

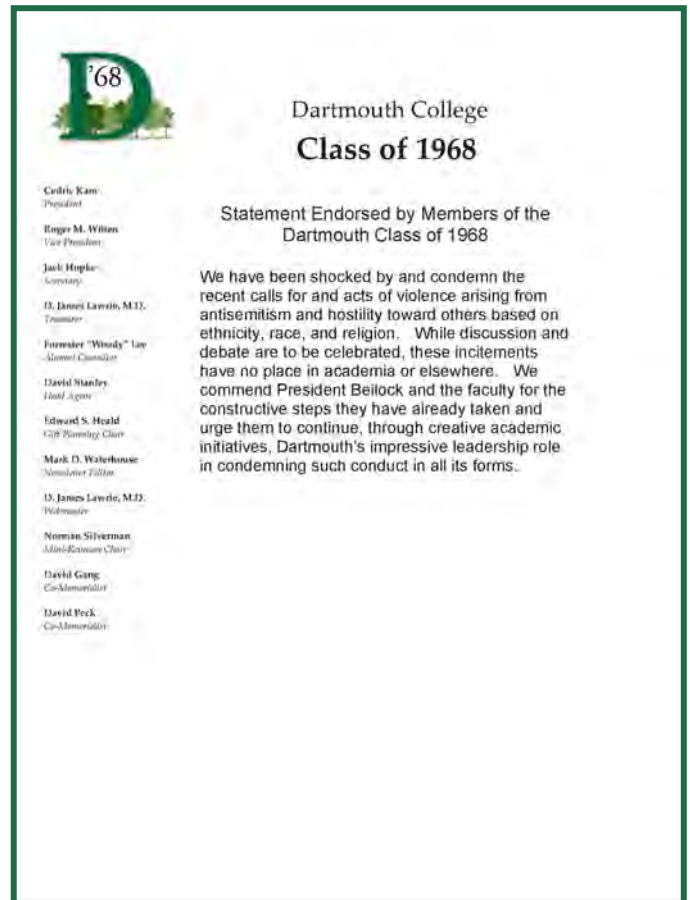
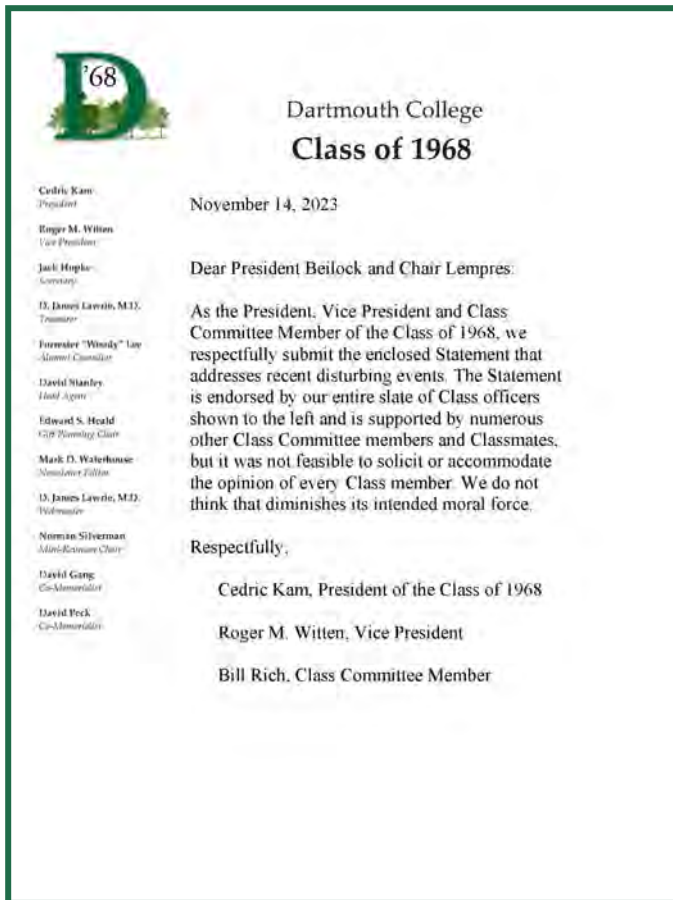


# The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Winter 2024

## Class of '68 Issues Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others Based on Ethnicity, Race and Religion



Amidst the turmoil on college campuses about how they should respond to the many episodes of hatred directed at both Jewish and Palestinian individuals and organizations, and in light of positive press Dartmouth had received because of its response, **Roger Witten** suggested to **Bill Rich** that our Class should say something condemning calls for and acts of violence. Bill subsequently stated his motivation quite simply: “My question was and still is: Do we care? Do we understand what is happening? Or are we unmoved?”

Roger and Bill created a first draft, which went to a small group for input. A revised statement was then sent to the entire Class Committee (about 45 Classmates) who were asked to participate in a special Class Committee Zoom

meeting the evening of November 10<sup>th</sup>.

The final version shown above was then sent to all Classmates for whom we have an email address and was posted on the Class website. The group creating the statement recognized that not everyone would find the wording to their liking but realized that to come up with the final version in a timely fashion, it couldn't be edited by 600+ Classmates. They also knew that not everyone would agree with the statement at all – and that is certainly your prerogative.

All Classmates were—and are— invited to add their names to the statement by emailing the class webmaster, **Jim Lawrie** at [djlawrie@dartmouth68.org](mailto:djlawrie@dartmouth68.org) so indicating. If you prefer, you can send your message of approval to ei-

# Class of '68 Issues Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others Based on Ethnicity, Race and Religion —continued

ther **Roger Witten** [rogermwitten@gmail.com](mailto:rogermwitten@gmail.com), or **Peter Wonson**, [pwonson@cox.net](mailto:pwonson@cox.net). Your name will be added to the statement posted on the home page of the class website.

To date 106 Classmates are signatories of the statement. It is not too late – you can do so now.

Upon printing, the statement was hand delivered by **John Engelman** to President Beilock with a copy for Elizabeth Cahill Lempres '83, Th'84, Chair of the Board of Trustees. John also delivered copies to five faculty members (Bernard Aveshai, Tarek El-Ariss, Ezzedine Fishere, Susannah Heschel, and Jonathan Smolin) who were instrumental in carrying out the forums that distinguished Dartmouth's response from other colleges and universities.

In mid-December our efforts were acknowledged by the College. Liz Lempres '83, Chair of the Board of Trustees wrote: Dear Cedric, a sincere thank you to you, Vice President Witten and the Class of 1968 Executive Committee for your recent letter. It was kind of you to take the time to call out the exceptional job President Beilock and her team are doing in navigating the many challenges facing our world! Like you, the Board is very proud of their work and that of our faculty and students to learn and support one another! Thank you again for writing and for the many contributions the Class of 1968 has made and continues to make to Dartmouth!

President Sian Beilock wrote: Cedric, Let me add my thanks as well. I am extremely proud of our faculty and our campus community. It is an honor to be leading Dartmouth.

## Message From Class President Ced Kam

Hope every one of you enjoyed a wonderful holiday season, notwithstanding these “interesting” times. As I am writing right after Thanksgiving, I am thankful for surviving the grandchildren! Seriously, I am grateful for and especially proud of you guys.

Because I don't know each of you as well as I should, I've been re-reading our 40<sup>th</sup> and 50<sup>th</sup> reunion publications—your profiles and essays in “... *her spell on them remains*” and your responses and ruminations for the “*Who Are You*” Survey. What an impressive group! You have never stopped thinking. You put a lot of effort into your ruminations and show real concern for our world and its peoples. Individually and collectively, you have made a difference and continue to do so in ways large and small. As the leading edge of the Post-War Baby Boom, our cohort's reputation (infamy?) in history is assured, but thanks to you, our Class leaves a legacy for future generations of Dartmouth students. (See the class website [www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org).) I am humbled to be associated with the Class of 1968. This is yet another answer to my question in 1963, “why Dartmouth?”

Of course, the College is different from when we were there over 55 years ago. In general, it's a better place. Recently, it was a pleasant surprise to see Dartmouth receive good press for reacting to the Israel-Hamas war. Then, Class members came quickly together to draft and endorse our Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others Based on Ethnicity, Race and Religion (see page 1). And, we just finalized our Arts Legacy “Project Green Light” commitment to the College—\$10,000 over two years, initially, to underwrite undergraduate projects in Studio Art, Music, Film and Media Studies, Theater, and English and Creative Writing. See more

on this on page 9.

When winter weather keeps you inside, “Check out the new Travelogue Page” on the class website, “On the Road Again, Have Gear Will Travel.” I, for one, have long been fascinated by Patagonia (**Diane and Dave Peck**) and am an active cyclist (Empire State Bike Trail—**Jim Lawrie**).

Better yet, prepare and submit your own travel experiences for the rest of us to enjoy. Now that we are post-pandemic, I will continue checking off bucket list items (see the 50<sup>th</sup> Reunion Survey). These are primarily road trips in a zippy, little, red, classic BMW convertible (with my favorite travel companion **Sue Priore**).



But first, like you, my 60<sup>th</sup> high school reunion is coming up. Mine is next June in Honolulu at the Punahou Alumni Luau. Of course, I'll give our best to our classmate **Gary Blaich's widow, Beryl**. (I might even see Punahou classmate **Bill Gosline** who left Dartmouth after freshman year.)

Aloha! Gear 68!

Ced

# A Possible New Feature for Each Issue

## Keeping Our Brains Sharp

This idea got started in an email exchange between **Gerry Bell** and me about how we both had elderly relatives who were mentally sharp right up to their deaths in their 90s, and things we could do to help ourselves stay sharp.

Gerry's proposal read:

### The Knife Edge

The mirror tells me I'm in my 70's, but deep inside I refuse to believe it – I think I'm still 18, and I'll bet I have lots of company. It's incumbent on us all, though, to try to stay healthy as we march toward the century milestone. My physical exercise comes from being taken for a walk by my dog every day, working as a field hand for my wife in her many gardens, and using my exercise equipment often enough to keep the things from turning into coat racks. And once the ground is covered, skiing of course.

For mental exercise I've taken a page from my late mother-in-law's book. Alice said she kept her mind stretched and the neurons firing by doing the *NY Times* crossword puzzle every day (in ink!) I do an easier crossword (not up to *Times* level yet), a cryptquote, and a bunch of number puzzles. (Numbrix, Kenken, and Sudoku – no doubt familiar to many of you from your own newspapers. I recommend them all as good workouts.)

There is one puzzle, though, that's much more of a challenge. It's called Kakuro, and it's essentially a number crossword. Each vertical and horizontal block has to sum to an indicated total using the numerals

1 through 9, no repeats allowed within a block.

These things can be diabolical. My first try took me about three hours over three days. **Jim Lawrie**, one of the sharpest crayons in the '68 box, needed about the same amount of time

on his first try. You do get better – I can now do a puzzle in about 45 minutes. But I still think of each solved puzzle as something of a miracle after I do get it. I tell myself Kakuro is my key to maintaining the knife edge of sharpness.

So as my good deed for the day – you may disagree if you try it – I've asked Editor Waterhouse to share the puzzle below so we can all maintain the knife edge. Do not be intimidated by the label "Tough." You went to Dartmouth, for God's sake. Besides there are any number of Kakuro tutorials on line—here are a few:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BYXg3SLkNrQ>

<https://www.wikihow.com/Solve-Kakuro>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wwkX3eGICUs>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AxycFm6ClFk>

<https://www.kakuros.com/solve>



Hint: Don't start by guessing. Use a sharp pencil and first list all the possible combinations adding to the given sum in the first box of each block. Logic, process of elimination, and patience will win the day. Number to the right (above) a diagonal is for the horizontal line; number to the left (below) a diagonal is for the vertical column. If there's only one number, there's only one direction the block can go.

Have fun! I promise you'll feel like a giant when you solve this!

**Editor's Note:** I have the answer. If you get to the point where you want

to see it, contact me at the email address shown on the back page.

And if you want more of these in future issues, let me know that as well.

## Keeping Our Brains Sharp—continued

Coincidentally, right after that occurred **Dave Dibelius** sent Gerry an email saying in part “This week I attended a seminar at the memory care facility where my mom is a resident. The presenter is an enthusiastic speaker and brings the perspective of 35+ years of treating people with cognitive decline.

The primary focus was going through the 12 manageable risk factors and what you can do about them. This was helpful to me and I came away feeling optimistic that at least to some degree my future cognition is not just in the hands of fate.

It seemed that this would be a subject of interest to us old farts, and also something we can pass along to younger family

members since some of the manageable risk factors are things you start working on earlier in life, including in childhood (e.g., dementia correlates with education level).

I asked the presenter if she would be available for a video presentation to our group, she was receptive and said I should talk to her boss. So I did, and that lady was very enthusiastic. I showed her examples of past webinars and she loved them (she asked if anybody can sign up). So I have her contact information and would be glad to pursue this if you think it is an appropriate topic.”

So stay tuned for a webinar on that topic.

## Class of ‘68 Give A Rouse Awards



At our May 2024 Class Meeting weekend (date to be determined shortly after the holidays), seven more classmates will receive the Class’s Give A Rouse Award: **Fred Applebaum, John Blair, John Hamer, Bob Reich, John Miksic, Arnie Resnicoff, and John Sherman**. Their full GAR Certificate texts will be included in the May issue of *The Transmission*.

All Classmates, family and friends are invited to attend the presentation ceremony, usually held as part of a Saturday night Class Dinner, in person or via a Zoom link that will be provided as we get close to the date.

These seven new awardees bring the total of Classmates recognized with the award to 22.

If you would like to nominate a Classmate you consider deserving of the award, go to the Class website—<https://www.dartmouth68.org/> - click on the Class Information tab at the left, click on the Give A Rouse button that pops up, and you will find all the information you need including a link to the nomination form.

We encourage you to do so.

## Ed Heald’s Column on Why Our Classmates Give to Dartmouth

### How Easy Is It To Create A Dartmouth Legacy?

Hopefully you have been reading stories from classmates over these past months sharing with us their reasons for having created a legacy for Dartmouth in a variety of ways in their estate planning. The goal has been to remove the mystery of doing something like this for the College, and to motivate each of you to consider doing the same.

Today’s article will be the first of several to review just how simple it can be for you to do something similar for Dartmouth and to be sure that whatever it is you choose to do fits neatly and smoothly into your own plans.

First, let’s talk about mandatory withdrawals from an IRA, which, given our maturity, is a fact of life these days for us. There are two major ways you can utilize the required withdrawals from your retirement plan that can benefit both the College and you:

- \* You can make your annual contribution to the Dartmouth College Fund directly from your IRA, thereby creating the best tax savings of any form of gifting alternatives, and one that will make **Dave Stanley**, our DCF chair, most happy;
- \* You can also contribute from your IRA into a Gift Annuity with the College, whereby you make the gift from your IRA and in return, the College commits to paying you an annual annuity amount, based on our age, of 7% of the amount of the gift for a single life. Doing this not only provides a continuing source of income for you going forward for your lifetime, but also means the College benefits from the remaining value beyond your lifetime. If you prefer, the annuity payments can cover a spouse as well. The IRS limits the amount you can use to fund this gift annuity to \$50,000.

# Ed Heald's Column on Why Our Classmates Give to Dartmouth—continued

If this interests you, let me know and I will direct you to the right people.

Those who include the College in their estate planning are members of the Bartlett Tower Society. There are currently (as of 12/13/23) 5,075 members in total, of which 46 are in the Class of '68.



## Class Projects and Programs

### On the Road Again—Have Gear, Will Travel

This new Class project was given a brief introduction in the last issue, but has now gotten off to a flying start. It 's intended to be a portion of our Class Website (see <https://www.dartmouth68.org/>), and click on the yellow Check out the new Travelogue Page, which is the combined effort of **David Peck, Bill Adler, Ced Kam, Jim Lawrie, Bill Rich** and **Peter Wonson**.

