

long Route '66



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Dear Classmates, Mates, and Friends,

This Newsletter actually got underway almost six months ago. As I perused my files on this WordStar disk, I found the following:

Can you believe I started this edition out at 35,000 feet on my way to see everybody at the Mini-Reunion? I am sure to catch up on a lot of news there, so I wanted to clear out the mailbag before I get overwhelmed.

Well, those great intentions sure have been lost in the interim. I will go back and pick up on what I did get done on that trip, but first want to deal with the more current news.

First, **Rick Daly** called a couple of weeks ago to sadly inform me of the death of his fraternity brother and our classmate, **Eric King**. **Pete Dole** and **Rich** are writing the obituary for the *Alumni Magazine*, and I do not want to pre-empt that report. **Rich** promised me a newsclipping that I will

include in the next issue. **Eric** died in a bizarre skiing accident in British Columbia. Skiing was **Eric's** avocation and thus, as **Rich** observed, he died doing exactly what he loved most. Those of us who had the good fortune to know him will miss that distinctive style that always seemed to be punctuated with a scarf around his neck and a twinkle in his eye.

Death has not visited our class very often, and for that I am thankful. We still have to report on the death of **Bud Bailly** last year (**Charlie Willmot** is handling the report for the *Alumni Magazine*), but generally when **Tom Lips** initiated our memorial book program a year or so ago, the list was a short one. For the 25th Reunion yearbook, I plan an expanded reflection on the *In Memorium* section. In other Classes' books, a listing of deceased classmates has been all that was included.

At the *Dartmouth in the World II* program I attended this weekend (March 9-10),

I ran into **Joel Benezet's** father. Dr. Benezet was at Claremont when we graduated and Joel died. He is a '36, so his ties with the College continues and appropriately led him to the conference sponsored by the Dickey Foundation. As he recalled that tragic time, it was John Sloan who took him into his home and helped he and his family deal with such an untimely death.

President Dickey lives (although his condition is very poor), and his work and spirit flourishes through the efforts of the Endowment. Before attending this conference, I was not aware of its existence, let alone what it was up to. (Officially it is *The John Sloan Dickey Endowment for International Understanding*.) This was the second annual program that they had sponsored (the one last year was in New York). Emphasis is on the international interests that President Dickey promoted throughout his career. We had a great local connection as President Dickey had been one of three Dartmouth attendees at the original chartering of the United Nations here in San Francisco. From that chartering conference he pretty much made his way directly to Hanover to prepare for our arrival. The program made extensive use of Dartmouth Alumni such as Mike Heyman '51 UC Chancellor at Berkeley; Ron Spiers '48, Under-Secretary-General at the U.N.; Ed Luck '70, President of the United Nations Association; and Jon Moore '54, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. for Special Political Affairs.

Former Dean of the Faculty, Len Reiser '44 and Professor Gene Lyons seem to be the key guys at the Foundation. They are doing a good job in expanding Dartmouth's international awareness while keeping John Sloan Dickey's vision and memory alive. This is appreciated by all of us who had the good fortune to experience Dartmouth during his tenure. If this program plays in a city near you next year, try

to take it in...this year. **Walter Knoepfel** was the only other '66 I spotted at the conference.

As my wife Gwen and I left the last panel discussion on Saturday afternoon, we both were happy about being there and commented on the good job that Dartmouth does on keeping our heads in the world. We are not the best in searching out our own program of continuing education (and I don't assume that we are alone in this category), so Dartmouth's efforts are really appreciated. This leads me in to a program that your class is putting on, that I want to report on.

David Johnston, as head of our 25th Reunion, has been moving forward on several fronts, including the Community Service Project featuring retreats conducted by the Tucker Foundation. These are another of the opportunities that we have to keep that pursuit of knowledge in motion. On this aspect of the 25th Reunion planning David recently reported:

Our Reunion Community Service Project...participating in and modestly supporting...Tucker Foundation retreats...is well underway. Classmates, including myself, have participated in two so far...one on Success (what it means) and on Cultural Diversity. In spite of the widely erroneous (and somewhat racist) report in The Dartmouth Review (2/27/90), our class is not financing these retreats, although we may finance one for adults ('66's) and faculty this summer and perhaps another if the College cuts the Foundation's budget. We do pay for '66's to attend (about \$40 per person).

