



# The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Fall 2021

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## Back Together Again Finally—Maybe—Probably October 8—10, 2021 in Hanover

### Homecoming with first annual Give A Rouse Awards

So as of press time, these are the plans—but stay tuned for emails from **Dave Peck** in case COVID once again disrupts campus gatherings.

### CLASS OF 1968 MINI-REUNION

#### Friday, October 8th

Homecoming Parade, Pep Rally and Bonfire



#### Saturday, October 9th

Class meeting, 10 am, Winship Conference Room, Blunt Alumni Center

All classmates are welcome to attend

Pre-game Tailgate 12pm – 1:30pm, Front lawn of Alpha Delta Fraternity

Homecoming Football Game vs. Yale, 1:30pm, Please order your own tickets

*Continues on next page*

## Homecoming Weekend - continued

### Saturday, October 9th—continued

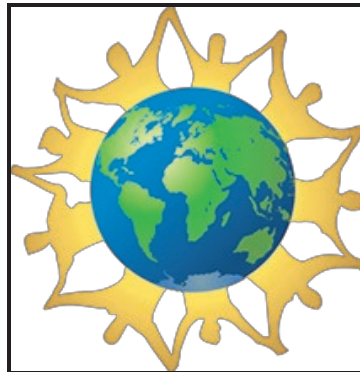
Class Dinner, Hilton Garden Inn, 35 N. Labombard Rd., Lebanon, NH

(Just north of Hanover exit off Rt. 89)

Cocktails 6:15 pm—7:00 pm (Cash Bar)

Buffet Dinner “Taste of Italy” at 7pm

### Presentation of Give A Rouse Awards



Presentation of the Give A Rouse Awards will be shown via Zoom for friends and family members not able to attend in person.

If you need to install Zoom on your computer, go to <https://zoom.us/download>

The presentation ceremony will also be recorded and will be available from the Class website ([www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org)) after the event

Please help this first group of Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Recipients enjoy the moment:

**Gerry Bell**  
**John “Bear” Everett**  
**Jim Frey**  
**Sherwood Guernsey**

**Andy Hotaling**  
**Jim Lawrie**  
**Mark Nelson**  
**Dick Olson**

**George Spivey**  
**Ron Weiss**  
**Michel Zaleski**

If you are planning on attending the Class Dinner, please email **John Engelman** as soon as possible with the number of people in your party— [john.engelman.68@gmail.com](mailto:john.engelman.68@gmail.com)

and send check for \$60 per person, payable to the “Dartmouth Class of 1968” to:  
John Engelman  
7 Dana Road  
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

### Sunday, October 10th

On your own—but you never know what might happen

## From Class President Dave Peck

*These so-called bleak times are necessary to go through in order to get to a much, much better place.”*

David Lynch

A happy Fall to everyone!

This past year has been a year of frustrating inaction filled with action. During this past pandemic year, virtually everything the Class planned to do in person became virtual, or was postponed. But no grass grew under our feet.

For the second year in a row, the Class of 1968 met its goal of raising \$350,000 (actually gave \$424,804 to the College) with 51% participation from our classmates, where our goal was at least 50%. A milestone to be proud of, with special thanks to **Parker Beverage** and his team of class agents.

We have doubled down on our commitment to projects. In our first year, our Give A Rouse (GAR) program has nominated eleven classmates, to be honored at Homecoming in Hanover over the weekend of October 8-10—see the pages 1 and 2 for the overall schedule. This program recognizes classmates living or dead, who have achieved commendable accomplishments, including distinguished service to one or more communities (local, state, national, international), professions or organizations including Dartmouth College and the Class of 1968. The awards ceremony will be held at a Class dinner the evening of October 9. Everyone is welcome to join us in Hanover that weekend.

The Class has developed an online seminar program, holding six programs between March and June this year, with four more planned for this Fall, starting September 27. Upcoming sessions are shown on pages 7 and 8—watch for more details on the class website and in dedicated emails.

Working with the Music Department, we have commissioned the composition of music, originally planned to be played as a processional fanfare at commencement in 2021 but postponed to 2022, and it may in addition be repurposed for broader use.

We have initiated the early planning for curating and supporting a Blacks at Dartmouth exhibition at the College, to take place in Hanover on May 14, 2022, which will complement the 50th anniversary of the founding of BADA. See page 22 for an update. Special thanks to **John Pfeiffer** and **Woody Lee** for their efforts here.

And we continue to grow our Community Service Project, now several years old, so far cataloguing 76 community service ac-

tivities by classmates, their spouses or partners and their children or grandchildren. Another 27 entries are promised.

Your Class Committee met four times during the year, all virtually, to monitor and direct the activities of the Class. Every classmate is invited to join those meetings. Our next will be in Hanover at 10 am October 9, the Saturday of Homecoming.

Our planned mini-reunions were all postponed, from meeting in Hanover in the fall of 2020 or spring of 2021, golfing in the West, skiing in the West and East. Wait'll next year!

Which is this year! As previously noted, we will kick off our rebooted schedule of mini-reunions with Homecoming October 8-10 in Hanover; this will include the parade and bonfire Friday evening, the Class Committee meeting from 10 to 12 in the Winship Conference Room at Blunt Alumni Center, tailgating at AD from 12 to 1:30, the Yale football game at 1:30, and a Class dinner/GAR Awards ceremony at the Hilton Garden Inn. Looking ahead, we have golf at Bandon Dunes in November, eastern skiing at Okemo January 24 through 28, skiing out west at Park City February 26 through March 5, a trip to Hawaii March 12 through 19, and a gathering in Hanover in May, tentatively the weekend of May 14, 2022 for the second annual GAR award ceremony and the dedication of the Frederick Douglass bust (donated last year) and celebration of the Blacks at Dartmouth exhibit. Further out, in 2022, is our planned (and delayed) 75th Birthday party at the Greenbrier Resort in West Virginia September 18 through 21, 2022.

We are still looking for a couple of people to fill assistant class officer roles. For many years, our Class has been blessed to have **Jim Lawrie** fill the dual roles of Class Treasurer and award winning Class Webmeister. While Jim has not announced any retirement plans, at our May 8th Class Meeting we agreed the idea of appointing one or two assistants would be a good move as we start thinking about our 55th Reunion two years from now.

So if you have an interest in either or both of these jobs, let me know. If you want to get a feel for what the jobs entail, contact Jim to discuss them—his contact information is shown on the front page.

Take care, stay in touch, and I hope you can join us at one or more of our planned Class events this year. And as always, use the Class website as a central depository for all Class activities, past and future.

Onward,  
**Dave Peck**, President of the Class of 1968

# The '68 Community Service Project—Update

(teaser: it's never been easier to join)



We're convinced that most of you reading this engage in community service on a regular basis. Maybe it's every day or every two months. Maybe it's for one special cause or person, or for multiple causes, many people, or several species or ecosystems. Maybe you do it on your own, very personally, or your service might be part of a large organization. Maybe it's something special you do or just part of your daily routine.

The bottom line is that you – and likely your spouse/partner and perhaps even your kids – make an effort to help others and/or the planet. Every service we provide makes a difference. While you might say it's the least we could do, it's all right to feel good about it...while you keep on plugging.

At the same time, is more service needed? Certainly. Could many/most community service efforts be more effective, more efficient? Probably. Are you or someone you know looking for ways to make a contribution or more of one? You're not alone. That's why the CSP exists.

The Community Service Project has more participants than any other ongoing class activity except contributing to the Dartmouth College Fund. In previous *Transmission* issues you've seen the names of most of them – we (primarily **Peter Wonson**) are actively reaching out to classmates and spouses to have them join us. We're about to send a short survey to classmates and spouses who participated in our Zoom calls and a few questions to all participants. We're also planning more Zoom calls to help people connect, share, and learn.

We never cease to be amazed by the service activities undertaken by CSP participants. See for yourself on the class website ([www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org)). If you're already registered as a viewer or contributor, visit the CSP Catalog and take a look. If you're curious but not yet registered, go to the class website, hover over Community Service Project on the left side of the Home screen and then click on CSP Stories. And if the stories inspire you, hover over CSP and click on Request Password.

We'll help you get started.

In fact, it's easier than ever to enter your service activity in the CSP Catalog, thanks to a new approach **Peter Wonson** started using. One of us will give you a tour of the Catalog, during which you'll complete the first three sections. We'll give you a Word template to draft text for the open-ended items and we'll use that text to complete your entry.

Two CSP stories appear below: the first is from one of the newest participants, **Austin de Besche** (The Mama Project); the other is from the first child of a classmate to participate, **Norm Silverman's** daughter, Jessica Bryan (Project Night Night). We hope they inspire you.

## The Mama Project

The Mama Project brings female artists from the United States to collaborate with women from under-resourced township communities in the Cape Town area of South Africa. Together, they create, share stories, make art, share food and culture—and make friends.

The Mama Project works with women from Cape Town townships and female artists from Boston, inclusive of women from other nationalities and under-resourced communities, to create opportunities for women to meet, make art, share culture, develop relationships, and build confidence around what it means to be a woman and a mother, so women can thrive. More information can be found at <https://www.themamaproject.net>.





