worked 6 days per week and on Sunday relaxed. There were a few boys the same age as our trainees at the Chieu Hoi unit, so they would come to visit our trainees and play such traditional teen games as field stripping, cleaning and test firing our 50 Cal machine guns. While we were training our trainees, we were also learning from them. One night a cobra crawled into our radio shack. While we were trying to figure out what to do, one of the trainees put his pet goat in the room. The goat quickly dispatched the snake with its hooves. Who would have thought? With the snake dead, the cooks grabbed it and prepared a treat for the trainees. Of course, I had eaten rattlesnake back in Oklahoma, but was happy to let them have the whole thing.

About half way through the deployment, one of our trainees turned 16 and had to go into the Army. He asked the equivalent of "Hey Bremkamp, want to buy my Honda 50 motorcycle? I want to leave my parents some money." So, of course I said "OK" and I paid him twice what it was worth and got myself a toy. From time to time, I'd ride that little Honda to visit a job site or the Province Chief or just to get a bowl of "Chinese noodles." Wasn't that dangerous you ask? Well, an Army Major got blown out of his jeep just a mile from our camp, so, yes, but there wasn't a safe alternative. The nice thing about the motorcycle was the smiling, laughing and pointing from the women and kids seeing a 200-pound American riding that tiny motorcycle.

Towards the end of the deployment, the OIC for all Seabee Teams called me to come to Saigon. He told me we had been awarded the "E" for best team in country, probably because I kept saying "OK". Then he said "Hey Bremkamp, because you got the "E", instead of going back to your Battalion, would you like to be OIC of the school for Seabee Teams in Port Hue-neme?" I said "OK" and thought "Wow, the Battalion really does want to get rid of me."

So, I put the team on a flight to California and I boarded a plane for Guam. We had teams in Micronesia and they thought I should see them if I was going to be teaching about them. What a shock. From Vietnam to island paradise! I visited Yap, Truk, Ponape and Palau. Grass skirts, stone money, buried pig, snorkeling. All was wonderful except I twisted my knee water skiing. Put in for a purple heart, but it was rejected. Then back to California where I spent the rest of my duty running the school and teaching future OICs to smile, eat the food and give the speech.

Was I scared? Up to the time my plane took off for home I would have said no, but as the plane lifted, I felt my body shake then relax and I realized I had been tense continuously for 8 months. There were other clues along the way that I had ignored. At night with the artillery flying over my hooch, I slept fine, but if my screen door creaked I was immediately awake. So, yeah, all the time.

Would I go back? No, probably not. The experience was not bad so I don't have anything to get out of my system.

Did it change me? No, but coming back did. Especially since after my 3 years of active duty, I went to grad school. There were all kinds of people at the University. There were those who wanted to pretend it wasn't happening and didn't want me making it real. Then there were the spitters. It didn't matter that I had been trying to help. Some hated me for having gone (How could I be such a monster?) and some hated me because I hadn't won (I or someone I know may still have to go). And there were those who out of decency and respect did not press me on it and said nothing.

So, I quickly learned not to talk about it, and haven't, until now, even with my wife and kids.

Ed Miller's Dartmouth Viet Nam Project—Update

Ed has shared a couple of his lectures and lecture outlines. He has placed both lectures in Google Drives that should be accessible to everyone on an ongoing basis. He believes the Dartmouth system will allow people to stream the lectures straight from the server, so users should not have to download the files to their own computers. You may need to input these links manually into your Search function. They will also be available on the Class website. These lectures are great.

Here's the link to the first one, which examines the evolution of North Vietnam's strategy prior to the Tet Offensive:
https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1xmRQaKUREQncYeoFGg_p6P_ejVSgOMNs?usp=sharing

And here is the link to the second lecture and outline, on the actual Tet offensive:
<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/15gGXXTIEoqseSMYDcIFxwoezi4QUjdiv?usp=sharing>

During—and After—Viet Nam—continued

Jeff Hinman provided a link to an article from the *LATimes* newspaper by President Emeritus Jim Wright. I thought you would find his perspectives of interest.

Of Vietnam and the Pandemic

In the waning days of April, the number of people who died from COVID-19 in the United States surpassed the tally of those killed in the Vietnam War. The nation has been stunned by the many who have died in this pandemic.

We think of them today, Memorial Day, as we pause to remember and grieve for the nearly 60,000 U.S. service members who died in Vietnam — and the hundreds of thousands of other Americans who gave their lives in other wars.

As the COVID-19 death count continues to mount, it has had a cumulative and numbing effect, much like the counting of war dead. Individual cases disappear into the whole. The focus is on the number, not our fellow citizens.

Many news outlets, including the *Los Angeles Times*, have sought to put a human face on the COVID-19 tragedy, publishing profiles of some of the deceased, reminding the world what they had done with their lives and what remained for them to do. The remembrances sometimes include heartrending stories of the many family members and friends who were unable to be with their loved ones at the end because of coronavirus-related restrictions.

Just as the COVID-19 dead have likely been undercounted, so have the U.S. military dead in Vietnam. The official number fails to include the many veterans who died after the war as a result of lingering medical and emotional conditions.

And such tallies often don't acknowledge that as many as 3 million Vietnamese died in that war.

Now, the American generation that suffered most in Vietnam is the most vulnerable to the coronavirus.

If COVID-19 disproportionately strikes the elderly and the vulnerable, the Vietnam War disproportionately killed the young and the vital. More than 60% of the names on the Vietnam Memorial belong to those who were 22 or younger when they died. Members of that once-young baby boomer generation are now senior citizens.

The day before Saigon fell on April 30, 1975, the last two U.S. servicemen died in the Vietnam War. Two Marines, Charles McMahon of Woburn, Mass., and Darwin Judge of Marshalltown, Iowa, were killed in a rocket attack.

Darwin Judge was 19. He had been an Eagle Scout; a high school teacher described him as “rock stable.” Judge had arrived in Vietnam the month before he died.

Charles McMahon had been active in the Boys Club in Woburn, where he excelled as a swimmer and taught and mentored young boys. In 1971, he was named the Woburn “Boy of the Year.” He was 21 and died 11 days after arriving in Vietnam.

Twelve Marshalltown natives, from age 19 to 39, died in Vietnam. Ten Woburn residents between the ages of 18 and 29 also died in the war. Had they lived, these 22 men would be among the most vulnerable to COVID-19.

The McMahon and Judge families had to delay saying farewell to their young sons. In the chaos of the U.S. withdrawal, the bodies of the two Marines were left behind. Their remains would not be repatriated for nearly a year.

Many observers have described the struggle against the pandemic as a “war.” The COVID-19 fight is not a war but a public health crisis, striking randomly. The Vietnam War was not random; it was the result of calculated choices.

The COVID-19 and Vietnam eras do share unfortunate similarities, including officials ignoring reports and warnings, and confidently insisting on their capacity to control events. Leaders in the 1960s also assured that we could wage the war without economic sacrifice, and today many insist that we can remain safe while enjoying economic and social freedom.

