



## CLASS OF '79 NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2006

### CLASS OFFICERS:

**PRESIDENT:**

Laurie Laidlaw Roulston

**VICE-PRESIDENT:**

Bill Mitchell

**HEAD AGENT:**

Peggy Epstein Tanner

**SECRETARY:**

Mark Winkler

**TREASURER:**

Jim Boldt

**HISTORIAN:**

Ed Heilbron

**WEBMASTER:**

Walter Chick

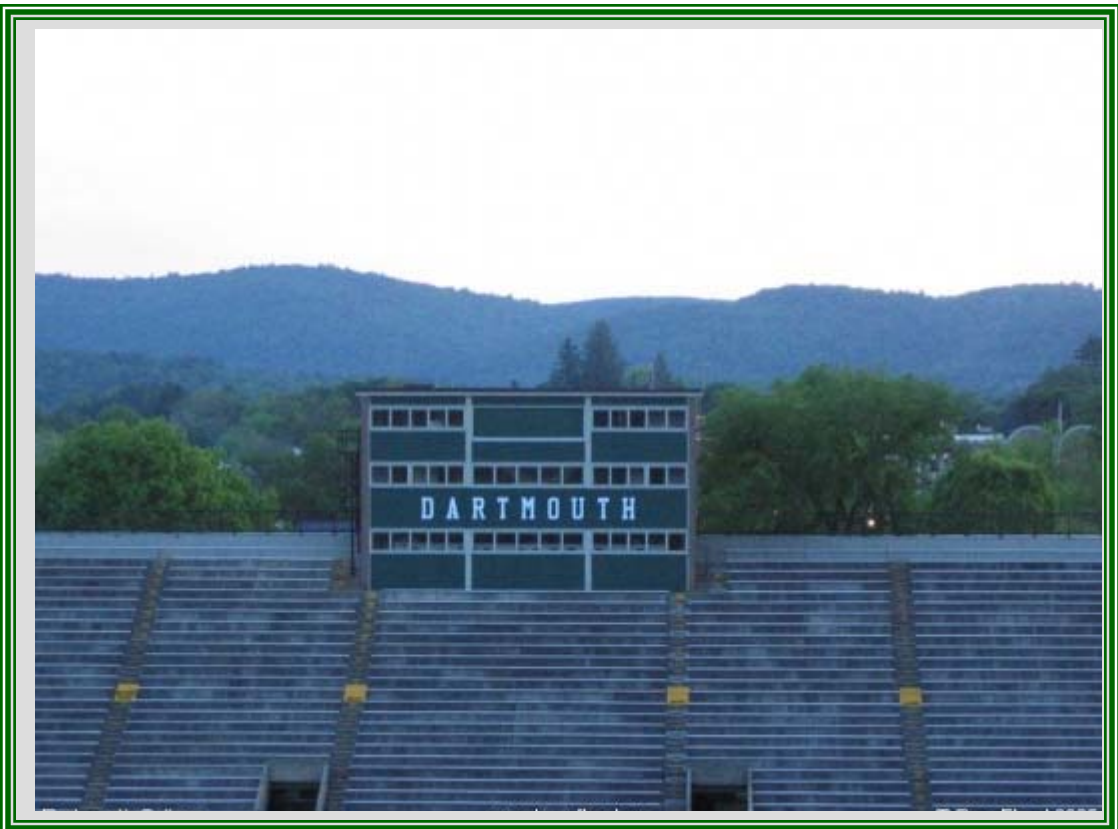
**MINI-REUNION CHAIR:**

Phil Odence

**NEWSLETTER EDITORS:**

Jim Feuille

Ben Riley



### A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITORS

Once again, our tremendous class came through and responded to our email solicitation for news. Loads of interesting goings on: kids heading to college, careers in full swing (and some winding down), and adventurous athletics and travel. Plus some really amazing and fun pictures. Also, read your officers' reports of the important and fun activities the class has underway. And finally, we include a longer piece—another inspiring letter from **Bill Holmes**, this time from the tsunami site in Indonesia.

So read on about the ever-amazing Class of '79. And send us some stuff for the next issue!