# The '68 Community Service Project—Update continued

The day the Mama Project began in South Africa (in the summer of 2017), a group of women gathered in a small room, brought together by a woman from the Boston area. There were artists (predominantly white) from the United States, black Xhosa-speaking women from the Khayelitsha township outside Cape Town, and colored Afrikaans-speaking women from an “informal settlement” called 7de Laan (a tumble of shacks in sand dunes a few miles from Khayelitsha). I was there to film this new project. English was a common language, but the cultural differences were clear. Each group sat together in one part of the room, staying close to the folks like themselves. As the meeting progressed, stories and feelings were shared and art projects were created (a first for many of the South Africa women). When the meeting was over, women from all these different worlds were dancing and singing together, and already shared the delight of making beautiful art.

This is the essence of The Mama Project. Across borders of culture, geography, ethnicity, and religion—deep friendships have formed, and women who have never had a chance to do anything but survive have seen their artistic potential. These women from different worlds have learned to work together. The world needs people working together.

## Project Night Night

Our mission is to provide free Night Night Packages to homeless children from birth to pre-teen who need our childhood essentials to have a concrete and predictable source of security and increased exposure to high-quality literacy materials during this time of upheaval.



Founded in 2005, Project Night Night (PNN) is an award-winning Bay Area-based nonprofit 501(c)(3) tax exempt organization that equips children ages 0-12 living in homeless and low-income situations with the essentials they need to be ready to learn, to feel less stressed, and to be reminded of their value. While meeting the immediate needs of disadvantaged children, Project Night Night also sets a foundation for lasting change by providing meaningful, hands-on volunteer opportunities to hundreds of individuals and organizations each year.

Each Night Night Package contains a blanket, a book and a stuffed animal, all in a special tote bag. Each bag is designed to be age appropriate, up to pre-teen boys and girls. Night Night Packages are tailor-made to give homeless and underserved children familiar objects of comfort to reduce stress and to strengthen the trust bond between the caregiver (the shelter) and the recipient (the child). In addition, Project Night Night places 35,000 new books into the hands of children every year. Children’s book distribution programs such as Project Night Night’s were created to provide greater access to high-quality, age-appropriate reading materials for children from low-income homes as one effort to address the achievement gap. Project Night Night strives to give children something they can call their own, something that can give them that little bit of comfort, and confidence, to deal with what’s in front of them.

Project Night Night has various engagement opportunities that cater to individual/family involvement as well as Corporate Team Building activities. Please visit our website (<https://www.projectnightnight.org/>) or reach out directly for ways to become involved.

As always, we’re ready, willing, and able to help you join and use the CSP to expand and improve community service.

**Peter Hofman**  
**Jim Lawrie**  
**Peter Wonson**

Have a project you would like to include in our  
Class CSP Directory?

Go to

[https://dartmouth68.org/csp/csp-catalog-actions/  
contribute-to-the-catalog/](https://dartmouth68.org/csp/csp-catalog-actions/contribute-to-the-catalog/)

# Advice from Ed Heald on Class Legacy Planning

## Top Reasons for Estate Planning Now!

Feeling stressed about the future these days? You're not alone: since the pandemic hit, estate planners have reported a huge jump in interest from people of all ages who want to make a will, plan for bequests, and generally get their affairs in order. And because so many of us are working remotely, socially distancing, and generally hunkering down, now is the perfect time to think about—and actually make—a long-term plan for you and your family.

It's also a great time to think about supporting Dartmouth—a planned gift that you make now will help Dartmouth in the long run, and can provide you with both financial benefits and long-term security. What's not to love?

Here are stress-free ways to make a plan right now for your financial future:

### Create or update your will or trust

It's one of those things most people avoid, but it's pretty straightforward: writing a will or updating your existing will or trust to confirm your intentions is one of the most important things you can do for your family. People tend to create a will and forget about it, but it's important to make sure this vital legal document stays current with your situation—and the plans you have for the future.

If you're thinking of including Dartmouth in those plans, one of the most common and meaningful ways to support the College is through a bequest or beneficiary designation to your retirement or life insurance plan. It is simple to do and you can direct it to initiatives that matter most to you, such as financial aid. Or you can leave it unrestricted and Dartmouth will direct it where it's needed most.

### Review your retirement benefits

This is one of the most overlooked—and important—things you can do to make sure your retirement earnings go where you want them to after you die. It's also easy: check your retirement plan and review the list of beneficiaries, especially if you have had life changes such as a marriage, children, or divorce since you first enrolled.

This is also an excellent and simple way to make a gift to Dartmouth: you can designate a percentage of your retirement earnings to the College by naming it as a beneficiary of your plan. You may not know that a large portion of accrued income in a retirement account can be lost to taxes (both state and

federal) if the income goes to someone other than a spouse—but Dartmouth can receive the full value of the gift tax-free. It's a great way to support future students with no effect on your income.

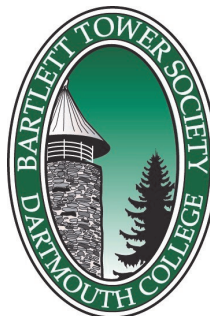
Consider supporting Dartmouth—and outside charities—through a donor advised fund.

All charitable organizations need a great deal of support during this time. With a Dartmouth Donor Advised Fund (DDAF), you can direct funds to charities of your choice including Dartmouth—all from one fund. You pay no fees and your gift is invested alongside Dartmouth's endowment, receiving a solid rate of return (an annualized return of 10.4 percent over the past decade). A DDAF is a good opportunity to involve your family members in making gift decisions together, inspiring a younger generation of philanthropists.

### Focus on fixed income

If the economic events of the past several months have you anxious and wanting some guarantees, consider investing in a financial option that will provide you with a reliable fixed income. Gift annuities offer this reliability—you invest in an annuity that pays out a guaranteed rate of return for the rest of your life, so you'll always have funds to count on. If making a gift to Dartmouth fits into your plans, you can invest in a charitable gift annuity that provides you with a guaranteed amount of income every year. When you die, the remaining balance goes to Dartmouth and will be designated to the areas of the College you prefer to support. It's a great way to make a commitment to Dartmouth that doesn't cut into your lifetime financial stability.

Planning for the future doesn't have to be anxiety-provoking—it also doesn't have to be complicated. Dartmouth's gift planning team can help guide you through the process of making decisions that benefit you and your family, make you feel comfortable about your future, and support Dartmouth in the ways you want. If you have questions or wish to chat more about any of these possibilities, call **Ed Heald** at 978-430-3165 or email at [esheald@aol.com](mailto:esheald@aol.com).



Now's the time to join 43 of your Classmates who are already members of the Bartlett Tower Society by including a gift to Dartmouth in your estate planning.

## Upcoming Class Events

In addition to our major Homecoming gathering, as **Dave Peck** noted in his column, we have several other Class events coming up. Here are some details with more to come in the future.

### Fall 2021 Class Seminars

The Class of 1968 has developed the third series of seminars to share with the Class and friends. The first and second series ran during Spring of 2021, and were well received. [Editor's observation—we generally had about 25 Classmates participate.] All were recorded and are available on the Class website.

Our seminars are live, Zoom events featuring Classmates presenting interesting topics of inquiry and/or creation, which represent an ongoing spirit of life-long learning. We welcome classmates, partners and friends to join us; each seminar will include a presentation and time for questions and answers. We'd love to have more: we hope you would consider developing a future seminar of your own to share with the class.

This third series of seminars will begin on Monday, September 27 and run for the next month, with varying starting times.

Please register for these seminars using the Class website: [www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org).

#### The Fall 2021 Seminars:

**MONDAY SEPTEMBER 27** at 9 pm EDT:  
Parole: Big Lessons from a Small State. **Jennifer Sargent**, Professor of Writing, adopted class member and current Chairman of the New Hampshire Adult Parole Board.



You live in a community where you interact with parolees, probably more frequently than you know or imagine. You want them to be safe and productive members of your community. Maybe about half of them will be, and not without a few slip ups, perhaps at your loved ones', friends', or community's

expense. It doesn't have to be this way — it can be so much better. We know incarceration does far more harm than good, but parole can do far more good than harm, if we'd just get it right. The devil is in the details.

**MONDAY OCTOBER 4** at 9 pm EDT:  
Tales of the Northern Tier—The Olympic Peninsula to Bar Harbor at 11 mph. **Jim Lawrie**, our Class Treasurer and Webmaster.



Join Jim in the fun-filled and fascinating tale of his 2009 cross-country bicycle tour. See the sights, meet the people, and share the wrong turns he and three close friends experienced on a 53 day cycling odyssey.

**MONDAY OCTOBER 18** at 9 pm EDT:  
Samson Occom: Dartmouth, You and Me. **Tom Couser**, President of New London Landmarks.



After I moved to New London, Connecticut, in 1976, I was startled to see a road sign in Uncasville, about ten miles north of my home, that read "Birthplace of Samson Occom." I was familiar with the name, of course, which was liberally used as an eponym in Hanover, and I knew Occom had been a prized pupil of Eleazar Wheelock, but I knew little else about him.



## Fall 2021 Class Seminars—continued

It was only in the 1990s, as I was developing a course in Native American Literature to fill a gap in Hofstra's English curriculum, that I encountered his short life narrative; unpublished during his lifetime, it had languished in Baker Library until it was discovered and anthologized in 1982 by a German scholar, Bernd Peyer. It became a standard text in my course; teaching it every year made me into an admirer of this brilliant evangelist and Native advocate.

In the webinar I will place his story in the context of Mohegan history with special attention to his relationship with Wheelock and the founding of the College.

**SATURDAY OCTOBER 23** at 4 pm EDT:

Woodworking: **Clark Wadlow**, Past Class President; current woodworking artist.



