

D. C. Hist
Newsletter
1966

Along Route '66



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Dear '66:

With all the news emanating from Hanover concerning changes at Dartmouth (elimination of the Indian symbol, coeducation, year-round operation, etc.), it becomes important that we be reminded occasionally that much at the College survives as it was in the good old days. Indeed, there are some facets of life in Hanover which shall always remain constant and to which we may look for comfort and security in unsettled times. I present for your consideration one such constant, evidenced in two letters which appeared in The Dartmouth earlier this year (my thanks to Ted Bracken '65, who brought these items to my attention). The two letters appeared simultaneously.

Item #1: PISSED OFF

Dear Sirs:

This morning, as every morning, I joined my friends at the Hopkins Center snack bar for a cup of coffee and some light conversation. And, as every morning, I draped my coat over the back of my chair. Perfectly harmless, wouldn't you say? At a few minutes past ten, I walked to the counter to get my second cup. As I picked up my dime change, I suddenly noticed a large Irish Setter raise his leg and urinate all over the sleeve of my coat. Needless to say, I reprimanded the animal.

Now I ask you, what can be done? I certainly don't object to the beasts being allowed full run of the Hop. I don't mind their insistence in helping me finish my lunch, but I do mind when they soil my clothes. And so, I write for several reasons. First, to warn fellow students of this danger, and second, to suggest the installation of plastic fire hydrants in strategic locations throughout the Hop.

Sincerely,

Chip Hayssen '73

Item #2: DEFENSE OF THE DOG

To the Editor:

Perhaps there is some justification to the term "Dartmouth Animal," a term which has endured with the unchanging ferocity of the Dartmouth male. Yesterday in the Hop, however, I witnessed such an extraordinary display of human crudity and bestiality that I feel it warrants publication.

The Hop has traditionally been a kind of "melting pot" of the Dartmouth campus. Faculty, students, and myriad forms of wildlife congregate at the snack bar, exchanging intellectual conversation, light banter, and wags or barks in a friendly, informal atmosphere. I cannot object to such a society, but when norms of etiquette are shunned, when the very laws of nature are desecrated, such an atmosphere ceases to be healthy. Case in point:

While sipping my morning coffee in the Hop, I was accosted by a large Irish Setter who, having perused the sports section of my Boston Globe and inquired good-naturedly about the future of the sugar donut on my plate, urinated on the sleeve of the coat my neighbor had slung about the back of his chair. Enraged, the odious fellow fell upon the dog with such reckless abandon that only the efforts of seven husky bystanders could separate the two. The dog's righteous indignation was shared by a highly partisan gathering, and the poor beast was severely bitten about the ears and neck. Comforted by a reassurance that his injuries would be covered by the Dartmouth Catastrophe Plan, the quadruped was nevertheless rushed to Dick's House in obvious pain and experiencing the shock any hapless Setter would suffer from such a fierce and unwarranted attack.

Called on the carpet for "socially unacceptable behavior," the attacker was, of course, declared ineligible for future Hop activities. But my point is, sirs, that when such deplorable human behavior strikes so close to home, particularly against a gracious creature traditionally held as "man's best friend," moreover for the minor infraction of allowing a natural bodily function to run its course, then truly, sirs, who is safe?

Al Feihofer '73

Speaking of moral outrage (was I?), your editor was severely upbraided for erroneously reporting the demise of Gamma Delta Chi. David Simpson '74, the current Gamma Delt treasurer reports that the house is very much alive. If I actually published such a report, my deepest apologies. Having misplaced my back issues (which I had so treasured), I'm not certain if I said it or not. At any rate, if I did say it, I did it on purpose to see if any of you Gamma Delt '66s read this stuff that I write.

Class News:

Since our last newsletter (the notorious Fall 1877 issue) I have received much important news, some of which follows:

Mr. Thomas S. Rodman writes: "I am alive (I think)." Mr. Rodman does not inform us whether or not he (thinks he) is glad he is alive.

Bob Wilson is in his second year at University of Miami Law School...Gerry LaMontagne has been working for Owens Corning Fiberglas Corp. since graduation from Tuck School in 1968. He's now working for OCF's New York branch. Gerry and Sue had a son, Gerry, Jr., last fall...Bruce Berger is a second year resident in dermatology at U. of Pa....Barrett Ripley has returned to his hometown of Troy, N.H. "after six years of wandering." He's bought an old farmhouse with

a few acres and a big old barn, and is doing engineering and planning for Troy Mills.

