

Along Route '66

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Reunion and, in fact, summer, have slipped by...gone where I can't say. A great time it was, only serving to remind me (and hopefully some of the rest of you) that it isn't quite as easy staying up late as it was 20 years ago...Apologies to Doug Greenwood and Rick MacMillan for missing the Sunday morning tennis, I just can't hoot with the owls at night and soar with the eagles the next morning.

Twenty years...reunion found us out of Dartmouth as many years (almost) as we were old when we graduated and that, among other things, bespeaks a little of the specialness of the occasion. While the event wasn't a third birthing (at the start, at graduation, etc.), it was filled with the pleasantries of seeing many wonderful faces from college days, some from reunions past and some (like Tony Muller and Joyce) back for the first time since graduation.

Jim Leafesty wrote me after reunion with a few recollections that are worth the measure of the event:

The reunion was a great success! In fact, it was every bit as good as my wife's 20th high school reunion (Festy always knew how to damn with faint praise...)
What is a reunion, after all, but a formal prod to the too distracted among us to communicate with an to finally see and touch again good friends one has cared about for 20 years. And, no surprise, there turned out to be more people in the old friendship nexus than even I imagined. Some astonishingly remembered my Freshman poetry while I remembered their funky blues singing. There were the new friends: by association, such as the '64 down home piano man who thought my wife was the greatest thing since bottomless pajamas, and the wives and companions of classmates about whom I too was beside myself with enthusiasm; and beyond reminiscence, the faces and histories of classmates which gained more features and detail than anything I knew 20 years ago.

No one is more surprised than myself that I have become a booster of such events as reunions, as anyone with even a slight memory will remember that "rah rah" stuff is not my bag. But people are, and there was a hell of a crowd there worth getting to know better.

Special memory: The upstairs hall walls at Kappa Sig, now peopled by students more serious about getting the first career job, are papered with "ding" letters from major corporations (of course salted with marginalia from the students themselves...). It's safe to say that a few of the seniors from that fraternity have been "dusted" by every investment banking house of any consequence in the United States...

While Festy mentioned it, you have to give a round of snaps to **Albie, Johnny Pearson**, and the other folks who made the whole event come off so well. Since I don't think that it is possible to find two nicer people than the co-chairmen, I'd like to move that we make them permanent co-chairmen (of course, like anyone who has been in the military, they are unlikely to volunteer for that job again...)

Speaking of volunteers, we have a need of sorts. The need is for identification of classmates willing and able to participate in the management of the class for the next several years. Requirements are :

1. Interest in the class and the college
2. Willingness to meet and work (no floors and windows)
3. Wide ranging contacts in the class

At a class meeting during reunion, we set up a nominating committee, consisting of **Al Anderson, Dave Johnston, Albie, Rick MacMillan, John Pearson, Jack Stebe, Neal Zimmerman Steve Lanfer** and yours truly.

If you would like to participate in class activities more than you have in the past, or if your career has brought you to a point where corporate (or military) transfers have stopped and you can give the class some hours, please let **Steve Lanfer** know. His address (new) is on the masthead on the first page.

The nominating committee is necessary because we need to get more breadth of representation in the management of class activities, to avoid inbreeding, because it is time for a change, and, finally, because we had only one volunteer for the slate: **Neal Zimmerman**, who has agreed to take over the Class Newsletter, thereby instantly earning my undying gratitude.

This, then, is my reprise. No more smart cracks (from me at least), double entendres or threats to tell stories about your past. You're on your own with **Neal**, so write him. Give him some input with which to craft his column. I'm sure he'll do a great job and...if I could wish one thing for **Neal**, it is that he could, somehow, hear from the GREAT MAJORITY of you who don't write at all.

Newsletter contributors, like reunion attendees, are a self-selecting body. A lot of classmates select out, feeling too great a gulf from the frequencies emitted by mother Dartmouth, or from my own blatherings. But these...you...are the people who could, to my mind, really make this column worth reading.

There's a lot to benefit us reading about someone who built a house with their own hands...if someone in our class would write in about it...or about teaching our children for \$14-18,000 per year, trying to win that auction for the minds of our youth that is going on in America today, if someone would write in about it...or about being out of work for a year...if someone would write in about it.

So think about it. If you have read but never written to **Rick**, or to me, do it now. Write to **Neal**. If **Neal** doesn't get enough input, he made me promise that I would send in some stuff, so there you are again, back to the same old stuff. Better take pen to paper...

That's it. Welcome to **Neal**...and thanks for sharing a bit of your lives with the rest of us. It was good hearing from you.

See you by the light of many thousand sunsets...



Return this page to:

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Welcome Neal!

Here's some current information about my life, family, etc:

At this time in my life, the most satisfying thing for me is:

It would be rewarding for me to spend the next few years of my life in the following way:

People from the class I have heard from (but haven't seen mentioned) include:

