



# The Transmission

The Dartmouth Class of 1968 Newsletter

Spring 2024

## 2024 Give A Rouse Award Citations



### Fred Appelbaum



Fred - You have devoted your career to the development of transformative therapies for blood cancers. At the National Cancer Institute, you led the study first demonstrating the successful use of autologous bone marrow transplantation, a therapy now used to treat over 10,000 patients annually. • In 1978, you joined Nobel laureate E. Donnall Thomas, and eventually succeeded him as Fred Hutchinson Cancer Center Program Director. • You were lead author on the first publications demonstrating the ability of allogeneic marrow transplantation to cure myelodysplasia, recurrent Hodgkin disease, and non-Hodgkin lymphoma, and to demonstrate the superiority of transplantation over chemotherapy for patients with AML. • You, along with Dr. Irv Bernstein, conceived and led the development of gemtuzumab ozogamicin, the first monoclonal antibody-drug conjugate approved by the FDA, and pioneered the concept of applying radio-immunotherapy to the treatment of leukemia. • You served on several medical association boards. In 2013, you were elected to the National Academy of Medicine. You are currently Executive Vice President of the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Center and lead its program in hematologic malignancies. You authored the recent book *Living Medicine - Don Thomas, Marrow Transplantation, and the Cell Therapy Revolution*. • For these

achievements, your classmates are proud to present you the Class of 1968 Give a Rouse Award.

### John Blair

John - While many classmates know of your athletic accomplishments, few know of your exceptional record of service to others. • You and Chris helped found the Thomas House Homeless Shelter for Families in Garden Grove, CA in 1986. The Thomas House mission is to provide a safe, supportive environment and the resources necessary for homeless and at-risk families with children to remain together while empowering them to become self-sufficient. Thomas House has enabled more than 2,000 families to succeed in their mission. • Carbondale, Colorado, where you lived for years, has an affordable housing crisis. Many teachers and essential workers commute hours daily and eventually leave the area due to this crisis. As Habitat for Humanity Board Chair, you helped negotiate a unique collaboration to build 27 Net Zero homes. • You also led the effort to secure money to bridge the gap between mortgages homeowners could afford and the cost of Habitat houses. • While living in Memphis you revived the Juice Plus+ company. Your company took over the defunct St. Jude/Memphis Marathon, creating an event with 26,000+ participants that is the largest annual single-day contributor to St. Jude (over \$125 million). • Your company rebuilt the Memphis Boys and Girls Club facility, adding an auto mechanics school and a culinary program. • You've been a DCF solicitor for 40 years, and a member of the leadership committee that raises major gifts. • For a legacy of altruism and service that stretches back four decades, your classmates are proud to present you the Class of 1968 Give a Rouse Award.



# 2024 Give A Rouse Award Citations

## John Hamer



John - When your grandson was born with a rare genetic disorder called CTNNB1 Syndrome, which limits his ability to walk, speak, and eat, you determined to make all playgrounds in your town fully accessible and inclusive for disabled kids. You successfully lobbied the city council to totally renovate one playground to meet the highest-ADA standards and increase public funding for the upgrades. • You joined a citizens committee to urge passage of a parks levy to help fund the renovation of a dozen city playgrounds for accessibility and inclusivity. It passed with 65% of the vote. • As a member of your Rotary Club, you formed a committee to help maintain parks and playgrounds through regular volunteer clean-up projects. • For the past 10 years, you have supported a non-profit called DADS (Divine Alternatives for Dads Services) that works to reunite fathers with their children after separations due to broken families, addictions, and incarceration. • You tutored children for several years at an inner-city elementary school in Seattle. Through your local Jewish Community Center, you organized a clothing drive and donated large amounts of clothes to the school. Your club also donated books and dictionaries and funded computers at the school, which has many low-income, minority and immigrant students. • You write a column for your local weekly newspaper, the Mercer Island Reporter, which focuses on “good news” stories about the community. • For your years of service to the Greater Seattle community, your classmates are proud to present you the Class of 1968 Give A

Rouse Award.

## John Miksic

John – You have been deemed “the Indiana Jones of Singapore’s history” and cited as one of the key figures who changed historians’ impressions of Southeast Asia. • Your love of archeology began as a young child discovering Iroquois artifacts on your family’s farm. Anthropology at Dartmouth led to a Peace Corps stint in Malaysia, where you first experienced the rich archaeological history of Southeast Asia that forged your career path. • Research in Honduras in 1974 led to a 1976-77 Fulbright award to conduct PhD research in Sumatra. You became fluent in Indonesian and after two years at USAID you began teaching Archaeology at Indonesia’s Gadjah Mada University. • Invited to Singapore to conduct the first ever archaeological test excavation, you found a preserved 14<sup>th</sup> century layer of history. In 1987 you were offered a fulltime position at the National University of Singapore. • You have orchestrated many archaeological excavations revealing much more about the civilization existing in Singapore hundreds of years before it was “discovered” by the West in 1819. • You have served numerous boards of cultural, art and archeology museums and institutions and your list of publications and edited works is extensive. In 2023 you received the Public Service Award from the President of Singapore for 35+ years of research, teaching, and public service to the country. • For these many contributions to the world’s better understanding of Singapore and Southeast Asia, the Class of 1968 proudly presents you the Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.



## Bob Reich

Bob – The KKK murder of your childhood protector, Michael Schwerner, just before you entered Dartmouth drove you to devote your life to the common good through government service, public policy advocacy, and teaching. During your final pre-retirement lecture from Berkeley, you urged students to “do the work.” You have...in spades, with passion! • You served our class and the college: class President, Palaeopitus, Dartmouth Experimental College, IDC, Green Key, Casque and Gauntlet, college Trustee, Honorary Degree recipient, and Leading Voices Lecturer. • Your government work included the U.S. Court of Appeals, Solicitor General’s office, and serving three Presidents (Secretary of Labor for one) and a President-elect. • Teaching at Harvard University’s Kennedy School, Brandeis University’s Heller School, and UC Berkeley’s Goldman School (plus an undergraduate course, *Wealth and Poverty*), you enlightened and inspired the next



# 2024 Give A Rouse Award Citations



generation. • Your 18 books, two plays, countless articles, national media appearances (and honors), two documentaries, Common Cause leadership, and co-founding The American Prospect, the Economic Policy Institute, and Inequality Media reflect your passion. • Using facts, history, humor, and candor, you've reached millions through your Substack missives and cartoons; Inequality Media's engaging multi-media communications; and support of other progressive organizations. • Your efforts have informed students and the public about what's needed for the common good – battling bullies and promoting equality, freedom, social justice, civility, patriotism, democracy, and the rule of law. • For all you've done to make our college and our country better, your classmates are proud to present you the Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.

## Arnie Resnicoff

Arnie – You matriculated with the Class of 1968, but left college to work on an Israeli kibbutz, pushing your graduation to 1969. You're proudly linked to both Classes. • You went from Dartmouth to a Navy ship in Vietnam's Mekong Delta, part of Operation Game Warden, keeping the rivers free of Viet Cong. You served with Naval Intelligence in Europe before beginning rabbinical school. • You returned to the Navy as a chaplain for 25 years, present in Beirut, Lebanon, October 23, 1983, during the terrorist truck bomb attack that took 241 American lives, ministering to the wounded and dying. Your report, written at White House request, was read by President Ronald Reagan as a keynote speech. • You studied, taught, and served as frequent guest speaker at the Naval War College, helping to create its annual Ethics and Leadership conference. • You worked to create the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, delivering the closing prayer at its dedication. • You were Command Chaplain for US European Command, the "top chaplain" for American forces in 83 countries, 13 million square miles. • After retirement, you were National Director of Interreligious Affairs for the American Jewish Committee, and Special Assistant for Values and Vision to the Secretary and Chief-of-Staff of the USAF. You were designated "trailblazer" and first rabbi Guest of Honor at the Marine Barracks parade. You delivered more prayers in congress than any rabbi in history. • For an extraordinary career of service to our country, your classmates are proud to present you the Class of 1968 Give A Rouse Award.



## John Sherman



John – After Dartmouth, Harvard Law School, a judicial clerkship, a stint in private practice, and a long career as a corporate lawyer, you took a passionate interest in how businesses impact society. • In 2005, you seized the opportunity to represent National Grid in the Business Leaders Initiative on Human Rights. You worked with a dozen global companies from different industries to build a soapbox and a toolbox to enable and encourage businesses to respect human rights. • In 2008, you became a Senior Fellow at the John F. Kennedy School's Center for Business and Government at Harvard. There, you helped shape, draft, and implement the United Nations Guiding Principles on Business and Human Rights, which the UN Human Rights Council unanimously endorsed in 2011. The Guiding Principles are reflected or incorporated in laws, multi-stakeholder norms, the practices and policies of leading companies, the decision making of investors, and the advocacy of civil society. • In 2011, you helped to launch Shift, a non-profit that became the leading global center of expertise on implementation of the Guiding Principles. You served as its General Counsel and Senior Advisor for 12 years. You have advised multinational companies, major law firms, and bar associations on how they can

respect human rights. • You have written and lectured all over the world and are internationally recognized as an expert in the field. • For these achievements, your classmates are honored to present to you the Class of 1968 Give a Rouse Award.

# Message From Class President Ced Kam

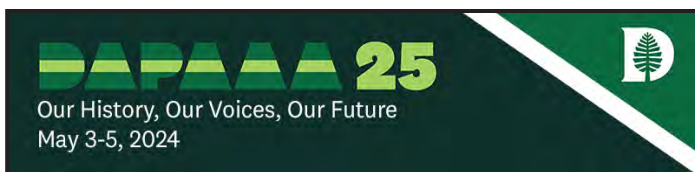
A number of extraordinary events coincide this Spring 2024: There was that “once in a lifetime” total solar eclipse on April 8, within easy driving distance for many of us. In New England, people headed north. Sue and I found a commuter parking lot at the Visitors Center in Vergennes, VT ... with flush toilets! We experienced about 2-1/2 minutes of totality with that eerie silvery glow.



Photo from the VT Digger website

Yes, totally worth sitting in traffic for hours! (I hope you got to see it, too.) [See page 34 for **Gerry Bell**'s report on eclipse watching.]

May is Asian American Month, and DAPAAA (Dartmouth Asian Pacific American Alumni Association) celebrates its 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary May 3-5.



I'm driving **Dan Tom** and two other (younger and female) Honolulu alums to Hanover from Logan Airport. I was surprised to be asked to speak as a “pioneer.”

As 3<sup>rd</sup> generation Americans, Dan and I never felt like pioneers; indeed, we knew older Dartmouth alums in Honolulu who looked like us. But of course, Hawaii is very different from the Mainland (as we call the Lower 48). With any luck, the painting our class just purchased for the Hood Museum, Occultation” [see page 7] by Japanese American artist Osamu Kobayashi, will be ready to be shown to DAPAAA attendees.

Of course, the complexion of the College has changed since we

matriculated in 1964: by Dan's count, 10 of our 811 classmates were Asian, but only 3 of us were actually American. That's 0.375% Asian American. Our class included 12 African Americans, or 1.5%. By comparison, the Class of 2027 is 11% African American and 23% Asian American! Where did all these Asians come from? The Immigration and Nationality Act of 1965.

[Editor's note: for an interesting article about our Class in the November 1964 Dartmouth Alumni Magazine, see: <https://archive.dartmouthalumnimagazine.com/article/1964/11/1/onward-and-upward-with-68>.]



And, 2024 is the year of our 60<sup>th</sup> high school class reunions! Coincidentally, I've been reading (and thoroughly enjoying) a couple of memoirs by our classmates—*Old Times, Good Times, A rock and roll story* by **Peter Wonson**, and *You Wouldn't Believe It Anyhow!* by **Eric Hatch**. I was especially fascinated to learn what our classmates with 1-Y draft deferments were doing with their lives right after Dartmouth, while others of us were painstakingly planning lives and careers and serving in uniform. Coincidentally, Eric is staying with us while attending his prep school class reunion this spring. Then Sue and I are off to my weeklong Punahou School class reunion in Honolulu. My kids and grandkids have invited themselves along, just as they did 10 years ago. But this time, they are paying their own airfare!

Enjoy the warmer weather. Hope to see you in Hanover!

Aloha! Gear 68!

Ced

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

## Larry Himes '68

Bartlett Tower Society Member

Larry now lives in North Carolina, and is a BTS member as a result of his designating the College as a beneficiary in his estate planning documents.

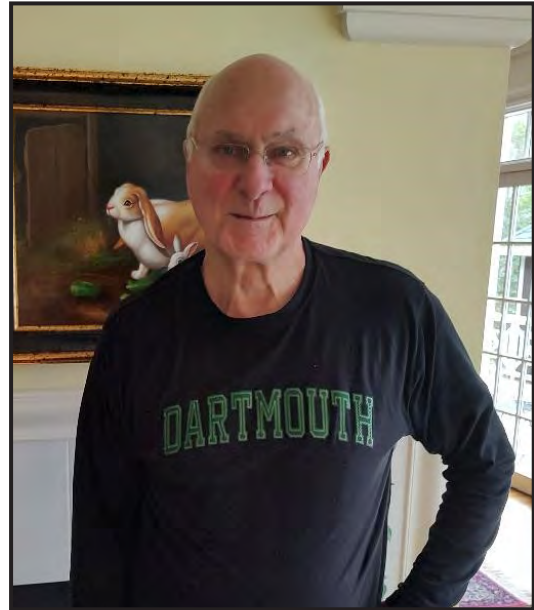
I recently asked Larry what his motivation was in doing so - here is what he wrote to me:

**I have included Dartmouth College in my estate planning for one simple reason: Dartmouth provided a significant piece of the foundation of whatever success I have achieved in life. My Dartmouth education was an experience on which I still rely. It was an education in so many respects – how to learn, learning and using what I learned. It was an “education” in the classic sense but also in my place in society, relationships with classmates, and dealing with issues that would prove helpful in my 55 years since Dartmouth. This bequest also reflects the values of my childhood since my father was an educator.**

**Dartmouth will be fine without whatever this bequest is worth, but it makes me feel good to pay it forward to the extent I can. Thank you, Dartmouth College.**

Thank you, Larry, for doing what you have done, and sharing with us why.

All classmates have the opportunity to be BTS members, simply by including Dartmouth in your estate bequests, be it via your retirement plan or your estate. Please consider how Dartmouth played a role in your life and work, and recognize that accordingly. If you have any questions, give me (**Ed Heald**) a call and let's chat. 978-430-3165



## Head Agent David Stanley's Alumni Fund Report

Dear Classmates,

March 28, 2024, was dubbed “Ivy Day.” It was the day when Ivy League Schools released long-awaited admission decisions.

Sixty years after our Ivy Day, I still remember waking up after a fitful night of sleep and heading off to school with a cloud over my head. I was able to call my mother from a phone booth (remember those?) at the school. She had not opened the letter yet, but said to me that considering the weight of the letter, she thought I had been accepted. She opened the letter, and she was correct. Whew! My guess is that each of our classmates has similar memories.

By contributing to the Dartmouth College Fund, we are now in a position to help current undergraduates benefit from the full Dartmouth experience that we enjoyed. Gifts to the DCF provide 47% of student financial aid, and Dartmouth offers this aid to 57% of its undergraduates.

Dartmouth is one of only 7 U.S. colleges and universities to ensure need-blind admissions for all undergraduate appli-

cants, regardless of citizenship, while also meeting 100% of demonstrated financial need. Additionally, Dartmouth no longer includes student loans as part of its financial aid packages, although families may still choose to borrow to help meet expected family contributions. **In total, the College will award approximately \$149-million in undergraduate student financial aid in the 2023-2024 academic year.**

Dartmouth classes are evaluated each fiscal year by the amount of DCF dollars raised and by the percentage of classmates who contribute to the DCF. Historically, the Class of 1968 has been a strong supporter of this important annual fund, and the DCF goals for our great class this year are \$350,000 and a participation rate of 50%. The 50% participation rate is ambitious, to be sure, but it is achievable with your help. We have done it before and we will do it again. Every single DCF contribution, regardless of size, will count!

The 34 classmates who volunteer as DCF solicitors believe strongly in the value of a Dartmouth education, and we want to help make certain that this experience remains financially viable. Hopefully, many other classmates share this sentiment.



## Head Agent David Stanley's Alumni Fund Report—continued

Please join me in supporting Dartmouth students by contributing to the Dartmouth College Fund. Contributing is easy by going online to [www.dartmouthcollegefund.org](http://www.dartmouthcollegefund.org), or by sending a check via U.S. mail to: Dartmouth College Fund, c/o Gift Recording Office, 6066 Development Office, Hanover, NH 03755-4400. The DCF fundraising cycle begins on July 1, and ends on June 30 of the following year; and the current DCF campaign ends on June 30, 2024.

Many thanks,  
David

Alumni Fund Scoreboard		
	Goal	We Have So Far Cash & Pledge (As of 5/14/24)
\$	\$350,000	\$261,850
Donors	313	200
Participation	50%	32%

## Class Projects and Programs

### Arts Legacy Committee

You may remember from the last issue that Project Green Light is an effort by our Class to provide funding to support undergraduate artists at Dartmouth. We decided the first year of support would be in the area of Film & Media Studies in honor of **Peter Werner**.



Project  
Green  
Light

This year's award winner is Sascha Agenor '25. The College posted the following notice on April 15th:

### Sascha Agenor '25 Receives Inaugural Project Green Light Award

The Class of 1968 created the award to support new works by student artists.

The [Department of Film and Media Studies](#) has selected Sascha Agenor '25 as the inaugural recipient of the Project Green Light Award, a grant created by the Class of 1968 to support new works by undergraduate artists.

Agenor will receive \$5,000 to support the production of *Munchiez*, a 15-minute film that follows the story of two people struggling with loneliness, memory loss, and disillusionment in the wake of a chemical spill that compromised the water supply in their community.

"The department's selection committee was moved by Agenor's attention to the vital questions of how we make sense of a world where our vital resources are under threat, and how we can come together to make meaning and heal," says Associate Professor of Film and Media Studies and Comparative Literature [Roopika Risam](#), who chaired the selection committee. "The project engages with a diverse set of media and tools to tell this story through Black and queer aesthetics, reflecting the



Sascha Agenor '25 (photo by Katie Lenhart)

department's commitment to mediation and media-making in a diverse and complicated world."

"When I started writing *Munchiez*, I knew I wanted to tell a psychological thriller that explored themes of consumption, obsession, memory, and loneliness in a rural place and that centered on Black, queer identity," Agenor says. "The story is told from a dance perspective, and I drew a lot on my experiences as a dancer and performer when I was younger. My goal was to create a filmic reality that was surreal and otherworldly, much like Gregg Araki's approach in his movies *The Doom Generation* and *Nowhere* and Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*."

# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Arts Legacy Committee—continued

### Project Green Light—continued

"The visual language of *Munchiez* is trippy and disorienting, similar to Darren Aronofsky's *Requiem for a Dream* and Wong Kar-wai's *Fallen Angels*," Agenor says. "Incorporating animation and mixed media is essential to the project as well to further abstract feelings, space, and identity."

The selection committee was also excited by the local nature of Agenor's project, which will be shot in the Upper Valley and provide opportunities for other Dartmouth students and the local community to be involved.

"The robust competition for the Project Green Light Award demonstrates the creativity of our students and their enthusiasm for opportunities to engage in the arts," says Associate Dean for the Arts and Humanities [Samuel Levey](#). "We are grateful to the Class of 1968 for making it possible for student artists to create compelling new works in partnership with our dedicated faculty and staff."

The Project Green Light Award will rotate annually among arts departments for a limited run.

Following the Class of 1968's 50th reunion in 2018, several

alums proposed an initiative to support the arts at Dartmouth. To that end, the class formed its Arts Legacy Committee, which is charged with developing worthy projects and proposing them for funding.

"In recent years the class has both commissioned new works and purchased extant works, many of which it donated to the College, but we had never provided direct support to Dartmouth's student artists," says committee member **Donald Marcus '68**. "Project Green Light was created for that express purpose and we've been delighted to work with Dean Levey and the Arts Advisory Council in shaping PGL to effectively support new undergraduate projects of special merit."

Agenor looks forward to collaborating on the film with peers at Dartmouth.

"I'm really excited to work with the actors and design department to bring the characters to life. For the film to be executed successfully, the performances must be dramatic and haunting. I've cast actors and non-actors, dancers and non-dancers, so I'm excited about the endless possibilities of expression. Additionally, I'm looking forward to collaborating with my peers in the film department, who are true visionaries and artists."

### Osamu Kobayashi Painting Purchased for the Hood Museum

The Hood Museum has very little art by Asian-American artists. **Roger Anderson** set out to remedy this situation and recommended we purchase and donate the painting *OCCULTATIO* by Osamu Kobayashi, who was born in 1984 in South Carolina and currently lives in Brooklyn, NY.

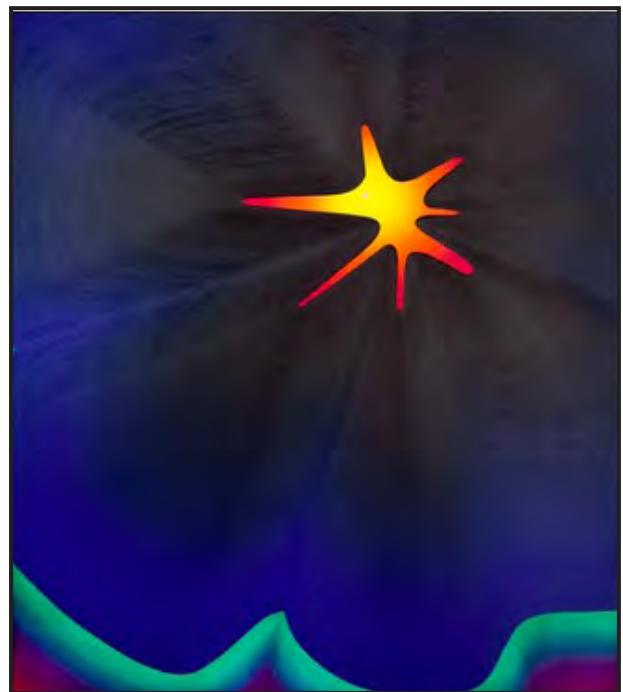
The work is oil on canvas, 54 x 48 inches - a big painting, but the Hood Museum can easily accommodate this scale.

The price was \$14,500 including shipping, and was a museum discount.

Kobayashi is interested in astronomy, and this painting is eclipse inspired. Roger noted "Considering the number of classmates, myself included, that are interested in eclipses, this painting seems auspicious in light of the upcoming eclipse, as well as the May 3-5, 2024 meeting in Hanover of the Dartmouth Asian Pacific American Alumni Association with a tour of the Hood Museum on May 3rd.

Kobayashi says "Meaning of Occultation... The painting is similar to several of my other works involving eclipses. The black and blue stroke obstructs the view of the moon/sun/planet that

lies beyond it, and accentuates the tumultuous waves below. It's an otherworldly sublime celestial moment playfully imagined. The painting is about seeking answers in the abstract great unknown."



# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Arts Legacy Committee—continued

### Purchase of 42” Digital Scanner for the Architecture and Studio Art Programs

In discussions with College officials on ways our Arts Legacy Committee could be of assistance, **David Peck** was informed that the old scanner used by the Architecture and Digital Arts programs was no longer useful. A new, state-of-the-art, large bed scanner was available for approximately \$15,000. A concern by Committee members was the “shelf-life” of equipment

like this. While there was no certain answer, **Eric Hatch** mentioned he has a smaller scanner that is 10 years old.

The Arts Legacy Committee recommended and the Class Committee approved the purchase of the new scanner at a cost of approximately \$15,000. A plaque identifying the scanner as a gift of the Class of 1968 will be attached.

The specs and a photo are shown below.

### Context Ultra X 4290 42 Inch Large Format Scanner

- Scans 42 inch widths, unlimited length
- Color scans up to **18 inches per second**
- High Res. 1200 dpi CCD cameras
- Automatic crop and deskew
- Scan up to 5/8" thick materials
- +/- 1 pixel in accuracy
- Scan in 48 bit color, output 24-bit
- Scan interpolate to 9600 dpi



### Oliver Towne Recording



You may recall that a couple of years ago we funded the recording of the Vox Concerto for Violincello, written by Andres Martin and performed by the Pioneer Valley Symphony, with Classmate **Ron Weiss** playing violin. The concerto was commissioned by **Roger Anderson**.

Roger, Andres and the Symphony have collaborated once again and our Class has funded the recording of “Oliver Towne”, the story of a Mountain Lion who is lost in the Big City—San Francisco. He finds his way back home thanks to the help of many talking animals. The Symphony describes the piece, which was recorded April 11, 2024 for about 1,000 3rd and 4th graders and their educators, as a “... delightful radio play-style adventure [that] will enchant young audiences and introduce them to the wonders of orchestral music!”

Roger wrote the libretto—the story—based on an actual occurrence of a mountain lion that came over the largely deserted Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco during the pandemic.

Our cost was \$1,500 and we look forward to the public release of the piece.

You can stream the performance at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jBAWwrjNTNU> [music starts at about 6:35].



# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Community Service Project

CSP coordinators **Jim Lawrie, Peter Hofman** and **Peter Temple** report:

As part of the CSP's mission to expand and enhance community service, we provided an opportunity in the CSP Catalog for participants to document their resource needs – from contacts

and expert advice to materials and financial support. We had hoped the Catalog would be a frequently visited destination for classmates, so they would see the wide-ranging needs and perhaps help to address them. That hasn't been the case, so we're presenting below brief overviews and contact information of some of the organizations affiliated with CSP participants.

### Richard Lappin – Providence Promise

Providence (PVD) Promise combines College Savings Account (CSA), College Promise, and after school learning programs to provide a pathway for primarily



low-income Providence families to save and prepare their children for higher education. Uniquely, families contribute one percent of their income to their CSAs. These types of programs reduce absenteeism and improve grades. Moreover, students with up to \$499 in a CSA are three times more likely to enroll in college and two-and-a-half times more likely to graduate. Currently 1,240

enrollees from 650 mostly lower income POC families have saved \$1.7 million. Typical students enrolled from preschool through high school will have about \$13,700 in their CSAs upon graduating. Last year, 14 of our students entered college. We expect 45 will do so this year. We don't stop there, as our first student noted: "Even in college, I'm still being cared for by this program...." We seek funding to expand enrollment and our programming capacity to support more students. <https://www.pvdpromise.org/> or call Richard (617-571-7787) to learn more.



### Diana Paul (Dan Bort) – Love Delivers

Your classmate, Daniel Bort, a midwife? Yes! Twice. It was the only legal way we could have a baby at home. California had

midwives in 1977, but none were given licenses so Dan, a new lawyer, said they couldn't attend. Years later, Love Delivers was born to show the beauty of home birth - drug free



and without interventions. Love Delivers produces mama-empowering, baby-loving media about homebirth. While the USA is ranked the worst and most expensive place in the industrialized world for birth, we show, and know from experience, that giving birth at home is safe, and can be joyful - even ecstatic. We are producing our fifth film and we're excited that Blackalicious is composing the score. We'd be just as excited to have Dartmouth men contribute. <http://lovedelivers.org/>



# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Community Service Project—continued

### Michel Zeleski – the DREAM Project



Michel founded the DREAM Project, a non-profit organization that provides high-quality educational opportunities in the Dominican Republic, in 1995 and currently serves as Board Chairman. DREAM has annually impacted 6,500 students and 10,000 community members over its almost 30 years. DREAM's 18 programs in 15 indigent communities along the North Coast of the Dominican Republic offer instruction in literacy, Montessori education, youth leadership, vocational training, music, community support, and teacher training. Our programs have received local, national, and international recognition for their excellence and impact. The DREAM Project was 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. Our urgent funding needs are our [Integrated Elementary Education \(Montessori-STEAM\) classrooms](#) and [Life Skills program for at-risk youth](#).



w: [dominicandream.org](http://dominicandream.org) | e: [catherine@dominicandream.org](mailto:catherine@dominicandream.org)

Instagram: [@thedreamprojectdr](https://www.instagram.com/thedreamprojectdr)

Facebook: [@thedreamprojectdr](https://www.facebook.com/thedreamprojectdr)

LinkedIn: [The DREAM Project DR](https://www.linkedin.com/company/the-dream-project-dr)

### David Peck – Pilgrim Hall Museum



The Pilgrim Hall Museum, opened in 1824, and is the nation's oldest continuously operating public museum. The Museum houses an unmatched collection of Pilgrim possessions. The mission of the Pilgrim Society and Pilgrim Hall Museum is to foster thoughtful understandings of the Mayflower Pilgrims, the Wampanoag people, and the complex evolution of Plymouth as an impactful narrative of America's history. We are committed to telling this story with historical accuracy, inclusion, and recognition for histories that traditionally have been submerged, silenced, or erased. Pilgrim Hall is in the midst of a capital campaign to replace the entire roof and update the Main Gallery's lighting and HVAC infrastructure, as well as update the exhibits. If interested in providing support, please visit <https://www.pilgrimhall.org/> or contact David, a Museum Trustee ([davidbpeck@aol.com](mailto:davidbpeck@aol.com)).

### Bob Holmberg – Community Compass



Deep generational poverty is prevalent in Downeast Maine. The attendant crises of hunger, homelessness, substance use disorder, child abuse and neglect, etc. profoundly affect people's education and mental and physical health. This cycle is hard to break due to intense distrust, cultural isolation, difficult access to services, and virtually nonexistent coordination among service providers. Community Compass is one solution. Our Navigators are family advocates who know the face of local poverty, are trained to evaluate critical needs, and can tap into regional resources. Navigators accompany client families in crisis with a "hand up" in pursuing their prioritized needs with regional human services to break barriers and thrive. We have five Navigators covering nine local towns. They cross cover each other with a range of specialized expertise, including health care access, homelessness, mental health, food insecurity, and early childhood education. No other organization provides this level of access and continuity of client support. Ongoing funding is needed to augment our bare bones budget that provides Navigator stipends, the staff director's salary, and an emergency needs Hope Fund.

<https://www.communitycompassdowneast.org> - PO Box 552, Blue Hill Maine 04614

Director Jessica Valdez ([director@communitycompassdowneast.org](mailto:director@communitycompassdowneast.org))



# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Community Service Project—continued

Jim and the Peters (no—that is not a new singing group nor the start of an off-color joke) conclude: We'll include others in the fall and possibly winter issues. The fall issue will include at least the following organizations (but you can check them out now):

- \* The Boston Debate League (**John Isaacson**) – <https://www.bostondebate.org/>
- \* JCCA (**Bill Mutterperl**) – (<http://jccany.org/>)
- \* Visiting Nurse Association of Texas (**Joe Nathan Wright**) – [www.vnatexas.org](http://www.vnatexas.org)

- \* **The Fund for New World Development (Sherwood Guernsey)** – <https://nworldfund.org/>

While most of us make charitable contributions, highlighting these organizations provides classmates with a unique opportunity to support worthy causes in which people they know – or from whom they are just one or two degrees separated – are involved. We hope one or more of them pique your interest and motivate you to provide support.

## Other Class Project Updates

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

We now have 13 trip articles from travel to 4 continents. Four more have been promised. Some really interesting stuff and great photography.

The two new articles are mine from our 2017 trip to Viet Nam, which includes a link to a lengthy journal I wrote after the trip (big file—lots of photos), and **Warren and Cathy Cooke's** “In Search of the Rare and Stupendous Harpy Eagle” in the rain forests of eastern Panama.



You can find all the trip reports on the newly designed Class Website—[www.dartmouth68.org](http://www.dartmouth68.org). Click on the yellow Travelogues button to find the reports.

And if you go someplace interesting—or have a place you would like to share—you can do that by sending the information to [travelogue@dartmouth68.org](mailto:travelogue@dartmouth68.org).

### Class Webinars

We have now had 31 Class Webinars, all viewable from the Class Website by clicking the red Class of '68 Webinars button and then clicking the yellow “See program descriptions for prior seminars” button.

As this was being written, the most recent was **Pat Bremkamp's** session on Dream Analysis. However, depending on when the USPS gets this to you, **Jack Hopke** may have already had his session on The Interface of Jazz and Rock in the 60s and 70s on May 21st.

Plans for the future include sessions on:

**June 18th—The Peace Corps** - a panel of **David Goldenberg** (Kenya), **Peter Hofman** (Peru), **Rob Lynn** (Niger) and **Tom Brewer** (Afghanistan), moderated by **Peter Wonson**.

Editor's Note: the April 26th issue of *The Dartmouth* included an article “Dartmouth Named a Top Producer of Peace Corps Volunteers” with 605 graduates joining since 1961.

We know of 21 '68s that are part of that group and suspect our list is incomplete. Please let me know if you should be on it.



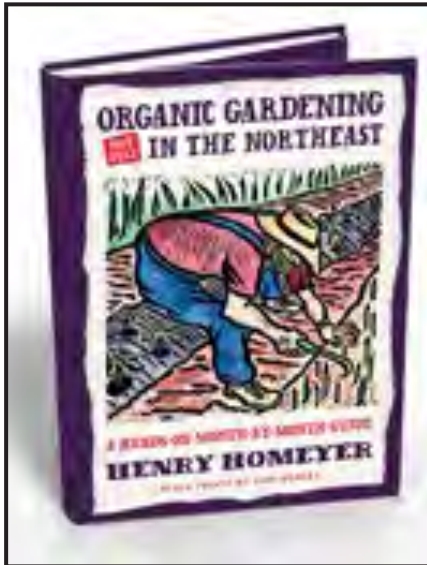


# Class Projects and Programs—continued

## Other Class Project Updates—continued

### Class Webinars—continued

**July 9th—Gardening** - Master Gardener **Henry Homeyer**, “The Gardening Guy” (see <https://gardening-guy.com>) and author of several books on gardening including the recent *Organic Gardening (not just) in the Northeast: A Hands-On Month-by-Month Guide*



**July 31st—Civic Engagement**— a panel of **John Hamer**, **David Peck**, **Jim Frey** and **Sherwood Guernsey**, moderated by **Mark Waterhouse**.

After our **March 26th Authors Workshop** **Gerry Bell** noted “One of my favorite comic strips, *Pearls Before Swine*, occasionally touches on writing. The following strip prompted a unanimous vote from our webinar panel to admit Rat to our Writing Brotherhood.”

That first Authors Workshop led to a suggestion that a follow-up session on “Getting Published” would also be useful. Nothing firm on that yet, but stay tuned and let us know if it is of interest.

Editor’s Note: The 31 sessions we have held have covered an interesting set of diverse topics. The program coordinators—**Peter Wonson**, **David Peck**, **Gerry Bell** and **Jim Lawrie**—put a lot of work into them. Unfortunately, the average attendance, not including the Webinar committee and the Presenters, has been about 12.

So that raises the question of whether it is worth continuing the Webinar series, or closing it down, at least for a while.

If you have any thoughts on how this could be done better, be of more interest, and have a better attendance, let Peter, David, Gerry or Jim know.

### Pancake Night

You should be aware from prior issues of *The Transmission* that for the past couple of years, **Tom Stonecipher** has coordinated our Class purchase of maple syrup for the fall term pancake night at Thayer Dining Hall (now known as 53 Commons) the night before finals start. So far, it has always been New Hampshire Syrup.

**Steve Elliott**, who lives in South Ryegate, VT has run a sugar house there for decades. He heard about us providing maple syrup for Pancake Night and inquired about having a taste test at the next event — Vermont maple syrup versus New Hampshire’s. He says he could provide the VT portion at a discount. We are working with our Dartmouth Dining Association to see if this can be done.



## Class Discussions Dialogues

Why the strikeout of “Discussions” above? At a recent luncheon meeting of the Dartmouth Club of Hartford, we were talking about President Beilock’s Brave Spaces and Dartmouth Dialogues initiatives. One of the discussion facilitators noted that the word “discussion” came from the same root as “percussion,” “concussion” and “repercussion” - things hitting other things. “Dialogue” emphasized the verbal interaction and minimized the possible conflict. As a hardcore wordsmith, I found that an interesting distinction.

### New—the Campus Skating Rink, Cold Weather and Hockey

The D had an article and photos about the skating rink on the Green during the winter. enough, so Storm Kings was a dream come true.



**Ed Heald** shared it and commented:

What a fun addition to campus.  
Who among us has skating memories to share?

Here are the responses:

**Warren Cooke:** Very cool. I used to skate in the rink on Occum Pond. But I wasn’t a very good skater (unlike Warren “no e” Cook ‘67) and managed to break a tooth playing ice hockey.

**Dick Jones:** Probably a lot nicer than the one I helped build in back of my fraternity house...

**Peter Wonson:** I suspect most of you never even heard of, or have forgotten, the Storm Kings -- perfectly understandable. Storm Kings was a group of wannabe hockey players like me that served as a low-octane j.v. program during our years in Hanover. By low octane I mean nobody from the Storm Kings ever moved up. I’d been a basketball point guard for 3 years in high school, really wanted to play hockey but wasn’t good

These days Dartmouth has a club team which plays an official D-3 schedule, while the varsity is D-1.

We played a schedule against town teams from around VT and NH—washed up high school players who had a dream but not the talent. I remember Barre, VT having a good club (at our level). We played our home games at Davis, which was nice of the College. We even had uniforms. One thing the college didn’t do at our games was fire up the Zamboni. By the last part of the second period and throughout the third period the ice shavings were pretty thick on the ice.

I used to clean the ice off my blades by quickly running the blade between my gloved thumb and forefinger. One night at Davis between the second and third periods I did same—swipe across the blade—except I forgot I had taken my glove off. Cut my forefinger down to the bone, blood everywhere. One of the guys helped me tape up the finger with athletic tape and I played on, going to Dick’s House after the game for five unpleasant stitches.



## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### New—the Campus Skating Rink, Cold Weather and Hockey—continued

You remember what Forrest's mama used to say: "Stupid is as stupid does."

**Tom Couser:** The only good thing about being assigned to Brown Hall as a freshman was its proximity to Occom Pond, where my (recently deceased) roomie, **Bob Rusin** and I used to play pickup in the afternoon.



Photo by [Michael Lin](#) / The Dartmouth

As I recall we both practiced a time or two with the Storm Kings. Not sure why only that. Probably wasn't willing to make the time commitment for travel, as I was a ski instructor and played dorm hockey.

As it happened, though, as a grad student on a Reynolds, I got to play hockey for Oxford U. We (mostly Canadian Rhodes Scholars) won our only game, against Cambridge.

I rarely skated again until about the time I retired, when I began playing regularly at a local rink.

Hockey is the new golf.

Fellow hockaholics may be interested my essay, "Hooked on Hockey." [Tom's essay concludes this section—see the right column on this page and following pages.]

**Bill Rich:** As **Ed Heald** knows and most of you will recall, we always had a skating rink in our front yard at Psi U—right next to Thayer. We sprayed by hand until we had frozen banks in the snow—and then we let the sprinkler go for a few hours. We took two of those tiny wooden Coke bottle holders and froze them into the ice as goals. They helped sharpen one's shooting accuracy and may have played a part in our being College Intramural champs two of our three fraternity years. **Gerry Hills** in

goal and **Gerry Parkinson** skating were two critical mainstays or our team. My role was to crash into opponents from time to time and try to pass the puck to someone who was actually skilled. I continued to play in an "old guys" league after business school (with skaters who had been on a number of varsity teams) until I caught a tipped slapshot in the forehead just above the eye and just under the helmet. I took that as a sign from above that it was time to hang up the skates.