As t his issue was being prepared, there were 11 trips reported:

- ⇒ Sicily—**David and Diane Peck**
- ⇒ The Berkshires—**Ced Kam and Sue Priore**
- ⇒ Turkey—**Bill and Marsha Adler**
- ⇒ Patagonia—**David and Diane Peck**
- ⇒ Europe—**Jim and Iris Frey**
- ⇒ Empire State Bike Trail—**Jim Lawrie**
- ⇒ Kossuth's Travels—**Bill and Silvia Rich**
- ⇒ Western Canada Photo Travelogue—**Jim Lawrie**
- ⇒ Scotland—**Warren and Cathy Cooke**
- ⇒ Ireland—**Norm Silverman and Deborah Wolney**

More are in the works. I have one partly done about a trip to Viet Nam. No—not that one—this one was in 2017.

Have a trip you would like to share with your Classmates? Easy to do—as the Website page says:

Dust off your word processor and tell us a travel story. We expect a variety of entries from classmates that may include rec-



ommended places to stay, eat, or visit around the world; photos and diaries of actual trips; and stories inspired by travel. Be sure to talk about your discoveries and unique experiences. We hope that your submission will be a catalyst for future travel by our classmates.

Prior to posting, your submission will be reviewed, and light edits may be suggested for your consideration. We regard the length of an entry as well as the content including photos and/or videos to be the author's choice. There is no required format.

Please email your submissions, questions, or comments to [travelogue@dartmouth68.org](mailto:travelogue@dartmouth68.org).

Here are some selected excerpts (so as not to duplicate the detailed information you will find on the website) from recent trips:

#### Warren and Cathy Cooke

When Cathy and I travel, more often as not the objective is wildlife (especially bird) photography. But not always.

Another passion is History.

In October we enjoyed a magnificent trip through the Scottish Highlands (see some of Warren's photos on the next page—you will have to go to the Website to find out what they, and other photos, show). History was a focus — for example, a visit to Stirling Castle and the site of the important 1297 Battle of Stirling Bridge. The wild Highlands are sensational.

# Class Projects and Programs—continued

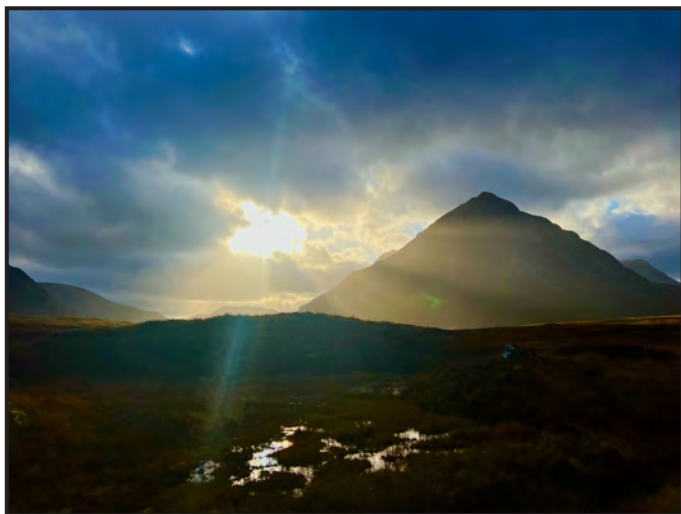
## On the Road Again—Have Gear, Will Travel—continued

And despite the basic, somewhat serious focus of the trip, we couldn't help having fun visiting a few popular culture sites, including the Jacobite Steam Train aka Hogwarts Express aka Harry Potter train (yup, we rode on it).



And there was haggis with tatties and neeps. And Scotch.

Wonderful trip.



Winter 2024 Newsletter

### Jim and Iris Frey

Jim and Iris take us on a journey from Manhattan to Berlin to Prague to the Netherlands to Bruges, Belgium. And then on the second day....

Jim says "All in all, a great trip that reinforced our ability to plan a self-directed trip and do a lot of walking despite our age, so we'll be off to somewhere in Europe next year."



Iris, daughter Hillary, and Jim



Prague Castle

← Warren and Cathy Cooke

# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## On the Road Again—Have Gear, Will Travel—continued

Dave and Diane Peck

### Patagonia: Wind, waves, wild open spaces

In October 2023, we spent two weeks in the Patagonia provinces of Argentina and Chile.



That destination has a reputation of extraordinary natural features, and for us, it topped the Galapagos, if that is possible.

This trip write-up includes commentary and photos about:

- ◇ The Overall Experience
- ◇ Glaciers
- ◇ Mountains
- ◇ Unimaginable Time Frames
- ◇ Vastness of Space
- ◇ Wind and Weather
- ◇ Animals
- ◇ Small Group Travel
- ◇ Bonus Experiences
- ◇ Phrases Heard and Enjoyed
- ◇ A Peculiar Local Presence
- ◇ Unplanned Stuff
- ◇ Planned Stuff that Doesn't Happen
- ◇ Inflation
- ◇ Bottom Line



Diane and David Peck on a zodiac in front of a glacier

### Norman Silverman and Deborah Wolney

Norm reported “Just returned last night to the new Sod from 12 days on the Olde Sod to celebrate Deborah **McCarthy Wolney**’s 75th b day.

Frederick Douglas gave an invited talk at Cork’s antislavery Society in 1845. The speech was given at the Imperial Hotel in Cork, Ireland and the hotel has a just-for-guests space cum lounge/library/coffee service/fireplace dedicated to him.



## Class Projects and Programs—continued

### '68 Women—Spouses/Partners/Widows

This is a new Class Initiative that started with discussions at our 55th Reunion between **Steve and Patty Calvert** and **Leslie** and me.

It occurred to us that the Class could be doing a much better job involving the spouses, partners and widows of our Class in Class activities and affairs. We know, for example, that some of the older classes have some of their officer roles filled by widows or spouses. We have asked the Alumni Relations Office to let us know of any other forms of involvement.

The idea was discussed briefly at our last Class Committee meeting with widespread support for coming up with more ideas and specific plans to make good intentions a reality.

So this is where you can help:

If you have ideas on this topic, let **Steve and Patty Calvert** know at [scalvert68@cox.net](mailto:scalvert68@cox.net) and [pcalvert68@gmail.com](mailto:pcalvert68@gmail.com) with a cc to me ([mwaterhouse@snet.net](mailto:mwaterhouse@snet.net)).

Guys—share this with your partner to see if they would be interested in a “task force” to figure on where we go from here.

Ladies—we are looking for volunteers. Not a whole lot of work here—just being part of a think-tank to help out. What could/should we be doing?

Thanks for your attention to this.

### Arts Legacy Committee

Lots of things happening on this front.

#### Support for the Book Arts Lab:

At our October 7th meeting, the Arts Legacy Committee recommended to the Class Committee that a not-to-exceed amount of \$3,000 be spent on 3 wood typefaces and a cabinet in the Book Arts Lab. The cabinet would include a plaque identifying the Class of 1968 as the donor.

Since then, the project has been completed. Sarah Smith, Librarian of the Book Arts Workshop, reports: “The cabinet is done and in place! Actually we’re having the cabinet maker make up 3 more shelves to house the rest of the type. Attached here is a photo of the cabinet with type (and some carved wood and linoleum blocks) in it so far. Labels for finding the right type will be going on soon. I’m ordering the plaque now as well, so stay tuned!

Thank you all so much for this— it’s now the gem of the Book Arts Workshop!





# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Arts Legacy Committee - continued



### Project Green Light

This is another new project spearheaded by **Don Marcus, Jay Cary and David Peck**, who provided the following report.

On November 29<sup>th</sup> Class President **Cedric Kam** signed an agreement with the College, officially launching the Class of 1968 Project Green Light. PGL will directly channel financial support to the work of undergraduate artists at Dartmouth.

The execution of this agreement consummated many months of work by the Arts Legacy Committee (ALC) and the PGL subcommittee comprised of **Jay Cary, Don Marcus, Eric Hatch, Roger Anderson**, the late **Peter Werner** and ALC facilitator **David Peck**.

The concept of utilizing class funds for this purpose was initially proposed to the ALC on February 11<sup>th</sup>, and after robust discussion, the subcommittee was formed and tasked to develop the concept and find a home for it within the College. After exploratory talks with administrators at the Hop, members of the subcommittee approached Samuel S. Levey, Dean of the Arts & Humanities, who expressed interest.

On March 27<sup>th</sup> **Jay Cary** and **Don Marcus** participated in a Zoom conference with Dean Levey and his Chief of Staff, Janet Terp. After a frank and extensive discussion, Dean Levey agreed to take the proposal to the heads of departments and the College's Arts Advisory Council to determine their views. The connection to Dean Levey was to prove propitious, as he became a close collaborator in the development of PGL, while serving as liaison with the department heads and Arts Council.

After a thorough debrief of the many parties involved, Dean Levey reported that the response to PGL was most favorable. With that encouragement – and tweaking the program to address the College's concerns -- the subcommittee then turned to crafting a document which would detail the program's mechanics, timing and beneficiaries.

In its final form that Summary stated the program's objective as follows: "To support talented undergraduate artists by providing upfront funds to underwrite the costs of new or in-progress work. The selection process will show preference for projects characterized by innovation, imagination, and cultural relevance. Risk taking is encouraged, as is the ability to think independently. Submission to PGL would also be open to collective projects devised by multiple student-artists."

The Class was offering to support the program in the amount of \$5,000 a year for five years with a total commitment of class funds in the amount of \$25,000, although after two years,

there is an opt-out window for both the College and the Class. Distribution of funds to student-artists will be administered by the College.

After considerable back-and-forth among the Dean, the heads of departments, the subcommittee, and the ALC, it was decided that Dartmouth juniors, sophomores, and freshman taking courses in the Studio Art, Music, Film & Media Studies, Theater, and Creative Writing Departments would be eligible to receive project support. It was also agreed that funding would be rotated among the five departments, with each department utilizing funds once during the projected five-year life of PGL.

The first year gift will go to Film & Media Studies in memory of **Peter Werner** who was a vocal supporter of student-artists. The order of department selection in subsequent years will be determined by the Class in consultation with the College. The faculty will be responsible for getting the word out and supervising the progress of the chosen work.

The following schedule was proposed and adopted, although it may need to be slightly amended:

Announcement: Oct. 15, 2023

Submission Deadline: Jan. 13, 2024

Award: February 15, 2024

Completion: September 30, 2024

Presentation: October 15, 2024

PGL has been announced by the head of the Film & Media Studies Department and will be promoted by the department faculty prior to the submission deadline. Applicants are asked to submit a detailed application outlining the scope, scale, cost, and schedule of the work.

The Award decisions will be made by the relevant faculty, as they are best positioned to interpret, compare and evaluate the proposals on merit and feasibility, and have a pedagogical relationship with the applicants.

Throughout this process it has been articulated by the Class and understood by the College that the Class is eager for a connection with the artist and the artistic process. Among such opportunities will be a ceremony, appropriate to the form of the funded work, in which the student artist(s) and the selected work will be presented to the Class, ideally at times already established for class gatherings in Hanover: i.e. October and May.

The official name of the program, "The Class of 1968 Project

# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Arts Legacy Committee - continued

Green Light”, will be utilized in all publicity related to the project and at any awards ceremony.

Emerging artists rarely walk an easy road. (Unless, of course, they get discovered at 19, put on the cover of *Time Magazine*, and lauded as genius.) Today, that road is as difficult as ever—arguably even more so. In funding Project Green Light, The Class has shown its belief in the importance of encouraging young talent and is grateful to the College for embracing this initiative.

Throughout its evolution, Dean Levey has emphasized that the program’s greatest benefit will be the artist’s experience, even more than the end product. Which seems eminently fitting for Dartmouth and promises an experience that can benefit us all.

### Purchase of Original Orozco Portrait

**Roger Anderson** is always on the lookout for items that may be of interest to the College and fit within the budget of the Arts Legacy Committee.

He was aware that the Throckmorton Fine Arts Galley in New York City had had an original photograph of José Clemente Orozco, creator of the iconic frescoes in Baker Library.

He asked Spencer Throckmorton if his gallery still had the vintage image of Orozco by Berenice Abbott that he showed Roger on his last visit to New York. Spencer said he did and it had just been returned from an Orozco drawing exhibition at the NY Hispanic Society, where it was the featured photo image of the artist.

The image, shown to the right, measures 13.5 x 10.5 inches, is the largest known vintage version, and is perhaps unique. The image is usually found at 9 5/8 x 7 3/4 inches.

A 2020 Sotheby’s sale estimated a price range of \$7,000—\$10,000; Spencer was asking \$8,500 which includes a museum discount and shipping.

Roger asked John Stomberg, Director of the Hood Museum, if he was interested in the photograph—he was.

The opportunity was brought to the Arts Legacy Committee at its meeting on December 9th. The \$8,500 purchase price was unanimously recommended to the Class Committee, which by email vote, approved the purchase.

The Museum of Modern Art (MoMA) describes the photographer Bernice Abbott as “...a central figure in and important bridge between the photographic circles and cultural hubs

of Paris and New York.”

More information on Abbott can be found at <https://www.moma.org/artists/41>.

Here’s what we purchased for the Hood:



As one Classmate said in voting in favor of the purchase “But I wouldn’t want it hanging on my wall.”

One final potential project you may hear about from the Arts Legacy Committee is a Libretto being financially supported by Roger based on an actual event—a mountain lion that came across the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco. Roger wrote a script for the story called “Oliver Towne” and is talking to a narrator.

In January the conductor Andres Martin should finish the score and the piece should debut in April by the Pioneer Valley Symphony (PVS), which premiered the Martin’s Vox Concerto for us a couple of years ago. An Arts Legacy project may be our Class paying for recording the premier. **Ron Weiss** is a violinist with the PVS.

## Class Projects and Programs—continued

### 2023 Pancake Night

A couple of years ago the Class made the decision to provide real New Hampshire maple syrup for the dining hall's fall pancake night before final exams start.

We received the following from Deb Scanlon, Senior Manager of Operational Excellence, Dartmouth Dining:



Greetings Class of 68,

Thank you again for your generous donation. I have attached a few pictures of our thankful Dartmouth students. Your kind syrup donation was posted within the hall and with social media!

We again purchased syrup - 15 gallons at \$50.00 per gallon for a total cost of \$750.00. We used leftovers this morning – just about 900 students participated last night. 😊



### 2024 Class Webinars (planned so far)

The topics and schedule for our 2024 webinars are currently being put together.

One we are sure about will most likely be Tuesday March 26th (put in in your schedule now) and is based on this thought from **Gerry Bell**: “You may have noticed that a fair number of classmates have written or are writing books. (See a couple of new ones on pages 14 and 35.)

Do you have a book in you? Have you been thinking about sharing your wit/wisdom/insights with the world? This webinar will NOT be an authors' marketing session for their

own books. Rather, it will be a panel discussion on the experiences some of our class authors have had with the creative process of writing a book and the information they have to share with anyone thinking about jumping into the pool. If there is enough interest, we will do a second Authors Webinar about the process of getting one's book published.”

Panelists will be **Tony Abruzzo**, **Fred Appelbaum**, **Gerry Bell**, **Dave Bergengren** and **Bill Zarchy**.

On the horizon are **Pat Bremkamp** on *Dreams* (April 23rd) and **Jack Hopke** on *Jazz* (sometime in May).

# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Community Service Project

As we've noted previously, one of the CSP's objectives is to connect with Dartmouth students. To that end, we've learned more about promoting internship opportunities with service organizations to students. We've also started to identify and help non-profits that are interested in hosting interns. They cover a broad spectrum, from a social service agency in New York City (thanks to **Bill Mutterperl**) and a medical facility in Pennsylvania (thanks to **Jim Frey**) to a nonprofit theater company in San Francisco (thanks to **Bill Adler**).

The Dartmouth Center for Social Impact (DCSI) has a DYO (Design Your Own) internship program, which accommodates such a wide variety of opportunities. The process is straightforward for organizations looking for interns.

Dartmouth uses the *Handshake* system (<https://dartmouth.joinhandshake.com/login>) for all internship and job postings. This allows for a central place for students to look for opportunities instead of having to review a variety of center websites. *Handshake* is facilitated through the Dartmouth Center for Professional Development. To learn how to post a job or internship to Handshake, go to <https://cpdcareers.dartmouth.edu/>. *Handshake* offers flexibility, and organizations can use the platform to reach students at multiple colleges/universities.