I am looking for people interested in attending the next one, May 18-19 (Friday, 4 pm 'til Saturday 4 pm) on the subject of The Changing Family. These sessions are intense, but relaxing (on Lake Morey) and a great chance to hear how students are thinking these days. Call me if you are interested.

Based on my experience, I encourage you to take Dave up on the invitation. His telephone number in Connecticut is (203) 523-1187. By the way, I happened to be in Hanover on the weekend that the subject *The Review* article came out. I did not read it as so venomous as Dave found it... in fact, I was pleased to see that we, as a class, were mentioned, albeit only in passing. The article has to be read in light of the continuing effort that some writers for *The Review* have had to discredit or diminish the Tucker Foundation. For those that read *The Review* too seriously, the term sophomoric, would have been coined in response to some of their efforts, had it not already been in the vocabulary. I swear that half the articles seem to be written by freshmen or sophomores... I give them credit for the effort at a school that does not have a journalism department.

Well, now that we have introduced the subject of the Reunion, let me continue with the report on the 25th, then return to picking up on the Mini-Reunion this past fall. A part of Dave's notes he observed:

We need several good people to handle key assignments: Al Kellner has agreed to be Reunion Treasurer, and Budge Gere will do the Memorial Service, but we still need people for: publicity (very soon), entertainment (know any good "oldies" bands?), catering (at the Reunion), registration (works with the Treasurer), souvenirs, and attendance (getting people to come). We will be recruiting for these soon, but volunteers would be very welcome!

Even if you cannot invest the time in planning, your ideas and suggestions will be appreciated. And most important, each of us is in charge of attendance... our own. In June 1991, it's Hanover... be there. Put it on the calendar now and organize the rest of your life around it. It's once in a lifetime, after all.

You know, I was struck by a write-up I saw recently about recognizing middle age. One of the test questions was whether you spend more time reliving the past rather than creating visions of the future. Well, I refuse to let Reunion planning get in the way of defining myself into middle age. And you shouldn't either! It's kind of looking forward... to get a good view of where we were... so we know if we have been making any progress... while we make sure we enjoy ourselves along the way.

Our gathering in October at the Mini-Reunion was a great fore-runner of the Big One. Charlie Wilmot gave a brief report in the *Alumni Magazine* and I will try to embellish a little here-in. Probably the bottom line on the weekend was the enthusiasms it engendered to schedule another for next fall (which we have).

Now... taking you back to October 13th... it was a chilly night. By the time Gwen and I got to the assembly point for the Class Parade, there was a clutch of '66's already hoisting the placard and trying to keep warm. Skip and Betty Battle were there. Recently of San Francisco (actually SF has been home for almost 20 years), Skip has taken up additional responsibilities with Andersen Consulting, an adjunct of Arthur Anderson & Co. the CPAs, that has recently been spun off to do battle more directly with Big Blue and EDS. President Steve Lanfer was there with young sons as was Dick Kaiser from New Jersey.

The Class Parade did not feature the promised vehicle (Doscher had mumbled something about insurance problems) and we had to swing out on foot into the procession after the rollicking '65's and their truck pulled past. Maybe next year? Marching along were Gary and Suzanne Bryson (in from Colorado) and Peter Orbanowski from Greenwich. By the time we reached

the front of Webster Hall and surrendered our placard, the '66 delegation was a crowd, and I could tell that we were warming up to a big weekend.