**Gary Horlick:** Fond memories of trying to freeze-distill fermented cider into applejack. Worked once, tasted awful.

**Peter Hofman:** I should get some corroboration from the guys who stayed in Hanover an extra year: during January 1969, the temp didn't get above zero for 8 days. I was at Tuck and the buildings were connected by tunnels—I still did go outside. My car battery died—like hundreds of others—the Gulf station downtown had a wall of dead batteries from the front to back of the place about 4-5' high! It was cold!

**Dick Jones:** 1968 winter during the primary was when a group of Barbary Coast guys were hired to play for a day of George Romney's election campaign. That morning it was -25 and our car stalled, forcing us to walk about 500 yards to a bowling alley to avoid freezing to death. It had been below zero all week and one day we woke up and it was +5 and it felt like spring!

**Peter Hofman:** Winter does that —REALLY cold temps make cold temps seem balmy. One of the most memorable photos - perhaps from Aegis—was a guy eating an ice cream cone in a blizzard!

**Jack Hopke:** A few nights of January freeze here in the subtropics of the Gulf Coast. It's not the dead plants in the yard I reflect on; it's images like these that remind me of the joys of winter. I don't recall having to wrap pipes and leave the faucets trickling in Hanover. Worst worry was that the (hopefully) fermenting cider hung outside the dorm room window would freeze.

#### Tom Couser—Hooked on Hockey

"Hello. My name is Tom, and I'm a hockoholic."

I've never actually uttered that line. But there have been times when, now in my seventies, I look around me at the other men—some older than I—in a rink locker room and think that we are just addicted to the game and we might as well just admit it.

It's not a classic addiction. I can live without playing hockey. Indeed, I can make about hockey the ironic boast Mark Twain



## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### New—the Campus Skating Rink, Cold Weather and Hockey—continued

made about smoking: “I can give it up easily. I’ve done it hundreds of times.” But given the opportunity to play, I’ll do it, even if it does to some extent interfere with my so-called life.

My wife Barbara—bless her—is pretty indulgent of me. But my habit mystifies her. Or so she used to say. One recent Thanksgiving Eve, my strapping thirty-year old nephew was visiting for the holiday. My hockey gig was Wednesday evening, and I told him if he got to town early enough, he could join our weekly scrimmage. Which he did, to my pride and pleasure. In honor of this event, Barbara, Nick’s mother (my sister Jane), and his sister Maria came to watch. They stood behind the goal we were attacking and took some pictures as we played. Barbara had two contradictory responses. On the one hand, standing behind the goal, she was concerned with how hard and high the pucks came flying at the glass; surely it was crazy for a grown man, a sensitive soul (an English professor, for heaven’s sake), to take up this sport again in his sixties. On the other hand, she could appreciate the speed, excitement, and, yes, the grace of the game—exactly what has drawn me back to it, again and again.

My addiction began when I was a child. Of the major American spectator sports—baseball, football, basketball, and hockey—hockey was the only one at which I showed any promise at all. Unfortunately, I started late and played too casually to become a competitive player. When I was growing up in the late 1950s and early 1960s, in Melrose, Massachusetts, you had to start young, keep at it, and be well coached to play any varsity sport—especially hockey: Melrose teams regularly qualified for state tournaments, and while I was in high school won at least one state championship and a New England championship.

But while I am reasonably well coordinated, I had no encouragement to get involved in any team sport, least of all youth hockey. We were an athletic family, but our sports were not team sports—we skied and played tennis—and my parents were not sports fans. I never played any organized sports as a child nor had any professional coaching in any sport. So whereas many men my age who still play a sport like hockey may be trying to recapture and relive their “glory days,” I never had any glory days to begin with. At my age, it’s too late to have any, I know, but I think that my addiction to hockey—my impulse to keep playing, against my better judgment—is a function of unfinished business with the sport. I feel that I never reached my potential, and despite the ticking of the biological clock, I believe I can still improve as a player.

If this seems pathetic, so be it. If it seems illogical, consider that though I began playing some fifty years ago, I was never taught to play the game. *I picked it up entirely on my own, recreationally.* Without parental prompting, my friends and I

began playing hockey in about the sixth grade, having learned to skate a bit earlier. We played pond hockey, weather permitting—and winters were quite cold then; there was safe ice every winter (which is not the case where I now live, in southeast Connecticut). Only kids in formal hockey programs played on real rinks, indoors, on “artificial ice.” My friends and I, mostly working-class kids, could skate only irregularly and infrequently—after school or on weekends. The weather had to be cold enough long enough to develop firm ice; on the other hand, it couldn’t snow, or our surface would be unplayable.

Our town had a number of ponds within its borders. Most were on the far side of town, way out of reach of boys way too young to drive. But fortunately, there was one sizable pond a short walk from our neighborhood; otherwise, my hockey career would have been delayed for many years.

We would set off from home with our sticks over our shoulders, skates tied together and dangling down from our sticks on our backs. One of us would carry a bag with additional, but very limited gear—pucks and tape and maybe shin guards. Our sticks were made of wood alone, and the blades were straight. Eventually sticks were “glass-wrapped”—reinforced with fiberglass. This made them more expensive, but more durable. Before the advent of fiberglass, we reinforced cracked sticks with lots of crisscrossed “friction tape”—black, sticky, and heavy. Each of us had a custom wrap design, of course. Eventually, too, blades became curved, which is advantageous in forehand shooting (but not in puck-handling or backhand shooting).

Body protection was minimal. These were the good old days when professional hockey players—even goalies—wore no protection for heads or faces. Youth hockey players were required to. But we wore none—not out of emulation of the pros but for lack of money or concern about injury. Few of us had hockey gloves; we just wore regular winter gloves and hoped for the best. The one indispensable piece of protection was shin pads, which most of us just strapped or taped on over whatever pants we wore to play in, since they wouldn’t fit inside our trouser legs. Shin pads were considered desirable—if not wholly necessary—because, being beginning skaters, we knew we would fall frequently, and knees took the burden of impact. We didn’t need shin protection from the puck because we didn’t allow “lifting”—much less slapshots.

That’s because we had no real goals. Or, we had goals only in the sense of “things to aspire to,” rather than three-dimensional structures of metal and mesh. Our goals were strictly one-dimensional. They consisted of pairs of shoes or boots placed about four feet apart at opposite ends of the playing surface. One of us would guard the goal as best he could using a conventional stick. (Goalie sticks were too expensive.)

## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### New—the Campus Skating Rink, Cold Weather and Hockey—continued

If a shot (remember, no lifting) hit one of the shoes, whether it counted as a goal depended on the paths of the shoe and the puck after the collision. If the shoe went to the outside, it was a goal; otherwise, not. This made calling goals pretty easy—another reason for no lifting. Not only were goalies ill-equipped to stop such shots (lacking huge pads and catching gloves), pucks traveling over a shoe would be too hard to call.

Unless we connected with other kids from other neighborhoods, we'd play maybe three or four to a side. So position play wasn't an issue. The game was mostly about skating, stick-handling, and passing, not shooting. And certainly not body checking, which also wasn't allowed. There was enough accidental contact and falling.

It wasn't until a year or two later that I could skate without "ankling"—bending my ankles. (In those days, skate boots were made of leather, which offered inadequate support for immature joints.) And until you can skate without ankling, you can't skate very fast or turn very sharply. You don't so much skate as waddle. What made the difference I have no idea—probably better muscle and tendon strength with the increased testosterone of puberty. No doubt it helped that I had been skiing for years, which helped to develop my balance and leg strength. At any rate, once I stopped ankling, I developed into one of the better skaters in my small peer group. Once I could outskate most of them, however, I didn't need much in the way of other skills. I didn't have to be a particularly good puck-handler. On open pond ice, with no boards to confine me, I didn't have to maneuver very skillfully either. A puckcarrier with speed could always beat a defending skater to the outside. So my relative prowess as a skater may have stunted my development as an overall player. As did the nature of pond hockey: I learned to pass and stick handle adequately, but I never learned to shoot or play a position.

In fact, on natural ice, passing or shooting *hard* was discouraged: a puck that got away could travel a long way across a pond. If it reached the shore, it might skip up on to surrounding terrain, requiring one of us to blade-walk cautiously after it, or it might disappear into the frozen reeds along the shore, requiring a search on hands and knees. On marginal skating days, a puck might coast to the edge of the safe ice and sink in open water. Some days play would end when we lost our last puck.

Despite all of the limitations of pond hockey, I somehow bond-

ed with the game. While I never had any "glory days" as a hockey player, this period is my golden age, which I view with considerable nostalgia. After school we would play until it was too dark to see the puck, then doff our skates and straggle home, tired and hungry, but content.

In fifty-year retrospect, playing hockey seems like a typical after-school activity in winter. But given our dependence on favorable weather conditions, our pond sessions must have actually been rather rare. When there *was* ice, though, there was no question what to do "after" (school). We headed for the pond. In any case, I played at every opportunity, and it was on the ponds of Melrose that I formed my initial fixation on hockey. I was hooked early.



Only in junior high, when the stream of students from my working-class primary school merged with the stream of students from upper-middle class schools, did I begin to sense that I had missed the boat with hockey. In junior high, I suddenly knew boys who had been playing competitive youth hockey for years. They were members of an elite group from which I was excluded, and whose references were sometimes lost on me. For example, I had never heard of "Tacks," which I learned was the name of the most desirable kind of hockey skates, made by CCM.

Once I entered high school, I became deeply envious of those who had started younger and profited from the ice time, experience, and coaching to become well-rounded and competitive. I knew enough not to bother trying out for high school hockey; that was for the best of those who had already spent years in youth hockey. When it came to organized hockey, I would be a spectator, not a player. My only varsity letter came in cross-country—needless to say, not a spectator sport and not a sport that impressed girls.

My habit ramped up when I went off to Dartmouth College. I was fortunate there in being assigned to a freshman dorm near a pond that provided a surface for informal pickup games when the weather permitted. And, unlike the ice on my local pond at home, this pond got plowed to permit skating. There was even a warming hut, which doubled as a clubhouse for a golf course across the road. But the big deal—an unanticipated benefit of going to college—was that for the first time in my young life, I could play hockey like the big boys—on a rink, with real goals. It was a genuine thrill to be on the ice now, on the opposite side of "the glass," where the real action took place.

## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### New—the Campus Skating Rink, Cold Weather and Hockey—continued

My venue now was the intramural league, in which I played for my dorm and then my fraternity. It was a novelty to have referees for games, but we had no coaches, and we didn't practice, and of course we did no conditioning. Nor did we always have enough players—much less a proper goalie. Usually, the weakest skater, or the largest guy, would be given a goalie stick, a chest protector, and a mask, and told to tend the net. This reflected a misconception that playing goal does not require much skating skill. Obviously, the skills are different from those required of “skaters”—the forwards (wings and centers) and defensemen—but goalies need good balance, the ability to come out of the net to “cut down the angle”, to skate backwards toward it, to move quickly from side to side, and to get back up after going down. It's a very demanding position. But for us it boiled down to sheer blockage and reflexes, mostly the former. We just hoped our goalie would get in the way of the puck. And then fall on any rebounds.

The shortage of talent also meant that some of us had to skate pretty much the entire game—far from the short (less than one minute) shifts characteristic of truly competitive amateur and professional play: real hockey is *very* rigorous and *intensely* draining. As one of the better skaters, I often played tired and thus sloppily. It was at this point, however, that I began to acquire more equipment. I got my first hockey pants, which protected my hips and thighs, as a hand-me-down from an older player. I got my first hockey gloves. I also got my first elbow pads. But I wore no shoulder or chest protection. Nor did anyone else. We were a rag-tag bunch, with mismatched jerseys, and dubious skills.

We were required to wear helmets, though. My father, an English teacher at my high school, got me a used “helmet” from the hockey coach. I put the term in quotation marks because by today's standards, it wasn't a helmet at all. Hockey helmets today are solid padded shells that wrap around the skull, and they come with some sort of face protection, either a metal cage or a plexiglass shield. My helmet at Dartmouth—which was pretty much what intercollegiate players wore at the time—consisted of five separate panels held together by elasticized straps and held on with a chin strap. One panel protected each quadrant of my skull—front, rear, left, and right—and one the top of my head. Each piece was hard on the outside (made of what looked like very stiff leather) with some padding inside. But protection was more psychological than real; composed of separate pieces, the helmet had no structural integrity whatsoever. It's a wonder none of us did sustain a concussion. But it sufficed. I don't remember even banging my head very hard.

While it was exciting to play on a real rink, it was also frustrating, because I had to relearn the game. Or rather, I had to learn the real game. I had *no* experience of playing the puck off the

boards, for example, and I still have trouble with that aspect of the game. Much of hockey has to do with exploiting the geometry of the rink—fishing the puck out of its (rounded) corners, banking the puck off of the boards, using the area behind the net, and anticipating how opponents will do all of those things. There are myriad tricks, and I knew none of them. Nor, when I had the puck, could I just skate around defenders to the outside, as I was in the habit of doing. Playing on a rink puts a premium on passing and on receiving passes while in motion, and having rink sense—knowing where the other players are and where they may be going—all skills I utterly lacked. In some ways, I felt I advanced as a player; in other ways, I was set back.

Like basketball and soccer, hockey is a free-flowing game, not a series of discrete plays like football and baseball. There is very little stoppage of play—so little that substitutions are sometimes made “on the fly”—while play is underway. And in addition to requiring players to master skating—which some consider an unnatural act—in hockey one cannot “hold” the puck. A basketball player can stand still and hold the ball—pausing the action, so to speak—to think out the next move or call a set play. Not so in hockey. All skaters are in motion pretty much all the time. And while a rink is smaller than a soccer field, the players move around much, much faster. Stand still with the puck and you'll lose it, right away.

The other aspect of hockey that I only began to grasp in this context was position play. In intramurals I was one of the best skaters, if not the best skater, on my team. As a result, I was expected to perform offensively. And I did. I managed to shoot well enough to score pretty often. After all, most of the goalies were pretty inept and unsteady on their skates: *any* shot on goal had a good chance of succeeding. But I also felt responsible for playing defensively. Trying to be everywhere, to do too much, I wore myself out. And once you get tired, you tend to get wobbly in the knees; you falter, stumble, and fall unnecessarily. Still, on the whole, my game improved, and my bond with the game strengthened. One of the things I knew I would miss after graduation was “free” ice time and the opportunity to play (semi)organized hockey, for I had no reason to think I would play hockey regularly after graduation. None of my friends did, and there was no obvious opportunity. This seemed especially so when I went off to England, to Oxford University, for postgraduate study. I thought I'd have to quit hockey cold turkey.

As it happened, however, in Oxford I fell in with a bunch of Canadian graduate students—mostly Rhodes Scholars—and this led to a new phase in my hockey “career.” At Oxford, competitive hockey had been inaugurated by Canadian graduate students—who else?—but it was only a “club sport.” Which is to



## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### New—the Campus Skating Rink, Cold Weather and Hockey—continued

say that it was recognized but not supported by the University. One could earn a “half-blue”—equivalent to a Junior Varsity letter—by playing on the University team in its annual match against Cambridge. This game constituted the *entire* hockey schedule. It was up to the players to organize the team, arrange some practices, and schedule the match. My Canadian friends welcomed my participation, and I was subjected only to occasional ribbing for being a Yank. (At this time, the late 1960s, Canadians could still think of hockey as *their* game. Numerous American cities had hockey teams, but the players were nearly all Canadian. There were few Americans, and virtually no Europeans.)

I sent home for my hockey gear (such as it was), and periodically, as winter approached, we would pile into a large bus and head off to the nearest rink, in London. For better or worse, the days when Rhodes Scholarships went mostly to jocks with brains were over, and it turned out that few of these Canadians were really very good at hockey. I could skate with the best of them, though many of them had more experience with team play and were superior at shooting and passing. The match with Cambridge was generally considered nothing to worry about: without Rhodes Scholarships to attract Canadians, Cambridge had a relative dearth of players. There were even some Brits on their team, who learned the game through some fluke. As I recall—and as I relate it, I find it difficult to credit it—our practices and even our Cambridge match were played on a rink not built for hockey. This is not surprising, I suppose, in a country where ice hockey was not played. But what this meant was that there were no “boards”—much less any glass above the boards. This rink had merely a raised edge or border about two feet high. In a hockey rink the boards and glass are there not just to protect spectators from stray pucks; they are there to keep the *players* inside the rink, on the ice where they belong. Without boards, we risked falling right out of the rink if we got to the margin of the frozen surface. It was more than a little weird playing on this surface, but we won handily, and earned our “half-blues.”

Emboldened by our success against our paltry opponent, however, we revived a practice initiated by a previous, more talented cohort. We arranged a set of matches with teams in Austria for our long winter vacation. The hidden agenda of this was to underwrite what was really a ski trip. I was not privy to the arrangements, but apparently we got some compensation for playing the European teams; this would help pay for our van rental, lodging, and so on. It all seems quite unbelievable now, but after New Year’s, about a dozen of us loaded our luggage, our hockey gear, *and* our ski gear into and onto a couple of vans and set off for the Continent.

We enjoyed the skiing in Kitzbühl. Well, the others did. I took

the hardest fall I’ve ever had on skis—knocking myself out and badly spraining an ankle. This ended my ski vacation and put me on the disabled list for hockey. Which was a kind of blessing because, not surprisingly, the teams we had scheduled our matches with were far superior to us. Some were, in effect, semi-pro teams. They had proper uniforms, and we looked rather laughable in our mismatched and random gear. They were also in great shape and could quite literally skate circles around some of us. Even taking it easy against us, they won by huge margins. And—perhaps another blessing—as word spread of our ineptitude, future matches were cancelled. This was embarrassing, and financially disadvantageous, but it left the healthy players free to do more skiing.

Our trip was long enough so that my ankle did heal some, and while it was very painful to walk on it, I felt obliged to try to skate again. I think I played in only one game, and I remember myself being dazzled by the skill and coordination of the opposing team. They didn’t just skate and shoot; they passed; they made plays. To keep my head warm on the bench—the rinks were outside—I had been wearing a flat cap that I wore around town. When my shift came, I forgot to exchange it for my helmet; I must have been quite a sight in it. I suspect that ours was the last generation of Oxford students to attempt this Continental extravaganza. We were lucky to escape more or less unscathed.

When I returned to the States, I gave up the habit, out of lack of opportunity.

But I took up again when, as a faculty member in my first academic job, I was part of a group that played pick-up once a week. When I lost that job, I went cold turkey once again. And this time, I went without a fix for decades.

But when I retired, I got the urge to play again, and I had the free time. A rink nearby hosted not just the usual adult hockey league but a site for pickup. So I started again. My equipment was so old the other addicts made fun of it. (I was still using skates I’d bought in Austria in 1969, whose design was no longer considered safe.) I gradually upgraded, buying used equipment at first. I enrolled in a couple of hockey clinics, and eventually found an ideal venue: a weekly scrimmage for skaters over forty (or, as the joke goes, who skate like they’re that old). No face-offs, no referees, no time-outs, no score-keeping (except maybe by grudge-holders), and of course, no body checking: laid-back hockey.

It’s been a delight to play regularly and hone what skills I have.

So now seventy-six, I openly embrace my habit.

I can’t seem to give up the game.

## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### New—Five People You Would Most Like to Have Dinner With

An intriguing question from **Gerry and Jackie Bell**: This topic came up during March Madness. Gerry commented “Jackie is a big b-ball fan, has been since she worked at UMass and Julius Erving roamed the floor of the Cage. She is quite taken with Charles Barkley on the NCAA talking heads show. I agreed with her, and told her if I were making a list of the five people I’d most like to have dinner with, Barkley would be the first one on it. She said ‘Who are the others?’ and I said, ‘Stephen



King, Tom Brady, Jane Fonda ... and the fifth would be Tina Turner if she were still with us—now I guess it’s Barack Obama. I already know Bob Reich.”