The DCSI doesn't vet entities when they submit an opportunity to Handshake. The process is easy: the organization creates an account, is approved, and posts the internship opportunity. DCSI's Director, Tracy Dustin-Eichler ([Tracy.L.Dustin-Eichler@dartmouth.edu](mailto:Tracy.L.Dustin-Eichler@dartmouth.edu)) has offered to speak with organizations about the Dartmouth calendar, or how to create a listing that is appealing to a student or a position that is suited for a Dartmouth undergrad.

Because the DCSI's DYO internships are, as the name suggests, self-designed by students, the Center can't guarantee an intern in any given term. But if an agency wants a little extra push, they are welcome to send Tracy a brief blurb with contact information that the Center can also run in its weekly newsletter. When a student applies for a DYO internship, the organization also submits a form detailing the internship and agreeing to take on the student. This form is part of the conversation between the students and entity.

Tracy pointed out to us that adding internship opportunities to *Handshake* is a great service to students, and it is the right time now. Students will come back in January ready to start thinking about summer.

If you know a nonprofit or other service organization that might be interested in having Dartmouth students as interns, please tell us. We're ready and willing to help any way we can.

As we've done in the past, we're highlighting the accomplishments of a nonprofit in which one of our classmates is actively involved. In this case, it's the DREAM Project (<https://dream-project.org/>), founded by classmate **Michel Zaleski** more than 25 years ago. Its recent recognition by UNESCO, as evidenced below, is remarkable. We hope you enjoy reading about their successes and are as inspired as we were.

**Jim Lawrie Peter Hofman Peter Temple**



The DREAM Project is pleased to announce that it has been selected as one of the six distinguished winners of the **UNESCO International Literacy Prizes** for its important work in promoting a culture of reading in the Dominican Republic. See the second UNESCO Confucius Prize for Literacy at <https://www.unesco.org/en/articles/2023-unesco-international-literacy-prizes-reward-six-innovative-programmes>.

The UNESCO-Confucius Literacy Prize is a global recognition that celebrates outstanding achievements in literacy and education. This prestigious honor was awarded to three recipients based on the recommendations of an international jury. The award highlights the DREAM Project's commitment to raising educational standards and transforming lives through reading and learning in the Dominican Republic.

This achievement not only marks an important milestone for the DREAM Project but is also a testament to the tireless efforts and dedication of an entire community and the Dominican Republic as a country.

You can read more about this achievement through the **words of UNESCO**.—see <https://www.unesco.org/en/articles/dream-project-dominican-republic-wins-2023-unesco-confucius-prize-literacy?hub=67252>.

A photo related to Michel's project is shown on the next page.

## Class Projects and Programs—continued

### Community Service Project—continued

#### Success of **DVoices**: Celebration, Inspiration and Support for Education in the Dominican Republic



To left—**Michel Zaleski**

On October 20, the first edition of **DVoices** (see: <https://dvoices.global/>), an inspiring event aimed at bringing together young outstanding Dominicans in the fashion, entertainment, entrepreneurship and business industries in the United States, was held. The New York-based event not only successfully showcased these incredible talents but also supported DREAM's Montessori Academy through a \$50,000 fundraiser.

The event started with an insightful panel discussion moderated by Johanna Ferreira, featuring Raul Lopez, Osmany Rodriguez, Lulu Cordero, and Maritza Abreu, all young individuals of Dominican heritage who have overcome obstacles to achieve their aspirations. Subsequently, a cocktail reception provided

networking opportunities, and DREAM's very own Ariarqui Cuevas shared her experience about what it means to be a DREAMer. Congressman Adriano Espaillat then presented an award to Dascha Polanco in recognition of her support for DREAM over the years. The evening concluded with Aida Rodriguez's heartwarming and humorous monologue, highlighting Dominican culture and encouraging attendees to contribute to the cause.

We express our heartfelt gratitude to all participants, sponsors and attendees for their generous support and contributions to this noble initiative. The positive impact on the education of children and youth in the Dominican Republic is indisputable.

#### About DREAM Project

The DREAM Project is a non-profit organization that provides high-quality educational opportunities to children, youth and families in the Dominican Republic. DREAM's transformative education programs respond to gaps in the national education system and empower at-risk children and youth to create a better future for themselves and their families. Through innovative approaches to literacy, early childhood education, youth leadership, music instruction and community support, DREAM promotes critical thinking and independence to enrich lives and strengthen sustainable communities.

# Class Authors

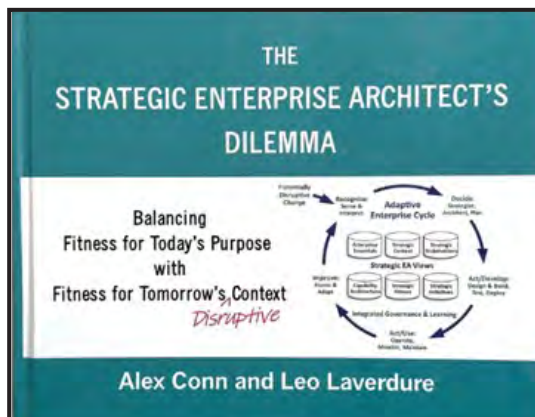
## Alex Conn

Last spring my colleague and I published our book, *The Strategic Enterprise Architect's Dilemma*.

***The Strategic Enterprise Architect's Dilemma: Balancing Fitness for Today's Purpose with Fitness for Tomorrow's Disruptive Context***

By **Alex Conn** and Leo Laverdure

Published March 2023, Hardcover, eBook (PDF), 592 pages, Landscape (9x7 in.), Color, ISBN 9798218110963



Sudden, disruptive changes in the context require rapid adaptation. Enterprises need to embrace just-in-case thinking and build in flexibility to adapt capa-

bilities for plausible scenarios. They must act rapidly while continuously re-assessing the uncertainty inherent in the context.

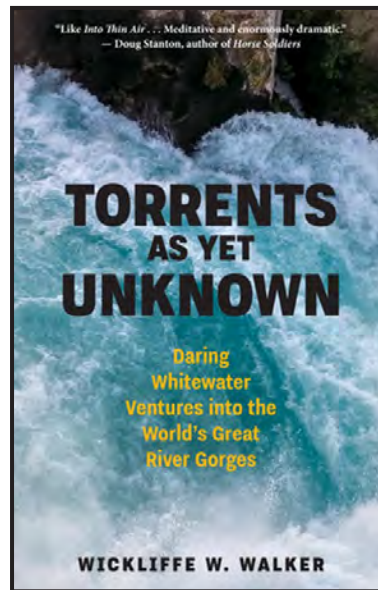
This book captures and extends many insights the authors gained in nearly three decades of developing, practicing and teaching Solution and Enterprise Architecture. It presents a theoretical basis and a practical methodology for architecting flexible enterprise capabilities in a disruptive context.

Fitness is the key to surviving and thriving in disruptive times, and enterprise architecture must focus on adaptability. This requires a methodology that fully engages key stakeholders and highlights fitness for context. It also requires a set of architectural views that outline what the enterprise needs to consider to be viable in today's and tomorrow's contexts.

Designed as a highly scannable collection of key information (both text and graphics), the book expands the key points and diagrams with deeper discussions and examples.

**Audience:** Enterprise Architects with a strategic focus; Strategists and others contributing to enterprise strategy in business, government, and non-profit organizations.

**Website:** You can explore *The Strategic Architect's Dilemma* in detail and purchase either a hardback or eBook version at our website: <https://sbsapartners.com>. The website also provides a free downloadable 60-page excerpt of the book at <https://www.sbsapartners.com/The%20Book/Excerpts.php>.



**Wick Wickliffe** – *Torrents as Yet Unknown*

Mountaineers have a long history and rich canon of literature. The great mountain ranges – the Rockies, the Andes, the Himalayas, the Alps – are the most awe-inspiring landscapes on our planet, and explorers have been seeking their summits for roughly two-hundred years. For most of that time, however, the torrents that tear into the mountains, carving the mighty peaks and

gorges, have remained relatively unknown.

In *Torrents As Yet Unknown*, I've focused on expeditions into mountain gorges that are transcendent for their natural grandeur, their inhuman power, and, for many, their divine auras:

- ◆ The Zambezi below Victoria Falls in Africa
- ◆ The Tiger Leaping Gorge on the Yangtze in China
- ◆ The Dudh Kosi flowing down the flanks of Mount Everest, and more.

These are stories of men who sought to experience these powerful places, what they found between canyon walls and within themselves. Researching and writing *Torrents* has been a fascinating journey, and I hope that reading it will be too.

It's available from the [Still North Bookstore](#) in Hanover, as well as at all the usual major retailers.

Publisher Penguin Random House says:

A dramatic narrative tour of 10 of the world's most incredible whitewater adventures—spanning 5 continents and 40 years—guided by a legendary whitewater trailblazer.

This fascinating history of daring whitewater explorers stands alongside classic works on mountaineering, outdoor survival, and extreme sports.

Perfect for fans of Jon Krakauer's *Into Thin Air* and Candice Millard's *River of the Gods*.

**Editor's Note:** See page 35 for more on Class Authors.

## Class Discussions

### New Topic—Frustrations With Technology

This is intended to kick off a new discussion which, I'm pretty sure, we can all contribute to. It was born from a comment **Ced Kam** made in one of our email exchanges, which led me to suggest it might be a fun article. Here's the result:

Three recent, frustrating experiences: (1) Trying to find my new black iPhone in a black case, which became invisible on dark surfaces; (2) trying to get my HP printer working wirelessly after using it via ethernet for years; and (3) syncing our phones with the new Google Nest smart thermostat. The challenges of our generation!

Thanks to Math 6 (for non-math majors with introduction to computer programming) and a career in bureaucracies that required using PCs, I was considered best of the "old guys" in my office at using a smartphone. Sue and I even impress our kids by sharing Google calendars and tracking each other. But I met my match this fall ... three times! I hope these give you a smile and maybe even help:

My new iPhone was invisible in plain sight. At first, I thought Apple must have included a "Klingon cloaking device" in the last update, but I eventually realized the screen now fully fills the face with no top and bottom panels. My new black phone in black case disappeared on any dark surface! I tried a blue

case, but it only helps a bit. Of course, a day glow green case would solve the problem ... So, my Christmas list includes an Apple Watch (with phone finder button).



After printing via ethernet cable, it was time to print wirelessly. Connecting my several year-old HP printer to our home Wi-Fi network was easy, but the HP laptop would not recognize the Wi-Fi connected printer! Hours of Googling, self-help videos, and solutions including updating printer driver didn't help. In desperation, I deleted the ethernet connected printer from the list in the computer. Immediately, the PC recognized the same printer on Wi-Fi! How come HP et al. do not tell you to first delete the printer if you were previously connected by cable!?!? And now, I can even print wirelessly from my iPhone.

Setting up Google Nest thermostat. The best things about this thermostat are (a) you access it from anywhere by smartphone, and (b) it senses your presence or absence and adjusts temperature. No vacation hold required. But since we are a household of two, both phones must be recognized by the thermostat! And don't leave your phone home when you go shopping.

Ced (and I) invite you to submit your best (which more likely are your worst) technology experiences!

### New Topic—The Sexual Revolution and Me

This discussion topic comes from a column written by **Bob Reich** that he shared with **Dave Peck**, who then shared it with our Class Committee email list. Bob's column came out on November 21st and reads as follows:

Friends,

From time to time, I burden you with some personal history, based on my belief that our values begin with who we are and where we came from. Besides, I've been writing this daily letter to you for more than two years, and you have every right to know a bit more about me.

So today I want to tell you about my introduction to the world

of political hypocrisy.

I still feel ashamed about what I'm about to relate to you. My weak defense is that the norms of the early 1960s — when colleges still clung to the bizarre notion of *in loco parentis* — were quite different by the late 1960s, after the so-called "sexual revolution."

Dartmouth College in the early 1960s consisted of 3,400 young male undergraduates and no young women. Unlike Columbia, Harvard, and Brown, which were also "all-male" but had managed to create women's colleges under their misogynistic male banners, the closest women's college to Dartmouth was several hours away.

## Class Discussions—continued

### The Sexual Revolution and Me—continued

The interstate highway system had not yet paved the way from Dartmouth to Smith, Mount Holyoke, or numerous female “junior colleges.” In the winter — which in the Upper Valley of the Connecticut River ran from mid-November to mid-March and reached such low temperatures that one’s nostril hairs froze and broke off on the way to morning classes — snow often blocked the roads.

In other words, Dartmouth in the early 1960s was a monastery ... in Siberia.

The College Handbook, distributed the very first day of matriculation, warned that students would unceremoniously be expelled for, among other things, engaging in “lewdness or fornication.” It did not spell out in detail what behavior qualified as “lewdness,” but there was no question about fornication.

It’s what almost all 3,400 of us hoped for.

Recall, again, that this was the early 1960s. In 1960, the Food and Drug Administration approved the nearly foolproof contraceptive that came to be known as “the pill.” By the early 1960s, it was gaining wide circulation among young college-aged women. It ushered in what came to be known as the sexual revolution.

As the poet Philip Larkin wrote,

*Sexual intercourse began  
In nineteen sixty-three  
(which was rather late for me) -  
Between the end of the Chatterley ban  
And the Beatles’ first LP.*



During the first weeks of my freshman year, I decided to run for class president. I had a vague sense I could make the place more livable, more enjoyable, and more, well, grown up. Dartmouth was a picture-postcard gorgeous campus, and the

professors were superb. But the male isolation made dorm life rather raunchy and adolescent — focused on “Playboy” center-folds and boasted sexual exploits. I thought I could improve the quality of dorm life by, say, encouraging student-led seminars.

I also sensed that being class president would somehow compensate for my being by far the shortest person in the class. And I relished the thought of phoning my father and telling him I had been elected, knowing how proud it would make him that his runt of a son had been chosen to lead.

I visited every freshman dormitory room and introduced myself to almost all of my 800 classmates, most of whom had no idea why anyone in their right mind would barge in on them and ask for their vote.

I won handily.

Yet my classmates had only one thing they wanted me to do as class president: Invite busloads of young women students to Dartmouth for the weekends.

I didn’t give up on the student-led dorm seminars, but I also had to respond to my constituents. If they wanted busloads of young women, their new class president would oblige. On a Friday night several weeks later, dozens of buses arrived in Hanover, containing over 400 women invited from every women’s college in New England.

Dartmouth had never seen anything like it.

To avoid having the young women snaked by upperclassmen, I allowed only freshmen through a makeshift fence surrounding the paved area where the buses unloaded them and had klieg lights directed at the bus doors from which the young women disembarked.

Unfortunately, this had the effect of forcing each young woman to make a rather theatrical entrance onto the campus from her bus — prompting my freshmen constituents to holler numbers from 1 to 10, reflecting their judgments about her looks. The spectacle made me cringe. It was worse for the young women. Many were humiliated. Some even refused to get off the bus. Several convinced the bus drivers to take them home.

But the larger problem was perhaps more predictable. It was the College Handbook.

As class president, I was automatically a member of the student court, which heard complaints from the dean’s office about alleged violations of the handbook. The student court interviewed alleged offenders and dispensed appropriate punishment. It was an inquisitorial form of justice.

By tradition, as the youngest member of the court, I was responsible for asking what was known as the penetrating question. As the accused young man sat before us trying to explain how it came to be that the dorm janitor found him in bed with a young woman at 7 o’clock in the morning, it was my duty to ask, “Did you penetrate?”

If he answered in the affirmative, the student court was obliged to send him packing.



## Class Discussions—continued

### The Sexual Revolution and Me—continued

You see my dilemma. As class president, I was procuring hundreds of young women for my classmates, who had little else on their minds other than fornication. As a member of the student court with the job of asking the penetrating question, I was obliged to expel any young man honest enough to admit to it.

A few years later, I wouldn't allow myself to be in this predicament. In 1968, I warned the college president, a giant of a man named John Sloan Dickey — who talked so ponderously we called him John Slow Diction — that if he did not put an end to the obnoxious and demeaning *in loco parentis* rules, he'd have a revolt on his hands.