That war and this pandemic have each been marked by a pronounced inequitable sharing of the burden and the cost by the poor and by racial minorities. And in neither was there official national recognition of this or a pause for national mourning. In both crises, unspoken politics, personal ambition and arrogance too often have framed public statements as well as military and public health strategy.

Then and now we have seen official optimism and an absence of candor regarding projections of what was to come: “It is over; we have won” echoes from Vietnam to 2020. In April, President Trump said there was “light at the end of the tunnel.” Gen. William Westmoreland reported seeing a similar light in Vietnam in 1967.

There is one lesson American citizens seem to have finally learned, between the Vietnam era and now: to thank in real time those who serve, whether it's in war or during a pandemic. We need to do that today. And every day.

During—and After—Viet Nam—continued

And More About Steve Golladay

After the last issue which mentioned the death of **Steve Golladay**, **Bill Escovitz** (below) sent in the following:



I made a mistake. I sometimes have difficulty falling asleep. They say if you get up, don't do anything really active, read mail, etc.

The new Spring 2020 '68 *Transmission* had arrived, had already been sprayed with bleach solution, and was lying around.

I got out of bed and picked up *The Transmission* and started reading from the back (a practice going back to childhood).

Steve Golladay's obituary was on the back page.

Steve was a physics major at Dartmouth, as was I. After junior year in the summer of '67, Steve and I stayed in Hanover to work on physics research projects. I worked for Prof. William T. Doyle, but I don't recall for whom Steve worked. We socialized a bit and got to know each other better.

Senior year I tried to figure out how to avoid going to Vietnam. I got a teaching job at Thetford Academy and with it a teaching deferment. I had applied to graduate schools. The University of Chicago said that if going to U of C were interrupted by the draft, U of C would take you afterward. If you went to U of C, they would help you meet deferment requirements. In my case, it would be extra teaching load at U of C.

So I stayed in Hanover the summer of '68, worked with Doyle in the Physics Department, then went to Thetford in the fall of '68 to teach science and math. Three other '68s taught at Thetford that year.

Steve went home and volunteered for the draft.

During that year of teaching at Thetford, I decided to take my chances with the draft and U of C. A heavy teaching-assistant load at U of C got me a draft deferment.

In the fall of 1970, my second year as a grad student at U of C rolled around. **Steve Golladay** showed up. Sol Krasner, Physical Sciences Student Dean and a professor in the Physics Department, told me that Steve arrived. (Leon Myriantopoulos '69 Physics and a star soccer player was also at U of C).

There was at least one other vet in Steve's class at U of C. Like Dartmouth in the mid 60s, Chicago had students who had taken off time and gone to Vietnam or done other service.

Steve and I reacquainted, and we were roommates one year about '71-'72. Later my wife Sari and I met Steve's wife Lucy Anich. Lucy and Sari occasionally rode bikes together to their jobs downtown.

Steve spent two years in the army including Vietnam. He came out a sergeant. Living in Colorado Springs 41 years, I have talked with a lot of Vietnam vets. The one thing Steve mentioned to me was that he was scared all the time, for himself and to protect the soldiers in his charge as a sergeant. He was the only one who was concerned about the other people. He was the one who said this, the one who expressed concern for the others, and it always stuck with me.

At Chicago Steve qualified for the Ph. D. program and worked for Prof. Albert V. Crewe. The general field was electron optics. Among other things, Crewe and his team had developed a scanning electron microscope that was able to visualize individual atoms, a first. I worked in a neighboring lab that was an offshoot of the Crewe lab. Crewe's lab had a good relationship with IBM. Steve and another graduate went to work for IBM after getting their PhDs.

At IBM Steve worked on the application of electron optics to the fabrication and testing of integrated circuits. He was the author of many technical papers and patents.

Steve's obituary said "Steve was inquisitive about the world and a keen observer of nature." One summer, I think in grad school, Steve took a month-long trip with a friend to Baffin or Ellesmere Island in Canada, near or above the Arctic Circle. A plane dropped them off, a month later it picked them up. Otherwise, they were on their own.

Jeff Hinman also submitted the following:

A little over a year ago, I wrote to Mike Walsh about the Dartmouth Vietnam War Memorial when he had said he was going to be at a family wedding. Well, I found the post in his New Hampshire chapter about the Dartmouth memorial and thanked him for stopping by. Please send this on to any classmates who might be interested.

A Means To Heal: Welcome

<http://michaelfwalsh.blogspot.com/2009/10/welcome.html> and click on the New Hampshire tab.

Class Discussions

Universal Service

I have some new neighbors moving in across the street. They had a storage pod being brought in and dropped in front of their garage, just out of the street. I could see the guy trying to drop off the pod was having trouble—he couldn't offload it without going into my driveway. So I went out to tell him that was OK. I had a USMC hat on which he noticed and said he had been in the Navy. That led to a great conversation about many things including **Don Marcus's** Lucky Milo project (see the last issue). Toward the end of our conversation he said "The older I get, the more I think we should do like Israel and have everyone spend time in the service." I suggested maybe some form of universal service but not necessarily the military. He agreed.

Since this has been an ongoing Class Discussion, I thought you might be interested in this May 15, 2020 *Brooking Brief* article:

COVID-19 has made expanded national service more important than ever

[Isabel V. Sawhill](#) and [Larry Checco](#)

National service, a time-honored American tradition, is currently getting some new attention.

In a recent, bipartisan effort, Senators Chris Coons (D-DE), Chris Van Hollen (D-MD), and other Democratic Senate colleagues, along with Republican colleague Tom Cole (R-OK) and other Democratic House members, introduced the [Pandemic Response and Opportunity Through National Service Act](#) on May 6, 2020.

If passed, the act would expand national service programs from 75,000 to 750,000 AmeriCorps opportunities per year, over a 3-year period. The bill calls for a partnership between AmeriCorps and the CDC to provide additional tracing and surge capacity as the country works to respond to and recover from the COVID-19 pandemic.

Many others in both the public and private sectors, both Democrats and Republicans, support using national service not only to help mitigate the coronavirus, but also to enhance disaster relief, provide assistance to hard-pressed first responders, supplement the staffing of many nonprofits serving the poor or unemployed as well as provide high schoolers an option to serve after graduation, at a time when colleges may not be fully open and entry-level jobs may be scarce.

Fortunately, from the [National Commission on Military, National, and Public Service](#), we now have an excellent blueprint for how to expand all forms of service. The Commission was charged by Congress in 2017 to both conduct a review of the military selective service process, as well as consider ways to increase participation in military, national, and public service as one way to address national needs.

After two-and-a-half years of intensive research, public hearings, and conversations with Americans across the country, the

Commission released its final report, [Inspired to Serve](#). The report contains 164 recommendations for promoting and empowering Americans to serve their country.

Taken together, the recommendations offer a comprehensive blueprint to service for Americans, beginning with civic education and service learning, starting in kindergarten; national service opportunities so accessible and incentivized that service becomes a rite of passage for millions of young adults; and new and revitalized service options for adults of any age, background, or experience.

At a recent [Brookings webinar event](#), the Commission's chair, Joseph Heck, said that the Commission's 11 nonpartisan members envision a nation in which service is a "common expectation and experience of all Americans"—where national service is the norm, rather than the exception.