Join Clark in his North Carolina woodworking shop. Here's a preliminary list of topics to be covered:

1. Wood. The properties of wood. The "bundle of straws" analogy. Consideration of wood grain. Humidity and its effects. Shopping for wood.
2. Cutting Wood. Measuring and marking. Degree of tolerance. Repetitive cuts. Practice cuts. How to avoid tear-out and kickback.
3. Joints. Types of joints: mechanical (screws, bolts, pins, etc.), chemical (glues, epoxy), and structural (cutting pieces so they fit together). Clamps.
4. Finishes. Sanding and planing. Paints, oils, polys, etc. Fuming. Covering up and correcting errors.
5. Tools. Essential tools (table saw, router, sander, chisels, drill). Sources, catalogs. Blade and bit selection. Sharpening and cleaning..
6. Resources. Magazines, classes, schools, YouTube.
7. Safety. Protecting your eyes, ears, lungs, fingers.
8. Furniture design.



## '68 Bandon Dunes Golf Trip - October 31-November 5, 2021

This year's golf trip, which was postponed from 2020 due to the virus, is happening in early November. Plans are to arrive on Sunday, October 31 to the Bandon Dunes Golf Resort on the coast of Oregon, enjoy five days of golf together, then head back home after the last round on Friday November 5. This trip marks our return to Bandon Dunes, after golf trips to Streamsong in Florida and courses around Hanover in 2019 in celebration of the college's 250th birthday. We have been to Bandon Dunes many times over the past 15 years, and it remains a favorite destination, given its collection of five world-class courses, superb lodging, delicious dining and attentive service. Classmates included in our group of 20 include **Ed Heald, Bill Adler, Bill Kolasky, Joe Grasso, Dana Waterman, Nick Smaby, John Blair, Hugh Boss, Warren Connelly, Fred Palmer, Randy McElrath, Norm Silverman, Rusty Martin** and spouses and friends.

We already have dates reserved for a return in 2022, so if you are interested send **Ed Heald** an email at [esheald@aol.com](mailto:esheald@aol.com) .





## Okemo 2022 is a go! January 24–28, 2022

**Dave Dibelius** reports:

The Big House and a 3 BR condo are reserved for arrival Monday January 24, depart Friday January 28, 2022 That's the week after MLK week. Seems crazy to be thinking about this - summer hasn't even ended yet - but I wanted to lock in the lodging and dates to be sure. The Okemo Lodging person said they are not seeing the surge in reservations that's happening in some parts of the travel industry but it's about back to normal.

We don't really need a head count yet, although when I have a general idea of how many beds we need that's when I'll know if we need to add any more condos. So let me know if you think you will / might / maybe come or just can't decide yet.

Don't send me any money (this may be the last time you ever hear that from me). The deposit was only \$49 for each unit so it would be crazy to send a few dollars now, I'll just work that into the final balance, which will be due 21 days before arrival. Trust me, when I need money you will hear from me.

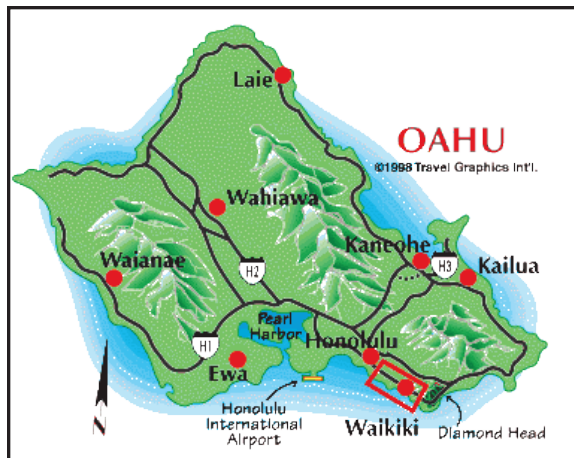
This event has become popular with non-skiers so I now call it the Seasonal Communal Activity in Vermont. Although ski-week works too, which is how **Gerry Bell** started it in the first place.

Vaccination will be assumed, so barring public health calamity between now and then there will be no restrictions. Let me know if you have a special circumstance and we'll talk about whether it can be accommodated.

## Hawaii Trip Update—March 12–19, 2022

Mini-reunion chair **Norm Silverman** reports the Class Hawaii mini-reunion is filling up. This travelama is courtesy of Hawaii residents **Gerry Hills**, **Dan Tom**, and **Peter Diamond**. If you missed the details in the last *Transmission*, here are the most important ones:

Arrive March 12 on Oahu—3 Nights in Honolulu



The Oahu portion of the trip begins and ends in Honolulu. Rooms are reserved for 3 nights at the **Lotus Hotel**, just outside of Waikiki, with views of Diamond Head and the Pacific Ocean. A tour of Pearl Harbor and the National Cemetery of the Pacific at Punchbowl are scheduled, as is a cocktail party and dinner for the group hosted by the Dartmouth Club of Hawaii. One day is unscheduled, so you can explore the island. The goal is to introduce everyone to the real history and beauty of Hawaii, while avoiding tourist traps.

4 Nights on the Big Island of Hawaii, a land of mountains, ocean, views, and lava.

2 Nights in Volcano at the Volcano House

2 Nights in Kona at the Royal Kona Resort Hotel

The Big Island portion starts in Hilo, and then follows Highway 11 south to Volcano for 2 nights, and then around South Point to Kona for 2 nights.



The first 2 nights are in Volcano, at 4,000 feet, staying at the historic Volcano House, with rooms overlooking Kilauea Caldera and Halemaumau Crater, where lava is bubbling. When Gerry provided this, there was an active eruption, with the nighttime skies bursting with red, pink, orange, and yellow. Nights 3 and 4 are in Kona, oceanfront, at the Royal Kona Resort Hotel, on its own lava peninsula, with grand ocean views and stunning sunsets.

Depart March 19 from Kona, or extend to other islands on your own.

Complete details are available from the trip brochure on the Class website—<https://www.dartmouth68.org/hawaii-trip.html>. For more information, email **Norm Silverman** at [norman.silverman@yahoo.com](mailto:norman.silverman@yahoo.com).

## '68 75<sup>th</sup> Diamond Jubilee Celebration a Culminating Event!

**Ed Heald and Gerry Bell** write: Not only will our 75<sup>th</sup> birthday gathering at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, WV be our Diamond Jubilee celebration of our birth, but also the culminating event of our class birthdays.

Our Greenbrier celebration will be the grand finale of our class birthdays, having been held about every 5 years since we turned 50. So, we want to go out with a bang with the finest kind of gathering, something that the Greenbrier does with great flair!

When our first birthday celebration was held at the Dowd's Country Inn in Lyme as we turned 50, the objective was to bring us together in-between reunions for a relaxed time together, enjoying where we were in life at that point. We are now, for the most part, retired and enjoying many years of personal and professional growth and success, and somewhat removed from the stresses we experienced in our growing years.

Thus, it is a perfect time to reflect on who we are and where we are today, and to share that joy with others with whom we shared a common experience many years ago on campus. Dartmouth may be the tie that binds us together, but friendships and shared experiences are what enhance that relationship. We have shown, both to the College and to each other, how unique our class is, so let's celebrate now every one and every thing that has made us so.

Be sure the dates of Sunday, September 18 through Wednesday, September 21, 2022 are on your calendar. Our next *Trans- mission* will include details of schedules. Keep in mind that the Greenbrier is one of the premier resorts that remain in the US, and will give us just the fitting venue for this grand finale! So, plan now to be there so we go out in style!

Here are some new details:

In our last information blast to you, we covered many of the programming and activity plans we are developing for you. The information we want to provide you with now relates to what your investment in this celebration will run you. What follows are estimates for your planning:

**Lodging**—The “traditional room” rate is \$239 per night, which is what we have on hold. Other room upgrade choices include “superior” at \$279, “deluxe” at \$319 and the “Draper Suite” at \$359. In addition, there are various fees and taxes - resort fee, historical preservation fee, service charge and state tax. Using the core rate of \$239, these additional costs will bring the total nightly room cost to \$368, with an additional \$25 per night for parking. We give you this information so that

you will not be unpleasantly surprised when you get there. When you call to make your room reservation, you will be asked to cover your first night's cost as a deposit.

**Group Dinners**—Breakfasts and lunches will be on your own, to enable you to custom-tailor your time with classmates. We are planning on three class group dinners for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights. Although dinner menu selections have not been made yet, the estimate for these three nights runs in the \$500+ range per person. We expect this may be less once we make the dinner selections. **Please remember the Greenbrier has a dress code.** Although we are not in the Main Dining Room, we call your attention to the need for jackets (no ties) for our dinners—after all, this is a celebration truly worth doing well and looking good!

**Social Hours**—Prior to each of our dinners, we will have a social hour with a cash bar offering a selection of beverages for your choosing.

**Bunker Tour**—This is a must see tour of the facilities built for a disaster location for our government. We are planning on group tours. Each group is a max of 25 people and lasts about 90 minutes. The cost for this tour, based on a group of 25, will run \$35 per person, which includes a gratuity for the tour guide. When you let us know you are attending the celebration and want to do the tour, we will build this into your class tariff (which will include the dinners as well).

**Golf/Tennis**—For those of you who want to do either of these, let us know so that we can get you the details of greens fees/court time cost.

**Other Activities**—Of the other activities offered at the Greenbrier, some involve an extra fee and some do not. You can check on these on the Greenbrier website (<https://www.greenbrier.com/Activities.aspx?catg=1->), to be paid for individually a la carte.