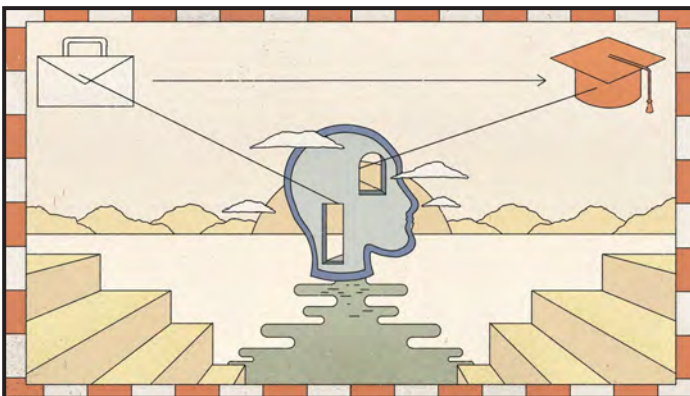
So what 5 living people would you invite for a dinner party. If you have a couple more than 5, that’s OK. And don’t worry about picking up the tab.

Send your list to me at [mwaterhouse@snet.net](mailto:mwaterhouse@snet.net) and I will compile a master list for inclusion in the next issue.

### Aging and Keeping Our Brains Sharp

We started this topic in the last issue—it is probably one we all think about.

**John Hamer** responded by providing this link—[https://www.theatlantic.com/culture/archive/2023/08/career-retirement-transition-academic-programs/675085/?utm\\_campaign=the-atlantic&utm\\_content=edit-promo&utm\\_medium=social&utm\\_source=facebook](https://www.theatlantic.com/culture/archive/2023/08/career-retirement-transition-academic-programs/675085/?utm_campaign=the-atlantic&utm_content=edit-promo&utm_medium=social&utm_source=facebook)—to an August 25, 2023 article by David Brooks in *The Atlantic*.



### The New Old Age

What a new life stage can teach the rest of us about how to find meaning and purpose—before it’s too late

You should read the whole article—and provide feedback for the next *Transmission*. But here are a few extracts to pique your curiosity.

In the 21st century, another new phase [of life] is develop-

ing, between the career phase and senescence. People are living longer lives. If you are 60 right now, you have a roughly 50 percent chance of reaching 90. In other words, if you retire in your early or mid-60s, you can expect to have another 20 years before your mind and body begin their steepest decline.

We don’t yet have a good name for this life stage. Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot, a notable scholar in this area, calls it the “Third Chapter.” Some call it “Adulthood II” or, the name I prefer, the “Encore Years.” For many, it’s a delightful and rewarding phase, but the transition into it can be rocky.

“We cannot live the afternoon of life according to the programme of life’s morning,” Carl Jung observed. “For what was great in the morning will be little at evening, and what in the morning was true will at evening have become a lie.” As they leave their corner-office jobs, these erstwhile masters of the universe are smashing into this blunt reality.

Beating the meritocratic values *out* of a 65-year-old requires a very different pedagogy than beating them *into* a 20-year-old.

But how on earth did we end up with a society in which 65-year-olds *have to take courses* to figure out who they are, what they really want, and what they should do next? How did we wind up with a culture in which people’s

# Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

## Aging and Keeping Our Brains Sharp—continued

veins pop out in their neck when they are forced to confront their inner lives?

The human hunger for meaning and fulfillment is strong. And yet America today is too awash in workism and too short on purpose. We shouldn't have to wait until we're 65 to learn how to transform our lives. Maybe the people reinventing themselves now in these Encore programs can show the rest of us the way.

**Bill Zarchy** contributed the following:

When I was first diagnosed with Parkinson's disease three years ago, I shared the news with my family. My sister asked if I was shaky, and I recalled the disturbing footage I'd seen of actor Michael J. Fox, who has been afflicted for decades now and seems to be in twitchy perpetual motion.

My answer: no, I'm not shaky, but I've learned since then that those kinds of movements and tremors are just a few of the possible symptoms of Parkinson's.

I have definitely lost some strength and dexterity in my left hand. And I've experienced some unevenness in my walking gait. Several people who know me well have noticed this and commented.

Other possible symptoms include reduced facial expression, also called frozen face, hypomimia, or facial masking. I'm trying hard to keep my face — and my attitude — lively and active, with singing, storytelling, exercise, and careful attention to my general health. So far, so good.

<< See below for a list of possible Parkinson's symptoms, from *The Mayo Clinic* >>

I began to suspect something was wrong a couple of years before my diagnosis. Our new daughter-in-law is deaf, and Susan and I decided it would be a good idea for us to study American Sign Language. We enrolled at Berkeley City College, where several faculty members had written and published a book series known to be the "gold standard" for learning ASL.

The classes were challenging but rewarding, and we both de-

veloped some ASL fluency. As usual, though, Susan's manual skills and general comfort with learning languages outshone my feeble efforts.

Some ASL signs are made with just the dominant hand, and some are two-handed and asymmetrical. But many are two-handed and symmetrical. It was this last group that first screamed to me for attention: I discovered that my left hand often couldn't mimic or keep up with my right.

I didn't think much about it, as I could fake my way doing some of the symmetrical signs one-handed. But soon I noticed that my typing was deteriorating, my keyboarding accuracy decreasing. More troubling, though: I had developed a small, occasional twitch in some of the fingers of my left hand. So I might type a paragraph, select the text, then look away for a moment. When I looked back, the selected text had disappeared, replaced by ddddddd or sssssss, because I was inadvertently holding down the D key or the S key.

Of course, this is maddening for a writer. My magnificent pearls of wisdom were being overwritten by a stupid little twitch!

Eventually, I consulted my Kaiser doctor, and he conducted a quick neurological exam during a video visit, then referred me to a neurology specialist. He told me I was in the early stages of Parkinson's disease and prescribed a Levidopa/Carbidopa combination pill to help my body produce Dopamine and control my symptoms. Later he added a prescription for Rasagiline.

I met with a new neurologist recently, and she told me that when PD appears late in life (and let's face it, fellas, we are now late in our lives), it often is very slow to advance, and most people with PD have a normal or near-normal life expectancy. She said that my symptoms could easily take another ten years to advance, at which point I'll be 87. I think what she was trying to say politely is that, at that age, it probably won't be the Parkinson's that kills me.

Unlike many of you, I'm not a doctor. I might have some of the details wrong, and I'm not advocating any particular mode of treatment. *But if you're experiencing any of the symptoms on the list below, understand that they might not necessarily be*





# Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

## Aging and Keeping Our Brains Sharp—continued

*inevitable consequences of aging. They may be treatable symptoms of Parkinson's.*

I urge you to consult your physician and get checked out. I know that Parkinson's is a progressive disease, but a number of medications are available to help mitigate the symptoms. They've helped me a lot, so far. Without them, typing this article would be a much more cumbersome process, and tying my shoes would be a daily adventure.

My doctors have also stressed to me that regular, vigorous exercise can help slow down the progress of the disease. About a year ago, Susan and I joined a local dance class here in Berkeley affiliated with an international organization called Dance for PD®. Originally founded in New York over 20 years ago by the Mark Morris Dance Group, Dance for PD® now offers weekly, therapeutic, "research backed" dance classes at over 300 locations, in 28 countries around the world, for people with Parkinson's, their families, friends and caregivers.

<< See articles listed below to read about some of this research. >>

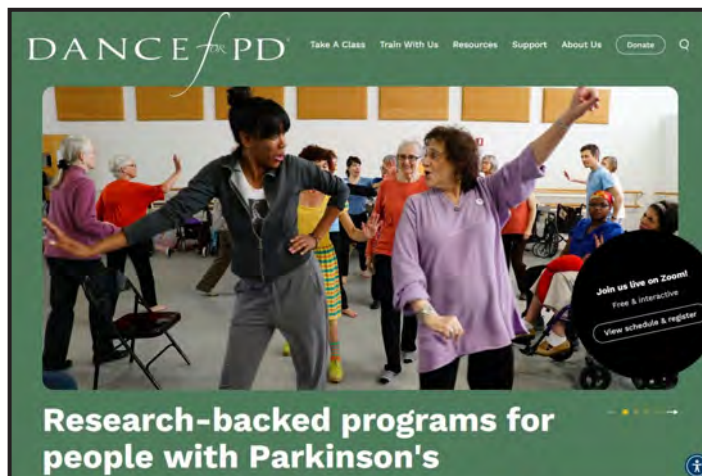
There are half a dozen class locations in New York City, and even more here in the Bay Area. The dance movements, accompanied by a live piano player, are designed to help combat the disease. We are seated for the first half of each 75-minute session. The teachers are specially trained as Dance for PD® instructors.

Olie Westheimer, director of Brooklyn Parkinson's Group, first suggested that people affected by PD might benefit from dancing. (She) was clear from the start that she wanted a real dance class, and this has proved to be the crucial factor in the class's popularity. "The most important thing is that people find joy in the movement and a sense of community just as in any dance class," said David Leventhal, (current Director of Dance for PD® and a founding teacher with John Heginbotham and Misty Owens).

The classes, which begin seated to increase confidence in balance and stability, move from simple point-and-flex leg exercises to sweeping sequences across the floor.

"People will stand up straight, walk with long strides with their heel hitting the ground and swing their arms — all things that are atypical of Parkinson's," said Carroll Neesemann, whose disease was diagnosed 11 years ago. "I don't know if it happens to everyone, but I lose my symptoms when I'm there. And the pleasure of the experience is that it's not a therapy session. They teach us as if we were any students, and that makes me feel good."

*From a New York Times article several years after the founding of the program (see below)*



The program is supported by grants and donations, so the classes are free. After a year, our class group has developed into a lovely community. I'd never been in a dance class of any kind before, and it's not always easy. But the teachers are sweet and supportive and insist that there is no wrong way to do the movements. And the class is a lot of fun! It sparks joy on a regular basis. They also hold online classes and publish a

series of videos with exercises and dance moves for Parkinson's patients. Check them out at <https://danceforparkinsons.org>.

### FROM THE MAYO CLINIC'S WEBSITE:

<https://www.mayoclinic.org/diseases-conditions/parkinsons-disease/symptoms-causes/syc-20376055>.

### Parkinson's symptoms may include:

**Tremor.** Rhythmic shaking, called tremor, usually begins in a limb, often your hand or fingers. You may rub your thumb and forefinger back and forth. This is known as a pill-rolling tremor. Your hand may tremble when it's at rest. The shaking may decrease when you are performing tasks.

**Slowed movement, known as bradykinesia.** Over time, Parkinson's disease may slow your movement, making simple tasks difficult and time-consuming. Your steps may become shorter when you walk. It may be difficult to get out of a chair. You may drag or shuffle your feet as you try to walk.

**Rigid muscles.** Muscle stiffness may occur in any part of your body. The stiff muscles can be painful and limit your range of motion.

**Impaired posture and balance.** Your posture may become

# Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

## Aging and Keeping Our Brains Sharp—continued

stooped. Or you may fall or have balance problems as a result of Parkinson's disease.

**Loss of automatic movements.** You may have a decreased ability to perform unconscious movements, including blinking, smiling or swinging your arms when you walk.

**Speech changes.** You may speak softly or quickly, slur, or hesitate before talking. Your speech may be more of a monotone rather than have the usual speech patterns.

**Writing changes.** It may become hard to write, and your writing may appear small.

### OTHER ARTICLES:

**Getting Their Groove Back, With Help From the Magic of Dance**

[https://www.nytimes.com/2007/08/25/arts/dance/25park.html?unlocked\\_article\\_code=1.YEo.oKfD.OQ4Z9wAcgqFi&smid=url-share](https://www.nytimes.com/2007/08/25/arts/dance/25park.html?unlocked_article_code=1.YEo.oKfD.OQ4Z9wAcgqFi&smid=url-share)

**Long-term effects of Dance for PD® on self-efficacy among persons with Parkinson's disease**

<https://www.tandfonline.com/doi/full/10.1080/17533015.2017.1326390>

**Featured research: Studies on Dance for PD programs, programs based on our model, or groundbreaking work in the field.**

<https://danceforparkinsons.org/resources/research/>

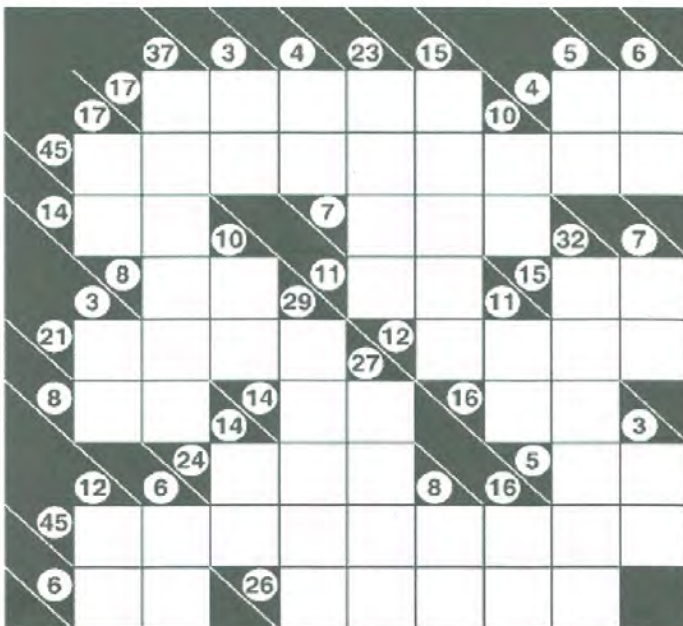
**Dance for PD: a preliminary investigation of effects on motor function and quality of life among persons with Parkinson's disease**

[https://www.researchgate.net/publication/274396052\\_Dance\\_for\\_PD\\_a\\_preliminary\\_investigation\\_of\\_effects\\_on\\_motor\\_function\\_and\\_quality\\_of\\_life\\_among\\_persons\\_with\\_Parkinson%27s\\_disease\\_PD](https://www.researchgate.net/publication/274396052_Dance_for_PD_a_preliminary_investigation_of_effects_on_motor_function_and_quality_of_life_among_persons_with_Parkinson%27s_disease_PD)

## Kakuro

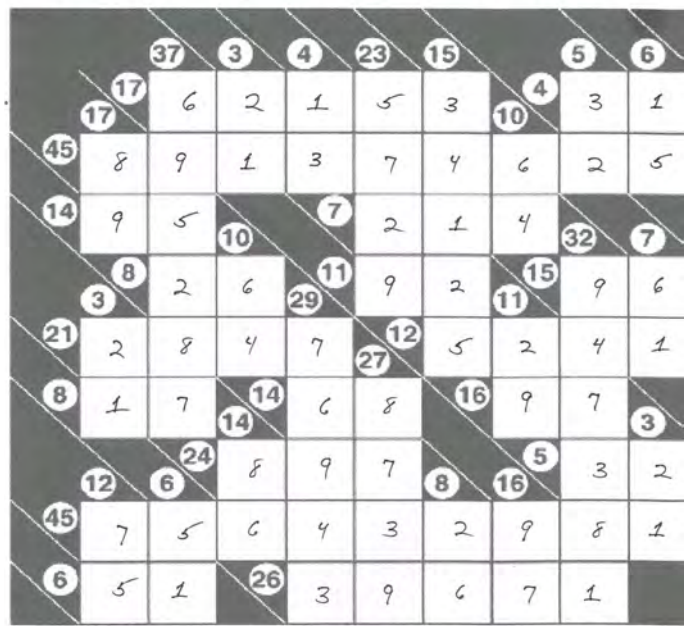
### Last Issue's Puzzle

**Kakuro** By The Mepham Group Level TOUGH



### The Answer

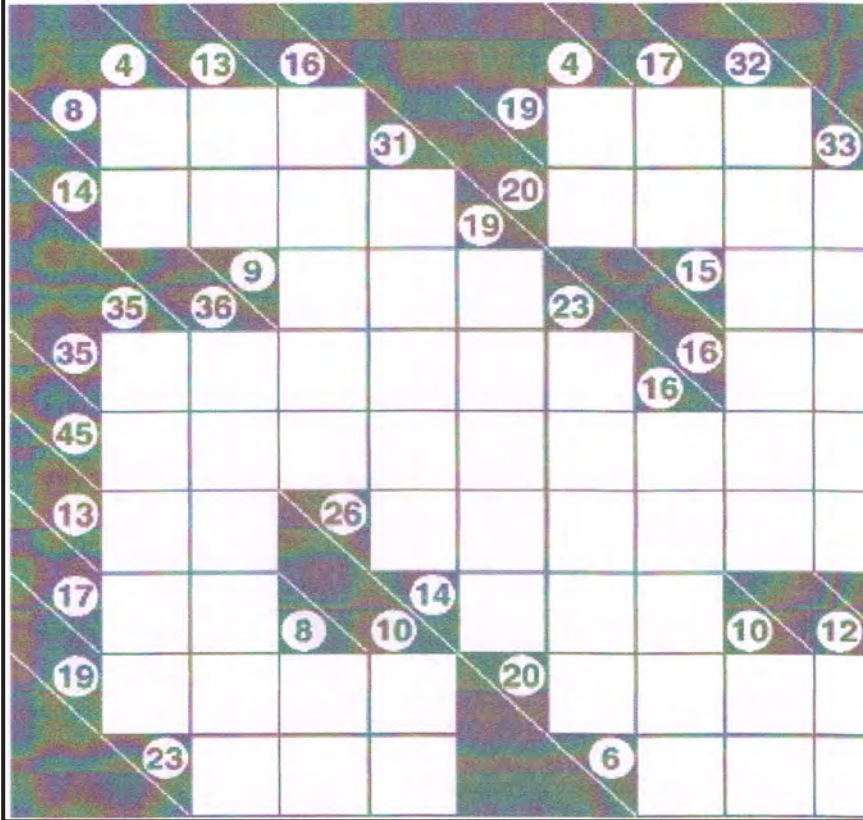
**Kakuro** By The Mepham Group Level TOUGH



## Class Discussions Dialogues—continued

### Kakuro—continued

**Kakuro** By The Mepham Group Level TOUGH



We tried Kakuro for the first time in the last issue to see if you liked it and I should continue to include them.

The result? Resounding silence. No response at all. Nobody said “I did it.” Nobody asked for the answer. Nobody said “Keep it up” or “this is a waste of space.”

So I’m trying it one more time—new puzzle here and the answer elsewhere in this issue.

So please—let me know if this is something you think we should continue to have in *The Transmission*.

### Frustrations with Technology—and Getting an Electronic Newsletter

**Roger Overholt** contributed the following:

As the self-appointed Chairman of the Dartmouth College Class of 1968 Association of Luddites I write on behalf of our members to vigorously protest your insinuation on Page 37 of the subject publication that they are somehow inferior to those Class members who are adept at the use of “modern technology,” as you put it.

Though small in number, we vociferously protest, in the most strenuous terms, this slanderous libel you have perpetrated. Even though we enjoy the tactile sensation of holding a written publication while reading about the exploits of our supposedly “superior” Classmates, we have not given our permission to be denigrated in such a publicly humiliating manner.

So what if the last time I tried to Facetime with my doctor's office I couldn't get the damn camera to work? I had Covid and wasn't thinking clearly, a perfectly valid excuse!

Who cares if my texting capabilities are merely rudimentary? Like the dog who walks on his hind legs, I don't do it well, but it is surprising that I can do it at all!

Just as our “superior” Classmates, we Luddites have feelings, and those feelings have been irreparably bruised. For shame!

As this letter proves, some of us also have email addresses. And if you absolutely **MUST** save the Class “printing and mailing costs,” you may add me to the electronic distribution list to replace my paper copy.

After all, I’m a man, and I suppose I can change, if I have to, I guess.

[From the November 1969 DAM Class Notes—Roger gets his Air Force silver pilot's wings.]