He did not, and the undergraduates duly revolted, lifting Slow Diction out of his chair in his lofty office on the second floor of the administration building and depositing him on the sidewalk before taking over the building.

But, again, it was 1964 when I was enticing young women to campus because my classmate constituents wanted to fornicate with them, and expelling anyone who was found to have succeeded.

I didn't yet know the new depths of the hypocrisy I was plumbing.

I did attempt to improve the intellectual life of the college and led efforts to make everyone more attentive to civil rights. But what of the civil rights of the young fornicators?

My dilemma came to a head, as it were, the following year. I had been reelected class president and by then had figured out how to lure even more young women to Hanover, weekend after weekend, without subjecting them to ritual humiliation. But the Vietnam War was coming into view, and the moral universe was shifting.

A case came to the student court from the dean, who had been contacted by the dean of one of the women's colleges. A Dartmouth student had been caught in bed with a student from the woman's college, *but* (and I emphasize "but") the nefarious coupling had occurred during spring break, when both were vacationing in Mexico.

My peers on the court were unsure how to proceed. Did the College Handbook's prohibition of fornication apply during spring break when neither perpetrator was on campus? And even if it did, did the long arm of the college's law extend outside the United States?

I said no to both questions, but my judicial brethren decided otherwise, and when the young accused offender — named Giff ] — appeared before the court and answered the penetrating question in the affirmative, the court voted to expel him. (A similar fate apparently befell his love interest.)

Giff was promptly drafted and sent to Vietnam.

**[Editor's note]**—that would be Giff Foley '69. Giff was killed in 1990 piloting a vintage single-engine AT-6 Texan at an air show in Buffalo. He won a Silver Star and two Purple Hearts in Vietnam. If you want to see a great tribute to Giff from a Classmate of his, see <https://vimeo.com/382327946>.]

My conscious mind repressed all of this until one day, roughly 20 years later, my wife and I were sitting at the counter in Lou's Restaurant on Main Street, and Giff walked in, now 20 years older.



Everything came rushing back with frightening clarity.

The question of whether he had been killed in Vietnam must have been reverberating in the recesses of my guilty brain, because the moment I saw him, I felt an overwhelming sense of relief that caused tears to well up.

My wife had no idea what was going on. I asked her to ignore me and hoped that Giff would ignore me, as well. I tried to hide behind a menu.

But he saw me and made a beeline for where I was sitting.

"Bob!" he said, putting a large arm around my shoulders. "Good to see you!"

"Giff!" I said. "I'm so delighted to see you, too." And I was — truly. Giddy with relief. Also, guilty and embarrassed and humiliated at what my younger self had done.

Tears streaming down my face, I wanted to apologize. But I couldn't find the words. There were none.

###

This led to the following comments by other Classmates on this topic, which also caused remembrances of Giff Foley, not included here.

**David Stanley:** I remember the phrase "If you are in you are out"

**Gerry Bell:** At our 35th reunion, our guest speaker Thad Seymour told me he'd hoped we'd forgotten he said that. He also said he hoped we'd forgotten his CBS Sports Spectacular Winter Carnival Suzanne Horney story. I told him, "Not a chance. Part of your legend." [Suzanne Horney was crowned Winter Carnival Queen in 1960.]

**Gary Horlick:** Our class saw the transition. I don't recall what the official position was but I don't think that was in force by Carnival or Green Key our senior year.

# Class Discussions—continued

## The Sexual Revolution and Me—continued

**David Stanley:** Small world story about two items in yesterday's string of emails.

About 15 years ago I was asked to be on the Board of a non-profit artist residency program. Shortly after joining the Board our Managing Director retired and we were tasked with finding his replacement. We found an outstanding candidate in Florida where she was working as the Arts Director for Central Florida. In that role she had lots of interaction with Thad Seymour and some interesting stories about him.

The 2nd part of the small world is the artist residency program is named the Djerassi Resident Artist Program. It is named after the founder and initial donor, Dr. Carl Djerassi. Dr. Djerassi is best known by his nickname "The Father of the Pill." He took his nickname seriously and believed it gave him free license to write some outrageous near porn books and plays.

### The Infamous Suzanne Horney Story

So you may be wondering about the infamous Dad Thad Suzanne Horney story. As recounted by **Gerry Bell**, here's what supposedly happened:

1960 Winter Carnival, CBS Sports Spectacular. Bud Palmer, the old CCNY and Knicks basketball player, was the host. He remembered that weekend 35 years later; we were both part of a 10-person snowcat skiing group at Grand Targhee in 1997. I told him (a little poetic license, we weren't there yet) that the last time I'd seen him he'd been on a truck going down fraternity row televising the snow sculptures while the snot-nosed college kids threw snowballs at the truck. "There's a skier," he said as the camera panned a sculpture, "and there's some people on a toboggan .... and there's a ... a couple lying down ..."

"Yeah," he told me. "And you clowns weren't the worst of it. Our producer was a Dartmouth grad and he spent the whole weekend in the Hanover Inn getting drunk with his buddies. I had to be producer, director, host, the whole works. Never so tired in my life. Coordinating everything from ski races, ski jump, hockey game... and the winter carnival queen."

"So you remember Suzanne Horney too," I said.

"Yeah. Your dean, who was going to stand with me and introduce her on live TV, was really nervous. Not about the cameras, but about the announcement. He said there would be a very unseemly cheer from you animals, not fit for network television, when he said her name.

"He's told us that story," I said. "Do you remember?"

"He was pretty clever. He somehow substituted the name of the girl's hometown for her name and got away with it.."

"Yup. 'Miss SUZANNE ..... horneyofATHERTON California,' and everyone thought her name was Suzanne Atherton."

"Yeah. Your dean was a pretty hot shit."

Yes he was.

Unfortunately, I will now screw up that story.

This video on "Dartmouth College Winter Carnival 1930s—1960s: Selected Scenes" from the Dartmouth Library (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tsUKRm21Ezc>) shows Thad overcame his nervousness and clearly said her name.

Here are two extracts of Thad announcing the Queen and putting the crown on her head.



1960 Carnival Poster



# Class Discussions—continued

## Recommended Rock 'n' Roll

After the last issue of *The Transmission*, we received some additional answers to the question “If you had to play **only one song** for someone who had never heard rock and roll before, which song would you play?” That question was then modified to two songs—one up-tempo and one slow.

The additional input was as follows:

**Alex Conn** - two choices for Rock 'n' Roll: the Stones' “Satisfaction” (a great dance song) and the Beatles' “Here Comes the Sun,” a refreshing picker upper. (Hard choice: I probably have 50+ others I might choose from on a different day. There were so many greats.)

**Jeff Hinman:** During the summer of '66 I worked in a small steel works in Stourbridge, England. One of the British tv shows that I watched was Top of The Pops which featured “River Deep, Mountain High” which charted in the UK and Europe. When I returned home, it was a surprise to find that the song did not get any airtime at all. So, I bought the LP and played it often. The only other person who appreciated the song at the time was classmate **Al Raymond**.

Slow tune: “Come Go With Me”

**Peter Wonson:** I clearly remember and enjoyed "River Deep, Mountain High" though I'd forgotten it was Ike and Tina.

"Come Go With Me" by the Del Vikings. Our 1968-1969 band Flagrant Neglect covered that tune at our joint 45th Reunion. One of my all-time fave doo wop songs.

**Jeff Hinman:** Decades ago, probably while in high school, I made up a category entitled Tearful Tragic Teen Tunes which included such songs as “Deadman’s Curve” and “Tell Laura I Love Her.” Just Googled the topic and found several lists of such songs.

**Mark Waterhouse:** I did the same thing and immediately thought of those two songs before getting to the end of your email.

Although I think I called them Snuff Songs.

**Peter Wonson:** Don't forget “Teen Angel” -- "That fateful night, the car was stalled, upon the railroad tracks..."

**Gerry Bell** received the following from his daughter Samantha, who was obviously properly raised to appreciate great rock:

Hi Dad-

Your Dartmouth newsletter's "Pick two songs to define rock and roll" prompted some lively debate in the Feitz house.

**Winter 2024 Newsletter**

Thought you'd enjoy the Gen X and Gen Z responses. (Apparently the kiddos and their peers haven't defined themselves enough yet to get a cool generational moniker, so they have to copy mom and dad's.)

In no particular order:

“Dream On” - Aerosmith

“Livin' On a Prayer” - Bon Jovi

“Get Back” - The Beatles

“You Can't Always Get What You Want” - Rolling Stones

“Runnin' Down a Dream” - Tom Petty

“In My Room” - The Beach Boys

“Baba O'Riley” - The Who

“Blueberry Hill” - Fats Domino

Have fun trying to figure out who picked what.

We also unanimously decided that two songs is not enough to truly define rock and roll for someone. The better question would be, what one album would you play for someone who didn't know what rock music is. And that answer is Fleetwood Mac's “Rumours.”

Love - Sam



# Class Discussions—continued

## Recommended Rock ‘n’ Roll—continued

**Peter Wonson**, who had the idea this discussion in the first place, says:

Mark thought someone ought to sum up and collate the various responses to the question in the Fall 2023 *Transmission* - if you had to play **only one** song for someone who had never heard rock and roll before, which song would you play? I figured since I had thrown this party I should also clean up after it. See the information below which may interest some of you.

Included in the song list are not only tunes which were noted in the Fall 2023 *Transmission*, but also submissions which arrived ex post facto as a result of the initial publication of classmate musical preferences [limited to Classmates—sorry Sam—yours aren’t in here].

81 different songs were mentioned, some of them more than once. The original question asking for one rock song was expanded to include a fast song and a slow song. And, yes, some of the songs below are not in the rock genre. Have your lawyer contact my lawyer...**Peter Wonson**.

One classmate submitted a favorite album as well – “Rubber Soul” by The Beatles. I did not include the album in the song list but included it as a Beatles mention. Have your lawyer....

The majority of the songs were mentioned once; seven were mentioned twice; two – “Rock Around the Clock” and “River Deep, Mountain High” – were mentioned thrice (see bold and parentheses).

Thirteen groups or individuals were mentioned more than once; 12 of them had more than one song mentioned. They are: Beatles 8 mentions and 6 songs; Tina Turner 7 and 5; Elvis 6 and 4; Chuck Berry 5 and 4; Stones 4 and 4; Bill Haley and the Comets 4 and 2; Led Zeppelin 4 and 2; Aerosmith 2 and 2; Cream 2 and 2; Little Richard 2 and 2; Ricky Nelson 2 and 2; Sam Cooke 2 and 2; Del Vikings 2 and 1.

So here’s the list by song name in alphabetical order and **multiple mentions shown in bold**:

A Change is Gonna Come, Sam Cooke  
A Day in the Life, The Beatles  
A Song for You, Leon Russell  
American Pie, Don McLean  
Bad Moon Rising, Creedence Clearwater Revival  
Blue Suede Shoes, Elvis  
Bohemian Rhapsody, Queen  
**Come Go with Me (2), Del Vikings**  
Come Softly to Me, The Fleetwoods  
**Communication Breakdown (2), Led Zeppelin**  
Crossroads, Cream  
Devil With the Blue Dress, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels  
Dock of the Bay, Otis Redding  
Dream On, Aerosmith  
Eternal Flame, The Bangles  
Fools Rush In, Ricky Nelson  
For What It’s Worth, Buffalo Springfield  
Gimme Shelter, The Rolling Stones  
Go Rest High On That Mountain, Vince Gill  
Good Golly Miss Molly, Little Richard  
Good Lovin’, The Young Rascals  
Great Balls of Fire, Jerry Lee Lewis

He Stopped Loving Her Today, George Jones  
Heartbreak Hotel, Elvis  
Here Comes the Sun, Beatles  
I Can’t Stop Loving You, Ray Charles  
I Want to Know What Love Is, Foreigner  
I’m Not In Love, 10cc  
In My Life, Beatles  
In the Still of the Night, The Five Satins  
I’ve Got a Feeling, Beatles  
**Jailhouse Rock (2), Elvis**  
**Johnny B Goode (2), Chuck Berry**  
Joy to the World, Three Dog Night  
Lady Madonna, Beatles  
Let’s Get It On, Marvin Gaye  
Light My Fire, The Doors  
Lipstick On Your Collar, Connie Francis  
**Love Me Tender (2), Elvis**  
Maybelline, Chuck Berry  
Midnight Hour Wilson Pickett  
Miracles, Jefferson Starship  
Misty, Johnny Mathis  
My Girl, The Temptations  
Natural Woman, Aretha Franklin  
Nights in White Satin, The Moody Blues  
Peaceful Easy Feeling, The Eagles  
Private Dancer, Tina Turner  
Proud Mary, Tina Turner  
**River Deep, Mountain High (3), Tina Turner**  
Rock and Roll Music, Chuck Berry  
**Rock Around the Clock (3), Bill Haley and the Comets**  
Rumble, Link Wray and the Wraymen  
Runaround Sue, Dion and the Belmonts  
Satisfaction, Stones  
School Day, Chuck Berry  
Sentimental Reasons, Sam Cooke  
Shake, Rattle and Roll, Bill Haley and the Comets  
**She Loves You (2) Beatles**  
Shy Guy, Diane King  
Simply the Best, Tina Turner  
**Stairway to Heaven (2), Led Zeppelin**  
Stay With Me, Faces featuring Rod Stewart  
Suite: Judy Blue Eyes, Crosby, Stills and Nash  
Sunshine of Your Love, Cream  
Sweet Emotion, Aerosmith  
Sympathy for the Devil, Stones  
Take It to The Limit, Etta James cover  
Teenager In Love, Dion and the Belmonts  
The Chain, Fleetwood Mac  
This Old Heart of Mine, The Isley Brothers  
Truckin’, The Grateful Dead  
Tunnel of Love, Dire Straits  
Tutti Frutti, Little Richard  
Unchained Melody, Ricky Nelson  
What A Day for A Daydream, Lovin’ Spoonful  
What’s Love Got to Do with It, Tina Turner  
When A Man Loves a Woman, Percy Sledge  
White Bird, Beautiful Day  
With or Without You, U2  
You Can’t Always Get What You Want, Stones  
You’ve Lost That Loving Feeling, Righteous Brothers

Quite a diverse selection, underscoring what a great musical environment we have had.

## Class Discussions—continued

### Recommended Rock ‘n’ Roll—continued

Wonson continues: Finally, my good pal **Joe Nathan Wright** selected “This Old Heart of Mine” and “Let’s Get It On.” Then he wrote, “I have a third, but it might be too much for old men.”

Well! As George Will would say, “It took me all of two 2 seconds to guess he was talking about Clarence Carter’s venerable chestnut, “Strokin””.

If you aren’t familiar with the song, copy and paste the URL below. My deepest (snicker) apologies to Mr. Wright if I got it wrong. And if it’s too much for any of you, well...uh...better check the setting on your pacemaker! The opening lines are:

When I start making love  
I don't just make love  
I be strokin'  
That's what I be doing, huh  
I be strokin'

[Clarence Carter- Strokin' - YouTube](#)

So after Peter wrote that, we asked Joe Nathan if that was the song he was referring to. He said No—but he had no problem hearing guesses from other Classmates.



**So guys, the ball’s back in our court. What song do you think Joe Nathan, the pervert, has in mind?**

## During and After Viet Nam

Jeff Hinman has suggested a couple of good websites for those who want to look at Viet Nam related archives:

Texas Tech University’s The Vietnam Center and Sam Johnson Vietnam Archive collects and preserves the documentary record of the Vietnam War, and supports and encourages research and education regarding all aspects of the American Vietnam Experience.

See: <https://www.vietnam.ttu.edu/index.php>



Another recommended resource is the Vietnam Veterans of America website <https://vva.org/publications/the-arts/>

See <https://vva.org/publications/the-arts/>



Jeff also sent a link to Bill Broyles November 1984 article “Why Men Love War” from *Esquire* magazine. I remember reading it when it first came out and appreciated it even more now.