As the report reveals, a strong, well-resourced and voluntary national service program can build more than just skills. It opens the door for bridge-building among Americans, giving people from different regions, races, religions and backgrounds the opportunity to come together for the common good, to help [heal the sharp divides](#) that so undermine America's promise and potential.

Especially during these extraordinarily difficult economic times Americans must be made to feel that they have a stake in the long-term recovery and wellbeing of our country. They need to know that their lives are valuable and valued, that the work they do is meaningful, and that they have an opportunity to control what their futures look like.

The Commission challenges the nation to cultivate this culture of service. "We call on Congress and the President to invest in the American people and the security of the nation by taking action on this plan," said Chairman Heck. "Now is the time—and this is the plan—to strengthen service and achieve our vision of every American, inspired and eager to serve."

This should not be a hard sell. Polls show that [4 out of 5 Americans](#) enthusiastically support national service. As for cost, an analysis of CNCS [Corporation for National and Community Service] programs, such as City Year, Youth Build, among others, shows a benefit of [\\$3.9 for every dollar](#) invested in these programs. Given the trillions of dollars already allocated to save our economy, studies show that only a [few billion dollars](#), for example, would enable local governments to ramp up their coronavirus tracing.

In just a few months, COVID-19 has unexpectedly laid waste to much of our society. A strong volunteer national service program could help to reopen the economy and jumpstart the rebuilding process.

Class Discussions

Goodbye Weathervane

And when does Political Correctness Become Stupid?

The decision by the College to remove the weathervane from atop Baker Library stimulated a great exchange of thoughts.

As reported in the Dartmouth News June 25, 2020—

In a matter of hours Dartmouth today removed from the top of Baker Library Tower the section of the weather vane that [President Philip J. Hanlon '77](#) has said represented an offensive portrayal of a Native American.



The copper weather vane, designed nearly 100 years ago during the construction of the tower, depicts a Native American man sitting on the ground in front of Eleazar Wheelock, the Congregational minister who founded Dartmouth in 1769. The Native American man is wearing feathers and smoking a long pipe. Behind Wheelock stands what is likely a barrel of rum.



Editor's Note—There is some confusion about whether Eleazar is sitting on the barrel of rum or a tree stump with the barrel of rum behind him.

Bill Rich kicked off the discussion with:

When I learned of the decision, I immediately wrote the College and offered to buy it. I said that I understood that it no longer fit the standards of the College which “presumably were drifting in the wind.” I wasn’t sure if the readers would understand my “double-entendre,” but I wrote it anyway.

There was some discussion of Bill’s ability to move a 600 pound weathervane. Then the discussion took on a more serious mindset. Some of the emails that then went around include:

From **Howard Anderson**

Now that the removal of the weathervane is a *fait accompli*, I have yet to hear a clear exposition of the “principles” that supposedly required this action and the specific ways the images on the weathervane violated them. By definition, a principle--in the sense of a fundamental tenet or basis for codes of law, morality, etc.--is more than a subjective, emotional reaction. Being offended by something does not state a principle. For example, the people offended by statues honoring confederate generals do not rely solely on their subjective reactions to justify demands to remove them; they can also state reasons linked to principles that, if not universal, are at least broadly shared; e.g.: (1) the nation should not honor persons whose claim to fame was committing constitutionally-defined treason against it; (2) especially in the cause of preserving slavery; and (3) with extra discredit if the statue was erected, as many were, by 20th century segregationists.

Attempts to state comparable reasons for removing images of Eleazar Wheelock reading the Bible to a native youth seem much more subjective, amounting to a Rorschach Test. My first guess was that some people saw head feathers as a stereotype, but that doesn’t seem right as tribes of the region apparently wore them proudly during the period in question. Did the youth sitting on the ground symbolize racial subjugation? Not likely, as contemporary engravings show ranking tribal leaders seated at councils in the same posture. Maybe 60-year old Eleazar should have also settled his presumably creaky joints on the ground. Allowing him to sit on a barrel, however, seems harmless enough and a peculiar way to symbolize racial dominance if that is the objection. The simplest explanation is that the image was intended to depict a teacher-pupil relationship in a wilderness setting.

No doubt others taking the Rorschach Test will see something more sinister, but let them state the applicable principle, plausibly demonstrate how specific aspects of the images violate it, and explain what limiting parameter of

Continues next page

the principle prevents it from being applied arbitrarily to anything that people claim offends them. Does it, for example, extend to tearing down statues of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant as activists in other parts of the country have demanded or already done? If not, why not? This time the College, invoking loosely defined principles, gave protesters what they demanded. What principle will allow it to refuse a future demand to take an action many of us would regard as far more offensive than this one?

Bob Ross responded:

Thank you, Howard. Personally, I have no problem with removal of the weather vane, inasmuch as images too break hearts (WB Yeats) and as it is not up to me to parse out an image which my Native American brothers and sisters, whose forebears preceded ours here by millennia, per se find offensive.

In like mode, I favor South African-model Truth and Reconciliation protocols state-by-state, as these have first been conducted the past five years in Maine (see Maine-Wabanaki REACH).

And likewise serious compensatory reparations made to the host of black and brown peoples, including Native Hawaiians, whom we have decimated these past four hundred years.

That caused **Ced Kam** to add:

Being born and raised in Hawaii, I arrived in Hanover oblivious to racial and ethnic bigotry. As a cultural anthropology major, I have always been comfortable as a “participant observer.” I did not appreciate the psychological affects of racism even when a Black coworker, who became a good friend, told me he originally hated me when we were both hired in 1982 by an institutional investment department. He was hired under affirmative action; I was a regular hire. We had similar educations, but he came with significant experience in the field while I had had only studied finance in business school. (OK, Dartmouth helped.) He always wore a coat and tie, even on weekends. He was visibly embarrassed when a coworker ran into him at the hardware store one weekend when he was not dressed up. We all thought he was being silly.

I spent most of my working career in the War on Poverty, both public and private sector. Of course, I “understood” racism. But it was not until a few years ago that I finally “got it” when I read *The Warmth of Other Suns* by Isabel Wilkerson. It’s an excellent read and illuminating on a personal level. For the flip side, I recommend *Hillbilly Elegy* by J.D. Vance. It is shocking to me (being neither Black nor White) that two peoples with a parallel history of discrimination and exodus from their traditional “homelands” for economic survival never allied themselves because of skin color. (My study of American history tells me this was a conscious effort by the elites of the South to keep both poor peoples divided and battling each other, so they would not rise up against their common oppressors.)

PS. Bob Ross, thank you for mentioning Native Hawaiians. Their population was decimated by diseases brought by English sailors and American whalers. That’s why labor from Asia was welcomed (unlike the US at that time). However, since the Native Hawaiian royal family married into “haole” Yankee missionary families, skin color was never an issue (to the best of my knowledge). “Haole” is generally understood to mean Caucasian, but the term was originally applied to those who did not do manual labor. Thus, the Portuguese were not considered haole, since they were imported with the Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos for the sugar cane and pineapple plantations. I do remember, however, that many people were offended when Alaska was granted statehood before Hawaii, despite our much more developed economy. This was due, many concluded, to the Islands’ majority minority population.

