

To save on printing and mailing costs, we are emailing this edition of the Newsletter on a trial basis to most of you, those of you for whom we have email addresses.

Others will receive this by surface mail as in the past. We would welcome your comments on this new system for getting out the '60 Newsletter.

1960 NEWSLETTER

June 2017

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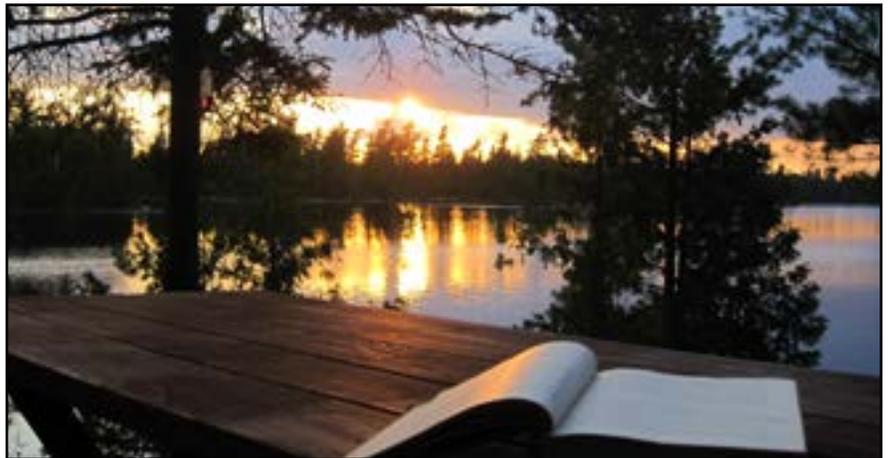
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Summer Reading:

All You Need Is a Lake and a Book

*Honorary Citizen of Rose, The
Ultimate Dartmouth Wife, and Zircon
Geochronology; also, the Newsletter's 13
Staffers, Iterating Yankee Stadium, and
Hello, Dartmouth University*

Last month I told our 80th Birthday Party organizer down in Key West he would unlikely be of sound mind by next Feb. if he hadn't lost it already.

Well, here from the very industrious and enthusiastic Sid Goldman is the latest update on our coming celebration, February 6,7, and 8, 2018: "Our early response and reservation list exploded beyond any expectations and we predict this bash will be the biggest and best of all. So I need some input from those of you who haven't as yet signed up to attend.

"First and foremost, I urge you to take advantage of the discounted room rates at Margaritaville Resort or the Weather Station B&B by contacting Stephanie at <http://livewelltraveloften.com/> and securing your reservations as well as making your travel plans, since February is high season in Key West and occupancy rates approach 100%.

“Next, go to our 80th Birthday Website <http://www.dolceeventsandmarketing.com/class-of-1960-.html> There you may either place your orders for tickets to events of your choice or at least look over the options and wait a little longer to purchase before the deadline of November 1st. We encourage those who are sure they will attend to purchase early. BUT, we can refund on a case-by-case basis and will do so until December 1st.

“You can reach our Facebook page directly (<https://www.facebook.com/eightiethbirthdaybash/>) or via the Birthday Website. Feel free to post something on Facebook, e.g., encouraging fraternity brothers and other classmates to sign up for Key West.

“Most important, however, is to let me know if you will attend the final dinner.

Having already reserved half of Rooftop Café for this dinner, it appears we will probably exceed the 120-person capacity of that area and will need to commit to expanding into the remaining restaurant space. In order to pay for the benefit of taking over the entire restaurant, the dinner price was raised five dollars to \$90/person for all future reservations. Very soon I need to give the restaurant a fairly accurate estimate of the numbers of those who plan to attend the dinner in order to lock in the appropriate space. So please contact me directly and ASAP as to your dinner plans--sidgoldman@gmail.com--and make it simple: Yes, I am planning to attend the final dinner/ names and number of persons ...or No, I cannot attend. For those early birds who have already purchased their dinner tickets, your \$85 price will be honored.

“Feel free to call me regarding all other questions or concerns.

Sid **Goldman** Birthday Chair

H 305-745-3645 Cell 305-849-0475”

So, just who has signed up for Key West’s February sun and fun? Here’s the list of “yeses” as of June 1: **Adler, Austen, Benson, Berkowitz, Chase, Churchill, Clark, Coburn, J. Cohen, Colyer, Daniels, Davidson, Derderian, Dingman, Dunning, Frankel, W. Freedman, Fritz, Gallagher, Gisser, Glick, Goldman, D. Goodman, Gould, Guilford, Gundy, Hager, Hanlon, Hannan, Heitner, Henriquez, Hiley, Hinshaw, Hitchcock, Horschman, Kaufman, Kohn, Kondracke, Koreman, Kron, Levy, Lum, Mathewson, McHugh, McMurtrie, Mitchell, Mullett, Leslie Notaro, Passeggio, Paul, Potts, Prouty, Radigan, Roberts, Roesch, D. Smith, Strickland, Tabor, Vandeweghe, Weg, and Zissu.**

Following are “maybes”: **Anderson, J. Goodman, Goyette,** and Hazel Greenberg.

You might want to check the event’s website from time to time for updates such as a recently arranged curator-led, hour-long tour of the Custom House Museum on Thursday February 8th at 2:00 PM at a cost of \$6.00 per person.

Anonymous ’60’s prediction in January: “My Little Golden Book of Alternate Facts says there will be more ’60s and their girlfriends at Key West next February than were at Trump’s inauguration last Friday.”



Homecoming Is Coming

And while we're anticipating future Class gatherings, this note on Homecoming from our Mini-Reunion Chairman Bob **Hager**: Please save the dates—for autumn Homecoming, Oct. 6 and 7. We're planning a Friday afternoon panel discussion with Dartmouth's executive on the hot seat for the College's finances, Chief Financial Officer Mike Wagner. Later there will be our Friday eve reception, alumni parade, and bonfire. Saturday we'll have our annual class meeting, tailgate lunch, football against arch rival Yale, and Sat eve banquet. Details and signup will come in the mail in the latter part of August.

Our wives, it's fair to say, often make better news than we do. Bea **Crumbine**, representing Greenwich, CT as its Ambassador at Large, was named the first Honorary Citizen of Rose, Italy last August. Greenwich in the 1880's saw the arrival of Italian immigrants when word went out that wealthy New Yorkers were buying land there with the intent to build spectacular "European-style" mansions. They needed stonemasons to complete the designs, and the resulting homes were legendary and changed the town enormously. They also excavated and built the Merritt Parkway and countless stone walls.