### 79<sup>TH</sup> DAY OF THE YEAR (PLUS OR MINUS A WEEK OR SO) PARTY! *(by Phil Odence, Mini-Reunion Chairman-for-Life, [phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org](mailto:phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org))*

Coming to a city near you! Third time lucky? This new tradition sure is aging nicely. Last year we had more than 40 classmates participate across eight different nationwide locations. This year we are adding locations and instituting new flexible scheduling guidelines which we hope will bump participation by 50%.

You'll be hearing more details via email, snailmail and the class website. The actual 79th day of the year is March 20, but the actual date of our parties may vary. You know, my Jeep Wrangler actually gets better mileage than the manufacturer promised, but I digress. Have a great winter and we hope to see you in March. Questions? You can always ask the ol' Mini Reunions Meister for life. Hugs, Phil.

## BEYOND THE GREEN (by President Laurie Laidlaw Roulston, [LaurieLRoulston@Eaton.com](mailto:LaurieLRoulston@Eaton.com))

In the years after we graduated, as admission to Dartmouth was becoming more and more competitive, I remember talking to Dartmouth classmates. "Our kids will never get in," we'd shake our heads saying. In later years, as tuition at Dartmouth rose astronomically, we would also shake our heads: "If our kids *could* get in, how would we pay for it?" As I look back, I can see that in those years, part of maintaining my connection to Dartmouth was the possibility that my kids would go there too. It's clear that classmates whose kids are attending Dartmouth have a strong connection to the College; some who have had little or no connection since graduating have renewed their relationship and recently become active in alumni activities.

It is now clear to me that none of my kids will attend Dartmouth. My oldest son Scott is happily studying economics and playing football at Colby College in Maine. Son Stewart informed us early in the process that he had "no interest" in going to Dartmouth, and was recently accepted early to a great school in North Carolina, Wake Forest. The realization that neither child will have the Dartmouth experience caused me to examine my connection to Dartmouth, and to wonder about how other classmates felt about their connection, more than twenty-five years after graduating.

One of my colleagues at work is a leadership and organizational development expert who loves thought-provoking questions. I stuck my head in Sam's office and explained I was writing an article for my class newsletter and wanted to write about connection. What causes individuals to connect or to stay connected to an organization? He related his experiences. His oldest attended a university where it was clear from the outset that the school promoted a "rah rah" connection. The school used winning teams and logo apparel to curry favor and connect with their alumni. The second child attended a school with a very different approach. This school focused on building bonds and networks. For example, names of local alumni were sent to the student as soon as she was accepted. You had the immediate sense "of a greater calling" from this school, Sam explained.

Dartmouth has always focused on community, and not on winning bowl games for its connection to its alumni (no offense, please, Buddy!). "It is, sir, a small school, and yet there are those who love it." During our years at Dartmouth, the school prided itself on the closeness of the "Dartmouth community"—small classes taught by professors who often hosted students in their homes for dinner or discussion. Much of the debate and controversy on campus at the time that I recall was actually **about** community—groups who felt left out of the community, such as women, those who were left in, such as fraternities, and those who were under represented, such as minorities.

"It is a shared responsibility," Sam went on to explain. From the standpoint of the individual, it is often about identity; we get to a point where things become clear as to how we got where we are. This takes us back to where we started and a unique recognition, and to some extent reconciliation, that our four years of college has made us who we are today. Our involvement is the opportunity to add to the community and to pass along to others — to peers and to other generations — the privilege of the excellent education that we were able to enjoy.

My Dartmouth education is one of the best things that ever happened to me, in too many ways to mention here. Naturally, at Dartmouth, as in all phases of life, not all experiences we had were positive. Even so, I have come to realize that my own negative experiences while at Dartmouth were the beginning of my learning to be comfortable in my own skin.

As a class, we have truly worked hard to build a community and to connect with as many classmates as possible. Many of you have responded, as evidenced by our high participation in giving and reunion attendance. **For those of you reading this who do not feel connected, I will make a \$100 contribution in your honor to Dartmouth up to \$1,000 (I will have two kids in college soon!) if you will call or email me** and tell me what could (realistically) be done to revive your participation and interest. (Peggy: Don't worry; I will make the \$1,000 donation no matter what!) Please share your own thoughts and experiences with me. Warm regards, Laurie.

## MESSAGES FROM THE CLASS

**Dave Hall** ([david.l.hall@comcast.net](mailto:david.l.hall@comcast.net)): I guess I've become a QWERTY guy! This is the first time I've ever responded to a green card. My wife has gun to my head, but if you shoot me an email, I'll tell you a story! (*Email duly shot, but no response yet received!*)

**Giovan Venable King** ([gtking@sbcglobal.net](mailto:gtking@sbcglobal.net)): I received my doctorate from Virginia Theological Seminary in May,

led a workshop on Articles of Incorporation and Church bylaws at a National Congregational meeting in June, and was a key note speaker on "Running the Race" at the International Congregational Quadrennial in Corfu, Greece in July!

**Tim Kelly**: Last year we had a Dartmouth reunion of sorts in Alaska. There is an ultra-marathon event here in

Anchorage in February called the Susitna 100. This is a 100-mile race on frozen trails in remote Alaska where competitors choose to ski, run/hike or bike the course ([www.susitna100.com](http://www.susitna100.com)). '79'er **Steve Tower** completed the bike category of this race for the 2<sup>nd</sup> year in a row. His wife Janice '81 won the women's bike division. Two years ago, I won this event (*men's division, we presume?*) on skis with the fastest overall time. But last year, I was taken down a notch by a Dartmouth ski team alum from the late 90'—Cory Smith. Fellow '79s are welcome to come up and party with us. But first you have to ski, run or bike 100 miles!!!

**Mark Weltner:** I am teaching music and movement at eight preschools and a class for children on the autism spectrum with a fitness instructor. (*Way to go!*)

**Larry King** ([kinglc@att.net](mailto:kinglc@att.net)): Larry has been appointed a Judge in the Town of Paradise Valley and on the Fort McDowell Yavapai Nation, in Arizona. Larry is also running for the US House of Representatives in Arizona's Fifth Congressional District. The Primary Election is in September and the General Election is November 2006. Visit his website at [www.larryking06.com](http://www.larryking06.com). (*Good luck, Larry!*)

**Myke Metcalf** ([nomadhi@gte.net](mailto:nomadhi@gte.net)): I'm off to Spain tonight. Take care all! (*Short and sweet!*)

**Dev Jennings** ([dev.jennings@ualberta.ca](mailto:dev.jennings@ualberta.ca)): Dev and blended family are just having fun in the Canadian north. Jennifer and Dev are about to storm the castle made by Emily (9), Blake (7), and Christopher (5) — a nice break from teaching for the two UofAlberta profs!

**Glynn Mildren** ([gmildren@aol.com](mailto:gmildren@aol.com)): I have been living in Dallas, Texas for the last 18 years, and own a small oil and gas company. We are certainly enjoying these high prices at the pump! My wife and I have three kids, with my oldest having graduated from the University of Oklahoma this past May and now working here in Dallas. My daughter is in her first year of nursing school at OU and will graduate in the spring of 07. My youngest, Luke, will graduate from high

school this spring and will start college life at OU next fall. (*Sounds like Sooner domination has returned to this family!*)

**Ted (Scottie) Wills:** I travel a lot so I am not sure if you have included this information in a previous message. (No idea, so let's try it again!) I am to be married to Marcela Cuevas in Guadalajara, Mexico on Saturday, March 25, 2006 at 8 pm (*Congrats Scottie!*). We will also have a wedding reception in Boston on Saturday, April 1<sup>st</sup> (*uh, oh, a wedding reception on April Fools Day???*).

I have been assigned by my company to do fundraising campaigns for Catholic churches and schools in the Houston area. We are now building a house in the suburbs (*Whenever I hear about someone building a new house in Houston, it reminds me of the time a Houstonian once asked me, "Why would you ever buy a used house when you can build a new one for almost the same price?" Always got a chuckle out of that! Maybe they called them "pre-owned" down there these days instead of "used!"*). In addition, I continue my activities as founder and president of the North American Educational Initiatives Foundation ([www.naeif.org](http://www.naeif.org)).

**Custis (Spencer) Glover** ([csqlo@yahoo.com](mailto:csqlo@yahoo.com)): Hi guys, go ahead and make something up...bound to be more exciting than my life at the moment, but I guess no news is good news. The Glovers are all fine in Manhattan and at various colleges. (*Somehow, with Custis in NYC, we doubt things can be too boring! We would get in real trouble if we made things up. A request for more details is pending.*)

**Dot Bullock-Fernandes** ([dspotto1@aol.com](mailto:dspotto1@aol.com)): Dot here (*love that intro Dot!*). Still here in Atlantic City as an elementary school principal. Helped to design and open the school to which I am currently assigned. Oh, what fun! (*she says tongue-in-cheek*). Have heard from no one in our class. What's up with that? (*Hey everyone! Please email Dot!*) My son is six and in first grade. Still married to the most handsome Indian man I know. Yes, there are those of us who started very late. What do you think keeps me

## CLASS AGENT REPORT (*by Peggy Epstein Tanner; [pegster5@optonline.net](mailto:pegster5@optonline.net)*):

'79s have been lauded as one of the best classes around  
When it comes to Dartmouth fundraising, we've chartered new ground  
Over the years we've shown the College what can be done  
When you work as a team instead of as one.

This year \$700,000 and 70% is our goal  
And we can achieve it, if you help play a role  
It is really quite simple, little is required of you  
Just one simple task is all you need do.

Please write a check to the DCF and sign it in ink  
Or pay with a credit card at the DCF link  
[https://www.dartmouthcollegefund.org/ALUM\\_give.htm](https://www.dartmouthcollegefund.org/ALUM_give.htm)  
Or wait for one of our 50 volunteer agents to be in touch  
Whichever you choose to do, by giving, we thank you so much!!

Thank you and please remember that your gift must be received by the Dartmouth College Fund, before July 1, 2006.

## **CLASS PROJECTS** (by Vice-President Bill Mitchell, [WHMitchell@viewpoint.com](mailto:WHMitchell@viewpoint.com)):

Your class dues pay for a great deal more than your class officer's monthly conference calls (that are usually underwritten by one of your officer's employers in any event). One of the wonderful investments your class dues support are contributions that enable activities for undergraduates. Thanks for your support if you have sent in your dues this year, and if you haven't please take the time to send that payment in.

**Dartmouth Partners in Community Service:** Late last spring the DPCS Board voted to increase the stipend for volunteers to \$3,000 per term. This led to a dramatic increase in applicants for programs.

Three '79s supported the program as Mentors this past summer. Remember one of the very neat aspects of this program is that we match students serving volunteer programs in a community with a local alum. This program matched up three '79s this summer with interns: **Bruce Arena** in Durango Co., **Laura Robertson** in San Francisco, and yours truly in New York City. We all had a great summer getting to know our assigned mentees. I met four times with Charlise Williams '06, who was helping mentor disadvantaged students in an internship program placing them in businesses. I had a great time helping her develop goals for herself in the program and dealing with issues raised by her interns.

This winter we have two Mentors, **Nancy Wilder** in Chicago and **Carol Nietz** in Philadelphia. We will report on their experience in upcoming issues.

Our class supports this program by asking classmates to supplement their class dues with a contribution to the DPCS program. While we recommend a contribution of \$15 for this program we get tax deductible contributions of up to \$500 for this program! Give till it feels good. And if you want to be a Mentor or have a not-for-profit program that could use a "free" College intern drop me an email.

Here is a report filed by the DPCS intern we sponsored in San Francisco, **Katrina J. Roi '07**:

"My internship at the San Francisco AIDS Foundation this past summer allowed me to learn about working at a non-profit organization and about living in a city. At the Foundation, I learned about the HIV/AIDS epidemic, gained experience with many facets of non-profit work, and worked with marginalized groups of people.

The San Francisco AIDS Foundation is one of the largest community-based AIDS organizations and it provides direct services to more than 100,000 people each year. I was grateful for the opportunity to work in many different areas at the agency. I worked on a PowerPoint presentation for new volunteers and employees, answered phones for the California HIV/AIDS Hotline, helped at Needle Exchange program, and worked in the Public Policy department.