Roger Arvid Anderson added:

Speaking as a sculptor, who knows how commissions can carry hidden and sometimes not hidden messages. The weathervane I expect dates to the 1920’s... the humor here dates from that period... basically the subtext is about HYPOCRISY... so whistling in the wind over all of the campus is this tribute to hypocrisy... Humor always comes at somebody’s expense... and here it is at the expense of everyone... the Reverend on top of his keg of rum preaching to an Indian... by the 1920’s it was really a very old joke... but a joke nonetheless... and at that a very sad joke.

I wonder if the students who wanted this taken down understood the humor and the subtext of hypocrisy... it is in itself a teaching lesson, and should find a place where that might be possible... but at this time perhaps the college can do better than have an allegory to hypocrisy whistling above the campus.

I say we can do better... and include everyone in the discussion... as we are doing...

Dave Peck chimed in:

Thank you John, Jim, Tom, Ed, Bill, Howard et al: clearly an issue that touches us all, and certainly a topic for Newsletter debate. There are heartfelt feelings that have been triggered by this topic.

The College’s connection to Native Americans is noble, and imbedded in our mission, The artwork in the 92 year old weathervane reflected that connection, in the spirit of those times. But Dartmouth has evolved since then, including a recognition that past well intentioned artwork and images no longer represent the nobility of purpose in our relationship. The dropping of the Indian symbol and the Hovey Grill paintings are both examples of that evolving recognition. I was disappointed with both of those earlier decisions, but understood. And I would understand if the Trustees decided that the weathervane should be replaced, and become part of our history, saved in an appropriate accessible location.

Continues next page

I would propose that a new weathervane be designed, perhaps in a design competition, to reflect our current view on our relationship with Native Americans. The jury would include Trustees, Native Americans, students and alumni. The revised image could be Eleazar Wheelock and a Native American student standing, shaking hands, sharing a book (as the sign of education). Remove any hint of subservience. Reflect the nobility of Dartmouth's original purpose.

After first asking if we had heard anything from the Dartmouth Native American community on the issue, our Alumni Councilor **Tom Stonecipher** wrote:

Because analysis and discourse always work best when grounded in facts, not speculation (**Jennifer Sargent** would have given me an A for sure), I have emailed the Dartmouth librarian today to see if there are any records about what was said or intended in the creation of the weathervane's design or at its dedication. I will pass along whatever that might reveal. [Editor's note: Tom did that, but it didn't add much new to the discussion, so I am not including it here.]

I lean toward **Dave Peck's** suggestions. If Natives are upset, that goes a long way, in my view. My memories of the place are nestled significantly in its rural, hill north motifs, the rugged outdoor living (and environmental appreciation) it encouraged and embraced, the great, long snows and winters shouldered by brilliant falls and spring days gentle and sweet enough to make rugby players weep, hair freezing on the way back from swimming practice, Winter Carnival, champion skiers, throwing chickens onto the hockey ice, lots and lots of Motown sound and alcohol, and so much more, none of which is grounded in Indian history, lore, traditions, attendance at the College, or course offerings while we attended. The only Indian I saw was our late classmate, **Frank Couper**, cheerleading in a headdress with a big D painted on his chest.

David Walden contributed a "for what it's worth" (and with David, it's usually worth a lot):

Perhaps useful are these words from someone who has devoted years of his professional life to Dartmouth and its students, including its Native American students. In the last few sentences of his book, *The Indian History of an American Institution: Native Americans and Dartmouth*, Professor Colin Calloway says, "Nevertheless, despite a more congenial and relevant curriculum, a generally improved social and political climate, and more educational and career opportunities than ever before, Dartmouth can still be a hard place to be an Indian. . . . The people Wheelock intended to change at Dartmouth have helped to change Dartmouth and ensured that, at least in some respects, Dartmouth is, after all, an Indian school. In the young Native American men and women it attracts, educates, and graduates, perhaps Dartmouth finally does have a role and a place in the heart of Indian country, albeit one Eleazar Wheelock would neither recognize nor understand."

So, if the removal of the old Baker Tower weathervane improves Dartmouth's ability to continue to attract exceptional students from all cultures and to make them feel welcome, why not? Perhaps its replacement could retain the pine as a feature and add boulders from Moosilauke's summit ("the granite of New Hampshire"), along with a curve (the hill-winds? the river?) that runs through them. After all, the old ones probably considered themselves to be the people of the pines, the people of the mountains, the people of the river and the hill-winds.

Don't we Dartmouth "young'uns" feel the same?

From **Roger Witten** - Here is my 2 cents:

Often, when a nation recognizes and sets out to remedy a serious societal problem, the response includes some element of over-correction. It might not unreasonably be argued that the weathervane's removal falls into that category and was unprincipled. I would disagree. First of all, while adherence to principle is usually a plus, it is not always so either because it prevents the accommodations and compromises that are necessary to get things done (e.g., Hoover's response to the Depression) or because taken to the extreme, it produces a dysfunctional result (e.g. Prohibition). So, even if the decision is deemed unprincipled, that should not end the analysis.

Secondly, if you do a cost/benefit analysis, I think it would conclude that the benefits - assuaging the feelings of Native Americans and other cohorts and demonstrating that Dartmouth "gets it" - outweighs the cost, which as I see it is the injured feelings of some who, quite understandably, feel an attachment to this piece of metal because it symbolizes the College we hold dear. I think the injury is, however relatively minimal given, as Tom points out, we do not lack for other symbols.

Thirdly, Dartmouth is in a heated competition for faculty and students with some formidable rivals and to succeed, Dartmouth needs to appeal intellectually and culturally to its target audiences; and while this decision may disappoint some, it probably better positions Dear Old Dartmouth in this race to the top. So, for these reasons and those articulated by Tom and others, I would support the College's weathervane decision.

Howard Anderson added another great post:

This latest intelligence from the dark recesses of Baker Library's stacks [Editor's Note—I believe this refers to the response from the College Librarian to Tom's question] injects a note of comic opera into the weathervane saga. Now, it appears, the facially sober image of Eleazar contains a sly allusion—in the form of an arm and hand gesture and the barrel he is sitting on—to the Bacchanalian figure depicted in Hovey's poem, an example of 1920s satiric humor, college variety.

Of course, even among the dwindling ranks of those conversant with this piece of Dartmouth eso-

Continues next page

terica it is easy to miss the allusion as the image itself contains no hint of drunkenness. The barrels, for aught the observer can tell, could be empty, filled with flour, water, apples, or whatever, and Eleazar's body language suggests pedagogy more than tipsiness.

More to the point (or should I say pint) of recent discussions, if we are to read into the image something of Hovey, the target of the satire was Eleazar. This is not surprising in an age when lampooning traditional pieties was much in vogue (e.g., H.L. Mencken, the Scopes trial), and what could be better than a revered founder who was an 18th century missionary-minister? However, there is nothing undignified in the figure of the native youth, who appears as an attentive pupil seemingly unaware of his teacher's rum-soaked past.