It’s too long to include here—10+ single spaced pages—but you can find it at [https://public.wsu.edu/~hughesc/why\\_men\\_love\\_war.htm](https://public.wsu.edu/~hughesc/why_men_love_war.htm).

Broyles was the co-creator of the award-winning television series *China Beach*. That series resonated with me, in part, because that was “our beach,” located in Da Nang about 5 miles (8 clicks (km)) from my base camp.



China Beach at China Beach Orphanage—1970

## Class Gatherings

### Dartmouth Athletics Sponsor Picnic—September 11, 2023

**Ed Heald** sent in this report:

On Monday late afternoon Sept. 11, Dartmouth Athletics hosted the annual Sponsor Picnic, held in Leede Arena due to inclement weather. This ended up being a “mini-reunion” of sorts for the Class of ‘68, as among the attendees were **John Engelman** (Alumni Coordinator of the Sponsor Program), **Linc Eldridge**, **Wells Chandler**, **Jim Cruikshank**, **Dan Hedges**, **David Walden**, **Ed Heald**, and our adopted Class-mate professor **Bob Bonner** and his wife **Leslie Butler**.

[**Editor’s Note**—I tried to find photographs of this event but came up empty. John provided one—but I’m out of space.]

This event is held to recognize alumni contributors to the Sponsor Program, which funds the one official campus visit for recruited student-athletes, and those student-athletes who have benefited from such visits. The success of the program is a critical factor in attracting high-caliber performers to enroll at Dartmouth.

Two speakers (Milana Socha, head coach of swimming and Robert McRae III, co-captain of the men's basketball team) addressed the crowd, the first as a coach who emphasized how important the program is for building competitive teams, the second a senior from California who had never dreamed of being at a college like Dartmouth, and realizes how fortunate he is to have benefited both from his campus visit and his three+ years at the college. Both talks were meaningful and well received.

Thereafter followed a picnic buffet with all the athletes from all teams invited! Each team came in matching jerseys of different colors/styles, each team unique, which made not only for quite a show but also made it easy to identify the teams. The football team, all in white golf-style shirts and the largest team, was especially impressive!

As an example of the type/caliber of athlete who benefits from the program, consider these examples:

-John has sponsored many athletes over the years, the most recent of which is a top-20 ranked alpine skier on the women’s National team for her age group, who also is on the field hockey team;

-Ed has several current recruits, one a senior on the field hockey team from Vancouver BC who is on the Canadian national team for her age group, another a first-year forward on the men’s soccer team from Greece who is not only starting but also has scored a game-winning goal already.

The Class makes an annual contribution to the Sponsors Recruiting Fund.

There are undoubtedly many more successful stories that classmates could tell. Suffice it to say that the program is not only critical but successful, and always looking for more alum support. If you are interested, contact John directly. We would love to see even more ‘68s at next year’s picnic!

### NYC Dinner and Theater Party Reprise—September 22, 2023

Several of us had enjoyed the theater party in New York City last May so much that we decided to do it again in September, this time to see *Some Like It Hot*—highly recommended if you



are going to the City.

As shown to the left, we once again convened at Carmine’s for dinner and then went across the street for the show. Clockwise from left bottom—**Jill Witten**, **Debby Newcomb**, **Mark Waterhouse**, **Deborah Wolney**, **Norm Silverman**, **Leslie Cosgrove**, **Roger Witten** and **Jon Newcomb**.

The following morning, the Wittens hosted most of us at their apartment on 5th Avenue across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It was a rainy weekend, but Leslie and I went subway riding including stops at three brewpubs and exploring DUMBO (Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass) - an area in Brooklyn just across the East River from Manhattan that had been recommended by **Jack Hopke**.

More meaningful to me, however, was our stop at the World Trade Memorial where we stopped to visit Classmate **Jeff**

## Class Gatherings—continued

### NYC —September 22, 2023 Weekend—continued

LeVeen, who had been killed in the North Tower on 9-11.



The new World Trade Center on a gloomy, rainy day—most fitting for the visit.

## Homecoming Weekend —October 20-21, 2023

From **Ed Heald**: This weekend continued a line of wet weekends in New England—17 of the past 21 weekends have had rain!

So, needless to say, the Homecoming parade, pep rally and bonfire were a bit damp. Due to the weather, I was a party of one representing our class, carrying our banner, in the parade!

There is one aspect of the bonfire I must relate to you.

You recall the freshman/first years did a run around the bonfire. This has changed substantially. Now:

- ◆ There are three sets of fences that surround the bonfire, both to keep a pathway for the freshmen clear, and to keep them and others a safe distance from the fire;
- ◆ No longer do the freshmen run around the fire. Instead,



they are led in by a pair of bagpipers, walking, making the full circuit around the fire, so no more enthusiastic running; and

- ◆ They are allowed only one stroll around the fire, then are ushered out of the circle.

## Class Gatherings—continued

### Homecoming Weekend —October 20-21, 2023—continued

I stood at the exit point. Many of the students would pause there, singly or in groups, to take photos of them with the bonfire behind them. All appeared to be excited, energized and thrilled to be doing even this reduced circling of the fire. A new form of this great tradition.

During the pep rally, two things:

- ◆ The interim head football coach, Sammy McCorkle, was introduced as the new head coach.
- ◆ He and Mike Harrity officially made President Beilock a member of the football team!



Photo by Robert Gill

## Class Veterans and Other Service Experiences

From **Dave Loring**:

Commissioned in the Navy out of Dartmouth NROTC, I served in the weapons department of two destroyers in the U.S. Pacific Fleet over the course of 3 years active duty.

My first ship deployed to Vietnam, January 1969, to conduct gunfire support, mostly for the USMC. We were very busy. On the "gunline" my job was as a "gunfire liaison officer" (GLO), a fancy name for being an officer in charge of one of two teams coordinating all gunfire support missions from the ship's CIC....combat information center.

My primary training was in ASW—anti-submarine warfare, but by some quirk of fate and personnel transfers, by the end of active duty, I had held every job in a weapons department.





## Class Veterans and Other Service Experiences-continued

A most enjoyable time was visiting my former roommate **Burt Quist** and his wife **Cathy** when they were stationed with the USMC at Camp Pendleton and my ship was just down the road in San Diego. I credit Burt for encouraging me to join NROTC at Dartmouth. I tried to link up with my other roommate **Jim Henle**, doing service in the Peace Corps in the Philippines, but just missed him.

I remained in the Naval Reserve for several years after active duty.

From **Alex Conn**:



As a Yankee serving in the Air Force in the deep south, I learned southernisms just to get by. Working in the Mathematical Services Lab at Eglin AFB on the Florida panhandle, many of the civilian and military people in my office were from Alabama, Mississippi, etc., and I found myself actually translating expressions for fellow Northerners. I even wrote a Blue-Gray dictionary with lots of humorous expressions translated.

My Air Force assignment was as a Computer Systems Design Engineer. We wrote software for a weapons effectiveness testing system in which pilots flew missions, “fired” guns and missiles, and the computer calculated whether they hit their targets. Planes were also “fired upon” by ground systems. Officers sat in front of displays and critiqued the pilots so that they improved their accuracy for their eventual missions, and on each plane, pyrotechnic devices gave off smoke if the plane was considered “hit.”

When I first arrived, the displays only showed planes as vectors on a map. I asked why the vectors didn't look like planes and was told that they had studied that, and the computer did not have any spare computing power to enhance the vectors.

I asked whether I could try. My boss hesitated, saying that the “load module” (the full system ready to run) could never be allowed to crash. Each mission involved 6 planes, and the planes required \$25,000 maintenance for each run. If the system crashed, that was \$150,000 down the drain in 1971 dollars!

Working with a guy in the Math Lab who was a matrix transformation whiz, we made plans for representing three of the common planes with airframes. I coded the dimensions of each plane in software. My first test try showed a plane that, as people described, was the size of all of Eglin, and it got a lot of

laughs. But soon we had the airframes working, adding contrails, since that would show whether the plane, for example, tipped a wing during firing. Officers had three views (top, side, and perspective) for evaluating the pilot's performance. The system never crashed.

It was quite a rewarding experience, and I got to know people from a lot of different backgrounds. I met two officers who became life-long friends. I'd like to believe that the airframe displays allowed a better critique and training of the pilots, so that on their eventual missions, pilots hit more military targets and fewer civilians.

From **Bob Holmberg**:

You have stimulated me to write an article for *The Transmission* and the “Veterans and Other Services” series. I appreciate your adding other services beyond the military.

This is a story of my most personally meaningful service with the Navajo and the Indian Health Service in NM.

I strongly believe all young adults should serve the nation in some capacity. There are so many opportunities. These cannot be learned in a classroom!

June 1974 found my new bride, **Dr. Joan MacCracken**, and me heading in our 4 wheeled drive Scout down a long dusty washboard road in New Mexico towards Crown Point Indian Health Service Hospital.



We were leaving far behind the comforts of past urban lives. I had been fortunate to head directly from Dartmouth to Case Western Reserve Medical School, followed by the first 2 years of Pediatric Residency in Denver. I needed a break from this rather straight track and was not clear in future medical career plans.

We joined a close little team of 4 other young physicians also

## Class Veterans and Other Service Experiences-continued

taking breaks from the long slog of residency training. I had always felt the need to do some type of national service. I respect the huge sacrifices of fellow '68s in Viet Nam. This was my opportunity to serve, caring for and living with Navajo in a totally different culture in the high desert geography of New Mexico. There were no specialists to back us up for many miles either to Gallup in the West or to Albuquerque in the East. We had to rely on our own team's assets and know our limitations. On call at night we dealt with whatever came in: from rodeo accident fractures, obstetric emergencies, DTs, plague, heart failure, and on and on. We relied on team members with a few years of internal medicine training as they relied on ours in pediatrics. Learning when to ask for help and refer to larger hospitals was a critical skill in practicing high quality, timely, comprehensive health care.

This IHS experience was among the most personally rewarding in my training. It was influential in setting my career goals. We served in a healthcare setting which naturally integrated preventive public and community health with medical practice. Each of us was assigned a remote village to visit on a regular basis, working with a local village community health aide. We advised on a wide range of public health issues from school health, water supply and sanitation, TB and VD control, in addition to following villagers with chronic diseases.

The US has very few such holistic healthcare models. In addition, we needed to collaborate with native medicine men, learning to respect indigenous concepts of disease as imbalance in personal life. Pretty appropriate for addressing the behavioral, life style risk factors behind the majority of adult chronic diseases!

I came away from this 2 year experience more aware of the critical value of close teamwork and knowing your limitations. It led to a career focused pretty broadly on integrating public preventive and community health into a specialty pediatric practice in rural N. Maine, serving a huge geography where I had greater respect for the referring isolated providers than I ever would have.



Joan (rear middle) and Bob (rear right)  
with Navajo tribal members

## News from and about Classmates

Earlier in this issue it was noted that **Arnie Resnicoff** would be receiving our Class's Give A Rouse Award in May. This story explains pretty clearly why. It was published in *The Times of Israel* August 22, 2023 and can be found at: <https://blogs.timesofisrael.com/the-camouflage-kippa-memories-of-the1983-beirut-barracks-bombing/>.

A variation can be found in the National Catholic Register (October 21, 2023) at <https://www.ncregister.com/news/the-priest-the-rabbi-and-the-beirut-terrorist-attack-of-1983-yq4jd8ms>.

### **The camouflage kippa: Memories of the1983 Beirut barracks bombing**

*As this year's October 23 40th anniversary of the attack approaches, I pray that some of my memories can be used in programs, ceremonies — and sermons. I pray we remember this attack, mourn the*

*victims, and celebrate the courage and humanity of the survivors who risked their lives to rescue their brothers.*



Beirut chapel plaque. Above: peace and peacekeeping, the ideal. Below: charred wood, after the attack, the reality of war. (The emblem is the old Navy Chaplain Corps seal, since changed.) USN photo of article in USN Chaplaincy School. (Wikipedia)

## News from and about Classmates—continued

***As this year's October 23 40th anniversary of the attack approaches, I pray that some of my memories can be used in programs, ceremonies — and sermons. I pray we remember this attack, mourn the victims, and celebrate the courage and humanity of the survivors who risked their lives to rescue their brothers.***

In the first moments after the 6:22 a.m. attack on October 23, 1983, most of us ran out of our building — one about 75 yards from the barracks directly hit by the suicide driver — to do what we could until medical help arrived.

I had been brushing my teeth, wearing trousers and a t-shirt. When the building shook, windows exploded, and the doors came off their hinges, I “hit the deck,” thinking it was our building that had been hit by a mortar or a shell. When I got to my feet and others were slowly beginning to stand as well, we took a moment to give thanks that the building had withstood the attack. Only then did we begin to hear the screams from the other building, and realized what we had experienced had only been a result of the explosive force of the blast “next door.”

Fr. George Pucciarelli, the Catholic chaplain for the MAU (Marine Amphibious Unit — a unit that today would be called a MEU: Marine Expeditionary Unit) paused only to grab and put his purple stole around his neck, because he knew he would be administering last rites. At the same time he put it on, he yelled “follow me,” and we both ran out to a scene of unbelievable destruction and carnage.

The four story building across the way was completely demolished. Later the investigators would say that the blast — one of the largest non-nuclear explosions in history, the result of a suicide driver driving a van packed with explosives, under compressed gas pressure — had actually lifted up the building, which then collapsed and fell apart.

We didn't know how long it would take for medical help to arrive, but it seemed like an eternity. We did what we could, literally tearing our clothing apart to use pieces to wipe blood and dirt from the faces of wounded Marines. At one point, after tearing my t-shirt to shreds, I used the small black kippa that I regularly wore.

When we finally had a moment to catch our breath, “Pooch” (my friend, the Priest) tore off the top piece of his Marine camouflage cap, and brought it over to me, to wear. He told me that in that area of the world, where every religious group seemed to be gunning for every other group, he wanted our personnel to remember not only that we as chaplains helped everyone — regardless of religion, and regardless of

whether any of the wounded claimed a religion — but also that we did it side-by-side, Christian and Jew. (Today there are chaplains representing other faiths, as well.) “Interfaith cooperation” was not some academic theory for us. It was — and continues to be — our mission, and our way of life.



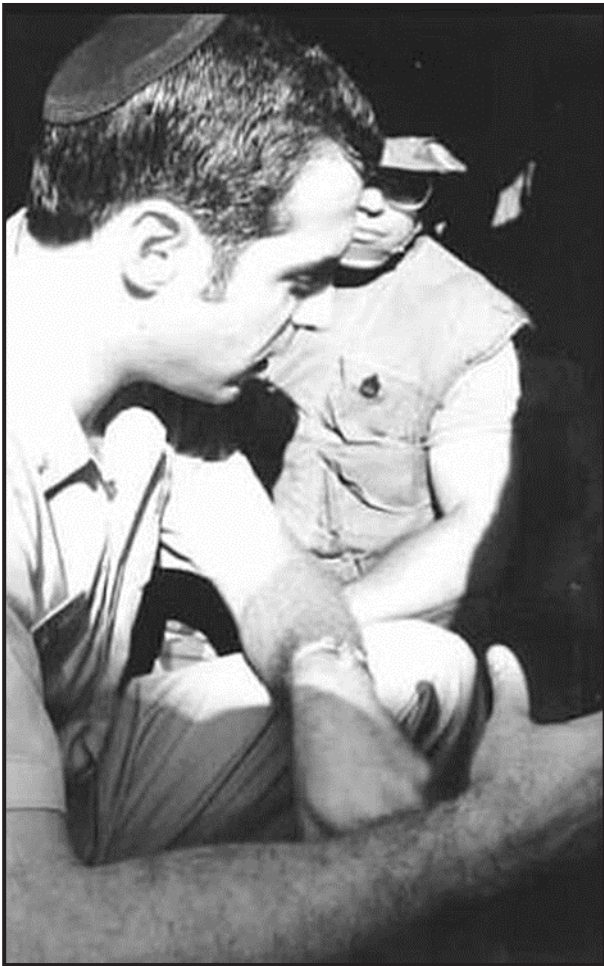
The “camouflage kippa” made with material Catholic chaplain Pucciarelli tore from the top of his uniform cap. (Photo DOD, Wikipedia)

For the two years before that 1983 bombing, congress had been debating a “religious apparel amendment” that would allow Jewish military personnel in uniform to wear “neat and conservative” head coverings, but it failed to pass. (The general rule back then was that Jewish chaplains could keep their heads covered, but not non-chaplains — and sometimes even chaplains were not allowed that right.) Senator Lautenberg and Congressman Solarz, the two men behind the amendment, had the story of the camouflage kippa read into the Congressional Record, and they later told me they thought that story was the tipping point for passage. Suddenly, the idea of a kippa in uniform was not just a question of uniformity, instead it became a symbol of unity: that despite all the religious and ethnic backgrounds of our military personnel, we were unified, working side by side, when the chips were down. That kippa became a

## News from and about Classmates—continued

symbol of how we were united in our fight for freedom, including religious freedom.