Bea wanted the Town of Greenwich to thank these stonemasons for their courage and sacrifice — and for their enhancement of the town. Her thanks resulted in a four-month-long exposition at the Greenwich Historical Society and a declaration of a Sister City with the Town of Rose in Calabria. Then came their thank you to Bea — "a stunning honor." The



Greenwich Ambassador Crumbine

visit, she says, "was a time I will never forget." Bea is fluent in Italian because she and Peter lived in Italy for

two-and-a-half years. Below is a photo of her receiving the key to the City of Rose.

There's also a nice video of her arriving at the castle for the festivities, the playing of the national anthems, and more at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C9iZMeEMbS8>. Have a look and look also at the several entries under her name on Google. Wah-hoo-wah, Bea!

But Bea has competition. I sent the **Hager**



Bob and Honey

I sent the household some remarkable photos of ice statues and buildings in China. Bob has a special interest in such things. Wife Honey replied as follows: "These pictures are terrific! Fun to see how they are actually constructed and...I am reminded....

what a good wife am I!?! That was me in the ice restaurant sitting on an ice chair drinking from an ice glass and it -10F INSIDE!! Yes, it's true... I am the ultimate DARTMOUTH WIFE." And, as those who know her will attest, certainly one of the funniest.

I have yet to learn how to appreciate fine wines. Roger **Hanlon**, who does appreciate them, responded to a WSJ article I sent him entitled "Some Non-Jews Think Manischewitz Wine Tastes Good, Befuddling Jews." Roger has for years been determined to make a wine lover of me, so far with near-zero success. He responded to the article: "I'm always open to expanding my knowledge but in this case I think I'll leave it at that and not expose my taste buds. I'm still praying for your conversion to common sense and better wines."

The key to understanding men, I've been told, is this; Men are like a fine wine. They all start out like grapes, and it's the woman's job to stomp on them and keep them in the dark until they mature into something you'd like to have dinner with.

Joe Cramer (joe.cramer1@att.net) "would like to know if any classmates are interested in/working on the question of 'Clean Power.' How can I find out if anyone in our class shares my deep concern about climate change, and is interested in finding ways to get Dartmouth or other strong colleges/universities to mount additional really strong efforts, either in research, or in helping our citizens young and old, be much more aware of what is at stake, with utmost integrity and clarity. And prestige. Perhaps the other Ivy's, Stanford, U of Chicago, maybe the big 10. Maybe in a coalition.

I've directly written the presidents/CEO's of the top 10 conservation organizations urging them to better unite their efforts, and multiply their memberships 10X. While some have replied, all seem to still be trying individually, in silos.

Much more is needed, in my opinion, than what the conservation organizations are doing as is visible to date. I've become a member of 4 of them.

I'm spurred on by having 12 grandchildren ages 3 to 21, plus concern for everyone living on low lying islands or on seacoasts-- the ones who may not have the means to pick up and get to high ground when that becomes urgent."

Would that a lot more of you out there would send an update on yourselves like this one from Ned **Brown**. "The last issue finally motivated me to write a bit for the class newsletter.

I've been a geologist since 1957 when I discovered the subject at Dartmouth (John Lyons, an inspiration). Besides finding this subject that fits my love of science and the out-of-doors, I was very fortunate after five years of graduate school in landing a university job in Bellingham WA, in 1966. I took the job offer from Western Washington State College (now a 'university') sight unseen, both by them and by me. I knew the landscape from vacation getaways out of Berkeley—Cascades, San Juan Islands, intriguing continental margin geology to be figured out. As it turned out, besides the landscapes, I found that I enjoyed the job of being a geology teacher, especially leading the off-campus field courses where the students learned from doing. (My favorite class at Dartmouth was the spring quarter field course taught out-and-about through NH, VT, NY).

In 1999 I gave up the teaching part, but kept my office. Since then Linda and I have become 'snow-birders' in the Sonoran Desert near Tucson. Even though my classroom years are over, geology is not. Unplanned, but good fortune again, early on in our desert winters I visited the geology department at U of AZ to see what was happening. Exciting zircon geochronology was happening, and I was invited to work as a guest in their lab on rocks from the Pacific Northwest.

Another pastime I've gotten into recently is kind of an off-shoot of teaching geology 101, and that is writing for non-geologists. Two years ago I finished a book Geology of the San Juan Islands, and now have in progress a book on the origin of the Cascades and southern B.C. Coast Mountains. I have so many pictures and diagrams accumulated over the decades. Whether I make it to the end of this book, or wear out before from 'computeritis' remains to be seen.



Linda and Ned, home in Bellingham

“Attached selfie picture is of Linda and me at our Bellingham home on 8/18/2016, our thirty-eighth wedding anniversary.”

Wisdom from recent articles by David **Bond**:

-- **I**f President Trump succeeds in his misguided quest to eliminate the USA’s negative trade balance with major trading partners, he will wreak havoc on the US and the world economy.

-- **T**he world’s postwar prosperity and peace was in large part the result of the growth of international trade. Trump is trying to reverse that overwhelmingly beneficial trend. How sad.

-- **B**eing a first generation Canadian born of American parents, I’ve spent a fair amount of time in the USA where I received both my university and graduate training before returning to Canada to teach. In the past two weeks my wife and I spent vacation time in the USA and the experience has left me wondering why three particular areas of government policy remain active fronts in the apparently never-ending American culture wars.

-- **T**hese three issues [health care, guns, and abortion] deflect much energy and engagement of the public away from dealing with the very serious economic and security issues facing the USA. They should be dealt with rationally and then shelved so the USA can get back to the work of leading the free world.

“**I** suppose,” writes David, “my classmates will put me way over in the lefty column but in Canada I would be held as slightly, very slightly, right of centre.” Liberal or conservative, he’s surely thoughtful.

Writes John Goyette: “I don’t know if any of my thoughts measure up to your high NL standards, but after reading remarks in the ‘Politics’ section of your February letter, I think we are missing the point. The problem with our democracy seems to be that we don’t deal with ‘issues’ anymore. Personalities rule the day. If you hated Hillary, you voted for Trump and vice versa.