Bill Rich—the guy responsible for starting this whole discussion—responded:

I find that I am impressed with our shock ("I am shocked, shocked, to learn that there is gambling" going on at Rick's), outrage, and indignation. It reminds me of the Victorian era shock at the Saint-Gaudens designed Diana atop Madison Square Garden in 1891, which is the subject of **Suzanne Hinman's** wonderful book. The design was fought by Anthony Comstock and his New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Soon found to be too large for the building, it was moved to Chicago for the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. The plan to place it atop the Women's Pavilion was again fought - by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Because she was - get ready for this and suppress your horror - nude! Instead she was placed on the Agricultural Building. Where perhaps she could be more fertile than on the Temperance building.

Plus ca change

Yeah—I know this is long, but we are wrapping up.

Jim Lawrie called our attention to the article (<https://theamericanscholar.org/on-political-correctness/>) as worth every minute it takes to read. The analysis is on target and the ideas are important. For example, "Political correctness and rational discourse are incompatible ideals. Forget 'civility,' the quality that college deans and presidents inevitably put forth as that which needs to 'balance' free expression. The call for civility is nothing more than a management tool for nervous bureaucrats, a way of splitting every difference and puréeing them into a pablum of deanly mush. Free expression is an absolute; to balance it is to destroy it." Let the discourse begin!

Gerry Bell responded:

I agree. I think the present situation is an outgrowth of the notion of "equal time", that *all* viewpoints are entitled to equal amounts of dissemination, exposure, and time. But what if one viewpoint is bereft of logic, full of ad hominem attacks, shoot the messenger, and a Heinz 57 varieties of hatred? It isn't entitled to equal time, or necessarily to any time at all.

[Editor's question: or is it a matter of "We all have the right to express ourselves, and we all have a right not to listen to it?"

I know, I know, I know, I know -- "Who makes that call?" Common sense (that most rare of precious commodities) and its currently endangered partner, common decency. That's who.

So hopefully you can tell this was a spirited discussion and a great deal of fun. If you would like to participate in future ones, let **Dave Peck** know so he can add you to the email distribution list.

Updated Planning for our Class Collective 75th Birthday Celebration

By **Ed Heald** and **Gerry Bell**

The late ski film maker and guru Warren Miller was fond of saying, "If you don't go to Vail this year, it'll just be another year until you do." Much the same could be said about the venue for our 75th birthday celebration next September 19-22, 2021: the Greenbrier Resort in White Sulphur Springs, WV. If you haven't yet visited this iconic, elegant, historic resort, then it should be high on your bucket list, and now is the time. And if you have been there, what better time to revisit it than with some of your lifelong friends?

We were stunned to learn how much more the Greenbrier is than just a world-class golf resort. There is something for everyone here, not the least of which is the coat-and-tie rule for dinner: we'll have to clean up and be presentable, and our wives will be thrilled!

We've reserved a block of rooms at varying levels of discounted

rates for our midweek stay. You can check out all the activities (they advertise 55!) on the resort's website, www.greenbrier.com. It's a long and tempting bucket list: falconry, whitewater rafting, alpine climbing, and "mountaineering" (archery, high-powered air rifles, and tomahawk throwing!) And, of course, the alpha and omega: Golf! (Note from Gerry: My dear sweet wife is interested in paintball. I haven't dared ask whether she wants to be on my team or the opposing one. If other wives sign up, I'm pretty sure I know how this is going to go!)

We'll be back in the next Newsletter with some preliminary budget ideas, information on making reservations, and travel information. Please consider this—it promises to be a great time, and we're still young and hardy enough to make sure it is. Feel free to contact either one of us with questions.

News from and about Classmates

Cliff **Groen** provided the following from **Peter Temple**:



Peter Temple

I think I remember that we last spoke at one of our Dartmouth reunions, late at night in a tent, quite a few years ago. I was hoping that you would be at the 50th, was looking forward to re-connecting, and was disappointed that you were not there.

Ever since our 50th I have been intending to write to you, and was recently spurred into action by a phone conversation with **Peter Wonson** about the class Community Service Project.

The main reason I wanted to write was to let you know, and thank you, for your part in inspiring me to act on my interests in expanding my horizons globally. Although it was nothing specifically that you said, I think that getting to know you during the fall of freshman year, learning about the places you lived, and becoming aware of your more international perspective, were key to me. When you came to my home for Thanksgiving you gave my family a work of art representing an Asian god, and that hangs on my bedroom wall today.

We did not stay in very close communication through our time at Dartmouth, and I am not sure if you remember that I took a leave from the College in Junior year to travel on a freighter across the Pacific to Australia, with two other students. My original plan was to go to college there for a year, but when it became clear that it was not an attractive option, I was inspired to spend the next many months continuing to travel around the world. I persuaded one of the other students to at least begin the travels with me. I am not sure I would have had the courage to make that decision were it not for my friendship with you.

That trip, first hitchhiking around Australia for a couple months, then traveling from Singapore, through Malaysia, Thailand, Burma, India, Nepal, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Turkey, and into Europe, all by land, had an enduring impact on me. A few years later, working for a Solar Architecture and Engineering firm (T.E.A. Inc.), I decided to try to extend our solar design work beyond the U.S., secured a USAID project in Botswana, and spent six weeks there designing a passive solar

Appropriate Technology Center. We later received a Presidential Design Award, Commendation, for that project.

My interest in working in more remote parts of the world continued, and in my career as a professor at Keene State College, where I created an architecture program, focused on sustainable design, I was eventually able to create a program where we have done a whole series of projects for remote villages and towns in Haiti, India, Rwanda, Uganda, and Malawi. In my early years at the college we created a teaching model called "Problem-Based Service Learning", and I employed that approach to create a program called "Communicorps" where students work in teams on semester-long projects of service to the community.

Initially that work was all in our local region, but extending that to developing countries has been a wonderful experience for our students, and we hope we are also helping to make the world better. Our student population typically has never traveled far, many have never even been to Boston or NYC, and none of their family or friends have ever been outside the U.S. So to be able to take them to Haiti, India or Africa is, I believe, the single most transforming experience of their undergraduate careers. We can hope that in a small way we are helping to transform the attitudes of the future population of the U.S.

I recently retired from teaching at KSC, but still volunteer there with the program. Also, with a close colleague from the world of Problem-Based Service Learning, we are setting up a non-profit, "A Better World", to enable students from any college in the U.S. to participate in semester length experiences in developing countries, for full course credit, that also enhances their learning in their academic discipline.

Sorry for making this such a long story, but I wanted you to see the arc of this, that became my major life's work, and see that you played an important role in my early years. It is very satisfying for me to be able to look back at these projects, the people we worked with, and our students who were so transformed.

I remember that at one point you had a place in Vermont, and if you are ever up this way, or traveling to Hanover, please let me know. I also travel to Hanover quite a bit as I am in charge of my old physics professor's care these days. He has hospice care now, and soon I will be selling his house in Hanover, so I need to be up there a lot.

I remember hearing a few years ago that you had a stroke, and I hope you are doing better these days. I hope we can talk again sometime.

[Cliff responded that he had recovered from his stroke about 7 years ago, which we are all glad to hear.]