Steve Lanfer writes that "On September 16, 1972, Sam Schreiber became one of the small race of Lanfers." (translation: Steve got married). Steve and Sam are living midway between Stowe and Sugarbush and have 2000 acres of backyard. Eventually, Steve's company will develop 50 of the acres to include 300 condominiums, tennis, pool and other amenities. The rest of the acreage will be left as is...Halsey Bullen has also left the bachelor ranks. Halsey is finishing up at Stanford Business School, and he and wife Ibby sail their 5-0-5 around San Francisco Bay which, Halsey reports, is somewhat windier than Lake Mascoma.... Dave Cross is now out of "the Green Machine" (the Army) and working on an MBA at Wharton; he'll be graduating next December...Scott Cheyne left WHDH-TV (Channel 5, Boston) when it went off the air about a year ago. He had been a writer/producer for "The Week Ends Here," a weekly one hour news/public affairs show. Since leaving WHDH, Scott's been working as Press Secretary to Massachusetts Lt. Governor Don Dwight...Jef Fellows was married to Nancy G. Lincoln of Darien, Conn., last December 30th.... More '66s bite the dust: Henry Clapper was married March 4, 1972. Henry has finished serving a two-year term as Prosecuting Attorney of Lawrence County, Mo., and has returned to private practice...Doug Greenwood is now married to the former Suzanne Reynolds; Doug is working on his Ph.D. at Chapel Hill after receiving an M.A. in English at Georgetown, where his thesis was on a Dartmouth Man - James Marsh, '17 (1817, that is)...Jim Modisette married Ruth Rothmeyer, Vassar '68, Stanford Law '71, and has retired...Neal Zimmerman was "blissfully wedded" to Sherrie O'Galvin last October 8th, and is working for Arthur Andersen & Co., in N.Y.C...

A small piece of advice from the editor: if you're married, let your wife write to me (you can write scandalous things to her class newsletter if you like). The reason? Wives have no compunctions whatsoever about embellishing their husbands' accomplishments so as to make for better reading. Example: I received the following message concerning Eddie Kuriansky: "Since last year Edward has been working as a Federal Prosecutor, an Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York. He has tried a lot of big cases, and put away a lot of criminals, and appeared in the papers every now and then. He's been getting some great courtroom experience, but also a chance to express the histrionic side of his personality! (written by Judy Kuriansky)" Could Ed have possibly written anything nearly so exciting about himself? (No, but he probably dictated the postcard to Judy).

Tom Clarke returned to Hanover last June after spending 2 years in San Francisco. He will remain at Mary Hitchcock, where he's doing his first year of an orthopedic residency, until June, 1974, when he and family will go to Newington, Conn., for his final year of residency...Dr. Bob Kirkman is serving in the Navy for the submarine service. He'll be stationed in Hawaii for the next 2 years...George Bond is working at the Smithsonian Institution (Div. of Fishes) while completing his Ph.D. in Zoology from the Univ. of R.I....Joe Hafner has been in Guatemala for over a year, working as controller for the Central American division of Riviana Foods, a Houston-based company....Bill Ferris is finishing up a doctorate in communications at R.P.I. in Troy, N.Y. during his sabbatical year from Longmeadow High School; he'll begin his dissertation in the fall...Alan Leach graduated from U.S. Air Force pilot training Sept. 22nd, 1972, and is flying C-130 transports at Forbes AFB near Topeka, Kansas....

Bill Jevne wrote me during the winter from Val d'Isere, France, a ski resort town in which he serves as hockey coach. He skis all day and coaches hockey in the evenings. Bill also plays for the town team, composed of all local players, except Bill. Bill's been in Europe for about a year-and-a-half. The winter before last he coached and played hockey in Lech, Austria. In between, he's travelled and learned to speak German and French, "which has been hard." After graduating from Tuck School in '67, he spent three years in the Marines, then travelled and skied a year in the U.S. before coming to Europe...David Harris gave a half-day lecture last November on the culture of gonorrhoea (supposedly more advanced than the Incas-ed.), which included a "wet" lab.

Dr. Harris, who is continuing his studies in microbiology at the Natl. Institute of Health, writes: "For all you porno buffs, my slides can be rented for a nominal fee."

I received the following message from Joe Barker in response to my negative comments in the last newsletter concerning pressure-oriented philanthropy:

I agree with your views as per the splintering of fund-raising efforts - it is a reaction born of frustration at recent innovations. I disagree with some of the changes, and feel disappointed at the loss of what was, to me, a tremendous tradition, in the striking of the Indian symbol, but overall I believe in Dartmouth and that time will correct what may be present day errors in judgment. Let's try to work out the conflicts without resorting to money politics. I would propose that we do proceed with some caution as we try to improve Dartmouth, lest we discover one day that we have painted over the Orozco murals because we momentarily disliked some of their implications.

Head Class Agent Caleb Loring and his trusty band of Class Agents are attempting to make contact with each class member to discuss this year's Alumni Fund. If you have not yet been contacted, consider this as a personal message: You know all the reasons why it is important that the Alumni Fund drive be successful; you know that each of us has his own personal reasons why he ought to give to the Fund. If you have not given to the Fund in the past, please contribute this year. If you have been a contributor, increase your gift if possible.

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P.S. If you still haven't done so, please send your class dues (nine bucks) to Class Treasurer Gerry Paul, 290 Collins Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552.