“**I** have a boyhood friend who is a trained meteorologist. I was at his Indiana home during the 2000 ‘hanging chad’ debacle. He hates Al Gore so much that he is in complete denial of global warming, and Gore’s production of an Inconvenient Truth. Racial bias among some voters, against Obama, was so strong it didn’t matter what he did to save our economy. Perhaps it’s the media, and American preoccupation with the cult of personality. But somehow we have to overcome the destructive focus on personalities and address serious issues like our budget deficit, guns and climate change.”

Yoga, anyone? A shy, anonymous classmate gave it a brief try and reports: “Quit yoga. Too tough to sit cross-legged, too much impact on my arthritic shoulders; too much hip pain. It’s interesting and I can see how people might enjoy it, but it’s not my cup of tea (nor my martini). It’s strange how after an hour of movement and ‘poses’ with no heavy breathing, no apparent exertion, I was exhausted. Not so much last night as last week, but last night I decided not to push to attain the proper pose if there was pain. Well, now I can say I tried it, although I might not have given it a fair trial.”

On May 16 the Class handed out certificates and the promise of nice checks to come to 16 senior studio art majors at a large and noisy reception at the Jaffe-Friede Gallery in the Hop, attended by President Hanlon and some 250 Dartmouth students. This program continues to be highly popular with the students, the studio art department, and the Office of Residential Life. Our 50-year “partner,” the Class of 2010, has now confirmed their interest in gradually taking the program forward as we ’60s become ever fewer. This year they will contribute \$500 to the program and we will reduce our contribution to \$3,500 from \$4,000.

We have received a number of thank-you cards from students whose art was selected. Typical is this one from senior Amara Ihionu: “Thank you so much for the opportunity to share my work with the college for years to come. It means so much to be able to have my art become a part of Dartmouth even after my time here comes to an end. I hope to see this tradition continue in the years to come so that many more young artists like myself can share this experience.”

Last September Allen **Muglia** wrote that he and Jim **Nolan**, were “leading an Alumni Revolt against the destruction of Dartmouth College and its famed undergraduate program.”

Wrote Jim: “The Spring 2016 copy of Dartmouth Life arrived like a tocsin alerting



Sarah and Alan Muglia, Sallyjo and Jim Nolan

alumni to be on guard lest old traditions fail. I am alarmed by the not so subtle manner in which

Dartmouth is turning from its status as the country’s best college with a centuries old commitment to liberal arts undergraduate education.”

Wrote **Allen**, “We have been assured in recent years by, among others, Jim Wright, that ‘We are already a university, what’s the problem?’ Simple: professional schools do not pose a threat to our undergraduate program. Rather they offer a helping hand. A graduate school for the arts and sciences is a threat because, as in many universities in the U.S., A&S graduate schools dominate their campuses, belittle and relegate undergraduate programs to inferior status.”

“Two Dartmouth Life articles in particular deserve close examination,” writes Jim. The first, ‘Trustees Establish School of Graduate and Advanced Studies,’ announces that the new school will integrate resources currently supporting 800 students in 16 PhD programs and 12 masters programs. I do not see the need for such a restructuring which will likely adversely affect the quality of undergraduate programs.

“Based on my 30 plus years teaching at several state universities, I know that... a new school is not necessary to oversee the quality of the graduate programs now in place. One need only observe how extensive and innovative educational collaboration already occurs on campus to realize that a new graduate school may be redundant.

“The second article in Dartmouth Life describes the ten new ‘academic clusters’ and leaves me wondering how committed the current College trustees and administrators are to maintaining its preeminence for liberal arts education. The ten ‘academic clusters’ described disproportionately, 7 or 8 of 10, emphasize STEM disciplines [Science, Technology, Engineering, Math]. I endorse

undergraduate education that encourages a world view of life, not one that overly emphasizes just the stems. I also suggest that most persons who earn an AB at Dartmouth identify with place while those who earn graduate degrees identify more with their chosen disciplines. Wither the ‘love of place’ that Dartmouth alumni are so known for?”

Concludes Allen, “The new graduate school will require lots of attention and be a voracious competitor for Dartmouth dollars vs. the undergraduate program. With big money coming in for the sciences, technology, etc. (STEM), Dartmouth will become the Dartmouth Institute of Technology. ‘The Liberating Arts,’ President Dickey’s words, will become a faint echo. Farewell Dartmouth College, hello Dartmouth University.”

Says Shel **Gisser**, still in denial over the November 8 election results, “If you’re looking for something to re-read, pull out your old copy of 1984. Maybe even Darkness at Noon. The apocalypse is here!”



Heitners’ splendid gifts to rowing

Mike & Susie Heitner, shown at the May 6 Boathouse dedication of the two four-oared shells (with cox’n) which they gifted to the men’s heavyweight squads.



John Richardson and Singapore Colleagues

“The newsletters always reawaken memories,” writes John **Richardson** from Singapore last year. “**Sam Parke** and **Dan Daniels** were my freshman year roommates in Gile Hall. **Hap Dunning** (along with **Dennis Cherlin** and **Andy Purdy**) were second year roommates in Hitchcock (a suite with private bathroom and a fireplace). My present adventures may be of interest to some.

“I have two Visiting Professorships at Singapore’s National University (ranked #1 in Asia). I teach ‘public policy [computer-simulation] modeling’ at the Lee Kuan Yew School of Public Policy (<http://lkyspp.nus.edu.sg>) and at ‘Residential College 4,’ a new and experimental institution in NUS ‘University Town’ where I am also one of 5 ‘Residential Fellows’ sharing my life with about 600 undergraduates in a 17 story high rise with a beautiful view of the Singapore countryside. Living with undergraduates is a great way to learn and remain young at heart.”

SUMMER READING

All you need is a lake and a book. See masthead photo.

Dave Harrison: “Frederik Taylor’s The Downfall of Money: Germany’s Hyperinflation and the Destruction of the Middle Class is a gripping tale of how Germany suffered a devastating rate of inflation that served, in large measure, to pave the road to power for the Nazis. The unwillingness of France to lighten the excessively harsh terms of the treaty ending World War I, coupled with a fractured, uncompromising German society and weak governments, led to financial ruin.

“Another piece of history answers the question as to why Germany fought to the bitter end when it was obvious by early 1944 that it had lost the war. In a compelling study,

Ian Kershaw's [The End: The Defiance and Destruction: Hitler's Germany, 1944-1945](#) lays out in graphic detail a reign of terror and irrational behavior by Hitler's innermost circle. They saw no alternative to total destruction, given the ruthless actions of the Soviet army (which, of course, was no worse than that of the Nazis in their invasion of Russia).