More News from and about Classmates

Cliff Groen (below) submitted a number of emails that included the following news:



In our first year at Dartmouth, I lived in Cohen Hall. My room on the second floor had a view of the home of Dean Seymour. After our first year there, I went to Taipei, Taiwan, and the Republic of China where my parents lived. I was there for the summer. At the end of that summer, I went to Dartmouth for our second year there. I went to Dean Seymour's office and gave him a gift—a wooden cane with a sword inside. I did not know him very well. Now, a wooden cane with a sword inside would be not allowed.

Larry Hall served in the Peace Corps in the Philippines. His obit is in The Transmission of Spring 2013. Please add him to the list of Peace Corps volunteers. [Done.]

I knew **Kirby Nickels**. He was modest and kind. The last time I saw him was at the Jackson Inn in Woodstock, VT. He was playing the drums. I remember him very well.

Marti and I are well. We stay at home in NYC. We get our mail here and our medicine from CVS and our food by delivery. Our building is well organized. We play it safe and do not go outside now. We are concerned about a second spike of the virus.

Several emails from **John Lynch**, M.D.:

I'm living in ASH Antifa ravaged RVA, in the FAN section of Richmond, 2 blocks from famous, historical Monument Avenue. Events here prevent me from studying for tests I need to pass in order to get my Connecticut Medical license back. At this present moment, I "feel" more like a war correspondent, than a dissatisfied retired physician. I still go back to CT to see my daughter and my grandchildren in Trumbull, CT when time permits. She's a well trained Emergency Physician at Bridgeport Hospital, married to a well trained Trauma Surgeon who graduated from Dartmouth Medical School.

Last night, perhaps only 2 blocks from where my apartment is, multiple gunshots rang out at 1:45 AM. There was no police response. I thought my "war zone" had quieted down, but the reality is a smoldering anarchy. The mayor of Richmond wants to be the next governor of Virginia and likely will replace Ralph Northam when his one term expires. Perhaps dawning on my politically correct neighbors & property owners here in the FAN, they're losing thousands of \$ in property value. When I can, I'll vote with my feet...

The situation in Richmond may have stabilized! Someone during the night left an American Flag propped up against a tree near my apartment. Robert E Lee's statue has new life too: The graffiti at it's base is a testimonial to the ignorance and stupidity of the educational system here in Virginia. I have pictures of the flag. I realize you are in a delicate position as some of our classmates may disapprove.

Changing the subject to June 13, 1968, my deceased & lamented father, Lt. Col. John W. Lynch, '34, was in the audience when the Class Valedictorian [**Jamie Newton**] advised us Dartmouth grads to go to Canada to escape the draft. My US Army Judge Advocate father, Harvard Law '34, stormed out of the commencement audience leaving my now deceased mother to witness me receiving my diploma. The day was only partially ruined, but my father later said he was a witness to suborning treason. I know he was in the minority.

Editor's Note to John and all Classmates: It is a tenet of this Newsletter that we want to hear and share news and views from all Classmates as long as those views are presented in a civil and non-confrontational manner. However, one place we won't go is partisan politics.

Russ Andrews, M.D. (below) also sent me several emails including the following:



More News from and about Classmates

In follow-up to the Class Discussions on universal service in *The Transmission*, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences has published a report “Reinventing American Democracy for the 21st Century” in which one recommendation is to “establish a universal expectation of a year of national service” (e.g. expanding AmeriCorps). Improving employment prospects given the effects of COVID-19 is an additional motivation for greater universal service. Hopefully the discussion on universal service can continue in *The Transmission*. [Editor’s note: unfortunately I couldn’t fit this onto page 15 where the Class discussion of Universal Service is continued.]

Thanks for making *The Transmission* an excellent newsletter – and especially for acknowledging the Duncan Sleigh ’67 Memorial Fund. Duncan was a fraternity brother and close friend – such a huge loss resulting from a mistaken war.

If you want to get a sense of how else Russ has been spending his time, check out these credentials:

- Advisor, Nanotechnology & Smart Systems, NASA Ames Research Center
- Aerospace Medical Association
- American Association of Neurological Surgeons International Outreach Committee - Past Chair
- Asian Congress of Neurological Surgeons – Executive Committee
- Computer Assisted Radiology and Surgery (CARS) - Program Committee
- Epilepsy Foundation of Northern California (EFNC) - Board of Directors
- European Association of Neurosurgical Societies (EANS) - member
- European Association for Predictive, Preventive and Personalised Medicine (EPMA)
- International Association on Neurorestoratology (IANR) – Advisory Board
- International Conference on Neuroprotective Agents (ICNA) – President
- Society of British Neurological Surgeons (SBNS) - member
- World Federation of Neurosurgical Societies (WFNS) – Newsletter Editor
- WFNS – Neurotrauma, Neurorehabilitation & Mass Casualty Committees
- *World Neurosurgery* – Section Editor

I also found a link to a video of Russ discussing “Inside the Brain” - here’s the link: <https://vimeo.com/148203779>

Anybody feel like an under-achiever?

Another item that came in just as this issue was being finalized—and therefore didn’t fit in the section on During—and After—Viet Nam (see pages 10–15) - is from **Jeff Hinman**, providing the following link that includes mention of the Dartmouth Vietnam project:

<https://www.archives.gov/nhprc/newsletter/2020/august>

Here’s what it says:

Dartmouth Vietnam Project

An NHPRC grant to Dartmouth College is supporting the development of a suite of digital tools to use with oral history collections to aid researchers to accurately discover and use these records. Using the Dartmouth Vietnam Project archive of 133 interviews, a project will devise new methods for adding metadata to digital oral history interviews, including a TEI-conformant tag library, as well as techniques for adding geo-spatial data to the interviews. The project will then test the methodology by encoding 100 selected interviews held by the online archive of the Oral History Project at the Vietnam Center and Archive at Texas Tech University, and developing open-source plugs-ins for content management systems using this technology.

The Dartmouth Vietnam Project (DVP) brings together members of the Dartmouth community to conduct, record, and preserve oral histories about the Vietnam War era (1950–1975). The DVP defines Dartmouth community broadly, including students and alumni, faculty and staff, parents and families, and Upper Valley residents. The DVP seeks diverse recollections of the Vietnam era, from military service to campus and anti-war activism, political campaigns, and everyday life. Find out more at <http://www.dartmouth.edu/~dvp/>

The DVP is the project our class has supported financially, as well as a number of Classmates included in the interviews.

From John Pfeiffer

I enjoyed the recent newsletter story about the provenance of the bust of Frederick Douglas the class has commissioned for the College. Having been undergraduates during a significant part of the 1960s civil rights era, many classmates will find such a contribution to Dartmouth particularly meaningful.

I also was fascinated by **Woody Lee**’s outstanding video lecture on the history of Blacks at Dartmouth from its very beginnings. I had known of the renowned scientist E.E. Just, but I knew nothing of the other men whose lives and accomplishments he recounted.

More News from and about Classmates



John Pfeiffer

Currently, extraordinary attention is being drawn to dimensions of the history and status of race relations that have previously been unknown, ignored, or repressed by many white Americans. Many institutions, particularly colleges and universities, are examining their past and present relationships with Black Americans. The College's recent actions honoring E.E. Just are part of that phenomenon.