2nd Lt. Roger Luddite





## Follow-up on Class Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others Based on Ethnicity, Race and Religion

From **Bill Rich**:

I haven't made a big deal about any of this - because I consider my research still incomplete, but in mid-December, I decided to write to the Dartmouth Middle Eastern Studies department and also to the Dartmouth Hillel. I received a warm and optimistic response from Emma Wunsch at Hillel - and the attached response from Prof. Susannah Heschel. I don't know all of the positive factors at play at Dartmouth, but here are a few that come to mind. Dartmouth has a new President, who happens to be Jewish (which I think has helped here), and I give her credit for good judgment following October 7. Tarek al-Ariss seems to be a really good person, and he is Egyptian, which is not irrelevant in this case. Egypt does not at all align itself with Hamas—or Iran for that matter. These two important professors undoubtedly work really well together. That is critical—to have the Jew and the Muslim of essentially like mind. Finally, I think Dartmouth has done a good job of hiring—and seems not to have made egregious errors. Unlike Cornell, where a professor said that he had never felt such pride as on October 7. So, well done. But, stay vigilant.

Here's Professor Heschel's response to Bill:

Dear Mr. Rich,

Thank you for your message, which was forwarded to me as chair of Jewish Studies. I am glad to hear from you, especially with such warm words about our strong response to the terrorist attacks of October 7th.

You asked how it came about that Dartmouth responded so well. This was the result of years of effort on my part to create a Jewish Studies program that has strong allies in many departments on campus. We have a small endowment that allows us to bring a visiting professor each year to teach for a term, mostly from Israel, though sometimes from Europe or the United States. In the past twenty-five years, we have been fortunate to have had on campus some of the most distinguished Jewish Studies scholars in the world. Each one taught a course cross-listed with another department—Sociology, History, Anthropology, Religion, Middle Eastern Studies, and so forth. The courses were superb opportunities for our students and also for our faculty to interact with great minds and to establish connections for future collaboration.

As a result, we have great admirers of Jewish Studies throughout the College, and we have worked together to sponsor lectures and conferences.

On October 7th, I was in shock. I decided to invite a group of faculty with offices in my building, Reed Hall, to gather over

lunch on Tuesday in our seminar room and try to find ways to support one another. And then my colleague, Tarek el-Ariss, the chair of Middle Eastern Studies, phoned me. He was devastated as well; he was in Cairo, leading a Dartmouth alumni trip (that was ultimately canceled). When I told him about the lunch gathering, he suggested that I open the program to students as well. That very weekend, we secured a lecture hall for Tuesday at 4:30 pm. Monday morning our fantastic new president, Sian Beilock, met with the upper administration and told them she wanted a dialogue response to the attack. So at 9 am on Monday morning, I received a phone call from the Dean of Faculty, Elizabeth Smith, asking if I would organize something – and I told her it was already organized!

Thanks to the Dickey Center, the room was organized with proper microphones, seating, water, a second room for the overflow, etc. Dickey also publicized the event and set up a livestream. Much to my surprise, the room was packed – and so was the overflow room – with 600 people on the livestream. We repeated the forum with the same four faculty members on Thursday afternoon in a larger room – with 1000 on the livestream.

I believe our four faculty participants demonstrated collegiality, academic professionalism and dignity, and created an atmosphere of calm. Students told us they were grateful for that. And while some students made comments that we found quite radical, they did so politely.

Oh, dear, I fear I have written a message that is too long! But I am so relieved that Dartmouth has been calm. I'm proud of the College! And grateful for my colleagues, my students, and for Sian Beilock!

With best wishes,  
Susannah



Prof. Susannah Heschel, Eli M. Black Distinguished Professor

## Follow-up on Class Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others Based on Ethnicity, Race and Religion—continued

From **Ed Heald** - I got to know [History Professor and adopted Classmate] **Bob Bonner** at our Greenbrier birthday gathering, and developed a high regard for him and his campus involvement. I sent him the following email:

Bob - Ed Heald '68 here.

My question for you is regarding the recent on-campus events that led to such a successful means of addressing the issues surrounding the Israel/Hamas conflict and its various iterations. Dartmouth has garnered praise for the manner in which it approached this volatile environment. Would you and your wife [History Professor Leslie Butler] be willing to share your views "from the inside" of what the campus was like and how the very positive outcome came about?

This is something that, if you two are willing, I would love to share with our class.

Please understand I have no agenda, and completely understand if your preference is to pass on this request.

I look forward to seeing you again on campus one of these days.

Thank you, Ed

I received this in reply. We in the class of '68 have a great friend in Bob, and I am so appreciative of his taking time to share this:



**Bob Bonner**

Hi Ed,

Always nice to hear from you! Just received the wonderful class newsletter which I'm poring over.

Dartmouth's standing as a place to host "brave"—and respectful—conversations is rightly to be celebrated. Two small bits to share from where I sit, which involve faculty dynamics rather than student ones (the latter I am sure has stories, but not ones I am aware of).

First relates to Susannah Heschel, whose impact has been immense in bridging the worlds of Jewish Studies and Middle Eastern Studies on campus for some twenty years now. Raised by a leading civil right figure (Rabbi Heschel marched with King at Selma), she's known for generating serious dialogue among the world's top scholars. She has great partners with the more recently arrived specialists on the contemporary Middle East.

Then to toot the horn of the history department, two of my colleagues are at work, (but not as fully in the public glare as JWST/MES) in navigating the historical tragedies haunting the world. Udi Greenberg is an Israeli-born historian of Europe; Golnar Nikpour is Iranian but grew up in New York. They sponsored a public event last fall that did us proud in sketching out the many layers of this tragedy. History always has a role in facing today's challenge and I think Udi and Golnar plan more conversations/cooperation in the future. If these involve public events, I will let you and other '68ers know and encourage you all to see them.

From **Gary Horlick**: In my limited experience with educational institutions, being small is an advantage in situations like this—though no guarantee without the excellent leadership we have seen at Dartmouth.

From **Jim Lawrie**: I'm not sure why, but in the last few days, three people have sent me email messages requesting that I add their names to our letter to President Beilock. As I read Prof. Heschel's letter to Bill, it occurred to me that it would be interesting and helpful to include a link to that letter as part of the announcement about our letter to Sian Beilock. With Bill's permission, I will do so. In addition, I think Prof. Heschel's letter could be published in *The Transmission*. [Which it was on the prior page.]

So far 115 Classmates have signed our letter to the College which was shown in the last Newsletter.

## Follow-up on Class Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others Based on Ethnicity, Race and Religion—continued

Not everyone in the Class agreed with our letter. **Tom Storch** sent the following:

“Others”

The content of the Class of 1968 “Statement Condemning Antisemitism and Hostility Toward Others,” written and edited by 45 of my classmates and signed by 106, represents a striking example of collective moral cowardice.

I am a son of Holocaust survivors. My grandparents were transported to Auschwitz and gassed.

My aunts perished in the Warsaw ghetto. My brother was a partisan who met his death standing against a barn wall in Poland in front of a Nazi firing squad. The Nazis looked down upon Jews as “others.”

Gaza today has a population of over two million human beings. More than 25,000 of those human beings have been killed. At least 10,000 of those human beings that have been killed are children. The rest are starving and without shelter. These are human beings who profess the Muslim faith. They are not “others.”

When in the name of inclusion so many, here 45, attempt to edit the same document, content inevitably sinks to the lowest

common denominator. Even allowing this as an excuse, to specifically cite Antisemitism, while dismissing Islamophobia as one of the collective “others,” is at best insensitivity to the tragedy now befalling two million human beings and at worst complicity in their fate.

No, it is not Antisemitism to vigorously condemn Islamophobia by name. No, it does not take away from our indignation at the ever-increasing expression of Antisemitism in our country. But failure to vigorously condemn Islamophobia by name removes our moral authority to condemn Antisemitism and erodes our very soul as human beings. And this hate we have so pointedly failed to condemn now becomes a part of each of us.



[Editor’s note: Tom is incorrect that 45 people edited the document. It was written by a small group and disseminated to allow people to sign it—which now 115 have done.]

I think this is a photo of the right **Tom Storch**—if not, my apologies.

## Class Educators

Our list of Classmates who worked in the field of education continues to grow with the following additions since the last issue of *The Transmission*: - we are up to 95. Let me know if you should be included.



**Gary Horlick**

I expected to be a practicing lawyer, which I was, but I have also taught 21 semesters at Yale, Columbia and Georgetown law schools, plus the equivalent of 18 in Berne and Barcelona universities. Some of the best things were not planned.

When I finished law school (with Don Pogue and **Ric Gruder** in my law school class) in 1973, I expected to eventually practice law,

which I had enjoyed in summer associate jobs in Manhattan and Honolulu, but first I had a detour to South America for 3 years working for Ford Foundation and reacting to military coups in three countries where I was working. This is a common pattern in our class of career paths dictated by unforeseen events.

I came back in 1976 and started work at a very nice DC firm, Steptoe & Johnson. One day in October 1980 I was minding my own business when the phone rang and someone I knew who worked for a Senator asked me I would like to be the senior Senate staffer for international trade matters. The older partners with whom I consulted said “the answer is yes—you may never get that call again so you take it when offered” so I did.

That led to an unsolicited job at the Commerce Department running the import control programs during the busiest period in history, which led to an unsolicited offer from the US Trade Representative to be the general counsel of his small agency. That led to a interesting meeting with the political people at the Reagan White House who asked me a lot of questions about



## Class Educators—continued

my views on abortion, US policy in El Salvador, etc. etc. Soon after the offer was withdrawn.

Since I had not been job hunting for any of this sequence I went off for a beer after the offer was withdrawn. Since I had not been job hunting for any of this sequence I went off skiing for a day with a friend of mine from elementary school who had gone to business school. He kindly berated me for not having an organized career plan. Under his supervision I went off for interviews for jobs in start ups, other cities, etc., etc., and also law firms, and wound up deciding to go back to being a lawyer at the Washington office of a very nice law firm based in Southern California, O'Melveny and Myers (the partnership retreats back then were at La Quinta in Palm Springs, which sounded pretty good as it was midwinter).

At this point I had given no thought at all to teaching, although I had been a teaching assistant in law school for constitutional law, and colonial history (my major at Dartmouth, supervised by Jere Daniell) in the undergraduate college. Ironically I had been attracted to Dartmouth precisely because of the absence of teaching assistants from my courses, and I always point out that strength to people applying to college.

So once again the phone rang and it was one of my professors from law school asking me to teach a course there. Which I am still doing this semester. I have thoroughly enjoyed it as the students from all over the world keep me on my toes.

Bottom line--some of the best things are not planned.

### Noel Augustyn



I'm responding to your invitation to add to the list of Class Educators.

Following Dartmouth, I received a master's degree from the English Division of Stanford's Graduate School of Education and taught at Carmont High School in

Belmont, California. I then unexpectedly jumped from secondary to higher education and became the Assistant Dean of Men and Instructor of English at Ripon College in Wisconsin, where I also helped coach football, and then the Assistant Dean of the College and Instructor in English at Linfield College in Oregon. Thinking I needed a terminal degree if I were to continue a career in higher education, I decided on law rather than a

PhD in English, which were a dime a dozen even back then, and having in mind Carroll Brewster, who succeeded Dad Thad as Dean of the College at Dartmouth and was a lawyer.

Following law school at Notre Dame, I practiced in Boston for several years but then returned to education as the Assistant Dean and an assistant professor at Boston College Law School, followed by work as the deputy director for the Association of American Law Schools and Adjunct Professor at Georgetown University Law Center in Washington, DC. After my stint with the late Chief Justice Rehnquist, I completed my work years as a lawyer and an administrator for the federal court system, but my first career and first love was and always has been education.

**Bill Zarchy** [see his picture on page 20—you have to pay extra for two photos in the same issue]

I noticed the listing of Class Educators in the last edition. While I haven't been a full-time teacher since shortly after our graduation, I have put in a lot of time and effort as an educator, mostly teaching cinematography and lighting in various college settings. Here's the list:

- Lecturer, Cinema 762, Advanced Cinematography & Lighting, San Francisco State University, 2002-2014
- Short Lighting Workshops, Film Studies Dept, University of California Berkeley, Spring 2008-2012
- Lecturer, Film/TV 62, Lighting for Film & TV Course, De Anza College, Cupertino, California, Fall 2007-09
- Instructor, Digital Film 1134, Lighting Course, Art Institute of California, San Francisco, 2009
- Guest Lecturer, Film/TV Department, De Anza College, Cupertino, California, 1/04, 4/04, 4/08, 5/10
- Guest, Master Classes, Advanced Cinematography course, Cinema Department, San Francisco State University, 1999 & 2001
- Teacher, Workshop on High Definition Television, Film Arts Foundation, San Francisco, 2001
- Lecturer, Film History course, West Valley College, Saratoga, California, 1973-74
- Lecturer & Teaching Fellow, Film Production/Writing course, Department of Communication, Stanford University, 1972-73
- Teaching Assistant, Film & Broadcasting program, Dept. of Communication, Stanford University, 1971-73
- Teacher, Social Studies, Windsor High School, Windsor, VT, 1968-70

# Class Gatherings

## Minis, Micros and Meetings

### The Fabulous Utah Ski Trip

**Clark Wadlow** filed the following post trip report:

In March of 2003, the annual Class of '68 ski trip was to Snowbird in Utah. One day during that week, classmate **Joe Grasso** and I decided to spend a day at nearby Alta, a smaller ski area which opened in 1939. While sharing a chair lift with two old guys, who were probably younger then than we are now, they told us that for 20 years they had come to Alta in early January because Alta offered low season rates during the first two weeks after the holidays. Joe and I decided on the spot to return in January of 2004 to Alta. Thus was born the annual Fabulous Utah Trip, or FUT, which has endured through 2024, with only one miss due to Covid in 2021.

Alta is one of the oldest ski areas in the country. It has no high rise hotels or condo buildings, and it allows no snow boarders. We decided to stay at the Goldminer's Daughter Lodge ("GMD"). It is located at the base of one of the chair lifts, and has an old school feeling about it that is consistent with the Alta vibe. The GMD offers rooms with two double beds, and the rates include breakfast and dinner. We also decided to make the trip a long weekend trip, involving about three and a half ski days.

There were just five of us on the first trip in 2004, Joe, my sons Jeff (D '98) and Tom, a former co-worker of mine, and me. We had a grand time, the snow was great and the weather was surprisingly warm. One evening, after skiing at 30 degrees, we decided to call **Gerry Bell** who was skiing that day in Maine at minus 30 degrees—a 60 degree swing. Not surprisingly, Gerry decided to join the FUT the next year. **Jim Lawrie** also became an early regular on the trip, as did **Larry Griffith**. Various other classmates have occasionally joined the trip, including **David Stromeyer**, **Jim Noyes**, **Joe Lowry** and **Rusty Martin**, as did my son Ray (D '95). We have occasionally added non-Dartmouth friends, but the trip retained a real Dartmouth flavor.

The FUT has evolved over the years. When the Alta off-season rates ended, we moved the trip to the longer days and more dependably good weather of early February. Up until about 2016, it remained a guys' trip, with a core of six and up to ten yearly attendees. Then we hit a year where due to injuries and conflicts there were just two of us on the trip. Exercising the unbridled discretion of the chair, I decided we needed to expand: it was time to add a second generation to the trip, and to end its male-only tenor. So I conferred with **Jim Lawrie** and we decided we would invite my daughter Anne (D '01), and Jim's daughter Dawn (D '97) and her husband Woody Allen (also D '97). I also invited a friend of mine from Atlanta who

brought along his adult son and two sons-in-law. Within a couple of years the FUT blossomed into a three generation trip with an equal number of males and females. Our 2023 trip had 24 attendees, with eight members of each of the three generations.

This year my Atlanta friend's clan had a conflict and several of our regulars had injuries that they needed to recover from, and we had 10 attendees. But Alta had had some major snow storms shortly before the trip and so the snow was quite good. We also had three consecutive bluebird days, with hardly a cloud in the sky.

Along the way we had introduced the card game 99 to the trip. Those who have attended the March '68 ski trip will recall the game and how it can add to a trip. While **Larry Griffith** was a regular winner in the early days, it has been a great joy to see the FUT grandkids become regular winners.

One thing that has not changed is the Dartmouth tenor of the trip. A majority of the first and the second generations of FUTers are Dartmouth grads, and among the third generation there may be future Dartmouth students. Every year it seems we encounter other Big Greeners at the GMD. For example, this year we met a group of eight 78's from the Bay Area. While there are only about 60,000 Dartmouth grads worldwide, it seems a disproportionate number of them can always be found at ski areas in the winter.

The photo is of this year's group. They are, left to right, Anne Wadlow Drogula (D '01), Mary Drogula, Kate Allen, Dawn Lawrie Allen (D '97), Aira Allen, **Victoria Wadlow**, Woody Allen (D '97), Jeff Wadlow (D '98), **Clark Wadlow** (D '68), **Jim Lawrie** (D '68).





# Class Gatherings

## Minis, Micros and Meetings—continued

### The St. Croix Micro

For the past 23 years, **Leslie Cosgrove** and I have spent several weeks at Chenay Bay (now Bungalows on the Bay) Beach Resort on St. Croix over the New Year (and sometimes Christmas) holidays.

Last fall, while with **Norman Silverman** and **Deborah Wolney**, we suggested they might want to visit there during the winter months.

So while we were there this past January, Norman contacted me to say they would be coming down for a week and overlapping with us for a few days. Turns out, through Booking.com they ended up staying at the same location.

Ever the dutiful Mini-Reunion Chair, Norman sent the following Micro-reunion report:

With advancing age, we have to reduce expectations. Therefore, your Class Committee has proposed the addition of Micro-Reunions, not as replacements, but alternatives to Mini-Reunions. [Actually **David Peck** proposed it right after he became Class President, but Norman gets small details like this screwed up.]

This concept was carried out this past January when Deborah and Norman met Leslie and Mark for a 4 day immersion course in Icelandic sagas and the diphthong in the Indonesian language, held in a private bungalow beachside resort in St. Croix. Actual attendance was not mandatory to attain accreditation, so most of the time was spent relaxing, reading, dining, swimming, imbibing, dancing, shopping, napping, power walking and bullshitting in tropical sun and surf. A more advanced curriculum will be available next January.



Sunset at Chenay Bay



Leslie, Mark, Norman and Deborah at  
Goat Soup & Whiskey



Norman giving Detroit Barefoot Salsa lessons  
Chips cost extra

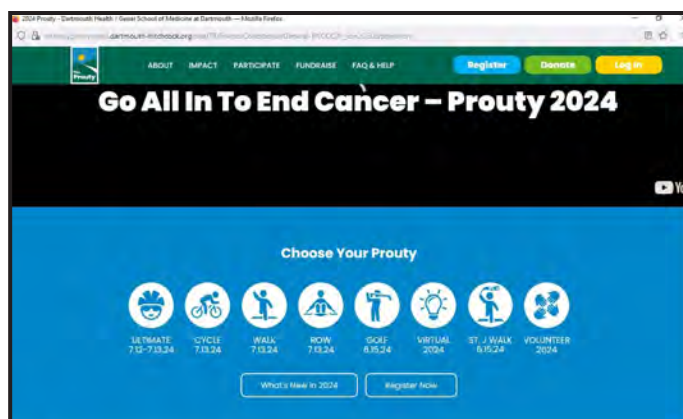


## News from and about Classmates

**Hale Irwin** is looking for our support.

My Dear Friends,

The days are getting longer reminding us all that **THE PROUTY** will be held July 13, 2024.!



This will be my 38th riding to raise money to fight Cancer at the Dartmouth Cancer Center. These rides represent donations totaling over **\$225,000.00!** Thank you for your continuous support over the decades. It has been quite a ride; in down-pours, heat, wind, steep climbs and fast down hills; including one good shoulder-blade breaking crash and several flat tires. Like last year, this year will be tougher than normal for me. I am recovering from quad-tendon tear repair surgery on the knee I recently had partially replaced. Anyway, I expect to be ready and willing to ride at least 50 miles.

Now I am switching to your part. Please dig as deeply as you can to support the Cancer Center in its great work. We never know when we will need help ourselves.