Al Roberts says to check out the books he's added on Goodreads, "the world's largest site for readers and book recommendations, where you can find and share books you love." Well, you have to have a Facebook password [I don't] to look, and it says Al has 874 books listed. You're on your own here. Or ask Al; he's at alwrob111@gmail.com.

Andy Paul: "[A Gentleman From Moscow](#) is indeed a gem as others have already stated. I also highly recommend Philip Kerr's [Berlin Noir](#), the first of a detective series set in WWII Berlin - Bernie Guenther is Kerr's Phillip Marlowe. Don't miss it."

And adds Andy: "I know, I know, your to-read stack is higher than ever, but put it all aside, and after having read [A Gentleman In Moscow](#), please dive into Eliot Cohen's [The Big Stick](#), something you and I have been waiting for! Hope you are well and planning for the 80th (ugh). p.s. I also ordered Jim Wright's book on Vietnam."

This from Shel **Gisser** is almost exactly a year old, but still of interest to some I suspect: "Today, being June 16th, otherwise known as "Bloomsday," people around the world are re-reading Joyce's [Ulysses](#), and a couple of years ago I found out that it is done at an Irish bar and a shrine to James Joyce (where they also have a huge picture of the 1948 Indians) here in Cleveland.

I got there around noon and there were about 8-10 people there with a guy with a huge beard

and a beautiful baritone voice reading. When I finally found the place in my book (which has been opened once since I took Comp Lit in 1958 or so), I followed along with a martini close at hand. People walked in and out as new people arrived and others left and different people read for a while. There were never as many as a dozen people there. I read for a while and really enjoyed it. There really is a difference between reading it silently and hearing it out loud. I quit after about 2 1/2 hours, but really enjoyed it and look forward to returning next year and in the future. I'm even impelled to attempt to re-read the book (with a guide at my elbow)."

Larry and Jane Dingman: (ljdiningman@msn.com): "This is to let friends and family know that we've just published [Marie Van Zandt: The Turbulent Career of a Brilliant American Diva in Europe, 1879-1898!](#)

"**M**arie was Jane's great aunt, who had a truly brilliant and turbulent operatic career (mostly in France, Russia, and England, with one tour of the U.S. under the auspices of the New York Metropolitan Opera). The opera *Lakmé* was composed for her by Leo Delibes. Jane inherited many newspaper clippings, photos, letters (including ones from Sir Arthur Sullivan, Bismarck, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Grand Duke Michael, a cousin of the Tsar) and other artifacts from her. Our biography is based on these, plus extensive research in (mostly French) newspaper archives.

"**I**f you're interested, the book, with many photos, some in full color, is available from Amazon.com – search "Marie Van Zandt". Here's their blurb: "This is a complete biography of Marie Van Zandt, a Brooklyn-born nineteenth-century opera singer who outshone her competitors with her extraordinary ability to learn parts quickly and sing them perfectly. Encompassed here is

Marie's rise to fame, the men who loved her, her successes and failures, and the end of her long and exciting career.

“Marie was born into show business. Her mother was a well-known singer whose travels to Europe led to a connection with Adelina Patti, a popular contemporary opera singer who promoted Marie's talent. Marie had immediate successes in Italy and England, then quickly became the darling of Paris, where her capricious nature earned her the nickname ‘enfant gâtée,’ or ‘spoiled child.’ She was a brilliant singer and a charming ingenue who inspired Leo Delibes to compose the opera Lakmé for her.”

Steve “Waldo” Carroll and his nearly new bride, Elaine Adams, have settled into a new 14 story apartment building on the campus of an existing retirement community in Houston. Both were planning to move there with their previous spouses, but both previous spouses passed



Waldo and Elaine, Opera, Symphony, Ballet, and Theater

away. Steve and Elaine, not knowing each other, proceeded to move there independently, to different apartments on the same floor of the same building, and that's how they met. Sounds like a movie starring Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks.

According to a piece from the marketing office of the retirement complex, Steve wooed Elaine over a breakfast of 100% whole grain steel cut oatmeal and a banana. The rest, as they say, is, well, his-story. Now, if you can believe this from a guy with a nickname like “Waldo,” they go regularly to opera, symphony, ballet, and theater.

Says he, “Life is definitely good down here though I miss winter. So far this season we dropped below freezing for only about 4 hours. Most residents are retired professionals: physicians, engineers, professors, and a Nobel Laureate.” And Waldo.

The Brazos Towers marketing staff recognizes an opportunity when it spots one. The piece concludes, “Who knows, when you need it the most you too may find that love lives next door.” If you still have doubts, re-read what Bob Wangbichler says on the subject in the February Newsletter.

Word had it that Hank and Laurel Greer were engaged in a lot of good work in South Carolina, so I wrote Hank. Little did I know: “One of the things that Laurel and I committed ourselves to, once we had retired, was to ‘give back.’ As a consequence we have gotten on a number of boards.

“I am chairman of the heart and vascular board at the medical University of South Carolina; I am chairman of the cancer board at the Roper St. Francis Hospital system; and both Laurel and I are on the Charleston Animal Society board... I happen to be chairman.... (although Laurel should be!). Animals pull at our heartstrings and that is our primary focus.

“It isn't that we are such ‘good people’... It's just that we have been very fortunate in our lives, both of us coming from very humble financial beginnings, and now are in a position to take care of the less fortunate.”

A South Carolina MD writes: “The Greer Colorectal Cancer Program is unique because it is uniquely local, focusing on colon cancer prevention in the Tricounty area. There are national as well as statewide efforts to do this, but the Greer program is special

and especially effective in its local focus. Although screening is its primary goal it's more comprehensive than that. It brings together many of the elements crucial to defeating colon cancer."

"We also are involved in a community wellness clinic, writes Hank, "where we help feed and try to maintain adequate health for disadvantaged homeless. When I see how few years of 'good life' we all have left, I really cherish these days." A wah-hoo-wah to the **Greers**. Then there is this from W. H. Auden: "We are here on earth to do good unto others. What the others are here for I have no idea."

Have a look at this very short video to get a good idea of just one of Hank and Laurel's projects, this with animal pets:
https://youtu.be/LcMCH3v_gfk

Finally, as to their own health, Hank and Laurel daily walk about 3.4 miles in 44 to 46 minutes.