My DPCS internship helped me to grow academically and personally. I gained focus in my studies and a direction for my activities on campus. This fall I am organizing an AIDS benefit concert and I will run a marathon to raise money for the fight against global AIDS. I plan to pursue a Geography major with a concentration in International Development. This internship experience was a tremendously positive one that left me determined to pursue a career in International Health."

**Sponsors Program:** We started an initiative to support a program started by classmate Buddy Teevens and Dartmouth President Jim Wright. The Sponsors program lends financial assistance to enable high school students to visit Dartmouth during the application process. The program has been expanded to become more national and more targeted to expanding the economic and ethnic diversity of our student athletes.

200 classmates were solicited to help participate in this program. I am pleased to report that to date we have raised nearly \$4,000 to support this program from new Sponsors. Your class officers voted to use \$2,000 of our class funds to match the contributions made by these classmates. Thanks to those of you that helped out the program. If you would like to help this program please send your tax deductible contribution, no matter the amount, to The Sponsors Program, Dartmouth College, Alumni Gym, Hanover NH, 03755. Thanks, Bill

young? Had the opportunity to visit India again. What a great place! I highly recommend it.

**Carey D. Fiertz** ([cfiertz@exportrisk.com](mailto:cfiertz@exportrisk.com)): I am fulfilling a lifelong dream, or maybe planning for retirement, by becoming a part-time ski instructor at Catamount, a modest ski area here in the Berkshires about 20 minutes from

home. Lots of fun, although the pay rate is about the same as when I taught freshmen at Dartmouth (about \$0.25 over minimum wage). Certainly not in it for the money! When not skiing, I serve as a director of the Salisbury Winter Sports Association, which operates one of the few remaining Nordic ski jumps left in the East. Our big tournament, which is the US Eastern National

Championship, is Feb. 11-12—all welcome, and '79s are free! Otherwise, I continue to own and manage Export Risk Management, Inc., a leading provider of export finance, and with my wife Kim, trying to survive our daughter's evolution into a teenager... Oh yeah, I'm also District Enrollment Director for Litchfield County, CT for the College (**Jim Cioban** is one of my interviewing chairs), and on the board of Alpha Theta Coed Fraternity.