Peace and Love,  
*Hale*

**PLEASE CLICK THE LINK BELOW TO ACCESS MY DONATION PAGE WHERE YOU CAN DO YOUR THING!**

[https://getinvolved.dartmouth-hitchcock.org/site/TR/FriendsConditional/General-FNCCC?px=1003253&pg=personal&fr\\_id=2050](https://getinvolved.dartmouth-hitchcock.org/site/TR/FriendsConditional/General-FNCCC?px=1003253&pg=personal&fr_id=2050)

**John Sherman** (see his photo on page 3)

I live near Coolidge Corner in Brookline MA with my wife Barbara, whom I've been married to for 54 years. We started dating in our senior years (she was at Brandeis) and got married in my first year at Harvard Law. I was in the Army Reserves, and so did not go to Vietnam.

We have two daughters: Julie (Cornell '98) and Stephanie (Vassar '01). Julie leaves nearby in Newton, and we have two grandchildren: Maddie (age 12) and Harrison (age 8). Julie, who has a masters in communication from Leslie University, runs her own all-women's graphic design business. Stephanie, who has a PhD from Cal Berkeley, a masters from NYU, and two Fulbrights, teaches LGBTQ+ studies, Hispanic culture, and performance at San Francisco College for the Arts.

I was an English major, but Prof. Vincent Starzinger's political science lecture course on US Constitutional Law inspired me to become a lawyer. A conservative, he believed that shared ideas of classic Liberalism (especially John Locke's) had the power to shape law, government and society. I recall that only **Bob Reich** and I got an A+ in his class.

My best friend at college was my old friend **Tom Couser**, a recipient of the GAR award in 2022. I introduced him to his first wife, Peggy, and we were best men at each other's weddings.

Except for Tom, I haven't had too much contact with any of my other '68 classmates, but in the second part of my career, I have enjoyed friendships with several much younger Dartmouth alumni, including Salil Tripathi (Tuck '85) a brilliant writer and human rights expert from Delhi, and Monica Gorman ('96), Deputy Assistant Secretary for Manufacturing Industry & Analysis for the Biden Administration.

I had a federal clerkship in Atlanta, a stint at a law firm in Boston, and worked for thirty years as a corporate lawyer for New England Electric System, which later was acquired by National Grid in the UK. National Grid was a great company with wonderful people. But as a result of my involvement in nuclear power plant, hazardous waste, and personal injury litigation, I became concerned that businesses were not properly taking into account the real adverse impact of their activities on society.

As I got closer to retirement in 2008, I seized the opportunity to get deeply involved in an initiative at the United Nations to develop a framework for sorting out the respective roles of businesses, states, and civil society with respect to the growing problem of business involvement in human rights abuse.

This problem had become acute following the collapse of the Soviet Union in the 1990s, the rise of global trade, the off-shoring of production, the hollowing out of the middle class, the increase in inequality, the degradation of the environment, and the race to the bottom by companies seeking to produce the cheapest products regardless of the human and environmental cost.

This led me back to Harvard, this time as a Senior Fellow at

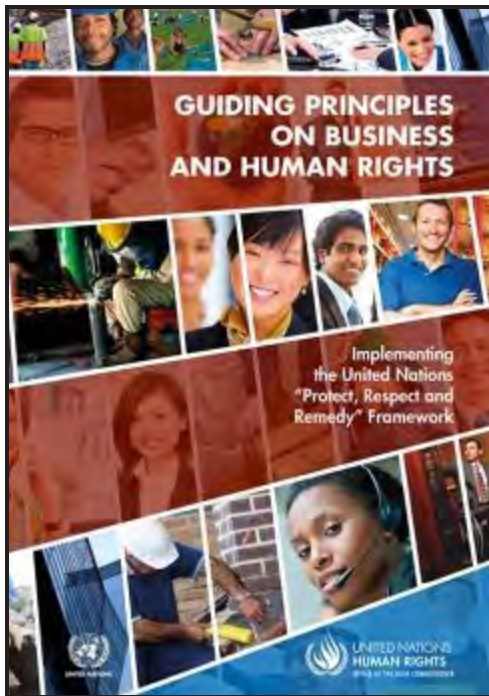
## More News from and about Classmates

**John Sherman**—continued

the Kennedy School, where I joined the UN mandate team of the late Prof. John Ruggie. This gave me a chance to put into practice the lesson that Prof. Starzinger had taught me 40 years earlier about crafting ideas that could shape the world.

Ruggie had been tasked by then UN Secretary General Kofi Anan with the job of creating an international framework on business and human rights. Anan was concerned that if society didn't get globalization right for everyone, it wouldn't work for anyone, and we would see the resurgence of all of the 'isms of prior years — e.g., populism, racism, terrorism, fundamentalism, authoritarianism etc. (He was right, unfortunately.)

The end result, after several years of research, pilot projects, and dozens of multistakeholder initiatives around the year, was the 2011 UN Guiding Principles on Business and Human Rights, which the UN Human Rights Council unanimously endorsed. I was deeply involved in the drafting and shaping of the Guiding Principles with Prof. Ruggie.



Afterwards, I helped him to found Shift, a nonprofit 501(c)(3) corporation based in NYC, which became the leading worldwide center for expertise and learning on the Guiding Principles. I stepped down as its General Counsel and Senior Advisor after twelve years, in 2023.

Looking back, I am astonished at the uptake of the Guiding Principles that I helped to draft thirteen years ago. It has become the authoritative global roadmap on the responsibilities of States, businesses, and civil society, and is reflected or incorporated in laws, the practices and policies of leading compa-

nies, the decision making of investors, and the advocacy of civil society.

In particular, I am thrilled that the concept of human rights due diligence that I helped to create—a stakeholder-centered process of managing human rights risk—has become mandatory law in several EU countries (France, Germany, Norway, The Netherlands), and is on the verge of being enacted into law in the EU.

I am also excited that in its very recently issued updated National Action Plan on Responsible Business Conduct, the U.S. Government has put human rights due diligence squarely on the national agenda, and committed all US government agencies to take specific steps to facilitate its implementation.

I like to think that Prof. Starzinger would have been impressed.

These days, I busy myself working with the International Bar Association, the American Bar Association, and the Business and Human Rights Lawyers Association to work with the legal profession to practice law with respect for human rights. That's a bit like herding cats, but it's fun.

I appreciate the quote attributed to Buckminster Fuller that yesterday's work often becomes today's hobby.

We are off to Scotland to visit old friends, which is our first trip overseas since the Pandemic.

### **Bill Zarchy**

I'm staying busy and productive with a variety of activities. I'm in a writing class, which is (s-l-o-w-l-y) helping me formulate the story for my next book about FDR, a sequel to my debut novel, *Finding George Washington: A Time Travel Tale*. I've also been in a singing class for the past couple of years, which I enjoy immensely. And because I have early symptoms of Parkinson's Disease, my dear wife Susan and I are in a weekly Dance for PD class as well. I'm still involved with storytelling, working with two different groups of folks putting on storytelling shows and performing as much as I can.

As I write this, on my 77th birthday, I'm between two storytelling performances this month at small clubs here in Berkeley. Early in February, I told a story about meeting Bill Clinton on a film shoot for *The West Wing* on NBC, mashed up, sadly, with the passings of my dad and our family dog around the same time, some years ago. Video of this story appears here: <https://youtu.be/-HWMopl-ais>

And next week, I'll be telling a different story about our family's strange experiences during a trip to France some years ago: odd doings at the Eiffel Tower and Chartres Cathedral.

## More News from and about Classmates

**Bill Zarchy**—continued

One more link, to a story about a filming trip to New Zealand: <https://youtu.be/P9IYwR4s-Yo>.

I still amuse myself with photography, but I haven't shot anything more complex than an iPhone video since my retirement as a professional cinematographer on my 68th birthday, nine years ago.

Also, since my recent Parkinson's diagnosis, I've become aware of many friends and acquaintances that have the same ailment. Without the classic "shaky" symptoms. I suspect that a number of our classmates are in the same boat. [See Bill's article about Parkinson's starting on page 20.]

**John Hamer**

Letter to Wall Street Journal 2-21-24

"How Dartmouth Keeps Its Cool" (Feb. 20) by Emma Osman praised Dartmouth College President Sian Beilock for launching the Dartmouth Dialogues program to bring speakers to campus "for discussion on touchy topics" and to encourage civil and respectful discussion and debate. There is precedent for such dialogue in Hanover.

In May 1967, former Alabama Governor George Wallace came to speak at Dartmouth. He was running for President on a strict segregationist platform. A group of African-American students organized a protest and noisily interrupted Wallace's speech, even rushing the stage at one point. As he left, they surrounded his car, pounding and rocking it. Campus police intervened and Wallace left town. The incident made national news coverage. [Photo from Dartmouth Libraries—History 10:04: Dartmouth Black Lives]



The college administration and the *Daily Dartmouth* student newspaper strongly criticized the demonstrators for violating free speech and academic openness, but the event led to many robust debates and a packed meeting co-sponsored by the Afro-American Society and the Dartmouth Conservative Society to discuss racism and inequality.

My fraternity, which had several African-American brothers, also hosted black activist Stokely Carmichael, who spent a couple of hours drinking beer with us and listening to our mostly Motown jukebox. Now that was the kind of constructive dialogue we all needed then—and still do.

**2-29-24 Follow-up**

The WSJ ran my letter today (February 29th) (page A16). **Bob Tannenwald** rightly noted that some white students also protested Wallace, and a white professor from Colby led the group rushing the stage.

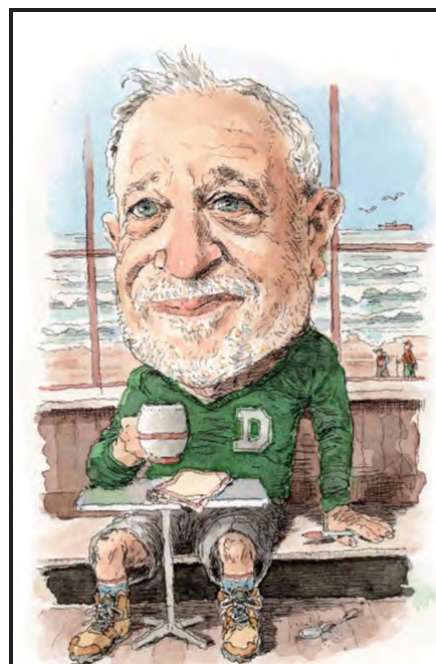
And does anyone else remember drinking beer with Stokely Carmichael when he visited us at TEP? If so, call me (206-910-5270)!

**Jeff Hinman** provided a couple of items. One was **Bob Reich's** column "A holiday question: How old is too old. My guide to when to get out?"

It's too long to include here, but you can find it at <https://robertreich.substack.com/p/how-old-is-too-old-fc8>.

**Jeff Hinman** also provided the following article from RareBooksDigest.com about some interesting Dartmouth history with this observation: Legend has it that the shooting was the origin of Theta Delt's nickname "Boom Boom Lodge."

Illustration by John Cuneo





## More News from and about Classmates

Jeff Hinman—continued

### The Fictional Mystery Dartmouth College

#### Wished Away

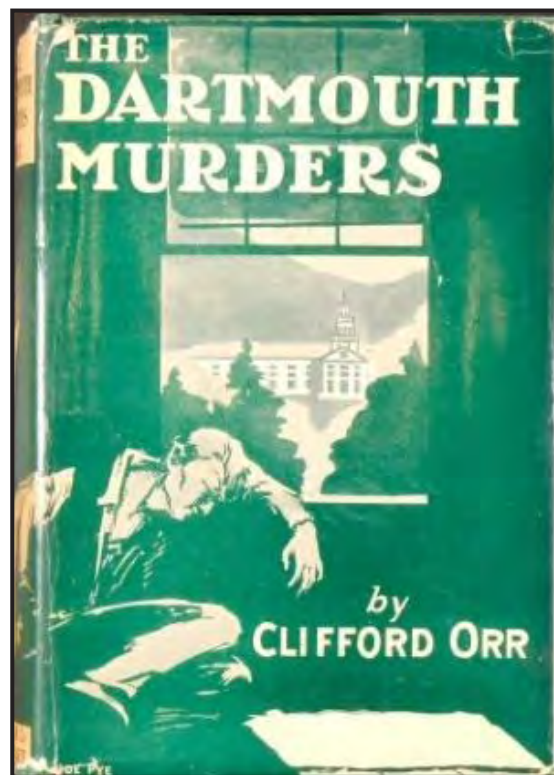
In June 1920, a few minutes after a dispute at a Dartmouth College dorm room, Bob Meads, a sophomore, who sold bootlegged whiskey he sourced from Canada, fatally shot senior, Hank Maroney of the Theta Delta Fraternity. Another Dartmouth College sophomore at the time, Clifford “Kip” Orr, deeply affected by the murder of his classmate, captured the atmosphere of the stunned college campus in a fictional mystery novel, titled *The Dartmouth Murders*, which was published in 1929. Unlike the true crime event, Orr’s story had imaginary characters and described 3 murders at three different Dartmouth campus locations. The killer was a music professor at the college.

*The Dartmouth Murders*, first appeared in serial form as *The Dartmouth Mystery*, in a magazine titled *College Humor*, Vol.18:2-4 (September-November,1929). The novel was published in book format by Farrar and Rinehart, during the publisher’s inaugural year (New York: Farrar & Rinehart, 1929). It did, in fact, come out on the day of the stock market crash, October 29, 1929. Despite the disclosure on a title page: “All events and all important characters in this story are entirely imaginary,” the image on the dust-jacket with the Dartmouth Hall clock outline, underneath the title *The Dartmouth Murders*, subconsciously alluded to the 1920 actual murder.



Orr dedicated his book to Franklin McDuffie, class of 1921, in the Dartmouth English Department. The story was copyrighted by the Collegiate World Publishing Company (College Humor). After Franklin McDuffie graduated from Dartmouth, he became an English professor at the College, and soon after that, at the urging of President Ernest Martin Hopkins, class of 1901, wrote the words to the College’s tribute anthem *Dartmouth Undying*.

The Farrar & Rinehart first edition of the book, featuring Joe Pye’s green art on its dust jacket, and showing the Dartmouth Hall in the background, is quite scarce. It is currently held by several institutions. The Dartmouth College Rauner Special Collections Library, has several copies, some signed by the author, and it also has Orr’s original manuscript. There have not been any sales recorded by our own [Rare Books Sales Monitor](#) in recent years, and there are no copies currently available for sale. It is thus quite difficult to provide an estimated on this book’s value.



The reprint edition, published by Grosset and Dunlap, carries an orange band printed on top of the Dartmouth Hall image, with the blurb: “Absorbing and dramatic mystery and crime.’ – Transcript’ . . . five feverish days on the campus . . . sensational.’ -New York Herald-Tribune’ . . . suspense and horror sustained to the end, with an unexpected solution of the problem.’ -Boston Evening Transcript.” Grosset and Dunlap, historically known for its photoplay editions and juvenile series books, was primarily a hardcover reprint house with large volume circulations. This edition of the book, which has the identical format to the Farrar & Rinehart edition, except of course

## More News from and about Classmates

**Jeff Hinman**—continued

for the change to the dust-jacket image, is actually available for sale on various marketplaces, for less than \$100.

*The Dartmouth Murders*, was made into a movie in 1935, titled *A Shot in the Dark* (no more Dartmouth on the title). The New York Times panned the movie version for which Orr wrote the script, with the critic: “an inability to be properly mysterious.....excessively routine.... lead actors subscribe to the wooden Indian school of acting.” The star of the movie, Charles Starrett, was fullback on Dartmouth’s 1925 national championship football team, and was a member of the class of 1926, and thus, a late-comer to the 1920 campus murder scene. He did not share the same feelings that Orr did, nor did he know Meads or Maroney (killer and victim) intimately and lacked a spark of realism. Another famous author to be, who joined the college the year following the murder, was Theodor Seuss Geisel, better known as [Dr. Seuss](#). He, of course, focused on children’s literature and cartoons. What effect life on campus during the murder could have inflicted on the feel good children’s storyteller? One would never know.

**Gerry Bell**

### Eclipse Day, and the Correction of a 54-Year-Old Mistake

I’m sure I’m not the only ’68 who witnessed the total eclipse of the sun on April 8, but I’ll bet I was the most obsessed with doing so. Through my own foolishness, I’d already missed one chance: fifty-four years ago, in the spring of 1970, I left my ship in Norfolk, VA – in the path of totality on that March 7—to drive to Philadelphia to help my fiancée choose our wedding china. As Julia Roberts says to the shopgirls in ‘Pretty Woman’ – “Big mistake. Huge.”

The fiancée is history now, and the china never mattered at all. But the empty feeling from missing that eclipse has always haunted me. I don’t have many regrets in my life, but this was one. Over the years, a total eclipse had become number one on my bucket list.

So April 8 was of cosmic importance to me. The path of totality would pass through northern Vermont, only 50 miles north of us, which was mighty convenient. But I’d already said I’d drive 500 or even 1000 miles to find clear weather for viewing. I was that committed.

I didn’t care if anyone—or everyone—thought I was crazy. I was prepared to die on this hill. This was not negotiable. “This is happening,” I thought to myself. “I’m doing this.”

Starting two weeks out, I was fixated on the long-range weather

forecast, even though I knew monitoring so far in advance was pointless. The outlook for Vermont was discouraging at first, but brightened until, with four days to go, sunny skies throughout were forecast. Middlebury or Montpelier or Vergennes—an easy trip, I thought.

Then, with 48 and then 24 hours to go, the forecast for Monday afternoon for Burlington and points east changed to a 30% to 50% cover of high thin clouds. The media reassured everyone that they’d still be able to see the eclipse, only perhaps the sun’s corona wouldn’t be as visible.

“I haven’t waited this long not to do it right,” I thought. St. Johnsbury, the doorstep to Vermont’s Northeast Kingdom, looked far enough east to be free of the encroaching cloud cover. Two and a half hours from my house in Shaftsbury, allow another hour and a half for the traffic. No problem.

April 8 dawned, and St. Johnsbury was now forecast to have cloud cover seeping in just after 2:00 p.m. The eclipse would occur at 3:25. Fine. I’d go farther north, to the Canadian border if necessary; and east, to Colebrook, NH if it came to that. My Type A control freak settings were at full throttle.

I left my house at 10:00 a.m. and by 11:00 I was at a gas station in the shadow of Mt. Ascutney. (“Make sure you have a full tank!” the authorities had said. Gasoline might become scarce and the lines very long.) I asked a state cop about northbound traffic on I-91. “It’s at a standstill for 80 miles,” he said.

So, no I-91 for me; I wasn’t about to be caught helplessly waiting for the next exit to create an option. Instead, I took the mid-60s Dartmouth route—remember there was no I-91 north of Windsor, even during our senior year? Route 5 to Hanover, through the campus to the Presidential Highway—Route 10 through Lyme, Orford, and Haverhill—then over to Wells River, VT and Route 5 again. From the highway overpass, I saw I-91 traffic crawling north and figured I was home free—a straight shot to St. Johnsbury and beyond.

It was now 1:30, and I knew I’d entered the path of totality when I saw Vermont natives in lawn chairs at the side of the road, their eclipse parties in full swing. But not overwhelming crowds. “This won’t be too bad,” I thought.

St. Johnsbury was something else. The next day the authorities estimated 30,000 visitors, but I think that was way low. The town looked more like the parking lot at Met Life Stadium, home to the Giants and their 80,000 fans. It also looked like a remake of “Invasion of the Body Snatchers.” Thousands of people sitting in low-rise lawn chairs, wearing shorts and tank tops, fat, pasty white skin, eyes covered with eclipse glasses, mouths hanging open.

The center of town was jammed, every restaurant with a deck filled to capacity, beer and burgers galore. A cop at an inter-



## More News from and about Classmates

**Gerry Bell**—continued

section asked me, “Where are you trying to go?” and I said, “As far north as I can, to get away from the clouds.”

He gave me directions out of downtown to Route 5 north-bound, and as I started to raise my window, I said, “This whole scene looks like a Stephen King novel, doesn’t it?” He burst out laughing and said, “It sure does! Thank you! That made my day!”

Route 5 north to Lyndon was easy. Most everyone had reached their eclipse destination in St. Johnsbury, and only control freaks like me continued north. I entered 91 northbound at Lyndon and drove 20 miles to the little town of Barton.

Someone had been there before me, and no, it wasn’t Robert Frost. It was **Peter Wonson** and the long-ago Dartmouth bands Ham Sandwich and Tracks, playing a number of times at a barn turned nightclub alongside Route 5. “One of my favorites,” Wonson says.

I exited 91, turned left under the roadway, and parked a hundred yards from 91’s southbound entrance ramp, the better for a quick getaway afterward. About five cars—they would increase only to ten—were parked either side of the road. The couple in front of me were from Old Saybrook, CT; the family in back from Delaware. We all donned eclipse glasses and watched the moon take an ever-larger bite of the sun, southwest to northeast. Once again, I confirmed—as I had more than fifty years before—that a 95% partial eclipse is meaningless. The sun is still out, a light source far too bright to look at directly. No way without glasses to tell it’s a partial eclipse.

The moon seemed to slow on its path across the sun’s face as we approached totality. The light was strange and very different—not the dusk or twilight we know. The shadows were still sharp, but the colors of the ground—we parked beside a grassy field—were faded and muted.

Then the Shadow Bands appeared. In the minutes before totality, I glanced at the ground. The spaces between the needles in the evergreen trees alongside the southbound exit ramp acted as pinhole cameras and projected an array of tiny crescent

suns on the ground. Yards upon yards – a carpet – of crescent suns.

The bands lasted only a few moments, and I watched the last slice of the sun – about 1% of its face – start to disappear. It was still sunlight, too bright to view directly, but I had pushed my glasses down my nose so I could raise my eyes above their frames at the instant of totality.

I saw Baily’s Beads – the tiny pinpricks of sunlight showing through the valleys of the moon at the edge of its disc – then we slid into totality and the lights went out.

Immediately. Completely. Like flipping a switch in a closed windowless room. There is no twilight or gradual dying light. You see only blackness in the bowl of the sky. The moon’s disc and the surrounding space were the darkest black I’d ever witnessed.

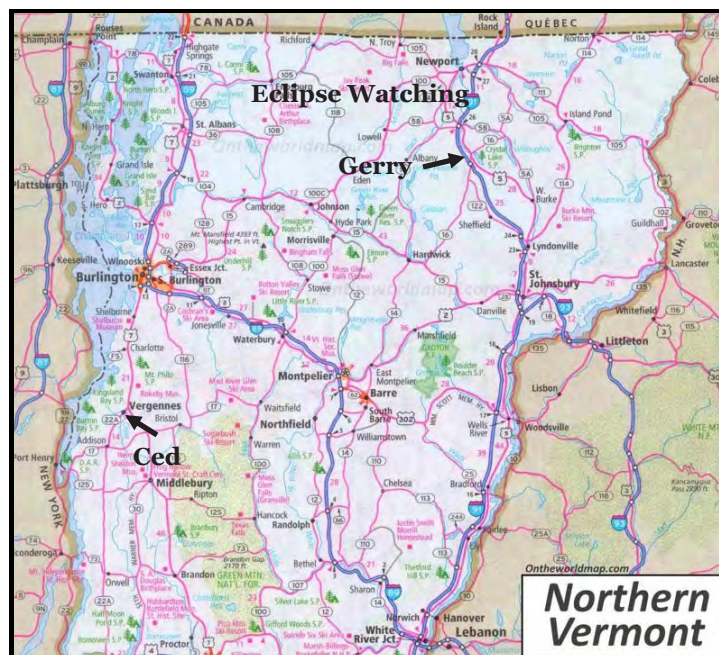
The sun’s corona appeared, and I realized what an inspired move I’d made to be sure of a clear sky. I’ve since seen some pictures of the eclipse from media outlets, but no such pictures

were taken in Barton, VT. The corona was a brilliant bluish white, seemingly infused with strands or filaments stretching out from the surface of the sun – not visible in pictures. The light from the corona was so intense – normally a source that bright would cast a glow into surrounding areas, but not here. Brilliant blue-white light, the darkest black imaginable, with no intervening gradation. It looked miraculous.

Then the stars emerged from the blackness – not with a faint glow gradually becoming brighter, but popping

out at full intensity. First the planets: Jupiter to the upper left of the eclipse, Venus to the lower right, then Mars farther to the right, finally the brightest stars in our sun’s neighborhood.

Nothing – no words, no still picture, not even time lapse video – can capture the feeling of the moment. The countryside was in full darkness, no ambient light because it was daytime on the outskirts of a remote rural town. The whoops and shouts that erupted at the beginning of totality were replaced with an awed silence. The birds stopped flying and roosted in the trees. The bowl of blackness overhead stretched to infinity, the halo





## More News from and about Classmates

### Gerry Bell—continued

of the sun's corona the jewel in the crown. We all felt a sense of hushed grandeur as we stood there.

My Connecticut neighbor and I both had our binoculars on the eclipse – I remember thinking the smartest thing I ever did was bring the binoculars – and my neighbor said, “What’s that red dot at seven o’clock?”

“I think it’s a solar prominence,” I said. The sun is at its peak in its 11-year cycle of surface activity, so this was an unexpected bonus. The prominence was a purplish ruby red, a radiant vibrant color. It expanded from a pinprick at the rim of the circle to cover the range from six o’clock to seven o’clock, an entire 30 degrees, flaring out and falling back, dancing on the edge of the moon’s black disc.

I looked to the west-southwest and saw, beneath the inky blackness, a thin grayish ribbon at the horizon, and I realized I was looking at the sky above the surface of the earth *outside* the moon’s shadow. Then I saw the shadow moving northeastward, blackness replacing the grayish tinge. Magical. The universe in motion.

The whole experience was otherworldly. I wanted to bathe in it for hours, but we had only three minutes and ten seconds. Then Baily’s Beads were back, followed by the Diamond Ring—the first flash of the sun’s edge is a brilliant diamond, with the ring’s band made up of the fading corona. Then enough light from the sun came through to overpower the corona, and a few seconds after that we were back to 99% totality, too bright to view directly.

The show was over. One percent, then two percent, of the sun’s disc showed through my glasses. No sense in waiting for the anticlimax of a waxing crescent sun. I was back in my car heading south, trying to beat the traffic.

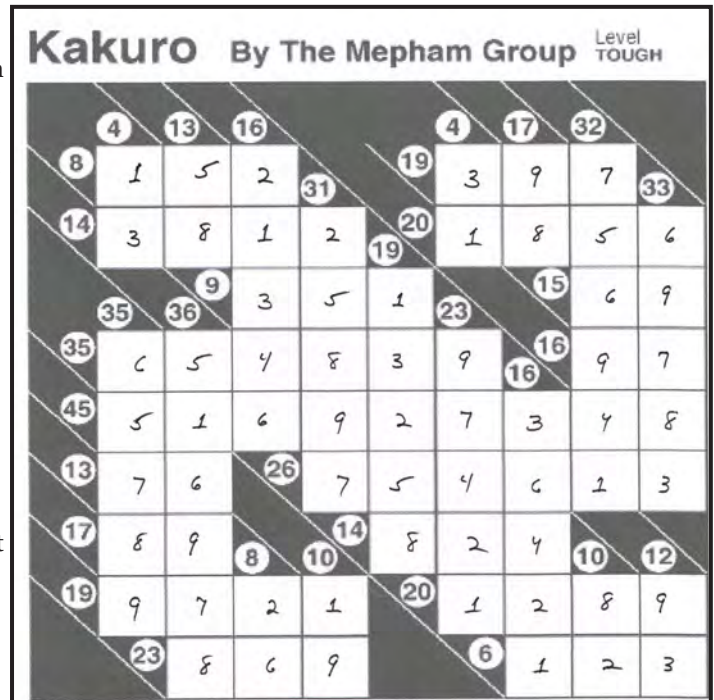
My trip home was a little over four hours for a normal three-hour trip, much better than many people experienced, particularly those attempting the near-hopeless task of entering I-91 from St. Johnsbury. I went through heavy merges onto the highway there, and the traffic took a long time to start to disperse afterward. Local knowledge helped. I switched over to Route 5 at Wells River and was back on 91 just north of Hanover, drawing ahead of much of the traffic.

I’m told it took many people more than seven hours to reach Brattleboro, and some even slept in their cars by the roadside, given the universal “no vacancies” at motels. And southbound 91 was jammed again on Tuesday morning by people who parted the night before ahead of setting out on their return trip.

But no matter the traffic, no matter the delays, I defy anyone to find a person who will say the eclipse wasn’t worth it. For myself, a mistake corrected is a mistake erased, even 54 years af-

ter the fact. Mission accomplished, in spectacular fashion. I’d do it again tomorrow.

Since Gerry is the source of the Kokuro puzzles, here’s the answer to the new one in this issue—see page 23.



### Alan Raymond

Here's a photo of a Chi Phi classmate meet-up in October with **Jon and Debby Newcomb** and me and **Charlotte** at the Shrimp Shack in Frogmore, SC.



## More News from and about Classmates

**Alan Raymond**—continued

I'm grateful to **Jeff Hinman** for many things, including introducing me to Charlotte in 1967, and also for introducing me to Tina Turner on "River Deep, Mountain High." Unfortunately, Ike and "wall of sound" producer Phil Spector turned out to be horrible human beings, but Tina was great till the end.

I guess if I was going to introduce someone to rock and roll, I'd play them the Big Mama Thornton version of "Hound Dog" and then the Elvis version—to show them both the roots and the commercialization of the genre. She made a hundred bucks; he made millions.

Here's a wonderful tribute to Chi Phi classmate **Jeff Spiegel** that you should know about. I reckon he's the only '68 with a fine wine named after him! His personal and professional accomplishments have been extraordinary.

[M'tucci's launches new wine in honor of its founder](https://www.krqe.com/new-mexico-living/mtuccis-launches-new-wine-in-honor-of-its-founder/)  
<https://www.krqe.com/new-mexico-living/mtuccis-launches-new-wine-in-honor-of-its-founder/>



M'tucci's is known for its top-tier food and drinks, and now the Albuquerque staple is introducing a new wine: Giuseppe's Tribute. The restaurant's minister of culture, Howie Kaibel, has all the information on what is new at M'tucci's and with their wine.

Kaibel explains that the name Guiseppe is the Italian equivalent of the American name Joseph. Because of that, the restaurant's new wine is named in honor of the founder of M'tucci's, **Jeff Spiegel**. The wine is a reserve cabernet sauvignon from Napa Valley that is blended in Albuquerque by Sean Sheehan. Kaibel says M'tucci's has been so successful because Spiegel runs his restaurants with the Italian mentality that "you get more out of life by focusing on the people that make your company great." The wine honors the founder's hard work and his dedication to making M'tucci's both a great place to eat and a great place to work.

The new wine is available at all of the M'tucci's locations and at [Teddy Roe's](#). To check out all the M'tucci's has to offer, [click here](#).

[Editor's Note: I have a friend and professional collaborator from the Laguna Pueblo tribe who lives in Albuquerque and says M'tucci's is by far the best Italian restaurant in the entire area.]

**Roger Gutner:** Hobbies, grandchildren, dabbling in politics, and so on. Trying to help others along their way. Life is good—and that is good enough. After reading *The Transmission*, I feel impressed with what our classmates are doing later in their lives.

### Woody Thompson

I retired in 2014 after nearly 40 years with the Maine Geological Survey. Last year I retired again, having mapped the geology of the northern White Mountains for the State of New Hampshire. I've conducted independent research on the glacial history of this area since the 1980s, resulting in field trip guides, scholarly papers, and co-authoring a book for the public (*The Geology of New Hampshire's White Mountains*). [See the section on Class Authors.]

My recent field area, the Mahoosuc Range east of Berlin, NH. The sand washed into a lake briefly dammed by the retreating Laurentide Ice Sheet about 14,000 years ago.



Louise and I like to travel. We take short trips around the Northeast and eastern Canada to relieve cabin fever. Since 2010 we've had longer vacations to England and Germany. London and the Peak District (including the nation's best mineral show) are always on the England list, and we've made repeat visits to Cornwall, Liverpool, York, and the Lake District. Louise should be a tour guide because her planning has enabled us to travel on our own and pack lots of attractions into these trips.



## More News from and about Classmates

### Larry Himes



Can't complain about being old as dirt. I play tennis, my original sport, and pickleball. Enjoy them both. No injuries so far. Traveling less but enjoying friends and family even more. I try to remember every day: #1. You can't have too much fun and #2 we're running out of shopping days....use them wisely. Sara and the rest of the family—3 children/adults and 4 grandchildren.

### Bob Ross

Mark, here are my first grandchild, Daria, and her mother, Sarah, presently of San José, Costa Rica. My son Kayvon is the proud father. Cheers, r/



The January/February issue of the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* featured two '68s: There was a major article "The Buckaroo Effect – How a zany cult movie by Director **W.D. [Rick] Richter** '68 reverberates 40 years later" about the still popular film "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai Across the 8<sup>th</sup> Dimension."

[Editor's Note: Methinks the DAM staff reads *The Transmission* because it had an article about Rick a couple of issues ago.]

The article provides the backstory on the creation of this classic which was early in the careers of several actors who later were well-known, as shown in this photo from the article.



From left: Vincent Schiavelli, **Rick Richter**, John Lithgow and Christopher Lloyd.

If you aren't familiar with the movie, the DAM article says "... *Buckaroo Banzai* stars Peter Weller (*RoboCop*) as the title hero, a dashing physicist/brain surgeon/race car driver/rock star/Zen guru. His posse, the Hong Kong Cavaliers, includes Jeff Goldblum as 'New Jersey,' a fellow doctor dressed in cowboy regalia. John Lithgow hams it up outrageously as villain Lord John Whorfin, an alien Lectroid from Planet 10 who inhabits the body of respected scientist Dr. Emilio Lizardo."

If you can't find your Alumni Magazine, you can read the article at <https://dartmouthalumnimagazine.com/articles/buckaroo-effect-w-d-richter>.

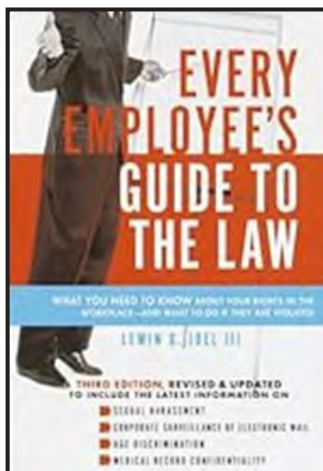
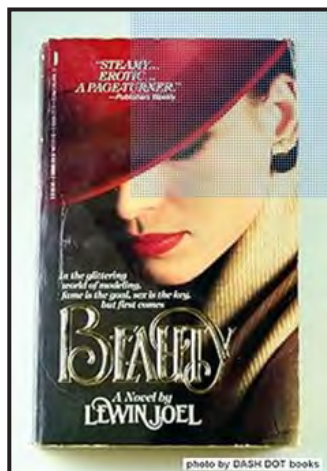
Also in this issue of the DAM, the closing article "Continuing Ed: A public policy expert on what he's like to fix" is an interview with **Bob Reich**.

The April/May/June edition of the AAA magazine *Explorer* had an article about "art and nature" in New England. Page 34 was a short piece (and great photo) of our own **Dave Stromeyer** at his spread in Enosburg Falls, VT, next to one of his sculptures., one of which was shown in a prior issue.



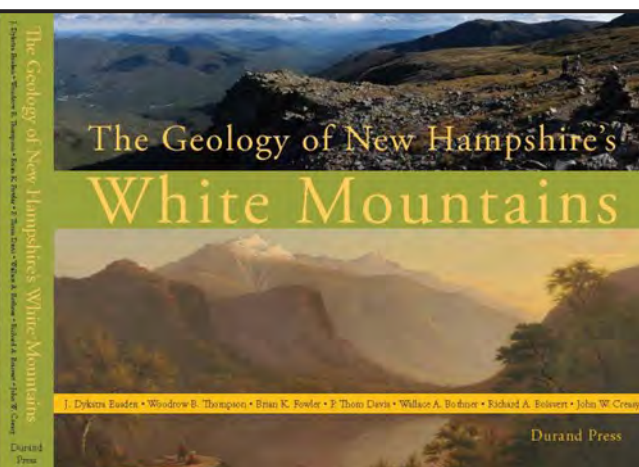
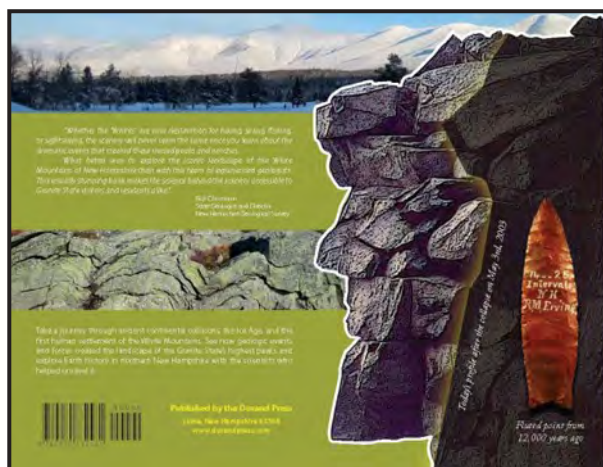
## Class Authors

**Peter Weston** noted that our list of Class Authors in the last issue was missing **Lew Joel** who has at least two books: *Beauty*, based on his experience as a male model and another, a professional book on labor law, which **Gerry Bell** identified as *Every Employee's Guide to the Law*.



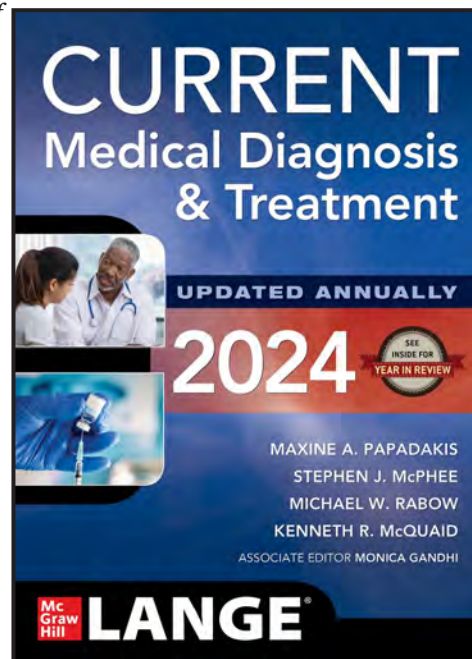
### Woody Thompson

As noted in Woody's earlier comments on page 37, here's his book. Woody is 4th from the left in the photo below.



### Paul Fitzgerald (Fitz)

Perhaps I may qualify as one of our class's book authors, although I have mostly published medical textbooks and papers. I've edited and co-authored two editions of the medical textbook *Handbook of Clinical Endocrinology*. This textbook received some academic accolades, but was a financial flop. Besides this textbook, for many years, I've been writing the "Endocrine Disorders" chapter for *Current Medical Diagnosis and Treatment (CMDT)* that's published by McGraw Hill in annually updated editions. CMDT is



one of the top-selling textbooks in the world, so royalties have been fairly good.

I remain on the clinical faculty and medical staff at the University of California San Francisco (UCSF), the one campus of the University of California that's entirely devoted to health sciences. With no football team, UCSF flies under the radar for most people. Early in my career, I received salary support from an NIH grant to UCSF for researching pituitary tumors and Cushing disease. We published our results in *The New England Journal of Medicine* [PubMed ID: 203853].

## Class Authors—continued

**Paul Fitzgerald (Fitz)** - continued

I sort of stumbled into endocrine oncology, inspired by a one patient from San Luis Obispo with a metastatic pheochromocytoma. I wrote a UCSF phase 2 clinical trial to treat my patient with targeted radioisotope therapy, for which I became the primary investigator (PI). We published the results from our first 50 patients in *The Journal of Clinical Oncology* [PubMed ID: 19636009]. I've also written the chapter dealing with these tumors for two editions of the endocrine textbook *Basic & Clinical Endocrinology*.