This covers the bulk of what your investment in this celebration will entail. Regardless, this will be well worth it, and a grand recognition of us passing a serious milestone—3/4 of a century! As always, if you have any questions or suggestions, do not hesitate to contact either **Ed Heald** ([esheald@aol.com](mailto:esheald@aol.com)) or **Gerry Bell** ([skiboy1968@comcast.net](mailto:skiboy1968@comcast.net))

**Be sure these dates are on your calendar today—and be sure to join us in this well deserved party at a location that is on many travelers' bucket list!**

# Class Discussions

## Arriving in Hanover

### Ed Heald

Do you remember when you first arrived on campus? My folks shipped my stuff, and I took a bus from Ohio to WRJ. My wonder as I strolled around the campus before heading out on the first round of freshman trips that I was really there still resonates inside me. This article stimulated the following discussion.

<https://home.dartmouth.edu/news/2021/09/views-green-fall-term-begins>

### Mark Waterhouse

We drove up from CT and got my stuff moved into 110 Richardson. Roommates **Dave King** and **Ted Kuss** hadn't arrived yet. We then headed out to dinner at a place along the river in Norwich - don't remember the name. Took a drive around the green and in front of the Hop saw a guy in his Freshman beanie. Stopped to say hello - it was **Rob Peacock**, who went to dinner with us.

### Gerry Bell

In the third picture [see below], there are two students ,who do not belong at Dartmouth College, defacing the "beautiful natural beauty" of Parkhurst Row. Where is Al Dickerson pitching



a hissy about this miscreant "Parkhurst Two"? Boy, those were the days, huh? When something like that was the biggest problem extant?

On my arrival day, I rode up with **Mike O'Brien** and his folks while my parents drove my dad's pickup filled with all of the "stuff" Mike and I were bringing (because we could!) -- stereos, reference books, sports equipment, and, at my mother's insistence, bed linens. I said, "Mom, they have linen service there, you know." She said, "I know, but I also know you. You'll never get around to ordering it and you'll sleep on the bare mattress."

I said, "Nah, I have my sleeping bag for the freshman trip." Somehow she didn't see the humor.

### Ced Kam

**Frank Molloy**, another classmate whose name escapes me (American from Australia, played clarinet in the band ), and I arrived together at Hanover-Lebanon Airport on a flight from LaGuardia. We took a taxi into Hanover and ate dinner together at Lou's. [Can anyone name the nameless guy?]

### Bill Rich

I took the train from Boston with one suitcase. I have no idea what was in it. [Mom packed, eh?]

### Jack Hopke

It was a great relief finally to be dropped off at South Wig after a tense, embarrassing, chancy ride up from NJ in a borrowed, loudly clunking beater of a station wagon with separated parents. I remember the beam of pride on my mother's face as we emerged from the commercial strip of So. Main and she purred, "We're here."

My roommate, the late **John Crepps Wickliffe III**, hadn't returned yet from the freshman trip, but I found a note waiting for me in our room that read, "The latest Playboy's in the bedroom and I have the real lyrics to 'Louie, Louie.' There's a jug of cider hanging outside the window to ferment."

### Tom Stonecipher

Ed—Thanks for asking the question. It has filled my morning with memories of a most exciting time and of my parents, now deceased, who drove me out in the family Buick from Indiana. Remember those early freshman events which let us demonstrate our sensitivity to and respect for gender? That movie they showed us in the Hop about something happening in Mexico, maybe a western, where a lovely, dark-haired Hispanic woman in a low-cut Mexican, boofy blouse danced, and we all hooted and stomped until they told us to quiet down? That first mixer where we lined up at the buses and made the women walk a gauntlet of horny freshmen as they made their way to the gym? So ahead of our time, no? Did any of us marry someone from Bennington? Congrats on outgrowing the times we were in.

### Dave Peck

My parents drove me up early, in time for freshman trip...a wonderful introduction to the College, a chance to meet a small group of fellow '68's, and a larger group at Moosilauke, where I still remember the black and white movie about a "rescue" in the Adirondacks...the rescue being gathering the bones of some unfortunate who fell off a cliff. By the time I got to 214 New Hampshire Hall, the other 2 beds had been claimed by **Gordie Rule** and **Dick Jones**. I forget which one I got (top bunk?), but it wasn't the best choice. Freshman Week was great...round of snaps after a speech about the College's history, running around the campus...great bonding.



## Arriving in Hanover - continued

### Dave Stanley

Over the years I have met two women who attended schools in Massachusetts and were at the mixer Tom mentioned. They were not impressed but it did leave a lasting memory.

### Joe Grasso

My main memory of that mixer gauntlet is of upperclassmen from fraternity houses intercepting and directing the arrivals to frat houses while I stood speechless.

Left a lasting impression on me as well, though for slightly different reasons

[Editor's note—for some strange reason, a search of the College photo archives found none of Freshman mixers.]

### Jim Lawrie

Regarding that mixer. As I recall most of us thought the women would be let off at the front door and so lined up at the north end of the gym. When the first girl arrived at the top of the stairs at the other end of the gym, there was a stampede (with exception of the few cognoscenti who knew where to assemble) to greet her. I've occasionally wondered her reaction was to a few hundred slobbering freshman boys racing at breakneck speed toward her. I discovered later that the reason for the back door arrival was that the buses could pull up right next to the door and the girls could be funneled directly into the gym with no opportunity for upper classmen to squirrel them away before the pack got a shot at them ("... down from the hills they came, surge on surge ...").

My first day in Hanover (actually my second or third since I had an opportunity to visit the campus the year before in the summer) was somewhat less memorable than the trip to get there. I departed San Francisco International early in the morning on a 707, having spent the night before tuning up for the Dartmouth experience by consuming a substantial (for me) quantities of beer with my friends. I arrived in Boston and somehow found my way via the T to the bus station. Would that we had those roller bags so prominently featured in one of this year's photos. My awful red plaid suitcase was huge and full to overflowing. Out of ignorance, I ended up on the milk run to Hanover and it took almost as long to get there on the bus as it had to fly from San Francisco to Boston. The next day was wasted by finding my way to White River to look for a trunk, shipped by rail, that had already been delivered to the basement of Gile. As Yoda would say, pissed I was! My most vivid memory of those first days in Hanover was the fruit stand in front of Tanzy's on Main Street. No idea why I remember that. Then followed the magnificent freshman trip with hike up Moosilauke, climbing the Flume trail and traversing the ridge on the AT over Mt. Flume, Mt. Liberty, Mt. Lincoln and Mt. Lafayette. Having done a lot of hiking in the Sierras, I remember snobbishly thinking that these are mere hills, no cliffs, no granite massifs (the Old Man in the Mountain kind of ex-

cepted, may he rest in peace). Just had a flash of memory, our trip leader: Gary Schwandt, I think.

### Bill Rich

I remember attending one of those mixers upstairs in the gym - and observing another on the sidewalk as the buses unloaded. Like others, I suspect, my impressions were that the gauntlet was bad, but the cheering and booing were embarrassing and pretty shameful, and that it was quite clever of the two fraternities across the street to invite a few chosen girls to see what a real party was like. We were young and badly behaved, but I think most of us have grown up by now. I have often wondered how many of the girls on the bus lingered a little too long at those fraternities and missed the ride home.

### Dave Peck

I blame my lack of success at the mixer because I wore white bucks, thinking that would make me stand out in the crowd and make me a chick magnet. Not.

[Editor's note—Dave, you were correct on the first supposition, but not the second.]

### Gerry Bell

I remember that mixer for slightly different reasons. I had a girlfriend I was crazy about (as those who attended Joe Medlicott's writing workshop at our 35th may remember). She had transferred from a college in PA to UVM so we could see each other frequently, so I wasn't going to "cheat on her" by attending the mixer. But I did walk down from Topliff to the edge of the Varsity House lawn to take in the scene I had heard such advance stories about. As Tom, Dave, and Bill have described - particularly the cheering and the booing -- not our greatest moment. Pretty boorish; I could immediately understand where the term "Dartmouth animals" had come from. I still don't believe this happened because Dartmouth had admitted 800 slobbering drooling sexist pigs; but it is quite possible they had admitted hundreds of easily suggestible, easily led, immature boys. It is a little scary to think that much the same chemistry is at work when a cult is formed. Or militias. Or Proud Boys. Or whatever. So .. really not our proudest moment.

Or the administration's either, because I don't remember their being that perturbed by the mixer. Instead, they were focused on whether or not to hang eight idiots who had painted "68" on some rocks at Mt. Moosilauke. I hope I've written enough comedic memoir about that episode that it's clear I'm not bitter; actually, I'm quite proud that I've risen above my "letter of censure." But I am still bemused by the Dean of Freshmen's sense of priorities. No wonder the mixer took the form it did.

### Howard Anderson

I arrived with an entourage that included my grandmother, born in 1893 and forced to quit school at age 14 and go to work as a domestic. She spent a lot of time sitting on the porch of the Hanover Inn while the rest of us were out doing various things.



## Arriving in Hanover - continued

She found the campus beautiful, but was less impressed with how most of us were dressed, which did not fit the image she had formed of what Ivy League gentlemen should wear. Grams was especially appalled by the number of students she saw wearing loafers that had to be held together by duct tape. "They look like a bunch of hobos," she told me. Can't imagine her reaction if I described the basement of the DKE house, which I had been dragooned into mopping by a couple of brothers who saw me wearing a freshman beanie.