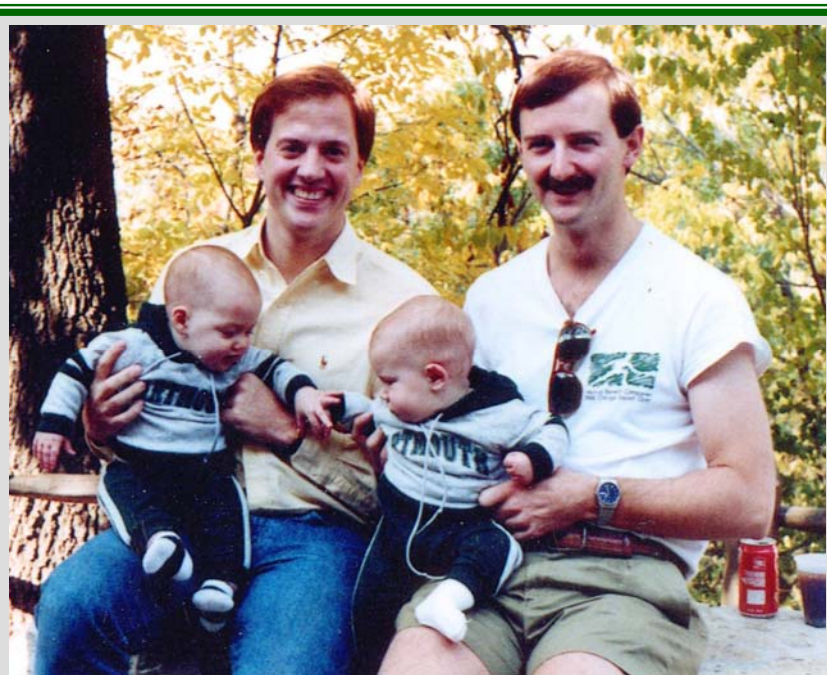


*George Stone and daughter Jenni with Peter Greulich and son Evan today*

**Peter Greulich**  
([pcgreul@us.ibm.com](mailto:pcgreul@us.ibm.com)):

The big news from Chicago is that it looks like **Stoney (George Stone)** and I will be spending more time (and money!) in Hanover in the next four years. Our eldests were both accepted early decision in December. Jennifer (Jenni) Stone is a state champion soccer player and top ranked fencer. Evan Greulich is thinking of doing crew as well as trying a bunch of extracurricular activities. They'll now always be '10's (perfect in our minds). Hope Buddy had a great recruiting year of Ivy League champion caliber recruits — providing multiple reasons to visit the Hanover plain! On the personal side, nothing new for me since Reunion. I'm still with IBM, still working in Detroit, still living outside Chicago (Northbrook), still married, still playing squash (both cities...), etc. But I am wondering how IBM's recent announcement concerning our pension will impact us....

**Libby Roberts** ([libbyinboston@aol.com](mailto:libbyinboston@aol.com)): "You have pretty good vision for a woman your age." That was the praise I received from some snippy young thing at the eye doctor. You're damn right I do; I have 20/20, thank you very much. The comment wouldn't have hit



*George and Jenni with Peter and Evan many moons ago.*

quite so hard except that I received my first mailing from AARP the same week. Geez. Okay, so I admit, I'll always be blond; I bronze my legs; whiten my teeth; a push up bra is tempting; alas, since I'm a tad bit older than you youngsters I am now in my 50th year. Sigh. But I look pretty good, if I must say so. Why just last month, a fellow '79 said as much when he fed me some pick up line "is that seat taken?" en route from Dallas to Houston. He quite charmed me. If it wasn't that handsome classmate of ours, **Jon Bohn**. Jon and I had a fun trip to his hometown where he has a private practice. Says he loves being a lawyer and can't imagine doing anything else or living anywhere but Houston. Since he's from Ohio, I guess that's a step

up? Jon, like many classmates, vaguely remembered that I am a fundraiser (I can't seem to live down those four years in the Alumni Fund when I hammered you all for a few dollars 20+ years ago). For all of you with teenagers who drive you nuts, I am now head of development and alumni affairs at Phillips Academy in Andover, MA (a boarding school). Life is good. Happy New Year to you all.

**Bill McGee** ([William.McGee@bhs.org](mailto:William.McGee@bhs.org)): Just returned (May 2005) from a 10-day tour of the Austrian Alps. The pics show the ascent and summit of the Grossglockner—at 3798m the highest mountain in Austria. We climbed and skied six of the highest peaks in the country. The summit

picture shows me on the left, **Steve Bankert** seated and **Dana Lanzillo** on the right (*You guys are truly amazing! Huge round of snaps!!*). Our lovely guide Linn is in between. Those classmates who declined (you know who you are) should be having second thoughts when they see this, but maybe they were having a better time @ work! We rested in Italy afterwards.

Notice the custom fit Strolz ski boots and the handmade Kneissl skis that we left lower down the mountain. If interested in the ultimate skiing gear contact [www.strolz.com](http://www.strolz.com). It makes the trip down a whole lot better and will also help a fellow classmate enjoy the winter even more.

By the way, **Dana Lanzillo** and **Rich Pugh** both were made partners at their respective law firms within the last year or so. **Steve Bankert** works on the volunteer national ski patrol at Killington on the weekends. We all looked pretty good for the 25th (those who showed anyway); counting down for the 50<sup>th</sup> B.D.!

**David Brown** ([dgb67@hotmail.com](mailto:dgb67@hotmail.com)): My family and I have been in Omaha, Nebraska now for a little over two years. I am the President/CEO of the Greater Omaha Chamber of Commerce, which serves as the chief economic development and business advocate organization in this corner of the world. We have 3400 members and growing all the time!! My wife continues her role as community volunteer and avid Chamber supporter. Our son, Greg, just moved to Omaha from South Carolina where he was in school and has enrolled in classes here to pursue a career in making movies. Our youngest son, Elijah, is in sixth grade and enjoys golf, basketball and of course video games.

I haven't seen any other 79's in a while although I am aware that **David Stone** is alive and well with one of his sons playing football at Clemson University in South Carolina.