I enjoy medical writing. It's a sort of creative process and a challenge to succinctly summarize new updates and impartially discuss controversial medical topics. Also, medical writing gets me to review all the new medical literature on these subjects. It keeps me up-to-date, which is important, since I continue to practice endocrinology & internal medicine in San Francisco.

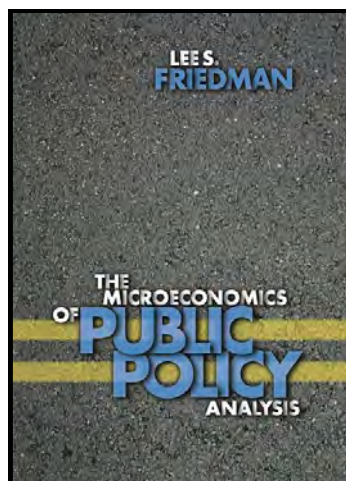
More recently, I researched the origin of the name "Fitzgerald". I discovered some astoundingly interesting history involving, among other things, the Battle of Hastings and Nest ferch Rhys, a fascinating woman, two of whose adult children invaded Ireland for the king of England. So I self-published a book, based upon my research, called *Fitzgerald, Ancient Family History*. It's mostly for my children and grandchildren, but I can share a pdf copy with you, if interested.

Very Best Wishes to All My '68 Classmates.

From **Bart Palmer**:

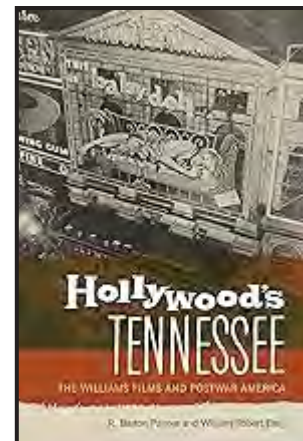
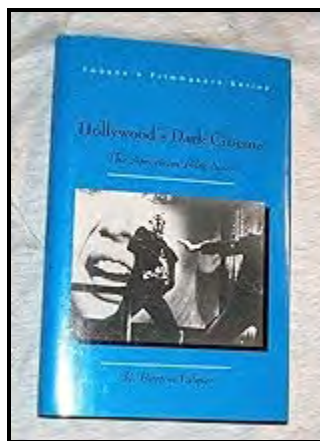
About the list of classmates who have published books. I'm sure that there are names to be added to the list, given the professional accomplishments of 68ers. I have two:

**Lee Friedman**, professor emeritus at Berkeley, and my freshman year roommate, published a much-lauded textbook on economics (*The Microeconomics of Public Policy* Princeton University Press) during his distinguished career, in addition to the many journal articles that, rather than books, are the mark of professional engagement in his field.



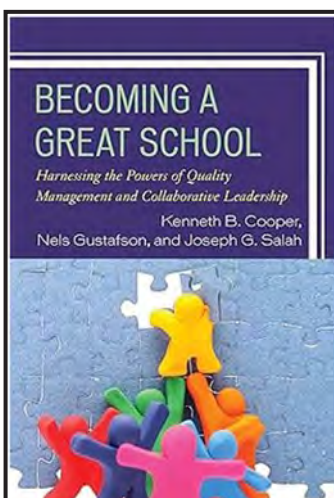
Lee has also edited an important multi-author volume on this subject: *Does Policy Analysis Matter?* U of California Press.

As it happens, over the course of my own career in higher education, I have published numerous books in the fields of film studies and medieval studies. You can see a list of these on my author page at Amazon. [Two examples below.]



**Ken Cooper**

In education we are working on behalf of a truly noble cause: the lives of our students. We need a system for working together that is worthy of the work — one that harnesses the idealistic visions and inherent energies that brought us to education in the first place.



*Becoming A Great School* prepares you to create that system. The authors challenge top-down leadership as a vestige of the past which fails to fully engage today's teaching professionals. They explain why the following structures are essential to school revitalization: an intrinsically-motivated, energized workforce functioning smoothly together as a team; a clear focus which inspires cohesion and a sense of purpose; and a process which gradually re-

news the school's educational systems piece-by-piece. The



## Class Authors—continued

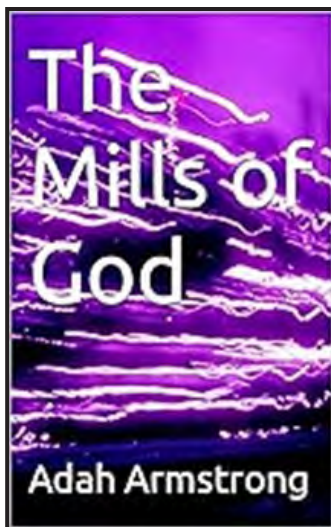
### Ken Cooper—continued

outcome is a stronger, revitalized, more effective, extraordinary school — and it is all accomplished from within.

Ken, Nels and Joe reveal the quality management principles and collaborative leadership skills that led to amazing results for them, while detailing the practices necessary for educators to achieve the same outcomes in their schools.

Become the leader you imagined yourself to be while creating the school you always wanted to work in.

Gerry Bell's fourth Adah Armstrong book is available.



Gerry says This one is a political thriller, timed to coincide with this election cycle. And like this election cycle, it's pretty dark. While it features some familiar characters, they're cast somewhat differently. For example, those readers who recall Logan Hutchinson as a beacon of sweetness and light will meet quite a different person as the terrain gets rockier here.

A good part of the darkness stems from unvarnished assessments of the people we select for

leadership positions, so I expect some readers will be offended somewhere along the line. Can't be helped — you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs. However, by the same token, I think there's plenty in here to make folks of all political persuasions smile.

But never mind the gibes I threw — it's the story itself that's dark. It's about the worst people among us, about their impulses, their sense of entitlement, and the power and invulnerability they believe they possess.

You can consider this an allegory or roman à clef if you wish. I don't believe it is — it's more of an object lesson: to be careful about what we wish for and about the attributes we value in people.

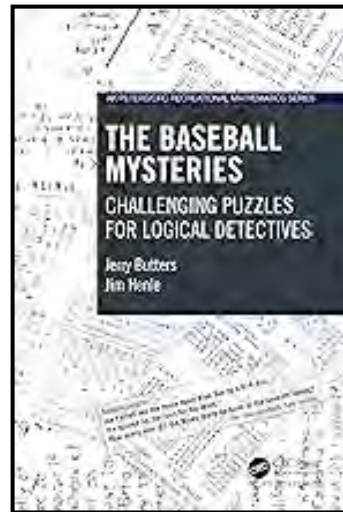
There is a message of hope as well, and that is that karma, while she may be excruciatingly slow at times, really is an implacable bitch. The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

Some readers may conclude that Adah must have been in a really foul mood when she wrote this, saying all those jaundiced things about people. Not so at all. Adah really enjoyed

herself as she wrote. The truth is liberating, and this is the truth as she sees it.

### Jim Henle

Jim has written six books. The most recent is the one that is most likely to interest '68s:



*The Baseball Mysteries*--- completely logical puzzles about baseball. [Maybe this should have gone in the section on Keeping our Brains Sharp.] Jim provided two examples: First— given a real box score (shown below), figure out who scored for Oakland in the first inning and who drove them in and the same for the third inning.

### A's 4, Indians 2

Cleveland					Oakland				
	abr.	h.	bi		abr.	h.	bi		
Franco 2b	4	0	3	0	Javier lf	4	1	2	0
Franco 1b	4	0	0	0	DHedson cf	4	2	2	2
Carter cf	4	0	0	0	Canseco rf	4	0	1	0
Kittle dh	4	1	1	0	McGwir 1b	4	1	1	2
Hall lf	4	1	2	1	Lansfrd 3b	3	0	0	0
Snyder rf	4	0	1	0	Baylor dh	3	0	0	0
Jacoby 3b	3	0	0	0	Hassey c	3	0	1	0
Bando c	3	0	1	0	Hubbrd 2b	3	0	0	0
Zuvella ss	3	0	0	0	Weiss ss	3	0	0	0
Totals	33	2	9	2	Totals	31	4	7	4

Cleveland ..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—2  
Oakland ..... 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 x—4

Game Winning RBI—McGwire (13).

DP—Oakland 1, LOB—Cleveland 5, Oakland 3.  
2B—Kittle. HR—McGwire (17), DHenderson(12),  
Hall (3). SB—Canseco (23). SF—Jacoby .

Cleveland IP. H. R. ER. BB. SO.  
Swidell L, 10—9.... 8 7 4 4 0 8

Oakland Welch W, 11—6 ... 8 7 1 1 0 8

Eckersley S, 28 .... 1 2 1 1 0 2

Umpires—Craft; Phillips; Morrison; Voltaggio.

Time—2:09.



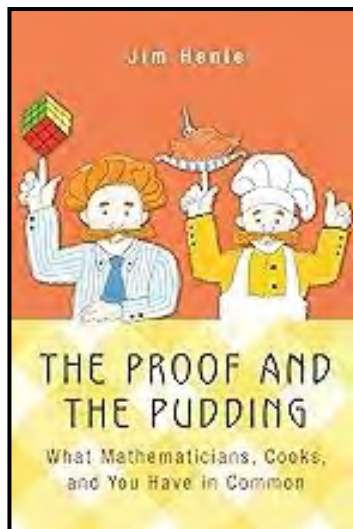
## Class Authors—continued

### Jim Henle—continued

Jim's second example is a made-up problem: The Blue Sox was the hometown team. They won the game 6-4. One of their players, Ike Farrell, scored all six of their runs. How many players did the Blues leave on base in the seventh inning?

Another book might interest classmates, *The Proof and the Pudding*, is all about how the pleasures of cooking and the pleasures of mathematics are just about the same.

Jim's other books: *Sweet Reason: A Field Guide to Modern Logic*; *Infinitesimal Calculus*; *Outline of Set Theory*; and *Calculus: The Language of Change*.



**John Pfeiffer** says “I like to cook, and I just saw the delightful and fascinating “Mathematica” exhibit at the Henry Ford Museum, so I was curious to learn what Jim had to say about the relationship between math and cooking. I discovered a charming interview Jim gave to the MIT alumni magazine on his book that some of you may enjoy, too.

<https://alum.mit.edu/slice/alum-books-podcast-proof-and-pudding>.”

Part cookbook and part textbook, Henle delights readers with countless stories of trial and error in the classroom and kitchen. But there are serious points to be made in *The Proof and the Pudding* too.

“I’m always thinking about how to bring mathematics to people and what is it that gets in the way of students connecting with mathematics,” Henle says. “In some sense this book is an answer to that, or one answer to that.”

“This is my serious point here: you have to have fun. IF you don’t have fun, you’re going to stay in math as long as people make you, and no longer,” he says.



### John Terrill Baker [unable to find a photo]

John was born February 16, 1946, and died August 21, 2022 of complications of bone cancer. He grew up in Athens, Pennsylvania, where he was extraordinarily active at his high school: valedictorian, captain of the football, basketball and track teams, and could sing too: he was in the glee club as well. At Dartmouth, he was a chemistry major and a member of Kappa Kappa Kappa (now Kappa Chi Kappa). One of his first classes was with John Kemeny, which created a lifelong love of computer programming, which was his major hobby. His senior yearbook noted “Baker, with the omnipresent bottle of Jack Daniels, (was) director of the Committee on Shows and Spectacles, Emeritus”. A favorite phrase of John’s: “There are more horse’s asses in this world than horses”. John went on to Harvard Medical School (1971) and Duke Medical School for his internship, residency and fellowship in cardiovascular medi-

cine (1975). He served as director of the Cardiac ICU at Duke, before establishing his own practice in Cardiology, which ultimately grew to 9 physicians. His research was published in both the American Journal of Cardiology and the American Heart Journal.

He met his wife Cynthia (Cindy) Silvaggi who was working as a research nurse at Duke in 1974, and they were married in 1982. After retirement, John and Cindy moved to Pflugerville, Texas in 2015, to be close to son Daniel and daughter in law Jennifer.

**Allan Ackerman** described John as down-to-earth, practical, no-nonsense, direct, and brilliant. Sophomore year for a term I put my toe in pre-med, and in Physics class John and I were lab partners. I got into Dartmouth, alright, but John’s ease and speed with calculations of angular momentum were at another level.



## John Baker—continued

He was also bold and resourceful. With any luck, the statute of limitations prevents prosecution based on this next memory, but he kept a girl overnight at Tri-Kap once – if you remember, on the top floor, you could go through a small door, and bent over under the eaves in the darkness behind the Goat Room, if you walked the length of the house toward Kiewit, eventually the space opened up a little into a cozy place behind the wall behind the ‘altar’ where the President and Secretary of Tri-Kap presided. That’s where John said he and she slept. His election to Phi Beta Kappa was no surprise whatsoever.

**Greg Herschell** added “He was one of those guys who studied hard 6 days of the week and drank beer with equal dedication one day a week. I roomed with him sophomore year. I believe he lived in the fraternity junior year and started Med school at Dartmouth his senior year. I also believe he became a cardiologist because his father had some heart issues but I’m not sure. He was an Eagle Scout kind of guy, honest, good hearted, and caring. He listened more than he spoke if alcohol was not around. He was slightly more animated after a couple beers but never even a little foolish. Of course I do remember a couple embarrassing moments but I shall continue to keep those secret. I know he went on to Harvard for his MD, basically interned in the military during Viet Nam, practiced and taught at Duke, retired and moved to Texas where his son lived. The last time I spoke with him was approximately 4 years ago when I was having some heart issues and I wanted a second opinion from someone I trusted completely. He concurred with my local cardiologist and I had a pacemaker inserted. I’m forever grateful that I roomed with John. 50 years later he helped keep me healthy.

## Joseph F. (Jeff) Spiegel

Joseph “Jeff” F. Spiegel, age 77, passed away at his home in



Albuquerque, New Mexico on February 20, 2024, embraced by his family. An Albuquerque native, he returned to the area 16 years ago with his wife Katie, and together they created four wildly popular M’tucci’s restaurants that have won recognition for their great food and service, civic involvement, and the extraordinary way they treat their employees.

Jeff was diagnosed with acute myeloid leukemia in 2018, and was told that he might have six months to live. After researching treatment options nationwide, he entered a clinical trial at MD Anderson in Houston. Following months of hospitalization and treatment there, he returned home, and with ongoing care from oncologists in Houston and Albuquerque, plus the ingestion of massive amounts of New Mexico red chili (per Jeff), and an extraordinary fighting spirit, he lived with the disease for six more years. During that time, he was able to travel the world with Katie, make new friends, open more restaurants, co-found a company that builds sustainable homes, attend two of his children’s weddings, witness a third child’s engagement, and welcome and fall in love with his granddaughter.

Jeff was born and raised in New Mexico and came to Dartmouth from Phillips Exeter Academy. At Dartmouth he was a member of Chi Phi Fraternity. Following graduation, he served as a Peace Corps volunteer in Peru, where he helped a jungle tribe develop schools and chicken farms and form a tribal organization that won recognition by the government and title to their land. After returning to Boston, Jeff spent four years in the office of Mayor Kevin White, working as Mattapan Little City Hall Manager and Director of Boston’s drug treatment program. He also worked at Tuft’s Fletcher School in a program to recruit PhDs in technology and engineering for academic positions at South and Central American universities.

In 1982, after working in New York City as a healthcare consultant, Jeff decided to take his career in a totally different direction. He and Katie first opened a Mexican restaurant, Margaritas, on the Upper West Side, and ultimately spent 23 years operating 11 restaurants in Manhattan, before returning to Albuquerque, where they decided that what the city needed was a great Italian restaurant – M’tucci’s.

As M’tucci’s grew, Jeff and Katie were well known for their community philanthropy and for the generous benefits they provide to employees, including healthcare coverage and mobility between locations. Many long-term employees were even given ownership stakes in the company, and in 2023, Jeff launched a tutoring program for any employee’s child who needed extra help in school. Published tributes praised Jeff as “a very special person...for many of us he was a father figure, a mentor, a leader, a role model and an inspiration.” Earlier this year, his managers honored him with a new M’tucci’s wine called Giuseppe’s Tribute.

Last fall, Jeff’s condition worsened and in mid-February, he and his doctors decided to discontinue treatment and begin home hospice care. Knowing that his death was near, Katie decided that the family would sit Shiva for and with Jeff while





he was still alive. (In Judaism, the Shiva period is the seven day period following burial when individuals discuss their loss and accept the comfort of others.) She wrote that there was a steady stream of people who came to pay their respects and say their good-byes. They included M'tucci's cooks, cleaners, servers, business partners and very close friends who sat for hours, holding Jeff's hands and crying and telling him how much he meant to them. And on the last day, his family was with him, touching and talking to him when he took his last breath.

A celebration of Jeff's life was held on February 25 at M'tucci's Twenty Five, the newest and largest of Jeff and Katie's restaurants. At the gathering, attended by 300+ friends, business associates, community leaders, restaurant employees, and loyal customers, Katie, along with their children, Jeff's brother, and one of his principal business partners told funny, poignant, and loving stories about him. What impressed Doug Hemer, D'70, who was present at the memorial, was the intense awe and admiration all held for Jeff, who was "universally and appreciatively viewed as a kind, giving, creative, driven and driving leader." At the end of the ceremony, the Mayor of Albuquerque declared that February 25 would henceforth be known as Jeff Spiegel Day.

**Al Raymond** contributed greatly to this information on Jeff.

## Jonathan Lohnes

Jonathan was born January 14, 1947, in Springfield, Ohio, and passed away at age 77 of Interstitial Lung Disease April 3, 2024, in Portland, Oregon. He graduated from Springfield North High School in Ohio before coming to Dartmouth College. He was active all four years in the Glee Club, the DOC, the Drill Team and NROTC, and majored in Economics. He then spent over four years as an officer in the US Navy, including serving in Viet Nam.

After embarking on a management training program in the corporate world he decided to become a professional ski instructor at Northstar-at-Tahoe ski area in California. Upon earning full certification through the Professional Ski Instruc-

tor Association, he moved to Mt. Spokane in Washington to become Assistant Ski School Director. The very next year he was hired as the Ski School Director to establish the Multitorpor Ski Bowl Ski School in Government Camp, Oregon, assisted by his dedicated staff. He meanwhile created an extremely successful city league ski racing program alongside his talented friends at Universal Ski Promotions.

Following a two-year stint in the emerging cellular phone industry, Jonathan returned to skiing to become the Ski School Director at Timberline Ski Area on Mt. Hood for ten years, involving instruction in downhill skiing, cross-country skiing, and snowboarding plus summer race camps.

In 1997 Jonathan earned his Oregon Massage License from East-West College of the Healing Arts in Portland. Over his career as a Licensed Massage Therapist he opened three offices to pursue his private practice and became associated with McMenamins Edgefield as an LMT both before and after they opened Ruby's Spa in 1997.

Around 2006 Jonathan began practicing massage for the dancers of Oregon Ballet Theatre, serving them through the Allegro Society, the team of chiropractors, physical therapists, physicians, massage therapists, acupuncturists and Pilates instructors made available to them for their wellness.

He married Vida Trafford in 1976 and is survived by her and two older brothers, Christopher Lohnes of Springfield, Ohio, and Lee Lohnes of West Hollywood, California. He is fondly remembered by two sisters-in-law and one brother-in-law and by three nephews and their spouses, plus numerous great-nieces and one great-nephew. He was pre-deceased by his parents, Edwin and Mary Ellen.

Jonathan affected many people and animals through his healing touch, kind words and demeanor. He served as dad to more than a dozen rescued dogs and cats, many with special needs. Donations may be made to an animal organization of your choice, whether local, national, or international.



## Editor's Closing Comments

Another big issue—thanks to all who continue to contribute great content. If you haven't sent me anything in a while—or ever—please change that. Your Classmates are really interested in hearing from you.

Have a great summer and expect another issue in September.

Mark/Skip Waterhouse, '68 Newsletter Editor