### Sherwood Guernsey

My father and mother drove me to Hanover just before the Freshman trip and deposited me with a suitcase at Wheeler Hall where I joined roommate **Buck Strewler** (surgeon to be, who never seemed to study but got good grades). I remember the freshmen trip mostly because of meeting other classmates on the hike and John Sloan Dickey's talk at the end of the trip. I was proud to be there from a small town in upstate NY...and my dad memorably said to me as he left: "a mighty oak from a acorn grows." I remember laughing to myself at his dramatic prose as I walked away, but of course in retrospect, I knew he meant how proud he was of me.

As for the gauntlet, it was thoroughly, amazingly unbelievable. Animal house indeed. But I was there freshman year... uncomfortable but there. It was the major reason I supported coeducation for Dartmouth. The good news for me was that I soon met on a blind date a young woman from Mt Holyoke whom I later married, and she used the bus coming up to the mixers as transportation to meet me!!!

### Warren Cooke

I was fortunate to get to know Dartmouth a year early.

During the Summer of 1963 I worked up the river in Thetford Hill, Vermont for a teacher from my Philadelphia school at his ancestral Vermont home. I became familiar with Dartmouth by way of concerts at Hopkins Center (Vincent Persichetti was composer-in-residence) and a variety of other visits to the campus. I loved the place. I had an interview on campus with an (I think) assistant dean with a view to expressing my interest in applying. I can't remember his name but I do remember that in reaching to shake hands I managed to stomp on his foot. Figured the ball game was over right there.

When my parents drove me up from the Philadelphia area to Hanover to start in 1964 (which took forever; I-91 was in the future) I mainly felt happy to be back in such an idyllic place, which I had gotten to know. I was pleased, too, that my Wheeler Hall roommate, then and for the next 4 years, was a classmate from that same Philadelphia school, **Jon Snellenburg**.

The only fly in the ointment was that my plans for Dartmouth had included getting together with my Thetford Hill girlfriend.

Nope. By the time I arrived, she was dating a Marine. Eventually I got past it.

### Tom Stonecipher

Ah, the women we left behind! My great Indiana friend and fraternity brother, **John Russell**, went skating with me at midnight on Occum Pond one winter evening while we tried to puzzle out the eternal and unanswerable questions about the girls we then loved who were back in Indiana. Of course we had no answers, but the longing and suffering were very real, very bonding, and, with long, long hindsight, totally nuts. Both girls are off in the ether, never a part of our adult lives, but The Really Big Russ and I, friends unto death.

### Dick Jones

i remember being pissed that I found out about the freshman trip too late to sign up. My parents drove me up from Baltimore in the family station wagon (1963 ford). I did not have too much stuff, - clothes, a small record player, my saxophone and a typewriter. And yes the trip was long, including the required stretch up state route 5 in Mass, pre-91. My father knew the way because he was class of '42. They installed me in 214 New Hampshire, at which point my father showed me his old room, 205 New Hampshire, coveted because it had a fireplace, and told me the story of his first day on campus in 1938 when there was a hurricane that damaged New Hampshire Hall and most other campus buildings. My roommates **Gordon Rule** and **Dave Peck** (yes, that Dave Peck) had not arrived yet— they may have been coming back from the freshman trip. I was shuttled about getting a class schedule and seeing other buildings.

Somewhere in the first few days, we were sitting in the room in the afternoon, window wide open and we learned about the county wide fire call siren on the roof of the adjacent steam plant when it went off causing me to jump what felt like a foot off my chair...

### Peter Wonson

This has been a fun thread, what with the almost dozen and a half recollections that seem sharper than the fog in my brain about our early days in Hanover. I had seen Dartmouth in the summer before our junior year in high school. My dad was Class of '40, and we took fairly frequent summer trips from Minnesota back to Massachusetts. That year we drove up to Hanover. I was gobsmacked by what I saw, and applied early decision.

I drove East in September with a high school classmate, who was going to take a postgrad year at Vermont Academy, in his family's big boat of a station wagon, similar no doubt to Dick's family wagon. Back then it was a three day trip, and we made the most of our "freedom." Because he had to be at school earlier than I did, and because I didn't want to miss that road trip with him, he dropped me off with my small steamer trunk in front of Wheeler Hall (I assume...that part's foggy).

## Arriving in Hanover—continued

Thus I had two days before freshmen were to report, and much of that time I spent walking around campus very intentionally, getting to know where places were, striding purposefully and swiftly like I'd been around that block more than once. My intent, of course, was to avoid to the extent possible the involuntary servitude that would face all of us once we had to wear beanies. As I recall, my preparations were almost 100% successful. I got nabbed once by some brothers at AD, but beyond that I evaded the long arm of the upperclassmen.

Unlike Dick and likely most of you, I was neither pissed that I had missed the trip nor on it. I simply had no interest. My loss, I suppose, though to this day I feel no regret.

### John Engelman

I've tried to resist waxing nostalgic about my arrival at the College and the days gone by...but there have been so many interesting memories that I had to add mine.

My twin brother, **Steve**, and I were dropped off at the Chicago airport by our parents. They asked if we knew how to get from Boston to Hanover, and once we assured them that we did, they said goodbye and told us they would see us over Dartmouth Night weekend. Upon arriving at Logan, we walked to the terminal where our flight to Lebanon departed. There we met two classmates - **Tim Burch** and **Fred Applebaum**. We shared a cab to Hanover and I made my way to Mid Mass, where I almost immediately ran into a '66 who had gone to my high school. He took me to the housing office where I picked up my room key, moved into 201 Mid Mass, and almost immediately fell asleep.

The next morning, I was walking down Mass Row when a car stopped, and an upperclassman asked if I was a '68. He then drove me down to his fraternity house at the end of Webster Ave. (AXA), and got me to work painting a room, while making sure I had plenty of beer. After the better part of an hour, and several beers, I headed up Webster Ave., only to be dragged into another fraternity, I think Kappa Sig. More work, more beer. Then another house, perhaps Beta.

By the time I got back to my room, I was covered with paint, dirty and sweaty, drunk, and smelling like a fraternity basement. Opened the door to find my roommate and his parents had just arrived. Needless to say, I did not make a great first impression.

Reflecting back on those early days, what we were subjected to by upperclassmen was clearly hazing, but at least for me, it was agreeable hazing, which allowed me to get a sense of one aspect of Dartmouth life that was not available to us as freshmen, once the term had started. I also met some classmates and upperclassmen who became friends and really eased my transition to Dartmouth. Those traditions (freshmen beanies and working for upperclassmen) are no longer around, and Dart-

mouth is probably a better place as a result. But I wouldn't trade that experience for anything.

### Roger Witten

So, when I arrived at 106 South Mass, I was anxious to meet my roommate, **Ben Johnson**, and I was miffed that Railway Express had yet to deliver my things. I met Ben and shared with him my assessment of Railway Express. Ben's dad, I was to learn, was the CEO of Railway Express. Things got better when we got past that and we were roommates for three years.

### Peter Dunn

I am embarrassed to say it was all a blur—and still is.

My parents dropped me off. I remember walking down Tuck and thinking this was the most beautiful place in the world... I went to the top of Hitchcock, met my roommates **Mark Clark** and **Gary Fouty**. Also met some of the best people ever across the hall. **Mike O'Brien** and his roommates. Then went to the john and found a guy trying to straighten his hair. I wondered what I had gotten into.

It is amazing how these things stick in our minds a half century.

### Gary Horlick

I think the tours of different campuses before applying were not very common back then, so I and many of us had never seen Dartmouth in person until we got there. My Dad drove me up (my parents were road trippers which was great preparation for Dartmouth!) and I can still see clearly in my mind my first sight of the Green as we went up Main St. As we all know, no pictures capture fully how beautiful our campus is.

The next day the first day of my freshman trip started with a hike straight up the Skiway, in the middle of which the sophomore leading us took a break to upchuck! So we redistributed the beers in his backpack and soldiered on.



## News from and about Classmates

Rabbi **Arnold E. Resnicoff**, U.S. Navy Chaplain, retired.

Vietnam , Aug 1969 – Aug 1970

### **2021 Memorial Day Prayer at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial**

O Lord our God and God of generations past,  
you commanded us, “remember”:  
remember, pass on, stories of the past, but also  
recall, retell dreams and promises of future, better times.

And so, on this Memorial Day,  
At this memorial wall,  
I remember and I pray:

I pray we mourn, remember, honor all lives lost  
In our armed forces,  
In service to our nation.

I invite all others  
To join with me in prayer,  
But in this world  
So scarred by  
Sadness, fear and strife,  
I know some have given up on prayer,  
Some have lost their faith in faith.

For them I ask they join me, at least, to dream;  
To reaffirm we have a dream that we can still make a difference,  
That we can still change the world.

Dream with me  
That those we honor on this day  
Will never be forgotten,  
But we will build a future  
When we need not dig new military graves,  
And no new names need be inscribed  
on memorials of war;  
a time we beat our swords to plowshares  
And war will be no more.

After Vietnam, we built this Wall to heal  
A nation torn apart by grief and war.  
Heal us again, I pray.  
Give us courage, strength and wisdom to keep today’s divisions  
from tearing us apart.

And when we pray, let our lives become our prayers:  
Praying with our bodies; praying with our legs,  
Standing up for what is right:  
For equality, humanity, justice,  
Righteousness in what we say and do.