After witnessing the regular schedule of speeches and greetings from the Alumni Clubs that is an integral part of Dartmouth Night in Hanover, we enjoyed a fire that burned. (Last year's frizzled.) Then everyone made the short trek over to the Norwich home of **Paul and Margo Doscher**. We tapped a keg and settled down to a full evening of catching up and re-acquainting ourselves, and acquainting ourselves. At one point I thought that I was in the midst of an SAE house meeting. In addition to the aforementioned **Bryson, Irv and Chris Burkholder** were up from Washington, D.C., **Bob and Roberta Nash** were in from Chicago, **Frank and Marcie Blod** drove in from New Canaan, **Bill and Jane Higgins** had made their way from Cincinnati, and **Pete and Margo Tuxen** had flown in from California. And, if I am not mistaken, I think **Mike Clapp** came over from Burlington, plus a baby-sitting **Gene Nattie** put in a token appearance Saturday night. I don't think that they planned it... maybe if they had, we would have seen some more of the clan (**Worland, Whitaker, Wilkoff, Blunt, McKissock**, et al).

Most of the regulars were there including **Rick McMillan, Jack and Nancy Stebe, Dean and Carol Spatz**. Many had teenagers in their group... all anxious to explore the Hanover scene. Thank Heavens! I left my 15-year-old home... she still reminisces about the wonderful time she had at the 20th Reunion with **Zoe Burkholder**.

I am not sure if anyone made it to Thayer to hear President Freedman's comments, but we had a good turnout for the Executive Committee meeting on Saturday morning. Among the attendees were **Tom Lips, Rich Daly, Dave Johnston**, and

Charles Wilmot. We reflected on the wonderful start to the weekend and then moved on to the business at hand... principally planning for the 25th Reunion. We scheduled our next Mini-Reunion for the same weekend in Hanover (Yale again). **Stebe** is getting some rooms. I hope that you will put it on the schedule.

Dave Johnston (Dave is also our Treasurer.) reported that we are solvent. Our dues are paying the freight. And, to the extent that the dues are used primarily to cover the cost of *The Alumni Magazine* and the postage of the mailing of *Along Route '66*, you are all encouraged to respond positively to that annual dues appeal.

Rick MacMillan had the final figures on the Alumni Fund where we managed to exceed last year's dollar amount in spite of a slight decrease in participation. With all the various news items coming out of Hanover over the past year or so it is hard not to come up with a few dissatisfied souls. I hope that communication and a changed perspective will enable Rick to make this 1990 campaign a successful one by any measure.

Before the football game most of the '66's found that the best spread was at the '65's tailgate in front of Sphinx. **Jim Griffith's** makes this a special event for the '65's and, in light of the chipping that we did toward the cost, he probably turned a profit this year. Maybe we can horn in officially next year. The game disappointed the Dartmouth fans, as we left with murmurs of "wait till next year." Some of us found our way eventually over to the '67 and '68 reception at the Smoyer Lounge after taking in the soccer game (played after the football game because of the early ESPN start of the football game).

At the game I saw a few folks that didn't make any of the other festivities. Among

these were **George Trumbull** for whom the trip up from Hartford is a piece of cake, and the twosome of **Bud Heerde** and **Halsey Bullen**. The latter have made Homecoming a regular date for the past five years. Bud and Betsy travelled from New Rochelle; Halsey and Isabel were in from Westport, Connecticut. Keep up the tradition and include the Class activities next year!

HoJo's in White River was the scene for the Class dinner and Class project presentation on Saturday night. Jeff Finley '90 presented the work that he had done through the Class project sponsorship. He had spent the summer examining the phenomenon of the group that travels with the Greatful Dead... no, not the roadies or the groupies, but the so-called Dead-Heads. The slides that accompanied his presentation made the impressions lasting ones. For the capitalists in the crowd, it was interesting to note that economics underlie much of what is done, and how it is carried out. Although we all realized that Jeff had a summer of dead concerts, he accomplished a very interesting study as well.

After the dinner, the youths were wrangling for a return to Hanover (I think **Joe Colby** had the most difficult time of managing the teens). I had the good fortune to just return my daughter to her dorm, and pray for the best.