Few people I know are better qualified to comment on Dartmouth athletics than Mike **McGinnis**. Writes he, "As you know, I like to watch football, so I was looking forward to a trip to Hanover in the fall. Why do they need so many coaches and uniforms? Where does the money come from? I get very lonely at the games. I went to the Yale Bowl last fall. I got there early because I like to watch the teams warm up. The panorama was breathtaking, but then the almost empty Bowl was very depressing. But there was no traffic jam leaving."

Our Left Coasters continue to dine well, reports Hap **Dunning**, "In March, our Left Coast lunch was at Riva Cucina, an excellent restaurant in Berkeley. Ed **Berkowitz** gave us a mini-seminar on dark matter, so we learn as well as socialize. Others who attended were Lee and Elaine **Horschman**, Karl **Mayer**,

Dave **Sammons**, Dick **Gale** and myself."

New Yorkers, take note: "Dartmouth College, in conjunction with Princeton University, announced that the Big Green football team will host the Tigers at Yankee Stadium on Saturday, Nov. 9, 2019. The game will be the first for Dartmouth at any iteration of the celebrated stadium, in what will be the 138th season of football for the Big Green and the 250th anniversary of the founding of the college.... The game at Yankee Stadium will be the 99th meeting between the two." "Iteration" of the celebrated stadium? Who knew?

A classmate of Irish roots, Ohio upbringing, and South Carolina residence must remain anonymous for obvious reasons, but he sent me a copy of his proposed letter to the Wall Street Journal. It said, "The picture under the 'Schools of Mismanagement' article showed Baker Library on the Harvard Business School campus. Unless things have changed since I graduated from Dartmouth in 1960, Baker Library was at Dartmouth whereas Widener Library was at Harvard. Could it be that Harvard is trying to upgrade its campus and stole our library?"

I wrote him back the next day: "I hate to tell you this but, at least in my copy of the Sat/Sun WSJ, that photo under the headline 'Schools of Mismanagement' ain't of Baker Tower. And those graduates are wearing red (crimson), not green, whatever you call them, around their necks. Your letter to the Journal is cute and cleverly written but based on 'fake news.' Of course I'm not surprised; when were you ever in Baker Library?" I forgot to mention that wonderful fall photo of Baker, courtesy of the College, in our Feb. Newsletter.

Came his brief reply: "I was in Baker Library many times (to nap on those 'comfy' chairs after George **Tolford** and I watched movies all

afternoon at The Nugget)!” Our anonymous classmate added: “Marilyn and I are going to Key West [Lord willing and the dam doesn’t break] (old Toledo saying).”

Not surprisingly, the WSJ, with its editorial staff full of “Dartmouth Review” alums, declined to publish the letter.

Emails Les McCracken: “The Newsletter indicates the 55th was a success. I’m told that the Alumni Fund was a success. Wah- Hoo- Wah.

“That said, I wonder how much of our contributions and the sky high tuition have general value, and how much is wasted to appease small numbers of attendees (students?) and far left groups - example Triangle House. Perhaps it would be less expensive to send some worthwhile and deserving SEAD students to prep school for a year, then weed out those who might not thrive at Dartmouth. (SEC schools send some athletes with questionable academics to prep school.) Some degrees have little values (except as spring boards to graduate schools, or the prestige of attending Dartmouth) when they are littered with courses such as “Sex Lives of Eunuchs,” which may appear in the near future.

“The pictures of classmates are great, except that I don’t recognize a single one. I knew Bob **Posnak** much better than those whom I know only from seeing their names in the newsletter.”

Jim Adler offers this partial reply to Les: “As to silly courses that don’t add as much as they should to a liberal arts education, they were offering a few even when we were undergraduates - The Sociology Dept.’s ‘Marriage and the Family’ comes to mind. Denny **Goodman** can fill you in, since I believe he took it [sounded like a good idea

at the time. Ed.] Though I admit to opting in for a couple of ‘gut’ offerings, I somehow managed to avoid that one. But I do remember Soci I and the Trobriand society. (The correct answer was, ‘Anybody except your sister.’)”

John Barchilon took a look at all the names in the first column of page one of the last Newsletter and fired off this libertarian (?) response: “I note with amusement that while our numbers continue to shrink with passing time, the administrative staff of the Class Newsletter grows ever larger. We used to have only one or two names for the staff, but now I count thirteen. The College used to have three deans: freshmen, undergrads, and grads; but now it has 18, a 600% increase to accommodate only a 30% increase in student population. Parkinson would be pleased.” I assured John that the “administrative staff” of the Newsletter continues at one; two if you count wife Laura-Beth who keeps me fed while I read and re-read your always welcome emails.

Writes Jack “Patsy” Patterson, the Newsletter “is certainly newsy and so many said their say. I especially liked hearing about some of my fraternity brothers- Joe **McHugh**, Dick **Gale**, John **Wheaton**, Jim **Marlow**, Dave **McEachron**, Bob **Virostek**, and especially Bob **Wangbichler’s** ‘plain’ speaking and Bob **Messner** ...

“As to that- out of the blue maybe six months ago I received a package from Bob. Was literature, a waterproof rain slicker, books, and much more I can’t remember but all from or about the Braddock center he originated and manages--the one he spoke of. He knows his frat brother as I am the exact correct person to have sent that to--I a great fan of G. Washington. And as to that--and as you may know, he, George, was with Braddock and distinguished himself (further) there. Five bullet holes in his coat and three, I think,

horses shot out from under him.”

John Mitchell to **Bob Sanders** in Alaska: “I reckon Alaska is a bit like my state of Vermont. We have a bumper sticker that announces ‘What happens in Vermont stays in Vermont,’ then adds below in small print ‘But nothing much happens.’”

“**I** went to Alaska a few years ago and sailed 300 miles down the Yukon River to Chicken; we saw the house of the one person who lives on the river as an exciting ‘sight seeing event.’ Then I discovered Denali Park is larger than New Jersey. And Montana thinks they are big sky. In any case, even though you reside in the metropolis of Anchorage, it’s got to be a thrill to live in the only state where you cannot get to the capital city by car.”

Brother Sanders, meanwhile, would like some recent questions about his address resolved. It is **Bob Sanders** (Robert Bruce Sanders) ‘60
11661 Rockridge Dr.
Anchorage AK 99516
907 345 0203
Bobsanders@alaskan.com “(make sure you put the ‘N’ on ‘Alaska’; that may be the problem.....the server changed its name two years ago).”