**Fall 2021 Newsletter**

Today, to honor those who sacrificed their lives  
Let us embrace old patriotic words –  
*The Liberty Song* that once inspired founders of our nation,  
And now must touch our hearts, inspire us again:

“Join hand in hand, brave Americans all,  
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.”

I pray we can unite and stand. I dream we can unite and stand:  
And united through our words, our actions, and our dreams,  
proclaim liberty throughout the land.

And let us say, Amen

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**Steve Elliott** reported several 68's got together the weekend of August 20-22 at Martins Pond in Peacham, Vt hosted by Steve and Barbara Elliott. The weather was perfect for cruising in the pontoon boat, kayaking, paddleboarding, and swimming with the loons. Some even managed to hit the water from the grand-children's slide. There was an ample supply of food including Elliott Acres free range eggs and maple syrup imported from nearby Ryegate. Steve also managed to barter eggs and syrup for Mead and ice cream from neighbors who own Artesano, a local crafter in Groton, VT. Plans are underway to return in the Fall for a short hike nearby to view the foliage.



Left to right—**Joe Lowry, Mike Lenehan, John Pfeiffer, Peter Baylor, Steve Elliott, John Mercer**



## More News from and about Classmates

**Gary Horlick** sent the following:

Some of you may remember a green TR-4 our senior year. I had meant to write after Part 1 of Ced's wonderfully evocative piece, and the fond [?] memories he evoked of Lucas electrics and SU carbs in Part 2 (see page 21 for part 3) led me to add this note.

The TR-4 was a result of living across the hall from Mike Bledsoe '67, who had an MG A, a cousin of the MG Ced had. My dad had offered me the 4 year old (ancient for a car then) family 383 Dodge—great in a straight line—if I could make it run, which involved replacing the fuel pump and some other pieces (which would require a lift or more on a current car) so we could commiserate about car maintenance on the way to Killington. As Ced notes, the British cars required steering through curves with the accelerator while coordinating clutch and gearshift. None of this very likely in the Hanover snow.

I went back to the UK for two years after graduation, so I sold the TR4 rather than ship it back. Then—new UK extra fees on foreign students used up most of the money, so I bought a battered 10 year old Austin Healey which looks a lot more solid in this photo than it was in real life:



Winters in Hanover had taught me how to prop open the carburetor and spray starting fluid straight in, which worked well enough in the damp.

Fortunately cars are a lot better now than they were then, and they are so complex I cannot even replace the air filter (which used to be one wing nut) which is a lot better than Lucas electrics on a wet day! [Editor's comment—Gary—this strikes me as one wing nut replacing another.]

The following appeared in the 9-11 issue of the *Valley News*: When **Peter Fahey** reached the top steps of the subway station in New York's financial district shortly before 9 a.m. on Sept. 11, 2001, letter-size sheets of paper had already begun to rain from the sky.

"The first thing I remember seeing was all the paper," said Fahey, a 1968 Dartmouth graduate who now lives in Hanover. Countless sheets fluttered through the air from a thousand feet or more above, touching down on the streets of lower Manhattan.

"My God," Fahey said to himself. "What to hell is going on?" Fahey could tell from their voices and facial expressions that people on the street were upset, but he still didn't know why. "Finally, somebody said a plane had flown into the World Trade Center," Fahey said.

Smoke was starting to clog the air. Fahey quickened his pace. His office at the Goldman Sachs' world headquarters on Broad Street was only four or five blocks away.

In his office, Fahey reached for the phone to call his wife, Helen, who was at home on Long Island. By then, a second airliner hijacked by terrorists had crashed into the World Trade Center's other twin tower.

Even after Fahey assured his wife that he was out of harm's way, she "didn't want me to hang up," he said. He kept the phone line open the rest of the morning.

For years, Fahey took the train from Long Island to Penn Station in Manhattan before riding the subway to the financial district. By September 2001, however, Fahey had retired after nearly 20 years at Goldman Sachs, where he'd been a general partner since 1982.

Fahey still went to his office at the investment banking firm once a month to do "odds and ends." One of his monthly visits to the office just happened to be 9/11.

After the terrorist attacks, Fahey learned that a Dartmouth classmate and friend, **Jeff LeVein**, was among more than 2,700 people killed at the World Trade Center.

In 2002, during an annual ski trip out West, about 20 members of Dartmouth's Class of '68 held a small memorial service. It wasn't easy, but they found a CD of LeVein's favorite song from his Dartmouth days to play at the service. *The Boy From*



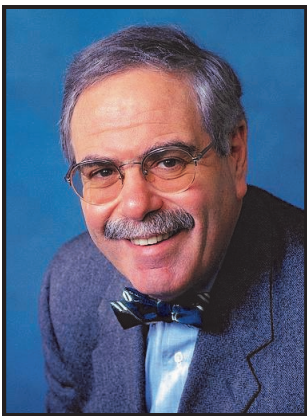
## More News from and about Classmates

*New York City* had first been recorded by a soul group called the Ad Libs in 1964.

Later in the trip, Fahey, now 74, and some of his classmates stopped for lunch at the restaurant at the top of the mountain. Playing on the restaurant's PA system when they walked in: *The Boy From New York City*.



You may have noticed that the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* contains a page of real estate agents who are Dartmouth Alums. One is classmate **Leckie Rives**, still practicing in Asheville, NC.



**Ken Dardick** says "Yes, I'm still working" - busy with Family Practice, Lyme disease research (recent publication: "Single cell immunophenotyping of the skin lesion erythema migrans Identifies IGM memory B cells" *JCI Insight* - June 2021), Chair of the Safety Monitoring Board for clinical trials of a new candidate Lyme vaccine (Valneva), enjoying visits with grandkids and family including hugs.

I mentioned to Ken that I had been busy as part of a team that prepared a 20-year Economic Prosperity Vision for the US Virgin Islands (if you're interested see [www.USVI2040](http://www.USVI2040)).

Ken replied "My only real contact with USVI was June 1964 just before coming to Dartmouth. As a graduation present for me, the family (mom, dad, myself and 2 younger brothers) spent about a week in St John at the National Park. I believe we were among the first to visit there - we had the whole park to ourselves and, as I recall, a group of Girl Scouts from Pennsylvania who we never saw. As you might imagine - St John was nearly pristine. We took snorkeling lessons with a fellow with whom we struck up a relationship over the years - his name was Noble Samuel, later to become a politician and Senator.

On Sunday September 12 a celebration of **Monk Williams'** life was held at the Dartmouth Skiway, organized by **Bill Rich**, Buzz Land, Ed and Claudia Damon.

**Ed Heald** provided this link to photos from that celebration.

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/2nxD9JxPcRqo8Pjo7>

Here are a couple of Monk and Bill:



**Peter Hofman** provided updated information from the *NY-Times* on **Hank Paulson's** work with Bono.

The singer Bono's climate-focused private equity fund is now the biggest of its kind in the world.

The fund, TPG Rise Climate, announced that [it had raised \\$5.4 billion](#), and it could get bigger by the time it closes in the fourth quarter. In January, Bono recruited former Treasury Secretary **Henry Paulson** as its executive chairman.

Unusually, Rise Climate's investors aren't simply the big pension funds. Investors include Apple, General Motors, Nike, FedEx, Honeywell and roughly three dozen other large corporations. Corporations rarely invest in private equity funds, so their participation underscores the demand by both investors and companies to find climate solutions.

## More News from and about Classmates

**Don Marcus**, along with his wife and son, are nearing completion on their extraordinary film “Lucky Milo”. What was intended to be a rather short documentary ended up well over two hours and then needed to be edited down—more than a half hour had to be cut from an earlier version.

Trailers of varying lengths are being prepared. You can view one (2 and a half minutes) at <https://vimeo.com/602609849>  
Password: LMTRAILER

### I strongly suggest you watch this.

Here are two websites that will provide you with some additional information on the Lucky Milo project:

<https://filmmakerscollab.org/films/lucky-milo/>  
<https://www.facebook.com/luckymilofilm/>

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**Jim Morrison** makes regular posts in the Facebook group Media Ecology Friends, which is related to the Media Ecology Association (<http://www.media-ecology.org>). MEA’s website says it is “a not-for-profit organization dedicated to promoting the study, research, criticism, and application of media ecology in educational, industry, political, civic, social, cultural, and artistic contexts, and the open exchange of ideas, information, and research among the Association’s members and the larger community.”

The website goes on to say media ecology “is the study of media environments, the idea that technology and techniques, modes of information and codes of communication play a leading role in human affairs.”

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**Peter Fahey** sent this great story:

We suffered plenty of cold weather in Hanover, but the Temptations had it right: “When it’s cold outside, I’ve got the month of May”. Beginning in May 1966, we D’68 Phi Delt’s were introduced by the ‘66s to a marvelous tradition. They and their predecessors had arranged with a dairy farmer in East Thetford, VT to let us frolic in his fields along the banks of the Ompanoosuc River. It became known to us as “The Area.” Its most attractive feature was a place in the river where the entire current fed between two rocks three to six feet apart, “The Chute.” For the last few weeks of May up through graduation we would go out there frequently. The premier activity was body surf-style rides through the Chute. Occasionally we would even camp out there with our girlfriends (several now wives) to be awakened by the baying livestock.

It was experiences like this that made Dartmouth so much more than just a place to go to school.

Yesterday [May 27, 2021], four elderly classmates and I participated in a quest to recapture these 55 year old experiences, described below.