I believe that more can and should be done, however, to demonstrate how Black lives have mattered at Dartmouth. One additional step that could make our Class gift of the Frederick Douglas bust even more meaningful would be to find a way to bring **Woody Lee's** stories of Blacks at Dartmouth to the attention of the entire Dartmouth community.

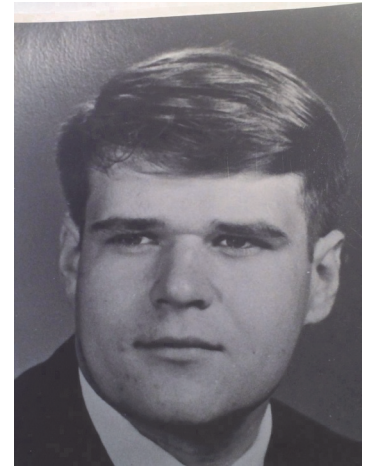
Recently, some of our classmates have been pondering legacies that we might leave to the College. One that could be seen and appreciated for a long time to come might be to find a suitable place at the College to display the portraits and life stories that Woody compiled and his thoughtful video history, perhaps together with the Douglas bust.

The stories of other minorities at Dartmouth also deserve recognition, but a memorial focused on Blacks at Dartmouth would be a very appropriate first step for our class to undertake. Our lives span the modern civil rights era from the last half of the 20th century through the first decades of the 21st. This memorial would display to the entire Dartmouth community our commitment to the fundamental values of equality and justice that should guide the lives of all Dartmouth graduates.

Tony Dambrava says: Life on the Up & Up (our little farmstead) is AOK. Sam is doing well one week after her second hip replacement. For the moment, I'm holding down the fort with chores & all like that, & luckily for me her status post-op makes it harder for her to kick me in the ass when I slack off.

Greetings from us all, including the horse, dog & goat menagerie.

A much younger
Tony Dambrava



The Associated Press reported that **Merrick Bobb**, Executive Director of the Police Assessment Resource Center in Los Angeles, has resigned as Police Monitor overseeing reforms in the Seattle Police Department since 2013. Merrick said "It's time for a change. We got (the Seattle Police Department) to this point," with the department achieving "full and effective compliance" with a 2012 consent decree negotiated with the U.S. Department of Justice. The consent decree followed an investigation that determined Seattle officers routinely used excessive force and demonstrated troubling evidence of biased policing. Sources called him "simply the nation's leading expert on police accountability..."

Merrick Bobb



Don Marcus reports his Lucky Milo documentary (see the last issue) is nearing completion, with the small problem of having to edit down about 5 hours of film to something more manageable. Information about the film and a means of making a donation to support the project can still be made at [Film-makers Collaborative | Lucky Milo](#)

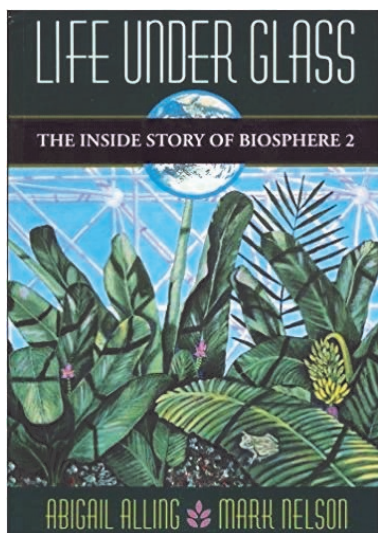
'68 Authors and Creators

Suzanne Hinman (wife of Jeff) provided an update and good news about her book, *The Grandest Madison Square Garden*.

It has won the prestigious 2020 book award from the Victorian Society in America, "for scholarship and advancing the recognition of 19th-century arts in America!" And in addition to hardback and ebook formats, it has just come out in paperback. (For more info, see the link to the Syracuse University Press, <https://press.syr.edu/supressbooks/105/the-grandest-madison-square-garden/>)

I and several other Classmates have read this and it is a fascinating and entertaining read.

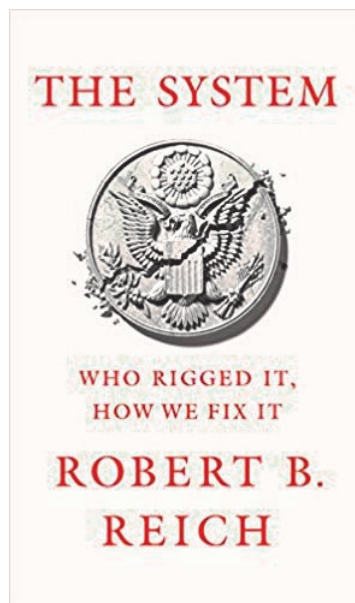
Mark Nelson reports "My big news is that an updated 2nd edition of a book I co-authored with Abigail Alling and Sally Silverstone has just been published: *Life Under Glass: Crucial Lessons in Planetary Stewardship from 2 Years Inside Biosphere 2*."



Also "Spaceship Earth", a film about my group's work over the decades including Biosphere 2 was premiered at the Sundance Film Festival in January 2020 and is now in digital release in the US, South America and Australia through NEON and Hulu and other streaming services. I am one of the main narrators in the film so have been doing interviews with Matt Wolf, the director for Radical Films, and Linda Leigh, a fellow "biospherian" from the first closure experiment 1991-1993.

Other than that, I continue to direct the Institute of Ecotechnics (UK and US), write and help manage an organic farm and vegetable production at Synergia Ranch in New Mexico.

Russ Andrews wanted to make sure we were aware that in March **Bob Reich** published another book: *The System: Who Rigged It, How We Fix It*. Russ says "It is an easy but informative read on what has happened to American democracy."



This book is described on Amazon as "an urgent analysis of how the "rigged" systems of American politics and power operate, how this status quo came to be, and how average citizens can enact change."

Russ also noted that another easy but informative read – offering insights into the American healthcare "system" that are also relevant to the upcoming November elections – is a book he wrote a few years ago: *Too Big to Succeed: Profiteering in American Medicine*.

I asked **Gene Mackles** if he is still working. He responded "Yep... I'm still working, trying to keep the mix creative and relatively low stress." He went on to mention a game he created that has been getting some recognition and seems to be getting some traction in the marketplace.

Gamewright Splurt! Portable Party Card Game Think Fast. Say it First!





In Memoriam

George Cobb



George passed away May 6, 2020 after 6 months of illness. He is survived by his wife Cheryl (Hussey) Cobb, daughter Lee Tae Cobb, son-in-law Tyler McGinnis, sister Jane Cobb and brother Hunter Cobb. Due to current state regulations, a full obituary will be publicized when public services are able to be scheduled.

To listen to a recording of George’s memorial service, go to: <https://www.causeweb.org/cause/ecots/ecots20/program/memorial>

To visit a really great memorial website that will provide many more details about George, see: <https://georgewcobb.com/>
If you have a story about George, there is a section of this website that will let you do that.

If you would like to make donations in remembrance of George, please donate to the [American Friends Service Committee](#).