Mulletts in Ireland, from a February letter: “We rented a small house in Howth, 20 minutes by DART from Dublin city center. People kept apologizing for the Irish (July) weather—we assured them it was part of the attraction, more comfortable than hot humid New Jersey. We even met more of Rory’s Irish cousins than we’d known before, and joined a family gathering to visit the County Wexford farm that had been in his father’s family for some 200 years before it was sold in 1972.

“**T**he present owners graciously served us homemade scones and tea and gave us a tour of their enterprise, racehorse stables. We

walked and walked around Howth and Dublin, and ate greedily of local seafood. We were pleased to see that Rory’s grandfather’s pub is open again, under new ownership, now called ‘Mullett’s Bar’ in keeping with reference in Ulysses. We visited Ireland’s Eye, the island where Rory’s father took him when he was nine; we climbed steep rocks from the landing, to be rewarded by cheers from a cluster of Irish kids at the top. It was all grand.

“**W**e returned in mid-August and within a few days we found the house we moved into in mid-December.” And thus ends (maybe) the wonderful tale of Geezerville. But one more word from Rory and Heather on the Broadway musical “Come from Away”: “Fabulous; based on planes in Gander, Newfoundland after September 11. Now in NYC; will eventually go on road. Catch it if you can.”

As suggested in a previous NL, an obituary needn’t be the last word on you to the Class. In May of 2010, **Jim Adler** spoke on behalf of the Class at a memorial service for **Marty Lower** in Longmeadow, MA. Here is part of what he had to say about one of the great contributors to our Class: “Everyone in our Class knew Marty; he was universally well loved and well respected. Marty brought a cheerful enthusiasm and intensity to everything he set out to do, and he did it all, including serving as Head Agent for fundraising and as Class President. During his five years as president, Marty led us to the coveted Class of the Year Award in 1991. In 1995, Dartmouth honored him personally as Class President of the Year.”

Sadly, **Jack Hodgson** is no longer with us, but you might be interested in something he sent in sometime back, about Dartmouth history: “1947: The Dartmouth administration up until our time was predominantly alumni from the classes of 1930-1933 who had nowhere to work upon graduation. They were

a strong group: Dickerson, Chamberlain, Neidlinger, Hayward, etc. Dickey and Meck were among the few who came back after outside experiences. Dartmouth was big time football with quarterbacks Clayton and Beagle succeeding the war years' teams who played competitively against Notre Dame, Army, etc. There were more people at football games than at the 1953 commencement. They played against the likes of Chuck Bednarik (Penn) and in Yankee Stadium. Bill McCarter's dad was Chamberlain's successor as Director of Athletics.

“The ‘Eisenhower Commencement’ was a big deal. Everyone was talking about whether he could reach the 14th green early that morning. The movie said he didn’t try. Everyone in town thought he had but no one knew how the ball went. I believe the Green Key guide for Lester Pearson shown in the film, was one of the College’s star ends from the class of 1954, named McLaughlin. My father was one of Pearson’s faculty guides, having just finished serving two tours in Canada. Ike was universally popular. Ergo: no rain.”

New email address for Sam **McMurtrie**:
<sammcm11@verizon.net>

And for Roger **Hanlon**: jrogerhanlon@gmail.com

Returning to the question of who was the best athlete in our '60 Class, this from Gary **Vandeweghe**: “Trust you are well and ready for the Hanover Winter to cruise through schlump and into Spring. In wet Northern California, we are too. I am writing to weigh in on our Class Best Athlete, covered on page 11 of your terrific February 2017 Class Newsletter.

“We had some really great athletes in our class, starting with half the football team, rugby studs, a couple of our soccer guys

(including one favorite with one arm), those bedraggled guys we saw trudging up to Thayer from the Connecticut River after crew practice, hockey players, racquet sports guys, swimmers, baseball and lacrosse players, and certainly my teammates on the basketball team.



“The Captain”

“But I agree with you, Chuck **Kaufman**, who we still most affectionately call ‘the Captain,’ was the best. Of course I never saw the Captain

play golf, but my guess is he would quickly be very good at it.”

To which, Bryant **Barnes** added, “chuck has my vote- barney.” (barney is not big on capital letters, but he had a helluva good jump shot.)

And, finally, this from some very old ex-jock (track and field) who for some reason doesn’t want his name used: “...realized I failed to mention **Goyette**’s insanity. Maybe John was evaluating artistic athleticism, but who could he have put ahead of Chuck **Kaufman**? Not only was Chuck All-Ivy in two sports (and at key positions of PG & SS), but he was a crowd magnet at intramural football. He was top scorer in NYC at Poly Prep and might have given Jake competition, had he chosen to play for the Bullet. You were absolutely on the money to counter JG with CK.”

Genie Hoyne, widow of our classmate, John, wrote to Roger **Hanlon** who once roomed with John, “I thought you might be interested in my book of poems available on Amazon, Glimpses Unintended. As you know, poetry is like truth, no one likes to hear it. Nevertheless you might give it a try and see what you think. I know

this is shameless marketing but what can you expect from someone my age?!” As noted above, our spouses often make better news than we do. Wah-hoo-wah, Genie.

Roger, meanwhile, wrote Genie that he has “...written one children’s book for our two granddaughters that started with a story made up on the spot while hiking with them. Our daughter urged me to tell them a story which the girls thought made the hike easier and shorter. After they asked me to tell it again and corrected my memory, I wrote it for a Christmas gift for them. I also did the illustrations, printed it with book pagination - not easy! - and then bound it to complete the job. Amazon doesn’t know about it. I’ve also written about 90 pages of family memories centered on my father, me and baseball - a sport we both loved. And to be completely shameless, I have for about 20 years now and then done some paintings which have come out quite well - in my demanding judgment. Keep writing!”

The Dartmouth Alumni Magazine has told our Joe **McHugh** that it expects to publish in an upcoming edition a letter he wrote which I assured him would never see the light of day. It’s a response to a DAM article by an undocumented undergrad from Mexico. Keep an eye out.

Meanwhile, Joe sends a lot of news: “We plan to attend the 80th Birthday Party in Key West. The 80’s might be daunting, and perhaps we are asymptomatic, but my beautiful bride of 55 years and I routinely sleep 9 to 10 hours each night with the usual brief interruptions attributable to age.

“**Y**ears ago, Brenda and I agreed that we would never have a second home for all the usual reasons – opportunity cost, why always go to the same place, etc. Without boring everyone with the details, my roommate

argued that we could justify one if we planned to spend 4 to 6 months per year there, would enjoy the winter and summer seasons there, be physically active, and have access to good medical facilities in our ‘declining’ years. She zeroed in on Vail and we’ve been here almost 19 years – winter and summer. When we arrived, we knew only Gerry **Huttrer** and Alan **Danson**, and they have hugely expanded our friendship horizons while getting us involved in many community activities. We have a large Dartmouth alumni group here including the above mentioned plus **Pomboy, Progin,** Kelton (’61) and others.

“**R**e: aging, there are lots of people in the Vail area who are in their 70’s and 80’s who are very involved in outdoor activities – skiing, snowshoeing and hiking in the winter and hiking, biking, golfing, tennis and sailing in the summer. **Huttrer** is still a ski instructor on weekends, and a mutual friend is a ski instructor and just celebrated his 85th birthday. **Huttrer, Danson** and I are pleased that we’re still skiing, biking, hiking and sailing together almost 60 years after meeting at Dartmouth. If you are not physically active in Vail, you don’t ‘fit in’ and eventually leave. It’s an extraordinary community in many other ways. My roommate observed that there is a difference between ‘old’ and ‘elderly,’ which has a connotation of frailty. Our friends in Vail are old, but not elderly. The same cannot be said of our friends in Dallas where we spend the spring and fall, if we’re not traveling.

“**T**hanks to my old roommate, Gus **Leach**, for clearing up the Coco Vandeweghe connection. We had wondered the same thing and now we know. In the ‘small world’ department, Brenda and I were hiking with a Backroads trip on the Camino de Santiago de Compostela in Portugal and Spain last September and met a delightful couple from Toronto. I said, “I have a Canadian friend”, mentioned Gus’s name and our new friend said, ‘Oh, I’m having dinner with him in Winnipeg next month.’

“**Re:** Mullet et al, Brenda and I visited Rory and Heather in **Durango** a couple of years ago and the wives have been regular ‘book correspondents’ since then.

“**T**wo years ago, we moved into a lovely gated community in Dallas and downsized somewhat, but with a huge reduction in maintenance cares and costs. I still miss our old house that we built 20 years ago, but carefree living is a treat. I call the gated community ‘God’s waiting room,’ but there are some more lively sorts there also. We’re in Vail 6 months each year and we travel a lot, so it was a good move.

“**L**iked the picture of **Goyette** and granddaughter atop Mt. Lafayette which I climbed when I was twelve years old while hiking the Appalachian Trail. Dude! Come join us in CO and climb some ‘fourteeners’ with us.

“**D**elighted to hear the good news about my Theta Delt brother and part-time roommate and usher in my wedding, Bob **Messner**, a.k.a ‘wrap-around forehead’ Messner, and brother Butch **Virostek**..... I’m glad we’re all on the green side of the grass and vertical!

“**T**his Summer promises the Vail Bravo concert series with 3 concerts by St. Martin in the Fields, 6 concerts by the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, 6 concerts by the Philadelphia Orchestra, and 6 concerts by the NY Philharmonic. Then we have a dance festival featuring members of the Bolshoi Ballet and others, followed by a jazz festival with various superstars of that genre. Not bad for a small town in CO!

“**O**ur next adventure is a one week hike with Backroads in Nova Scotia, followed by a one week hike in Newfoundland with Butterfield & Robinson. Peace, Joe”

It was Cat **Huttrer**’s 70th birthday in early April, so MCP Alan **Danson** sends this photo of the “Three Amigos,” himself, Gerry, and Joe



Three Male Chauvinists.

McHugh, celebrating at the Ski Tip Ranch in Keystone, CO. These three, notes Alan, “have been skiing together for going on 60 years — hard to believe.” Maybe next time they’ll send a photo of their wives, but don’t bet on it.

Bob Hager has been confirmed as one of three alums to represent post 55th Reunion classes (’39-’61) on the Alumni Council. Bob replaces Bruce **Clark** as our Class representative. Many thanks and a wah-hoo-wah to Bruce for having carried the torch so well these last few years.

Bob may want to reconsider this new appointment, however. Writes Carol Nicklaus (Mrs. Bruce **Clark**) after the recent Alumni Council meeting: “The dinner itself, BTW, was by far the absolute WORST I’ve ever had at any Dartmouth event. What appeared was a thoroughly charred plate with burnt asparagus,



Bruce and Carol, Dining as we once did in Thayer two questionable crustacean bits, and what looked like a misshapen block of charcoal —

really, totally black and crunchy. Don't know what happened there, but it wasn't a good thing! I don't think anyone at our table ate more than two bites of anything, if that. But all in all, the weekend was fine. Hey – it's The Big Green!!”



Chair of the Vermont Public Service Board

From the June 2 Valley News: “Anthony **Roisman**, a prominent environmental lawyer who had been serving as president of the Hanover Co-op board of directors, has been appointed chairman of the Vermont Public Service Board.

“**V**ermont Gov. Phil Scott on Thursday announced his pick to lead the PSB, a quasi-judicial body that regulates utility rates, service quality and the placement of energy infrastructure such as large-scale wind and solar projects.

“**A** 1960 graduate of Dartmouth College who later earned a law degree from Harvard Law School, **Roisman** has either overseen or been directly involved in some of the country's most well-known environmental cases in the last century.

“**A**fter serving as a senior staff attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council, he headed the Hazardous Waste Section of the U.S. Department of Justice from 1979 to 1982, where he oversaw but, he said, did not directly participate in the Love Canal pollution case in Niagara Falls, N.Y.

“**A**s executive director of Trial Lawyers for Public Justice, from 1982 to 1987, he filed early legal briefs in a civil lawsuit for alleged injury from pollution in Woburn, Mass. — a case later detailed in the bestselling book **A Civil Action**.

“**Roisman** also has served as an adjunct professor and research fellow at Dartmouth, and delivers frequent lectures for the American Law Institute, according to a release announcing his appointment.”

Having nothing to do with Tony's recent appointment is this email from last October showing that Mr. R. has other expertise besides the law: “Also, I know you say there will be a BBQ on [Homecoming] Saturday evening, but what you mean is there will be grilled meat, unless of course it is being catered by Big Fatty's or one of the other places in the area that smokes meat. The authoritative source, amazingribs.com, defines BBQ this way: ‘When you cut through the haze, ultimately, it is smoke that differentiates barbecue from other types of cooking. The fact is that there are many forms of barbecue around the world and it is the presence of smoke that unifies them all.’