Messrs. **Steve Elliott**, **Mike Lenehan**, **Joe Lowry**, and **John Mercer** joined me yesterday for the excursion to The Area/Chute. We were ultimately successful, as the photos below will attest. However, the quest was more difficult than anticipated and nearly failed. Those more senior than us who begged off were wiser than perhaps they knew.

In the 50+ years since we reveled in those idyllic fields and streams, nature has made considerable modifications. The access driveway we used is barricaded at the top and overgrown at the bottom requiring a circuitous entrance. Unsurprisingly, the vegetation is very different as cows have not grazed for some years and even the more recent goatherd has taken a powder. Most significantly, the rocky river bed flows below 8-10 foot embankments which limits access at most points. (According to my VT resident son, Peter Jr. D’94 probably the result of hurricane Irene 8/28/11.) Sadly, if the terrain had been thus in the ‘60s, I fear we never would have found the Chute and created so many ageless memories.

I had returned to the Area a dozen or so times over the years with family groups and never failed to find the Chute without much difficulty. My most recent venture was in August 2015 with my daughter, Kimberly Fahey Brown D’92, her daughters, and Helen (!). That was a bit more challenging because, late in the summer, the vegetation is shoulder high, and the aforementioned embankments had formed. I was six years younger and in far better health so we made it without incident as evidenced by this photo.

(That’s then 12 year old Emily D’25 going through the chute, then 15 year old sister Ashley D’22 sitting on the rock.)



Yesterday, after an extended walk without landmarks, we plowed through calf-high vegetation to what seemed to be the site of the Chute.



## More News from and about Classmates

There were rapids and falls but not the familiar formation down below the 10 foot embankment. Unsatisfied, **Joe Lowry** cruised farther downstream to about the only point we'd seen where you could reasonably access the river bed. We then walked back upstream to check out the rapids/falls. We lamented: "If that's the Chute, some unfortunate ice glacier must have come through and deranged it." We were heartbroken. So, disappointed and discouraged, we trudged back to exit the river bed where we had entered. Then I looked downstream 100 yards and said to Joe: "Wait a minute, what's that rock down there?" We walked down through the stream and there it was! VOILA!



Unmistakably, we had found the Chute. None of us 74+- year olds went through.

You may see from the photo with the four (left to right Mercer, Lenehan, Elliott, Lowry), that the Chute is well below and difficult to access. We inspected the rocks for name carvings but

found none, not even "DOC" which I'm sure I'd seen in the past. Mother Nature giveth and taketh away.



Doing some map reconnaissance with Peter, this appears to be an aerial of The Chute area



## Possible Event if Enough Classmates are Interested

While reading a recent '67 Newsletter, I noticed that Jerry Zaks '67 has two new plays coming out on Broadway - Mrs. Doubtfire starring Rob McClure opening in December and The Music Man starring Hugh Jackman opening in February.

Years back the '67s and '68s got together a few times to see one of Jerry's plays - these new ones will be his 25th and 26th and he has won Best Director Tonys for 4 of them. I remember we had a party at Sardi's before or after one of them.

Mini-Reunion Chairman **Norm Silverman** checked with '67 President Sam Ostrow but they are not interested. But there's no reason we can't have a theater party in New York. It would be fun to see Jerry again.

So if this might be of interest, let Norm know. We were thinking about some time next spring to make sure the plays last.

Or maybe we just challenge the '67s to another tug-of-war.

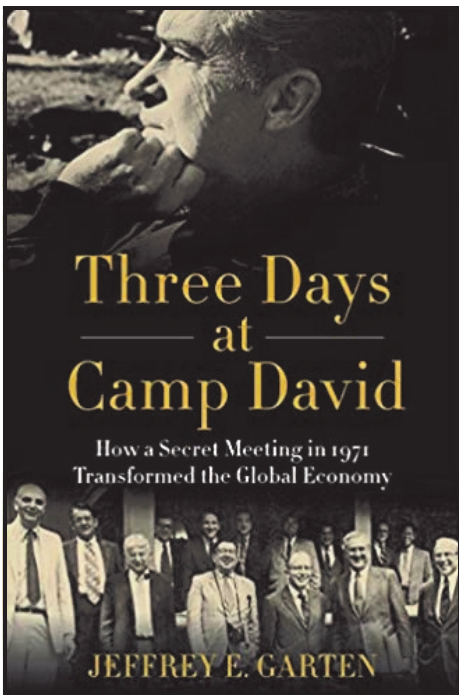
## Class Authors

Jeff Garten's new book [\*Three Days at Camp David: How a Secret Meeting in 1971 Transformed the Global Economy\*](#) (HarperCollins, 2021) has been getting a lot of recognition—see for instance:

<https://www.mckinsey.com/featured-insights/mckinsey-on-books/author-talks-jeffrey-e-garten-on-the-meeting-that-transformed-the-global-economy>

and

<https://www.nytimes.com/2021/07/16/books/review/jeffrey-e-garten-three-days-at-camp-david.html>



Amazon says:

**The former dean of the Yale School of Management and Undersecretary of Commerce in the Clinton administration chronicles the 1971 August meeting at**

**Camp David, where President Nixon unilaterally ended the last vestiges of the gold standard—breaking the link between gold and the dollar—transforming the entire global monetary system.**

Over the course of three days—from August 13 to 15, 1971—at a secret meeting at Camp David, President Richard Nixon and his brain trust changed the course of history. Before that weekend, all national currencies were valued to the U.S. dollar, which was convertible to gold at a fixed rate. That system, established by the Bretton Woods Agreement at the end of World War II, was the foundation of the international monetary system that helped fuel the greatest expansion of middle-class prosperity the world has ever seen.

In making his decision, Nixon shocked world leaders, bankers, investors, traders and everyone involved in global finance. Jeffrey E. Garten argues that many of the roots of America's dramatic retrenchment in world affairs began with that momentous event that was an admission that America could no longer afford to uphold the global monetary system. It opened the way for massive market instability and speculation that has plagued the world economy ever since, but at the same time it made possible the gigantic expansion of trade and investment across borders which created our modern era of once unimaginable progress.

Based on extensive historical research and interviews with several participants at Camp David, and informed by Garten's own insights from positions in four presidential administrations and on Wall Street, *Three Days at Camp David* chronicles this critical turning point, analyzes its impact on the American economy and world markets, and explores its ramifications now and for the future.

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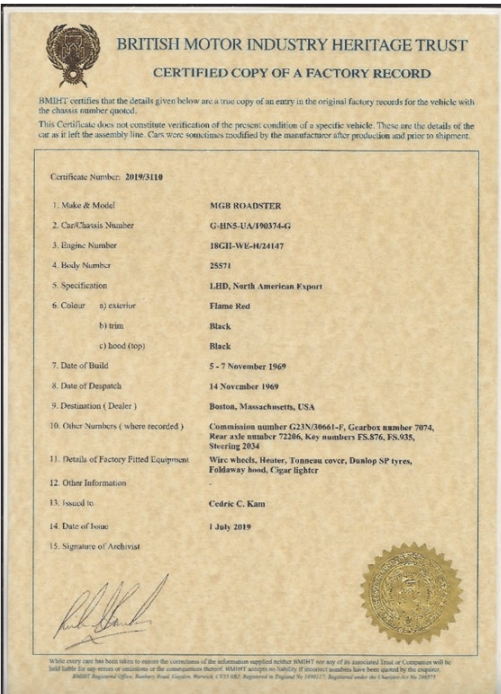
**Bill Zarchy** happily reported that his debut novel, *FINDING GEORGE WASHINGTON: A TIME TRAVEL TALE*, won SILVER in the Fiction / Sports category in this year's Readers' Favorite Awards.

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**Eric Hatch** says his "*Faces of Addiction* project is alive, but comatose due to Covid. However, some of the work is being used by an Ohio government committee on Stigma, which I'm a member of. And I got a message last week from one of my Faces people, Theresa Bradshaw, now two years in recovery, who wrote to say how much the Faces project helped her." He later added "Just got a note from another lost sheep — in recovery and running a pizza place in Lexington. I thought she'd met a bad end, but nope! She too says she's really glad she participated in Faces."



## Ced Kam's MG Adventures—Part 3



Part 2 ended with a photo of Ced's red car and discussion of an odd bump in the bonnet. We ran out of space before noting: only 1970 cars came with a split rear bumper. MGB production had ended in 1980, or noting the red car was Ced's B in 1985 after lots of restoration. Ced says: I was looking for a car that was immediately drivable without major mechanical issues or body damage. But I made a major mistake in thinking that I knew MGs from having had the 1100. I should have first joined an MG car club and researched MGB mechanical issues. Later, I read that the problem with the B is that it was inexpensive to buy, but the buyers couldn't afford adequate maintenance. British cars of that time required a lot of maintenance.

I immediately replaced the Lucas ignition coil with a German Bosch coil and had the collapsed driver's seat repaired. Then I found a good mechanic, Haley's Import Service. Haley replaced the broken speedometer/odometer, gas (*petrol*) tank, exhaust system, and the two 6-volt batteries. He swapped the worn SU carburetors for a pair from a 1968 B. I bought 4 new *tyres* at NTB and had the fabric top replaced. Then a new floor was carefully welded in place and new carpets were installed. The car was solid again. But there were all these empty holes. It seems that anything loose had been thrown away, including the *windscreen* (windshield), washer bottle and pump, sun visors and brackets, grille trim at the front edge of the hood, and even the spare tire bracket. And the wiper arms didn't match since one of the three was from an MG Midget. During our first real drive, up Mount Greylock, a door latch unscrewed itself and nearly fell off. I replaced the 8-track with a radio cassette player and recovered the door pads. I was surprised to find they were wood under the fabric and foam. I thought the

car was completed until we drove over RR tracks with our two little kids sitting behind us on the shelf covering the batteries. The rear axle settled and never rebounded! Both rear leaf springs had broken. In any event, by 1985 I was satisfied enough with my efforts to register the car with the American MGB Association (AMBGA).