Calvin Jones

Calvin died on April 19, 2020. The first of his family to attend college, he made it to Dartmouth College through his hard work and exceptional intellect. He was drafted into the US Army two years later. During his five years in the Army, he served as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, ultimately flying over 1300 hours in combat missions, earning a Bronze Star, an Army Commendation Medal, and 53 Air Medals, and achieving the rank of Captain. After he completed his active service and instructor duties, he returned to Dartmouth, graduating in 1973 with a degree in government, making his living by playing music in a rock band. He went on to graduate studies in political science at the University of Chicago.

While in graduate school, he began his long career in the design and implementation of complex and large-scale survey-based policy research, first working with the National Opinion Research Center (NORC) at the University of Chicago. He later



joined Abt Associates to establish its Chicago office and survey operations. In the mid-1990s he moved to Washington, DC, where he founded his own consulting company, Statistical and Evaluation Research, through which he continued to deploy his expertise in the evaluation of important policy issues.

In the mid-1990s, he met his partner of the last 25 years, Monica Noether. Together they enjoyed traveling the world, experiencing nature, exploring new restaurants, visiting craft fairs and

Continues next page



In Memoriam

art galleries, and working through many, many crosswords. He was also a huge part of her childrens' lives, and, though he would never admit it, goofing off with them came naturally to him. He took great joy in introducing them to music and movies, convincing them to be technology early-adopters (like him), and teaching them to explore a world outside their comfort zone.

Calvin moved to Pomfret, Vermont in 2014, where he found his true home. In Vermont, Calvin volunteered both his analytical insights, based on his career in federal policy, and his considerable photography skills to local non-profit organizations that focused on addressing underserved health care needs. As he gradually entered retirement, he focused increasingly on his life-long passion for photography, both in Vermont and on trips all over the world. He maintained a website with some of his favorites at <http://www.CalvinJonesPhotography.com>. He seemed to be at his happiest in Pomfret, involved in the community, but able to retreat to his quiet home and watch the wildlife go by.

Calvin always sought the best from life, whether it be wine, cheese, movies, music, or political insights and was eager to share these with those he cared for. The only thing he loved more than an aged cheddar from a small Vermont creamery or watching *The Commitments* on St. Patrick's Day was sharing it with his friends and family. If you were lucky enough to know Calvin, you knew him to be the most thoughtful gift giver, and you have countless emails with recommendations for things to eat, drink, watch, read, or listen to.

Perhaps people will most remember Calvin for his approach to conversations. Whether discussing politics, science, technology, art, or even the weather, Calvin always had a strong opinion, and expected others would also have and defend well-informed, reasoned, and highly-sourced views. Calvin asked probing questions and attacked weak lines of logic with arguments based on facts and information about which you were likely unaware. While this could have felt like an interrogation, it so clearly came from a place of love, respect, and the desire to both learn from and teach others, that it was (almost) always a joyous exercise.

Calvin was dedicated and hard-working as well as a keen observer and fastidious collector and curator of the world around him. He was also a man of his word, fiercely loyal, and patient and kind with his wisdom and his love. Above all else, Calvin sought to elevate those lucky enough to be around him, and in doing so greatly enriched their lives.

Donations can be made in his name to Mt. Ascutney Hospital and Health Center (<http://www.mtascutneyhospital.org>) and Zack's Place (<http://http://www.zacksplacevt.org>), two Vermont organizations with which he volunteered.

Sandy McGregor



Sandy died July 5th of Pancreatic cancer, reportedly only 1 1/2 days after his diagnosis and the day after celebrating 50 years of marriage to his beloved wife, Jane Dickie McGregor.

Born in Alexandria, Va., on April 8, 1947, he was educated at Dartmouth College as part of the Navy ROTC. Sandy graduated with high honors (Phi Beta Kappa) and a biology degree in 1968. After an interview with Admiral Rickover, he entered the submarine service and served his country during the Cold War on SSBNs (nuclear ballistic submarines) including the USS James Madison and the USS George Bancroft. He was a quiet patriot, concerned with the preservation of democracy throughout his life.

After his service in the Navy, he worked for Combustion Engineering, at field sites in Blair, Neb., and Stuart, Fla., before moving to Russellville, AR in 1977 for the construction of the second unit of Arkansas Nuclear One. In 1982, Sandy started working as an engineer at the plant, retiring in 2012.

A lifelong lover of the arts and music, he served as a board member of the Arkansas River Valley Arts Center. He sang bass with the Community Festival Chorale. A cast member of many community theater productions at Arkansas Tech beginning in 1984, his roles included

Continues next page



In Memoriam

leading parts in Pajama Game, Guys and Dolls, and Anything Goes, and more recently Assassins (2008), Music Man (2018) and Oklahoma! (2019). With Jane, he was a longstanding season-ticket holder of the Arkansas Repertory Theater in Little Rock, and the Arkansas Symphony Orchestra.

A great supporter of his children and their activities, he refereed youth soccer, served as treasurer of the RHS Band Boosters, and coached Odyssey of the Mind teams. In his own childhood, he was an active Boy Scout, achieving the highest rank of Eagle Scout. He donated blood regularly for decades. A family summer home on Cape Cod in Sagamore Beach, Mass., was important to him throughout his life. He preferred standing on the bank watching boats go by and flying stunt kites with on-shore wind to swimming in the chilly water.

A lifelong Episcopalian, he was a pillar of All Saints' Episcopal Church in Russellville where he variously served as senior warden, treasurer, vestry member and choir member.

He was a remarkable man with a keen intellect, kind spirit, and

a playful twinkle in his eye. He had an open heart and a deep voice that could fill a room. He always had time and energy for others. He appreciated beauty in its many forms – from the mechanical design of the SR71 spy plane, to French Romantic organ music. He was dedicated to doing what he did well. He was delighted by many things, especially children and dogs.

He is survived by his loving wife Jane; his daughters Caroline and Elizabeth, his son Kevin and their families and his grandson William McGregor-Smith.

Donations in his honor may be made to the All Saints' Sandy McGregor Memorial Fund, 501 S. Phoenix Ave, Russellville, AR 72801.

Until a memorial service can be held, the family invites the community to connect and share memories by email via sandy.mcgregors.kids@gmail.com

The Class of 1968 Give a Rouse Award



As mentioned in **Dave Peck's** column, we have created a new Class Award. "The Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award" will be given annually to classmates in recognition of their distinguished service to one or more communities (local, state, national, international), professions, or organizations (including Dartmouth and our Class). Any classmate may nominate any other classmate, and the nominations will be considered by a committee of classmates appointed to perform this function. All classmates are encouraged to participate. For more detailed information including the nomination form, see <https://www.dartmouth68.org/give-a-rouse.html>

Editor's Closing Thoughts

1. The Class owes Thanks to **Gene Mackles** (→) for his talented assistance in designing the logos for both our ongoing Community Service Project (see page 8) and our new Give A Rouse Award (see above).
2. My thanks to our anonymous, Latin scholar Classmate who pointed out my misspelling of In Memoriam (I was using Memorium). And to think I took three years of Latin and didn't notice that. Correction made.



Mark/Skip Waterhouse, '68 Newsletter Editor **Thanks—Stay Safe—Be Well**