That same idea was part of a story I still tell about our presence in Beirut, in an area covered with the foxholes and bunkers that we and the other militaries had dug. I said that there were Christian foxholes, dug by the Lebanese Christian Phalangists, Muslim foxholes for other Lebanese factions, and the largely Jewish foxholes used by Israeli/IDF forces. But our US foxholes were “interfaith,” crammed with service personnel of all religions and no religions (believe me, I came to learn quickly that the old WW2 saying that there were “no atheists in foxholes” was never true). I said that if the world had more interfaith foxholes, we would have less need for foxholes, and more room for faith.



Pre-attack Beirut, with the kippa that would be lost and replaced  
(Photo USMC, Wikipedia)

Just last week, the first Sikh Marine Corps recruit allowed to have a full beard and a turban to cover his unshorn hair during basic training, graduated from Marine Corps boot camp. The Marines were the last hold-out, and other services already allowed that. However, all of the hundreds of changes to mili-

tary rules and policies related to “religious accommodation in the military service” began with that original Religious Apparel Amendment, driven by the story of the camouflage kippa in Beirut. The path was not always straight, and sometimes it seemed like it was one step forward and then two steps back... but the final outcome was extraordinary success in terms of the free exercise of religion, and the beginning was in very many ways the story of the camouflage kippa, made by a Catholic priest for me.

There were many other Jewish elements to the story of the attack and its aftermath, including my very presence. I arrived in Beirut on Friday Oct 21 to hold a memorial service for SSGT Allen Soifert, the first Jewish Marine to die there during our operations as part of the Multinational Peacekeeping Force. We had approximately 1300 personnel in our US component, alongside the British, French, and Italian troops that were also part of the force.

I was stationed on the U.S. Sixth Fleet flagship, then the USS Puget Sound, in Gaeta, Italy, as one of the chaplains on the staff of the Sixth Fleet Commander. Even though the leaders of our US forces worked with the Governor of New Hampshire to get Soifert’s body home as quickly as possible, for a speedy burial in accordance with Jewish law, the others in the US contingent — hardly any of them Jewish — wanted a rabbi to hold a memorial service out of respect for the faith of their fallen comrade, so I was sent in.

It wasn’t easy to get into Beirut those days because of the war, so from Gaeta I went to Naples, flew from Naples to Sicily (Sigonella was the headquarters for Naval Air in the Mediterranean) and from there to Cyprus. From Cyprus I was flown by helicopter into Beirut, with the crew aware that our short flight from Cyprus was the most vulnerable part of the journey.

Because of the complicated trip to Beirut I didn’t arrive until Friday. My arrival was anticipated, so as soon as the helo landed, we held the memorial service. I remember inviting the other two chaplains — Fr. George Pucciarelli, Catholic, and Rev Danny Wheeler, Protestant — to join me to read the 23rd psalm, clasping our hands together to symbolize our unity in the face of the religious hostility throughout the area, and in so many other parts of the world.

The Marines told me I could begin my trip back to Italy the next day, but I told them I did not travel on Saturday, so would wait until Sunday. My Shabbat/Sabbath observance was the reason I ended up being there during the Sunday morning attack, a fact that did not go unnoticed in the stories that would be told and retold by other chaplains.

The death toll that day was horrific: 241 American military

## News from and about Classmates—continued

personnel — 220 Marines, 18 Navy, and 3 Army. One part of the story that is often overlooked is that the 18 Navy dead included 16 of our medical personnel — one doctor and 15 corpsmen — virtually our entire medical battalion. Navy medical personnel, like Navy chaplains, serve Marines, and the loss of our medical battalion made the situation even worse as we tried to deal with the scores of wounded personnel.

For the Marines this one day loss was the worst experienced since the Battle of Iwo Jima in WWII.

Minutes after the attack we experienced, the French compound was hit with an attack almost identical to ours: a suicide driver with a van laden with explosives. 58 more men were killed in that attack.

On the fourth day following these explosions, then-VP George H. W. Bush led a small White House team that visited us, to honor the survivors and mourn the victims. I remember wondering what the Vice President would say, because so much of what he might say could sound hollow. But his actions were perfect. He stood in front of the body bags, bowed his head, and mourned with us in silence. Immediately I thought of the Bible story of the death of two of Aaron's sons, and the Biblical words, "And Aaron was silent." Sometimes when there are no "right" words, no words become the most powerful response of all: we speak through silence in a language far beyond what we might say in human words.

The Sixth Fleet Commander, Vice Admiral Martin, and the Commandant of the Marine Corps, General P.X. Kelley, accompanied the White House team. Admiral Martin made sure to find me, for two reasons. First, he introduced me to VP Bush, and that was when the VP invited me to write a report of the attack and its aftermath, "once my head cleared," and then to send it directly to the president. He told me to put a note on top of the report, inside the envelope, noting that I was sending this report to the president at the request of the vice president.

Later I would ask the admiral whether I should really send it directly, or go through the chain-of-command, as I had been taught. Admiral Martin laughed and said that at my rank it would take forever to go through the chain of command between me and the president, so that I should just follow the directions of Vice President Bush.

A few weeks after I sent the report I received a beautiful response from President Reagan, thanking me for my "words and deeds," and adding that he hoped I wouldn't mind if he shared my report with others. I showed the letter to my Admiral, who smiled and said "that means he's going to let Nancy read it." We all laughed, but some time later we received a video from the White House, a recording that showed Reagan had read the report in full as a keynote speech to the Jerry Falwell convention of 20,000 Baptists, "Baptist Fundamentalism

"84." He said he was going to "read another man's words," identified me as the author, and then read the complete [report](https://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/documents/remarks-the-baptist-fundamentalism-annual-convention). (See: <https://www.presidency.ucsb.edu/documents/remarks-the-baptist-fundamentalism-annual-convention>.)

During the speech, a group of about a dozen attendees went through with a pre-planned protest, unfurling a banner that read "bread, not bombs," chanting the words at the same time. President Reagan was at the height of his power as the "great communicator," and after the protestors were carried out he asked the crowd, "wouldn't it be nice if some of that Marine spirit could rub off, and they would listen [to this story] about brotherly love?"

When I rewatch the video of this speech now, there is a poignancy that was missing the first time around — because now we know that even though at that point the president sounded like he was at the height of his powers, Alzheimer's was lurking in the shadows, ready to pounce....

The second reason Admiral Martin sought me out represents one of the most human moments in all my Navy career. Martin was a three-star admiral who had been imprisoned for years in a POW camp in Vietnam, many of those years in solitary confinement. He had a very unusual career, because most POWs who returned to active service in the military were given non-operational assignments, such as the head of schools. The reason behind those assignments was that prisoners were automatically promoted during captivity, and then returned to a world and a military that had dramatically changed, at a rank they sometimes were not prepared to hold. But Martin "hit the deck running," as we used to say, earning continuing promotions, including the third star that made him a vice admiral, and accepting his current assignment as Commander, US Sixth Fleet.

But those of us who worked for him knew that like most former POWs the experience had not left him unscathed. He worked as if he did not want to lose another minute, since he had lost so many years. He was professional, and still let his humanity show through acts of kindness and courtesy...but would snap back to duty mode very quickly.

With that background, his words to me in Beirut could not have touched me more deeply. With the hint of tears in his eyes, he took me aside, away from the others in the group — to apologize to me.

The Sixth Fleet flagship — the USS Puget Sound — had immediately become the center of operations for actions in the wake of the Beirut attack. His staff was in constant contact with all the military leaders on the ground. And yet, it took 8 hours before my family in Italy could be alerted as to whether or not I was still alive.

## News from and about Classmates—continued

Just minutes after the 6:22am attack, my wife was called, and told about the attack, so that the first she heard about it would not be on the news. The Catholic chaplain, the senior chaplain on the staff, Fr. Bob Riley, called to tell her there was no reason to think I had been hurt, but the staff would keep her informed.

But it took 8 hours.

As luck would have it, my mother was visiting from the States. In fact, when we had brought her back from the airport in Rome, the phone was ringing off the hook at our apartment. Those were the days before cellphones, of course, so the ship had called me again and again. The news was that Soifert, the Jewish Marine, had been killed in Beirut, and I was to return to do a memorial service.

I later learned that every time the phone rang before my family finally learned the news that I was alive, my mother gasped, held her hand over her heart, and feared the worst. My wife — a good Navy wife — tried to reassure her, saying that bad news would be delivered in person, so what they should fear was a knock on the door. A phone call would either mean no news or good news.

The admiral's apology was that it took so long to deliver news to my family — because, he told me, as the death count increased, he just didn't know how to ask if his chaplain, the one person on his staff in Beirut during the attack, had survived. He didn't know how to phrase the question without sounding like he cared more about me than about the hundreds of others who had died.

Eventually, a captain on his staff (very appropriately, a Jewish officer), figured out the way he should ask the question. He asked his Marine contact whether, given all the casualties, I would return to Gaeta on schedule, or stay in Beirut to help with the wounded and the survivors. When he was told that I had agreed to stay, he had the answer that I was alive. Immediately, my family was given the news.

I have many, many memories of this terrible attack.

For one thing, when we first ran outside our building to see what had happened, it was the first time in my life that I truly understood the expression, "I could not believe my eyes." The giant four-story building that I expected to see was so demolished that it seemed as if it had just disappeared.

Somehow I thought that I was looking in the wrong direction or had made a wrong turn, until slowly, finally, I could begin to focus and through the smoke and the air filled with dust, I could see the rubble, the bodies, and worst of all, the pieces of bodies strewn throughout the area.



Smoke rises after the attack. (USMC, Wikipedia).

I remember lessons in chaplains school, when we engaged in discussions about what we should do if we found ourselves ministering to the wounded and dying of faiths other than our own. What if someone Catholic asked me to administer last rites? What would the priests in the class hope that I would do, and then, what could or would I do, even knowing their wishes?

But with all of these thoughts and training sessions in my mind, no one I cradled in my arms or tried to comfort by saying medical help was on the way ever asked me for any specific religious rite. Instead, they asked me to promise that, if the worst should occur and they did not survive, I should tell their family that they loved them.

My strongest memory, however, is about Danny Wheeler, the Protestant chaplain who was stationed along with Pucciarelli, with the MAU.

Danny and Pooch each stayed in one of the buildings, and when I visited I would alternate, one time staying with one, and the next visit, with the other. This visit, for the memorial

## News from and about Classmates—continued

service, I was going to stay with Danny. However, Pooch told me he had something he wanted to discuss with me, so I should stay with him. That request might have saved my life, because it was Danny's building that was hit, and he was among the small group of survivors.

In fact, Danny was the last person rescued from under the rubble — after being buried more than 5 hours.

I remember that Pooch and I were so sure Danny was dead that we had already agreed that when we made it back to the US, we would go together to visit Danny's wife (his widow, in our minds).

But then, Pooch spotted Danny's stole or shawl, the vestment that he wore when he conducted services. Seeing it on the ground partially covered, gave us hope that perhaps Danny was in that area, as well, and soon a large group of us were digging with all our might, until we found Danny, still alive.

Danny had no idea of the magnitude of the attack, assuming some shell or rocket had hit the part of the building that included his bunk. In my report of the rescue efforts I wrote that we were almost counting his fingers and toes, inspecting him to ensure he was whole. Then his first words were a question about his RP — his chaplain assistant. He wanted to know how his assistant was. We had to deliver the news that his assistant was dead. But I remember how many of the survivors first asked about others.

General Kelley, the Marine Corps Commandant, left Beirut to fly to Italy to visit wounded personnel in the hospital in Naples, and he took me with him. I walked with him, bed to bed, as he pinned purple hearts on hospital gowns. Then we parted ways, and I returned home to Gaeta, to my family.

However, my final memory from Beirut was the goodbye from Admiral Martin. He told me that by the time I made it home, the ship would be leaving for an official visit to France. He told me that he was giving me a direct order to "miss ship's movement": that he did not want me on the ship when it left Italy for its next port of call. Instead, he told me I should spend time with my family, and then meet the ship in France when I thought I was ready.

That was what I did.

Arnie adds: On October 23, 2017, the 34th anniversary of the attack, I had the honor of delivering the following prayer at the ceremony held at the U.S. Marine Barracks ("8th & I") Washington, DC.

***We pray, meditate, reflect in different ways, but together mourn our dead, honor our wounded, and***

***weep for the pain of their families.***

***We praise our heroes, past and present, too, for as World War II reporter Elmer Davis wrote, this nation shall remain the land of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave.***

***34 years ago today, terrorist attacks took the lives of hundreds of the brave, in the American and French compounds of the Multinational Peacekeeping Force in Beirut.***

***They came in peace to a land at war. In the line of fire, they risked their lives to buy some time in pursuit of a dream.***

***Let us honor them by being brave ourselves: brave enough to fight when fight we must, but also brave enough to believe that through our words, our deeds, our lives, we'll keep the dream of peace alive, and make the future better than the past.***

***And may we say, Amen.***

The following from **Warren Cooke**—especially the **photograph**—struck me as an appropriate—perhaps necessary—transition from Arnie's story:

Greetings from Moosehead Lake, Maine. Several towering thunderstorms came through yesterday afternoon, each followed by bright sun and a rainbow. This one - possibly the brightest rainbow I have ever seen - is over The Katahdin, a steamboat that until 1975 was used to tow booms of logs across the Lake (since then the logs are transported by truck and The Katahdin gives tours around the Lake).



*Continues on next page*

## More News from and about Classmates

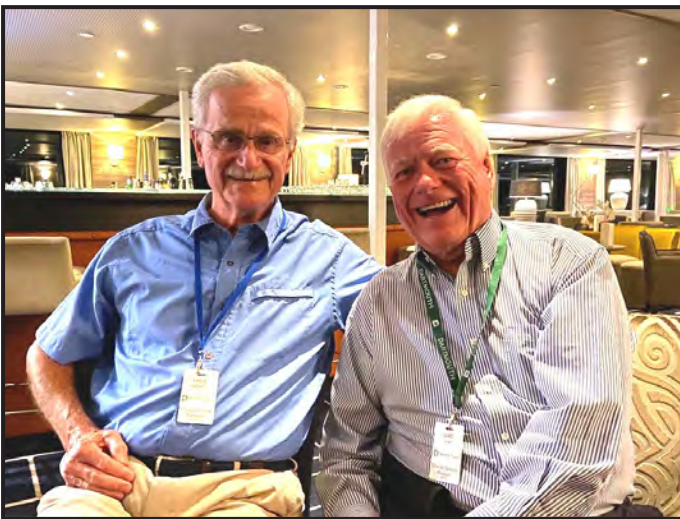
Not to be outdone by Warren's photo on the prior page, **Clark Wadlow** provided this one from his home on the Intracoastal Waterway in Florida.



From **Mike Ryan**

Ellie and I took a Dartmouth Alumni Travel journey on the Danube in late August into September. At the first night's welcome reception in Prague, we met classmate **Fred Palmer** and his wife **Judy**. Interestingly, Fred's path and mine never crossed in Hanover so this was our first meeting. The four of us became fast friends and we enjoyed traveling through Germany, Czech Republic, Austria, Slovakia, Hungary, Croatia, Serbia, and Bulgaria. These Dartmouth Alumni Travel journeys are a great way to meet old friends and make new ones.