In July 1987, Betsy and I finally debuted our B at the AMBGA convention in Saratoga Springs, NY. 102 MGs gleaming in the sun is a glorious sight! We learned a few rules: (1) Bring a cooler; (2) don't forget the Windex and AmorAll; and (3) blame the previous owner. After seeing fully restored and well-maintained cars, I decided ours was a decent "daily driver." Bringing the car up to "concoors" standards would have cost tens of thousands, even back then. Besides, we had gotten the car to drive, not to show. It looked good enough not to embarrass us. We met the North American guru of all things MG, John Twist of University Motors, Grand Rapids, MI. Lesson learned: Anything mechanical can be repaired, but full body restoration and new paint is prohibitively expensive. I joined other Connecticut MG owners who had been at Saratoga to establish the Connecticut MG Club. Later, I became a charter member of the North American MGB Register. (Can't find convention photos but I'm wearing the AMBGA convention t-shirt at the Honolulu Airport, February school vacation, 1988.



That's my oldest boyhood friend and fellow car guy Vernon, Betsy, and Ali at 10. To my disappointment, Vern had converted to American muscle cars when the unreliability of his dream BMW 1600 broke his heart.)

Look for Part 4 of Ced's MG Adventures in the next issue of the Transmission. If anyone else has car stories to share, please do.

# The '68 Blacks at Dartmouth Project

**John Pfeiffer** reports our Blacks at Dartmouth project, based on **Woody Lee's** extensive research, is going well.

We have developed a good working relationship with Jay Satterfield, the Special Collections librarian, and his staff. Woody and I have met several times with the Library team throughout the spring and summer and have agreed to create five large exhibit cases to be mounted in the Library in May-June, 2022, and a website based on the exhibit that will be permanently available on the Library's internet site.

On July 1st, Dartmouth senior Christian Dawkins began conducting archival research for the exhibits. Christian was an Historical Accountability Student Research Fellow last year, which gave him extensive experience working with the College archives. He will be working with us ten hours a week this academic year.

The overall exhibit theme will be the education of people of African descent at Dartmouth in a society poised to deny their ambitions, contributions, and achievements. Each of the cases will focus on a particular era in Dartmouth's history and a particular aspect of the overall theme.

Each era and its theme will address:

- Dartmouth Context
- Black History Context
- Prominent Alumni of the Era – compelling stories of individuals relevant to the theme

The five planned eras and their themes are:

- I. 1769 – 1835: First College-Educated American Blacks in the Slave-bound Atlantic World
- II. 1828 – 1865: American Slavery and Civil War - Bitter Days
- III. 1865 – 1900: Post Bellum - Brighter Days Ahead
- IV. 1900 – 1950: Jim Crow - Making A Place Of Our Own
- V. 1950 – 1976: Civil Rights And Campus Activism

We will complete drafting of text and selection of photos and other archival materials in November. Then, we will bring in the Library experts to help us prepare the actual exhibit.

Woody and I also have recruited fellow 1968 classmate and current Hanover resident **David Walden** to help with on-site coordination of the exhibit with concurrent related events that

will occur on campus next spring, including but not limited to the dedication of the Frederick Douglass bust that the Class has donated to the College.

The Blacks at Dartmouth exhibit will be on display from April to June 2022. Also in May 2022, Dartmouth will host the 50th anniversary celebrations of co-education, and the founding of the Black Alumni of Dartmouth Association (BADA) and the Native American Program (NAP).

Interestingly, the July/August issue of the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine's* Undying column focused on John Wesley Cromwell, Jr., class of 1906, as the first Black CPA. He died in 1971 at the age of 88 - so he was alive during our undergraduate years.



John Wesley Cromwell, Jr.,

The drawing of Cromwell in the DAM article shows him holding a deck of cards. That is because he was an expert bridge player and helped create the American Bridge Association in 1932.

For a great list and biographies of Blacks at Dartmouth up to 1960, see <https://badahistory.net>.







## In Memoriam

### Christopher R. Redden, Sr.



Christopher Robert Redden of Louisville, Kentucky, died on July 29, 2021. Born on February 15, 1946, Chris came to Dartmouth from Shawnee High School in Louisville where he was an outstanding athlete. One of a small, but impactful, cadre of African Americans who made

our class great, Chris was a quiet and steady presence on campus. After graduation in the tumultuous times that faced our class, Chris proudly entered the United States Army where he was deployed and served honorably in Vietnam.

After completing four years of distinguished service, Chris began a career in finance in the Louisville area. Chris had many outstanding attributes, but none greater than his dedication to family. He loved, worked, and cared for his extended family—including children, grandchildren, and siblings. A diehard University of Louisville fan, Chris also served as a softball coach for the Cabbage Patch Settlement house and on the parent-teacher association for Central High School.

Predeceased by his parents, his elder sister Wilma, and his younger brother Frederick, Chris is survived by this son Christopher, Jr., his daughter Kimberly, his brother William, and sister Cassie, as well as three grandchildren, two great grandchildren, a host of nieces, nephews, and other family and friends who mourn his loss.

### Richard D. Toothman



Born August 8, 1946 in Twin Falls, ID, Rick died at his home in Boise, on June 9, 2021. He graduated from Boise High School, where he was student body vice president and valedictorian of his class.

Awarded a National Merit scholarship to Dartmouth, Rick majored in History, rowed heavyweight crew, and was a member of Gamma Delta Chi fraternity.

An avid hiker and backpacker, Rick was active in Cabin and Trail; his love for the natural world and great outdoors

stayed with him throughout his life. He explored many wilderness areas and climbed many of Idaho's challenging peaks, including Mt. Borah.

Upon graduation, Rick entered the Navy as an Ensign and rose to the rank of Lieutenant before his honorable discharge from service. He then began a legal career by attending the University of Idaho College of Law from which he graduated in 1974. After passing the Idaho bar that year, Rick began the practice of law in Boise, where he was active for many years. He retired from the Ada County public defender's office in 2016.

A renaissance man, Rick enjoyed cooking, reading, running, yoga, and music. Rick was especially fond of the Blues and loved exploring Boise's music scene. A dedicated son of Boise, he supported Freak Alley, all things Downtown Boise, and the Idaho Conservation League.

Rick is survived by his brother Robert, his sisters Susan and Betsi, their spouses, and several nephews.





# In Memoriam

## David Carleton Boyle



Dave passed away in Bountiful, Utah, on May 30, 2021, a victim of COVID-19. Dave had the granite of New Hampshire in his muscles and his brain. Born in Plymouth, NH on March 10, 1946, he grew up in Lincoln, N.H., where his family roots traced back several generations.

Dave's mountain upbringing shaped the person he was—as he later wrote, it led to a "propensity

for air," which in turn led to a storied athletic career in his younger life. Prior to Dartmouth, he excelled in track and field, winning the New England Interscholastic pole vault and high jump championship after building a vault pit and teaching himself to pole vault and high jump. He was an accomplished ski racer who excelled at giant slalom and competed against Jean Claude Killy in the first North American World Cup Ski Race at Cannon Mountain in 1968.

Graduating with a degree in Philosophy, Dave embarked on a lifelong career of academic inquiry and athletic challenge. He examined and wrote scholarly articles and books about little

known nuances of Paul Cezanne's paintings; portions of his 50-year project were published around the world as "Bonjour Cezanne" and "Secret Cezanne." Dave mused in his writing at the contrast between his auspicious athletic career and his mostly unrecognized life commitment to "The Cezanne."

Dave taught and coached ski racing at Franconia Ski Club, worked for the New Hampshire Historical Society, and created a new political party focused on honesty, ethical choice, compassion, and integrity. In all his work, David spoke and wrote with insight, humility, humor, and depth of conviction and emphasized life values of integrity, kindness, compassion, and common humanity.

During the last two years of his life, Dave was able to fulfill a lifetime aspiration as he traveled to the capitals of Europe, where he visited the many art museums housing Cezanne's and other Impressionist paintings. Dave deeply valued his conversations with European art museum scholars about his lifelong studies of and insights about Cezanne's painting.

After Dave's return to America, he spent the last year of his life traveling the "wide open spaces" of the Western United States. He spoke with deep senses of awe, wonder, and appreciation of the vast landscapes he saw and the goodness of hearts of the people he met as he traveled the West.

## Editor's Comments

You may have noted that each issue has a number of blue links that indicate they are live links—and indeed they are—if you receive *The Transmission* electronically. Tough to click on a link on the printed page, however. So if you would like to start getting this electronically rather than by mail, let me know. Additional benefits—you will receive *The Transmission* a few days sooner and will save the Class some printing and mailing costs.

You may also have noticed the last issue of *The Transmission* did not include the normal Green Card (aka the Take a Minute card). I rarely receive any of these in the mail, and they cost us more than \$400 to include them in each issue, so I decided to save the Class the money. So if you have material for future issues, email it to me ([mwaterhouse@snet.net](mailto:mwaterhouse@snet.net)) or give me a call (860-379-7449). Always fun to talk.

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