“**I** will add to that my credentials as having grown up in Oklahoma and being married to a woman from Texas for 30 years and reiterate — if it ain't smoked, it ain't BBQ.

“**P.S.** Is this note crotchety enough to establish my age credentials?”

Some copies of the February Newsletter identified Dan and Ginger **Wilkinson**, pictured atop Mt. Washington, as “Movie guru Coburn.” Also, a paragraph from Dan was missing. It read, “Attached is a picture taken of Ginger and myself at the Omni Mt. Washington last week. I submit it only to prove that I'm still vertical and after 25 years, my wife is still the best thing that's ever happened to me!”

Movie Guru Arthur **Coburn**, I am happy to report, is in Seattle, watching French television, attending, and highly

recommending, the Dartmouth terracotta soldiers exhibit, whatever that is, and skiing in March at Crystal Mountain, wherever that is.

OBITUARIES



Bruce Webb Eaken **Bruce Webb Eaken, Jr.**, died peacefully on February 11 at age 78, surrounded by his wife, Wilhelmina Martin Eaken, daughter, Amanda Martin Eaken and son, Bruce Webb Eaken III. He had been ill with dementia for a long time and his death was a relief. Bruce came to Dartmouth from Cleveland, Ohio, gained his law degree from the University of Michigan and practiced law in New York City, primarily as principle attorney for the New York Power Authority. He is remembered not only as a successful power attorney but also for his warmth, his contributions to community, his playful spirit, and as lover of the arts.

His wife of 46 years, Mina, writes about the St. Bart's Players of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City: "That is where Bruce and I first met, and we spent 15 wonderful years acting, singing and dancing on that stage. I joined the Players in 1969 and our first show together was Fiorello. We were dubbed 'Morris and chorus' as he had a lead and I was newly in the chorus. We were married in the Chapel in 1971." His daughter Amanda, a member of Dartmouth Class of 1999, writes, "How he adored the New York City Ballet; a member of the St. Bart's Players acting group; an adventurous soul – sometimes wildly irresponsibly so ('A hurricane is coming? Great! Let's go to the roof!'); a fiercely proud and dedicated soccer, baseball and basketball coach, not only to his two children, but also to the larger Upper West Side and Harlem communities; free and generous legal counsel to those in need; a begrudging corporate

attorney; an unforgivably bad dresser, partly thanks to his colorblindness; one of the least pretentious or status-oriented people I have ever known... what a wonderful father he was to me." Bruce is also survived by his sister, Janet Eaken Narten and family.

Dartmouth College had a special place in his heart. In the twenty-fifth year Musings, Bruce wrote, "Ironically, Dartmouth has both a familiar and distant quality for me... Development and expansion in Hanover since we graduated have generally been tasteful and the college retains essentially the same Georgian charm I remember."

Bruce and Mina have made a generous gift to Dartmouth that will benefit the Class of 1960 and the College.

Jim Adler adds, "The news of Bruce's passing is not unexpected, a blessing, I believe, given the very much compromised life he had had for the past several years. He was always a gentle, thoughtful person, a true loss for his family and those who knew him".



Stanley B. Jones

Stanley B. Jones '60 died of natural causes on December 23, 2016 in Martinsburg, West Virginia. He was born on July 27, 1938 in Baltimore, Maryland, grew up in Catonsville, Maryland before matriculating to

Dartmouth and graduating Phi Beta Kappa with a major in Philosophy in 1960. While at Dartmouth Stan developed a keen interest in the wilderness and waterways, an interest he shared with his first wife, Linda and their four children -- Andrew, Julia, Lisa, and William. Together they sailed the Chesapeake Bay and embarked on many backpacking and canoeing adventures in the Canadian wilderness.

Following Dartmouth Stan studied philosophy and religion at Yale Divinity School before being drawn to Washington D.C. and his first distinguished career in government and politics. Early on he was hired as an aide to Senator Edward Kennedy, eventually becoming staff director of the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee's Health Subcommittee where his interest and expertise in health policy and health insurance became his focus. Stan fought for community health centers, improvements in health care delivery and more accessible mental health options.

In 1981 Stan entered into a second marriage with Judy Miller, who also worked in the field of health policy, and they enjoyed supporting and encouraging each other's careers. After serving in government and various health agencies, Stan co-founded Health Policy Alternatives, a health policy consulting firm. Then God intervened, calling Stan back to his early vocational direction. In 1991 Stan was ordained as a priest in the Episcopal Church, serving with dedication and distinction several Episcopal churches in the Diocese of West Virginia. In his second retirement, Stan and Judy remained in Shepherdstown, West Virginia where Stan pursued his long-held interests in philosophy, astronomy, music, and the creation of art.

As his life drew toward its close, Stan was revisited by the lingering effects of polio. As a child polio had forced him to learn to walk for a second time, an adversity that undoubtedly contributed to his intellectual and spiritual resourcefulness. In his advanced age it contributed to a sharp decline in his physical strength. Yet even his dependence on wheel chairs near the end could not conquer his indomitable spirit and good nature.

Stan is survived by his wife, Judy; his four children, Andy, Jeff, Lisa and Julia and their spouses; eight grandchildren; his brothers

Art and Ben; and Judy's siblings, Louise and Alan. His memorial service was held at Trinity Episcopal Church, Shepherdstown on January 7, 2017.

The College has just informed us of the deaths of Michael H. **Savage** of Darien, CT on May 12, 2017 and Richard D. **Baldwin** of Wendell, MA on May 18, 2017. Norris **Knosher** passed away June 8 in Vermont. Their full obituaries will appear in the next Newsletter.

Any Tuck news for Tom **Kirby** T2GOLF@aol.com? You Tuck billionaires must have something he can print. Same for John **Mitchell** with our Class Notes in the DAM. And me, too, for the '60 Newsletter. Surely you can all match **McHugh** and **Greer** and **Brown** (see above) and a lot of others with all that you're engaged in.

A final note on the Key West party next February. Wrote Phil **Kron** to Sid **Goldman**, "Looks like a great schedule in a fun place. Congratulations on finally getting Key West as a Class of 1960 Birthday venue. All who come will have a great time. Can't wait for breakfast at The Blue Heaven! We're on board. Phil."



Spring comes to Hanover, and it's about time.