Here we are in the riverboat's lounge celebrating (Fred on the left, Mike on the right).



From **John Russell**:

Today in a telephone conversation I was having with '68 classmate **Billy Stahl, Tom Peterson's** name came up and Billy said that at our class reunion Tom had received some award and beautiful tribute from one of our classmates. Since I was not at the reunion I had no idea about this recognizing of Tom when I wrote my letter to you/"*The Transmission*" a while back. My letter might well be redundant to those who attended the reunion and heard Tom's tribute. In light of this fact, please handle my letter as you best see fit. [**Editor's Note**— I'm guessing John, via Bill, is referring to the mention of Tom during our reunion Memorial Service, so this isn't redundant.]

Mahalo

John's original letter is as follows:

Aloha Classmates—

In the Winter 2020 Newsletter, under the heading "More News From and About Classmates" I wrote—

"THE TRANSMISSION closes where all of us will ultimately end up... in 'Obituaries.' In that issue two beloved classmates, **Jeff LeVeen** and '**Sex**' **Larson**, are remembered not so much for their careers, awards and accomplishments, but for the lasting impressions they made on others and which we had the pleasure of experiencing through the story-telling of **Peter Fahey, Gerry Bell**, and Peter Logan '70."

In the Fall 2023 Newsletter seven of our classmates: **Charley Woodhouse, John McNary, Steve Engelman, Randall Rountree Moring, John Lazarus, Thomas Peterson**, and **Douglas Cook** are remembered in the "In Memoriam" section. Sure enough each entry alludes to "the lasting impressions they made on others."

But **Thomas Peterson's** entry stopped me dead in my tracks...

"A year later he entered Harvard Law School but left before finishing as he was disillusioned by the paucity of values and motivations in many of his classmates. Searching for a deeper meaning in life, he took a job in the pear orchards of Northern CA and underwent a religious conversion."

Now there's a story that if not downright weird is certainly out of the ordinary and I think, a bit refreshing to appear in an eulogy/obituary. Think of the thousands of college undergrads then and now who would kill to get into Harvard Law School... yet Tom "disillusioned", walks away from that almost certain road to worldly Success. As I was wrestling with this unusual story, all of a sudden my 77-year-old memory bank started to shake, rattle and roll, and I remembered that I had kept in my



## More News from and about Classmates

old Dartmouth files, a letter **Tom Peterson** had authored and was published in “The Class of 1968 Newsletter/Post-Winter Olympics 1992”... more than 30 years ago! It was titled “An Open Letter, from **Tom Peterson ‘68**” and it took up two full pages.

Tom then followed it up with a much shorter “Postcard News Briefs” entry in the “Summer 1992 Newsletter” that carried his same message...

“4/10/92 I once thought Eleazar Wheelock to be an antique oddity. In 1971, I met Jesus Christ; now I speak Eleazar’s language! [I am still serving him, by the way. It gets better all the time.] The Kingdom of God is at hand!

After reading Tom’s “Open Letter” back in 1992, I filled out one of those “Take a minute for a message... about yourself and classmates” green postcards pre-addressed to **John H. Pilling** to report that I too had experienced a “religious conversion” in the early 1970s. But I never got off my lazy ass (or had the courage?) to mail it in.

Just now I got out the “Dartmouth Class of ‘68 40<sup>th</sup> Reunion” book and looked up **Thomas E. Peterson**. Sure enough, in 2008 Tom was still living out the “Vox clamantis in deserto” he heard in 1972 in the pear orchards of Northern California. His “In Memoriam” entry confirms that ... in spite of the fact “Tom suffered throughout life from congenital disease, multiple post-operative sequela, and a debilitating stroke in 2018 with many physical challenges...he never lost faith” continuing to live in his vocation/calling for 51 years up until his death in 2023.”

“Well done, good and faithful servant...” You obviously took “a road less traveled” and it seems to have made all the difference.

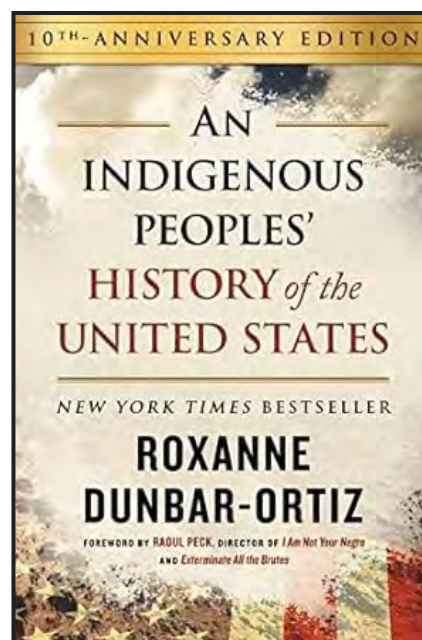
**John** “formerly the Baptist... now a Papist” **Russell**

On the day the Big Green won this year’s Ivy League football title (actually a three-way tie), **Peter Wonson** sent the following message and photo: My wife had this flag made for me about 20 years ago by a local Roanoke flag maker. It went up by the front door about 3:30 today.



In a separate email, Peter sent the following :

Since many of us have been engaged for the past six weeks in a discussion of hate, persecution, bloody violence and extermination, let me take you down a parallel path with a book recommendation. *An Indigenous Peoples’ History of the United States, 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Edition* by Roxanne Dunbar-Ortiz (some of you may have read it when it was first published in 2014) is a book that is on the side of universal justice and well worth your time.



For me, the scales fell from my eyes in January 1971 in an unusual location – The Nugget. There I saw, for the first of many times, *Little Big Man*, starring Dustin Hofman as Jack Crabb/Little Big Man in a tour de force performance. I’m confident most of you have seen it. I was hypnotized by this tragicomic movie, and from then on felt obliged to learn more about the truth behind the genocide perpetrated on the Native American by European colonialists and the American white man.

For years I sought to expand my knowledge, whether about Chivington at Sand Creek in 1864 (“nits turn into lice”) or the horror of Wounded Knee 26 years later in 1890. This book will add to your knowledge of a sorrowful, quintessential, and on-going chapter in American history. It was a hard book to read; it made me weep; it made me seethe; it also taught me lessons I heretofore hadn’t learned and made me resolve to do my part to help bring the truth to light. Dr. Dunbar-Ortiz turns the accepted version of American history on its head, ripping up the paving stones and laying bare the raw dirt of the origin myth of the United States.

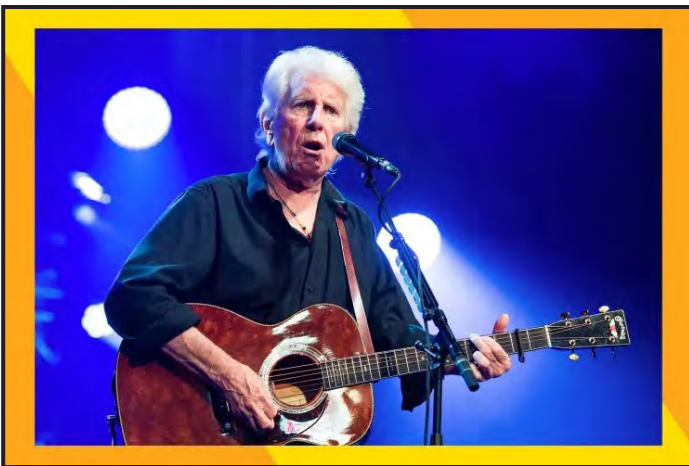
I encourage you to explore this book by relating the words Jack Crabb the mule skinner spoke at the top of Medicine Tail Coulee on the last day of the Son of the Morning Star’s life. Crabb

## More News from and about Classmates

snarled his challenge to Custer: “You go down there, General, if you’ve got the nerve!”

And finally, on another topic—a great Graham Nash concert he had just seen plus some Leverone memories—Peter sent:

These days all the old guys -- he's 81 and still kicking it onstage -- have young bucks with them. His two were amazing. One of them played bass, guitar, mandolin, drums and sax -- and sang harmonies -- not all at once. The other played drums, guitar and sang harmonies. And on two songs he did all three at the same time! One stick, rhythm chords and harmonies. I'd never seen that before. Consummate musicians. His keyboard guy has been with him a long time and is sensational in the background...piano, Hammond organ, synthesizer, and often a small "keyboard bass" with his left hand. Also backing vocals. Nash played guitar, piano, harmonica as well as sang lead. All those multi-instrumentalists mixed and matched seamlessly and the vocal harmonies were exceptional.



They started right on time— a rock group, can you believe it? — and took what Nash said would be a 20-minute break and it was. Mostly CSN songs, many of his biggest hits, including *Bus Stop* by the Hollies. His voice, like most octogenarians, is worn from age, and a little thin in his high range when he was singing quietly. But when he was full voice it sounded like the old days.

The other two concerts in my Top 3 were in Leverone. After we graduated, and I was in Hanover with Tracks, we somehow worked out a deal to do the sound checks for the big name groups that came to Hanover. We still had to pay for our tickets, but as compensation we got in at the head of the early-in line so we got front row seats. Ray Charles (with Billy Preston as his lead act) was outstanding. And then there was Sly and the Family Stone. My goodness. There we were in the front row for about three songs, looked at each other and said, uh, let's go to the back. The energy was so powerful, we just knew something wild was going to break out. About 30 seconds after

we skedaddled to the back, a huge throng stormed the stage. As I recall (slim memory thread here) Sly and his folks played right through the carnage of chairs thrown, security hauling people off the stage, and similar craziness. From the back, the concert was also amazing, and we were safe.

**Editor's Note:** Peter's memories of concerts in Leverone remind me of two when our Classmate, the late **Eric Jones**, worked for the box office and would get us early passes allowing the selection of prime seats and the chance to hear the acts warming up and testing the sound equipment. When Simon and Garfunkel played, they spent close to an hour doing that, in effect giving us a whole free concert.

The second memory is of the Kingsman, famous for “Louie Louie.” They had an absolutely atrocious opening act that started quite late as I recall. When the Kingsman finally took the stage, they started 6 or 8 songs with the opening chords of “Louie Louie” before changing to whatever completely awful song they actually intended to play. At some point, the audience got pissed and started to boo. The Kingsman responded by telling us to “Stuff it” and stormed off the stage, ending the concert.

A lengthy and interesting write-up on the song can be found at [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louie\\_Louie](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Louie_Louie).

You can listen to Louie Louie at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AQMijFDNjs4> if you are so inclined.

**Warren Cooke** reported on future travel plans, which you will be able to read about on the Class Website. Warren said:

Next really big trip — Darien (eastern part of Panama near Colombia) in January, where I hope to catch up with and photograph the great Harpy Eagle. And lots of other birds (e.g. Crested Owl). Will keep you posted.

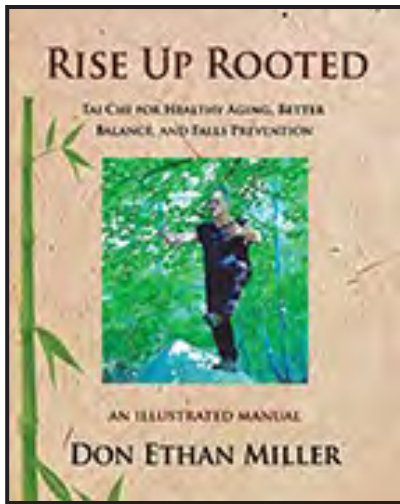
Then in March, Lapland; in June, Tanzania; and in August, back to the Pantanal in Brazil, where you can spend a couple of weeks and still just scratch the wildlife surface.

**Andy Hotaling** let us know “Ann and I moved to Bend, Oregon, when I retired in 2020.” Anyone familiar with Bend knows it is prime craft beer territory, with more than 30 breweries in the town.

And finally, the November/December issue of the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* had a feature article on **Eric Hatch's** “Glaciers in Retreat” exhibit starting on page 34. Those of us who attended our 55th Reunion in June will recognize some of the 17 magnificent photos in the exhibit that Eric had on display.

## Class Authors—continued from page 14

**Don Miller** - *Rise Up Rooted: Tai Chi For Healthy Aging, Better Balance, and Falls Prevention*



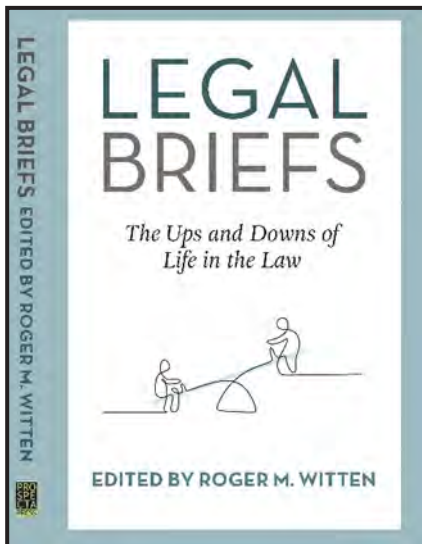
Mastodon Productions is rooted in **Don Ethan Miller's** more than forty years' practice of Tai Chi and other martial and healing arts. In addition to Yang Style Tai Chi in the Cheng Man Ching lineage, he has studied Kuntao-Silat, Yiquan, Xingyi, Jeet Kune Do, Judo, TaeKwonDo, and Ermei Qigong.

Don was four-time national

Champion in Tai Chi Tuishou (Pushing Hands) competition, and has taught thousands of people in workshops and classes across North America.

Don is also a prize-winning poet, non-fiction author, and screenwriter. He regards it as his mission to bring authentic, powerful, non-form based internal arts to the world through a variety of media, ranging from instructional DVDs to inspirational calendars, master classes, e-books, and feature films. He may be reached directly at [DonMillerTaiChi@gmail.com](mailto:DonMillerTaiChi@gmail.com).

**Roger Witten**—*Legal Briefs*



Roger has a book coming out in late April—*Legal Briefs - the Ups and Downs of Life in the Law*.

It is an anthology of 24 essays/stories written by 19 lawyers for the general reading public about interesting and/or amusing law-related topics including Watergate, 9/11., the release of the American hostages in Iran, a child custody battle, and

more. Two other 68s - **Bill Kolasky** and **Warren Cooke** - contributed essays to this volume.

Among other things Roger served as Assistant Special Prosecutor of the Watergate Special Prosecution Force in 1973 -1974.

We have been trying to compile a list of Classmates who have authored books, parts of them, or have something in the works. So far we have:

**Tony Abruzzo**  
**Roger Anderson**  
**Fred Appelbaum**  
**Noel Augustyn**  
**Gerry Bell**  
**David Bergengren**  
**Randy Blair**  
**Steve Calvert**  
**Tony Choueke**  
**Alex Conn**  
**Tom Couser**  
**Dikkon Eberhart**  
**Jeff Garten**  
**Eric Hatch**  
**Woody Lee**  
**John Miksic**  
**Mark Nelson**  
**Jack Noon**  
**Richard Parker**  
**Hank Paulson**  
**Bob Reich**  
**Arnie Resnicoff**  
**Paul Schweizer**  
**David Soren**  
**David Stromeyer**  
**Mark Waterhouse**  
**Roger Witten**  
**Peter Wonson**  
**Bill Zarchy**

If you should be on this list, let me know.

And finally, from **Gerry Bell**:

Working on my latest book.

Initial reaction from my publisher about the story line:



# Odds and Ends

## Class Educators

In the last issue of *The Transmission*, we started what we hoped would be a regular column about the experiences of those of us who went into the educational field as a vocation.

Unfortunately, no one submitted anything for this issue.

Our intrepid Vice President of List Making **Peter Wonson** has compiled the following list of Classmates in the educational field, based on entries in our 40th Reunion Book, submissions in our 50th Reunion “Who Are You?” questionnaire, and other sources. Here’s the list of 92 we have so far:

|                           |                         |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| <b>Anderson, Charles</b>  | <b>McNary, John</b>     |
| <b>Armstrong, Peter</b>   | <b>Mercer, John</b>     |
| <b>Barker, Bill</b>       | <b>Mestetsky, Rich</b>  |
| <b>Barrick, Boyd</b>      | <b>Mhone, Guy</b>       |
| <b>Bednarz, Bob</b>       | <b>Miksic, John</b>     |
| <b>Beers, Bill</b>        | <b>Miller, Rich</b>     |
| <b>Bennani, Ben</b>       | <b>Moeller, Mike</b>    |
| <b>Berry, Chuck</b>       | <b>Morgenroth, Dan</b>  |
| <b>Beverage, Parker</b>   | <b>Morrison, Jim</b>    |
| <b>Biagi, Bruce</b>       | <b>Murtagh, Jerry</b>   |
| <b>Bieging, John</b>      | <b>Newton, Jamie</b>    |
| <b>Blackman, Gary</b>     | <b>Nixon, Ted</b>       |
| <b>Blair, Randy</b>       | <b>Palmer, Bart</b>     |
| <b>Bryden, Harry</b>      | <b>Parker, Richard</b>  |
| <b>Calvert, Steve</b>     | <b>Paschke, Bill</b>    |
| <b>Cameron, Sandy</b>     | <b>Price, James</b>     |
| <b>Chapin, Dave</b>       | <b>Overholt, Roger</b>  |
| <b>Chapman, Russ</b>      | <b>Rapf, Bill</b>       |
| <b>Chiu, Sin Tung</b>     | <b>Reich, Bob</b>       |
| <b>Christenson, Peter</b> | <b>Reiss, Steve</b>     |
| <b>Cobb, George</b>       | <b>Rhinehart, Jerry</b> |
| <b>Cooper, Ken</b>        | <b>Ridgeway, Hap</b>    |
| <b>Couser, Tom</b>        | <b>Robbins, Dave</b>    |
| <b>Cummings, Ned</b>      | <b>Saunders, Sandy</b>  |
| <b>Dawson, Nick</b>       | <b>Sayers, Lew</b>      |
| <b>Friedman, Lee</b>      | <b>Schwager, Steve</b>  |
| <b>Garten, Jeff</b>       | <b>Senn, Bruce</b>      |
| <b>Gosline, George</b>    | <b>Soren, David</b>     |
| <b>Graves, Dan</b>        | <b>Spivey, George</b>   |
| <b>Green, Chip</b>        | <b>Sullivan, John</b>   |
| <b>Hadad, Al</b>          | <b>Swift, Dave</b>      |
| <b>Henle, Jim</b>         | <b>Sydnor, Ocie</b>     |
| <b>Hennessey, Jim</b>     | <b>Tarr, Bob</b>        |
| <b>Hine, Tom</b>          | <b>Temple, Peter</b>    |
| <b>Hobin, Gary</b>        | <b>Thomas, Bob</b>      |
| <b>Jenkins, Steve</b>     | <b>Thompson, Peter</b>  |
| <b>Kegan, Bob</b>         | <b>Tom, Dan</b>         |
| <b>Kiely, Paul</b>        | <b>Twist, John</b>      |
| <b>Kimball, Rick</b>      | <b>Wadhams, Wayne</b>   |
| <b>King, Dave</b>         | <b>Wang, John</b>       |
| <b>Kmen, Bob</b>          | <b>Warner, Ken</b>      |
| <b>Leeper, Joe</b>        | <b>Waterhouse, Mark</b> |
| <b>Lenth, Charlie</b>     | <b>Wolff, Ned</b>       |
| <b>Mahall, Bruce</b>      | <b>Wonson, Peter</b>    |
| <b>Maxfield, John</b>     | <b>Young, Doug</b>      |
| <b>Mayer, Chris</b>       | <b>Zack, Peter</b>      |

If you should be on this list, let me know. **And send me an article for the next issue.**

## First Year Trips

As you may recall, our major 50th Reunion project was establishing an endowment to defray the costs of participating in the First Year Trip—our Freshman Trip experience.

An article in the September 13, 2023 issue of *The Dartmouth* reported that 88% of the Class of 2027 participated in 134 different trips from 27 different trip options between Aug. 31 to Sept. 6.



Photo by [Heya Shah](#)

The article reports: “The entire First-Year Trips staff, including 268 Trip Leaders, 77 Croo members — volunteers who support Trip Leaders from various locations — and 21 Trips directorate members, were instrumental in planning and executing the student-run program.” Kudos to them for all the hard work.

And we are helping to keep the experience affordable for all First Year students.

## How You Can Help

On December 7th you should have received an email from Class Treasurer **Jim Lawrie** concerning Class Dues; Jim had been unable to get Dues Notices in the mail in a timely fashion.

The Dues Statement has two possible add-ons—one for the Freshman Trip and one for the Arts Legacy Committee’s work.

You can pay your dues and support either or both of these Class initiatives by going to the Class website (<https://www.dartmouth68.org/>), clicking on the yellow button that says Pay Class Dues/Donate to the Freshman Trip Fund and/or the Arts Legacy Fund, and clicking on the appropriate buttons.

A heads-up—if you want to pay dues and support one or both of the funds, it will take separate transactions.

## Odds and Ends—continued

### Get Your *Transmission* Electronically

Periodically I remind you that you can get your *Transmission* by email rather than (or in addition to) USPS. This has some advantages:

- \* It saves the Class printing and mailing costs.
- \* You will get it sooner than the mail will deliver it.
- \* The embedded links are live—so you don't have to type them in from what you see on the printed page.
- \* You will show you are a master of modern technology and far superior to the Luddites in the Class.

So if you want to be added to the electronic distribution list, either to replace your paper copy or in addition to it, let me know at [mwaterhouse@snet.net](mailto:mwaterhouse@snet.net).

### Dartmouth Connect— Dartmouth Athletics

The Dartmouth Connect Program is a means for connecting alumni with students. A new section of that program focuses on connecting former and current athletes—although you don't have to have been on a team to participate.

I recently was contacted by a member of the football team who is interested in going into consulting as a profession, saw in my profile that's what I do, emailed me, and then we talked on the phone for at least a half hour. It felt good.

To join Dartmouth Connect, simply go to [www.connect.dartmouth.edu](http://www.connect.dartmouth.edu). Once you have filled out your profile information, you can request to join a group. The request will be approved by the group administrator and you will then gain access unless the FBI background check finds those skeletons in your closet. OK—I made up that last part.

Give it a try.

### Past and Ongoing Discussions

Most issues of *The Transmission* include discussion topics that come from someone in the Class. This issue includes discussions on Frustrations with Technology, The Sexual Revolution and Me, During and After Viet Nam, Rock 'n' Roll, Travel, and

### Past and Ongoing Discussions

Military and Other Service. Past discussions have included Universal Service, Legacy Admissions, Educators, the Dartmouth Black Lives Oral History Project, Recurring Dreams, Dad Thad, Jere Daniell and probably others I'm not remembering.

Got a thought on any of these—or want to start a new one? Let us know. You can email me and I will get the ball rolling if it's a new topic. Typically what happens is that the idea is sent out to the 45± people on the Class Committee and it takes off from there. If you want to be added to that email list—with absolutely no requirement to do anything on the Class Committee—let Class President **Ced Kam** know ([cedric.kam.68@gmail.com](mailto:cedric.kam.68@gmail.com)) and you will be added to the list.

### A Pat Bremkamp MindKick

#### Your Brain Is An Energy Hog

The typical brain is about 3% of a person's body mass. (Ours of course, are much larger!)

But, your brain can consume as much as 20% of your body's energy. That's one reason why your brain is not in the center of your body. Like the radiator in your car, it's out where it can get good cooling.

From an evolutionary perspective, it can be a problem getting enough food to provide that energy. That is why it feels so good to sit back with a glass of single malt scotch and let the world get on without you for a while. So, if your spouse complains, tell her it is medicinal.

Be on watch for my new weight loss book, *Think Yourself Thin*.

**Editor's Note:** Maybe that should be *Scotch Yourself Thin*.

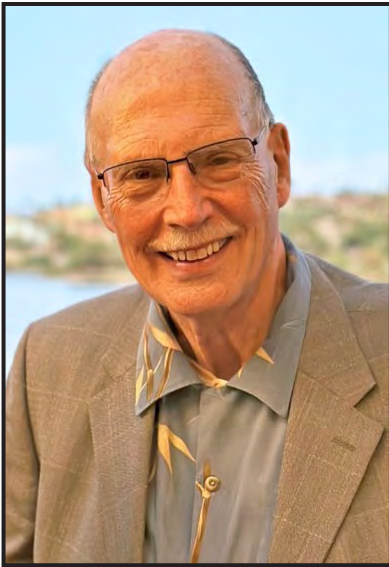
As noted in the earlier section on 2024 Class Webinars, Pat will be doing a session on Dreams on April 23rd.





## In Memoriam

### John Gage



John passed away peacefully on June 8, 2023 in Henderson, NV surrounded by his family after a short battle with Idiopathic Pulmonary Fibrosis. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, Inda Manuel Gage; their two daughters and their husbands and three grandchildren.

John, also known as Jack, was born in Rockford, IL. He went to Rockford High, where he graduated with high

honors and played basketball. He later attended Dartmouth and Tuck School of Business Administration (Class of '69).

As a CPA, John started his career at PriceWaterhouse in NYC, followed by an international assignment to the Philippines with Pepsi-Cola, where he met and married Inda, and later relocated with Pepsi to Toronto, Canada for a couple of years.

He then joined Chase Manhattan Bank where he spent the bulk of his career with international assignments to Amsterdam, Netherlands and to London, UK where he was CFO of

Chase's European operations. Back in NY, John held several executive functions at Chase and after 28 years, he retired as Senior Vice President in 2003.

John and Inda lived in Stamford CT for 43 years, then moved to Henderson in 2017. He and Inda loved to travel the world, seeking the more exotic countries, pursuing their love of the arts and culture. John was an avid reader all his life, which started in 2nd Grade, when he got his first library card in the Rockford Library. He enjoyed exchanging books on all different topics with his friends. He mentioned one book in particular, "Hawaii" by James Michener - with its descriptive tales of far away islands - that made a great impression on this young midwestern boy who had never seen or smelled the ocean.

Later in life, John fulfilled this dream by owning a beachfront condo residence on Papaoneone Beach in Makaha, on the island of Oahu, Hawaii, where he and Inda enjoyed the simple pleasures of the surrounding nature of the ocean and its wild-life, the mountains, the trade winds, the amazing sunrises and sunsets.

John had inspired his children and grandchildren with the love of books, the world of travel, the curiosity and respect for other cultures, the importance of friendship and the importance of being prepared - to be three steps ahead. In the recent pandemic years, he taught the grandchildren the game of chess and challenged them with games thru FaceTime. John was a great role model, a wonderful husband, father, grandfather (G-Pop) and a loyal friend; the best of what a man could be! He will be so sadly missed. Aloha John!

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### John Best

Pastor John Ray Best (photo on the next page), of Charleston, IL, passed away on June 20, 2023, at Hilltop Skilled Nursing and Rehabilitation Center surrounded by his family. John was born on January 9, 1946, in Mattoon, IL, and graduated from Charleston High School. John excelled in high school where he was a member of the National Honor Society, class Salutatorian, and captain of the football team. He matriculated at Dartmouth in the fall of 1964 but did not graduate with the Class of

1968. He instead graduated from Eastern Illinois University and later pursued the Pastor's Course of Study at Grand Rapids School of Bible and Music.

In addition to serving as Pastor for the Charleston Bible Church for more than 18 years, he served several other congregations as Pastor for a total of 44 years. John married Marian Dee Perkins in June of 1969, who survives him. They have 3 living children, Jim, Nate, and Joanna (White) and 8 grandchildren. John was eulogized as a faithful servant of God and a man devoted to his family. A Memorial Service honoring his



# In Memoriam



**John Best**

life was held at the Charleston Bible Church on Saturday, July 8, 2023.

## Bob Achenbach

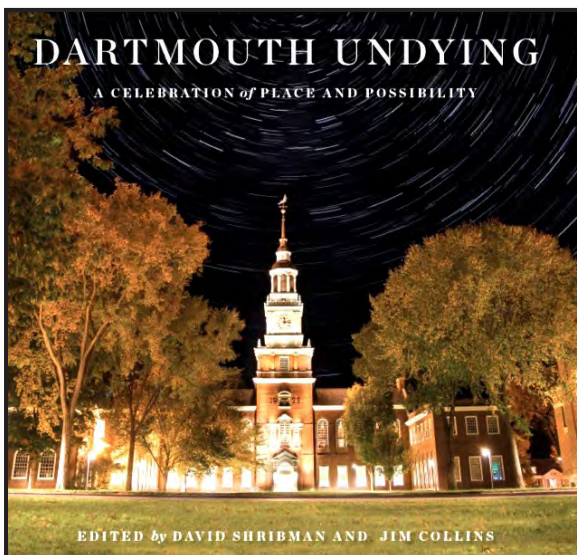


**Lewis "Bob" R. Achenbach, Jr.** of Pottsville, PA passed away peacefully at his home on August 21, 2023. Born May 4, 1946, Bob was a 1964 graduate of Pottsville Area High School as a scholar athlete and Captain of the Football Team. At Dartmouth, Bob was a psychology major, and played football for two years; he was also a member of Phoenix and Dragon Society. In our 40th Reunion book, Bob also fondly remembered double secret probation. After Dartmouth, he married his high school sweetheart, the former Joyce Moshinsky. Bob served in

the United States Army during the Vietnam Era, and obtained his master's degree in social work from the University of Pennsylvania.

Bob started his career at Episcopal Community Services in Philadelphia until taking a position as Human Services Director in Pottsville. Next he was named The Deputy Secretary of the Department of Health by Pennsylvania Governor Ridge. After that position, he created his own consulting business called Paraclete and Associates. Lastly, he owned and operated two Behavioral Centers for Adults. He served on many Boards including Bear Creek Camp, and the Arts and Ethnic Center in Pottsville. He was a member of Trinity Lutheran Church and served on the Board there as well as taught Men's Sunday School. He was a man of strong faith. He would engage in conversation with people from all walks of life. He was known as a compassionate listener and for his witty, intelligent banter.

Bob is survived by his wife Joyce with whom he just celebrated 55 years of marriage, their children, son Lewis R. Achenbach III, and daughter Leah Joy Kovack and their families, 3 grandchildren and one great grandchild. He is also survived by his brother Jesse Achenbach along with several nieces and nephews.



## Your Class Officers

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We invite you to contact any of us.

## Editor's Closing Comments

- First—a correction from the last issue. I erroneously claimed that Phi Psi had the most attendees (6) at our 55th Reunion. **Roger Witten** let me know this was incorrect—8 Pi Lams attended the reunion: **Bill Adler, Rich Lappin, Dave Gang, Dave Cooperberg, Ric Gruder, Bill Kolasky, Dave Rossman, and Ken Solomon. Sorry about that.**
- So how did you like the Kokuro puzzle on page 3? Let me know at [mwaterhouse@snet.net](mailto:mwaterhouse@snet.net) so I can decide whether to continue including them in future issues.



- The heavy duty tote bag shown to the left was produced for our 55th Reunion. Reunion Chair **John Engelman** has a few of them available at a cost of \$30 if you pick it up or \$40 if you want it shipped.

If you want one (or more), let John know at

[john.engelman.68@gmail.com](mailto:john.engelman.68@gmail.com). Payment can be made by PayPal (D68 account email address is [djames68@gmail.com](mailto:djames68@gmail.com)) or sending a check to **Jim Lawrie** at the address shown in the Class Officers section above.

- A reminder—if you would prefer receiving future *Transmissions* by email rather than USPS, let me know ([mwaterhouse@snet.net](mailto:mwaterhouse@snet.net)) and I will make that change for you.
- If you have had a change in address, phone number, email address, number of current spouses—you know, all the stuff in the College's database of information on us—you can update your information by going to <https://alumni.dartmouth.edu/update-your-information>.

Thanks to all of you who contributed to this issue. I tis only because of the news you send that I can produce The *Transmission*.

Hope you had wonderful holidays and are off to a great start for 2024.

Until the next *Transmission*—

Mark/Skip Waterhouse, '68 Newsletter Editor