The next morning, **Robin Carpenter** and **Mary Frazier** hosted a brunch for an assemblage that included ourselves, **Brad** and **Rudi Laycock**, **Jack** and **Nancy Stebe**, and **Ken Reiber**. (Am I missing anyone?) Robin and Mary live just south of Lebanon and Meriden where Robin manages to operate as a business consultant. Anyone would be happy with the arrangement that he has been able to make. With a full stomach and many fresh experiences, Gwen and I rushed to Boston to make our

way back to San Francisco. It had been a wonderful time.

You all know what was in store for us when we got home... Well, good news from the Andersons was that we suffered no damage that we could discover (although the experience was one that is staying very fresh in our minds). I haven't heard of any of our classmates that had the disaster visit them on October 17, but given that there are some of us that have Boulder Creek as an address, I would not be surprised if **Tim Eagan**, **Jeff Brown**, or someone else checks in with a first hand report of the quake that includes some incredible first hand reports of the awesome power of nature.

For my part, I thank all of you, who called to see if we were safe. Frankly, there was a great deal of worry on our part until we all got reassembled at home... with the lights out and the candles blazing. Then while the fire in the Marina burned bright, and we speculated how close it was to where we lived until 1983, the fear subsided, and we went to bed. Little did we (without TV) realize the impact that national media was having on the rest of the Nation. I was up at the crack of dawn to make my way out of the still darkened city to see if I still had a place to work. It too, was undamaged, and I resumed a more or less regular schedule. Eventually I managed to get the "safe" sign out to family and friends.

For the rest of you Northern Californians, if you have a tale to tell, let me know. I know everyone would like to hear the inside story on the Quake of 1989.

That brings me up to where I was when I left off back in October. I am not going to go to the mailbag as I promised, but just clear out what I had in the works back then. My plan is then to get the mailbag out and follow this *Along Route '66* out with a real catchup as soon as possible. (As a historical

update, I am including a copy of an article I just spotted that deals with our Newsletter's inspiration. I thought you might be interested. I am working on the words to the song... Don't Forget Winona!) so back to October 12th...

I have moved to an IBM compatible laptop for a great deal of my writing... a Spark... very affordable... no hard disk, but a host of other features.

You are right if you figured out that I travel a lot. Basically the job is sales... communications in its purest form. Another classmate who puts travel in his job resume is **Peter G. Costello**. Peter was known as **Hulings** back in our time and writes, "Never did graduate (not a requirement to be a member of this class); dropped out, traveled, joined the Army and served Viet Nam. Pursued many careers, including photography and period furniture restoration. Finally happily developing unusual and superb bicycling vacations in Scotland."

Peter sent along a brochure that described the 6 and 12 day tours that he has meticulously research for his Scottish Lowland and Borders excursions. For the bicyclists of "moderate" ability his program sounds like a dream come true... exploring a romantic area with all the guess work about where to go and stay removed. Pardon if this sound a bit commercial, but you can find out more or just catch up on a long lost classmate at P.O. Box 23490, Baltimore, MD 1203; Tel: (301) 685-6918.

Although my travels occasionally take me through Scotland, it is usually a quick jaunt

to Edinburgh to see Scottish and Newcastle Brewery or to Dunfries to a milk canning plant. Castles and vales and all will come later. Where I have spent some quality time recently is in Houston with **Joe and Merrill Hafner**. I was on the scene shortly after their return from graduation.

That is where I left off and will leave off now. Stay tuned for the details on Joe's graduation experience and why I go to Houston every few months. I am leaving in the next few days to escort my daughter to Siena where she will be for the Dartmouth Language Study Aboard program until June (by arranging it this way I can finally use some frequent flyer mileage and actually co-opt Pan Am in to helping defray the cost of a Dartmouth education... small defrayal as it is). I will be packing the Spark along with a host of cards and letters that need to be caught up on. The plan is to get off the plane in April and put another newsletter in the mail. The annual Class Officers meeting is coming up at the end of April and I want to be able to show a good trend line, as far as the Newsletters go.

In the interim, let's stay in touch. There must have been some news happening out there that you want to share (are you willing to share?... not too embarrassed to share?).

Happy Trails to you... keep smiling until then.

Allan Anderson