**Katharine Cummings (Susman)** ([ksusman@unmc.edu](mailto:ksusman@unmc.edu)); My interest in Dartmouth has been renewed (*glad to hear it!*) as my now 18-year-old son Daniel is applying for admission to the Class of 2010. I have even begun to volunteer and do alumni interviews in our area. Dan is a good candidate in his own right, but he didn't seem to mind when I received a letter from the Admissions Office assuring me they had received Dan's application materials and that alumni children are given some additional



*Bill McGee's crew atop the highest peak in Austria*



*Bill McGee, Steve Bankert, guide Linn, and Dana Lanzillo on the peak of the Grossglockner, the highest mountain in Austria*

consideration (*I'll believe that when I see it; see Prez Laurie's letter!*). Should Dan gain admission and should he choose to attend, he would be the fourth generation to attend Dartmouth (notwithstanding that his Dad, Jeff Susman '78, also did his undergraduate and Medical School education at the Big D). Dan's grandfather, Donald Cummings, and his great-grandfather, John Cummings, were also graduates.

For most kids, this would be too much legacy stuff to bear, but so far it has not deterred him. I explained to Dan, that I was the very much "non-typical" Dartmouth student who enjoyed more of the less mainstream social scene like the contra-dances in Norwich, Vermont and

living my last two years in what they then called the "Coop House." Yet, I have never had any second thoughts or regrets about my choice of schools. The friends I did make made lasting impressions on me whether they knew it at the time or not. My best friend, **Ed Miller**, I still see on about an annual basis by either traveling to Chicago or meeting up with him somewhere on the East coast. My favorite German professor Charlotte Armster (who left Dartmouth about when I did) has kept in touch and I see her every few years. She is the department chair at Gettysburg College. I think of **Stephen Wheeler** and wonder if he is still in Berkeley? I think of **Elizabeth Stevens** and wonder if she is still in the Boston area?

As for me, I am finally able to apply my German and Math majors (kind of). I have been a computer applications programmer for the past 20 years for the University of Nebraska Medical Center. We have been supporting SAP's enterprise package since the year 2000. Most of the program notes are in German and all the patch explanations come out in German first—then English. One of my current colleagues has given our new warehouse high-tech office a German nickname for any German buffs to translate: WurfelBauernhof.

P.S. Did anyone else get a call about an alumni CD that was going to be coming out this past fall and was to be mailed out? As I recall, I agreed to purchase that directory and never received one, yet I think I was billed. Just wondering!

**Dawn Hudson** ([Dawn.Hudson@pepsi.com](mailto:Dawn.Hudson@pepsi.com)): Okay. Here goes. I haven't responded before...but why not (*You're doing great so far!*). I'm up to my usual trying to fit 20 pounds into a 5 pound sack. I'm keeping very busy as CEO of Pepsi-Cola North America (*Dawn has been President of Pepsi NA since 2002—way to go!*) and serving on the boards of the LPGA and Lowe's Home Improvement stores. But what really makes me happy is my family (2 girls: 15 and 8) and athletics...trying to keep up with my need to work out, play tennis, play paddle tennis, play golf, and ski...preferably on a weekly basis. My husband (Bruce Beach '72) and I have also recently taken on a big project to overhaul a beach house in Madison, CT that will take every bit of knowledge I have gained from Lowe's and then a whole lot more...but it is exciting. My best friend continues to be my college roommate, **Martha Pease** (Bardin), who also has a house in Madison. Otherwise, life is good and boring as usual and I will not acknowledge that 50 is around the corner! (*Maintain that denial!*)

**Patrick G. Quinn and Stacy Smith Quinn** ([Patrick@nmgastro.com](mailto:Patrick@nmgastro.com)): Well, might as well let you know what's up. Stacy and I had planned to respond to request for married D '79 couples article, but got side tracked in late summer when I was diagnosed with Neck cancer. I've just completed combined chemo and radiation therapy and expect to do fine. Treatment was to prevent recurrence since surgery removed all the tumor in the lymph node. I am living the old movie "The Doctor" starring William Hurt. As a doctor I certainly have found healing after treatment is harder and takes longer than expected which is frustrating. Luckily I was able to continue coaching

Youth hockey here in Santa Fe with the help of the other coaches involved. It is helpful to have distractions.

Stacy has been a "stay at home" since Danny (12) was born (after supporting me as a lawyer while I was in Med school and training). But with Brigid (9), and chairing our local United Way, Stacy does everything except stay at home. She has been a real rock through our recent adversity; not unexpected by those who know her. We met in basement of Heorot senior winter. Stacy was stuck to the floor, and having lived there, I knew exactly how to extricate her from the mung. (*Sounds really romantic!*) Not sure what is special about being married to another D '79 except that it will be 25 (blissful) years this coming June, which by itself is a landmark these days. Couldn't be happier.

**Stanley Weil** ([Stanley.Weil@Rodale.com](mailto:Stanley.Weil@Rodale.com)): I'm in the middle of my 5th year as Director of Worldwide licensing at Rodale Inc., one of the world's most authoritative sources of health and wellness content. I know...a bit of an oxymoron—Stan and good health. Nevertheless, managing to squeeze in a few workouts a week in between cocktails and Rangers games with **Bags** and **Klinton**. Went to see the Stones at the Garden last night. What a show. Highlights included "Jumping Jack Flash" to open, "Rain Fall Down," "Midnight Rambler," "Tumbling Dice," "Gimme Shelter," "Miss You," "Honky Tonk Women," and "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" to close. Still the greatest rock and roll band on the planet. Wife and kids all good—Mindy is in her second year selling residential real estate in northern Westchester, Zach (16) is beginning the college search when not playing Beirut in our basement, Aubrey (14) is in the throes of adolescence (i.e. "Handle With Care"), and Jake (12) is the ultimate free spirit. All three will be a year older this quarter.

Back to work. To all my old friends, "Lord I miss you!"

**Margo Squire** ([margosquire@usa.net](mailto:margosquire@usa.net)): My family and I have just moved to Turkey. Literally-just. Ross has been here for a month, but our sons and I waited until after Christmas to finish school and spend time with my mother and family, all of whom gathered in the DC area. My Mom's not been well, so it was important for us all to be together. So today/yesterday we got on the plane. It is now it is 2 am and after three hours of sleep I am wide awake and going through emails. One of our two cats is keeping me company. The other is cowering under the basement stairs. Poor things, they've been shut in bathrooms while the packers were here, left in our empty house over Xmas and then stuffed into cat boxes for 12 hours of the trip. So today I'll have my first foray into Ankara with the Turkish I've studied for 12 weeks. What an adventure. All the best, Margo.

**Phil Odenice** ([phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org](mailto:phil.odence@alum.dartmouth.org)): About 40 years after Corey Ford bequeathed his E. Wheelock Street home to the DRFC and more than a decade after the day I signed on to the rugby clubhouse design committee, the Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse was finally completed. On a perfect September weekend, over 700 alums representing most of the 52 years of Dartmouth rugby descended on the

Hanover Plain for a memorable celebration. It started Friday night with a series of speeches from notables including President Wright and Trustee Michael Chu, a former DRFC player himself. The night was capped with a cocktail reception at the clubhouse which migrated to Alumni Hall. Saturday began with women's and men's alumni games followed by women's and men's A-side games against Radcliff and Army in front of a crowd of thousands. That night was a dinner in a tent by the clubhouse followed by the Top of the Hop and beyond.

The facility is magnificent with a gorgeous clubroom with vaulted ceiling and a huge bay window that opens onto a deck perched above the midfield line, plus a trophy room, a kitchen and modern, spacious locker room facilities. The entry hall is sports a granite plaque displaying the names of leading donors with our class is well represented. The pitch is literally the finest athletic field I have ever seen. I was fortunate enough to play on it in the alumni game (yes, the men's, along side numerous All Americans and several US Eagles players) and to live to tell the tale only a little worse for wear. The whole complex is an incredible asset that will have an enormous impact on the both clubs' ability to attract the finest talent in the country.

Representing the great class of 79 were **Jennifer Hughes** (one of "the Originals" as the early

members of the DWRC have come to be known), **David Van Wie** (another Original as well as DRFC star), **Dave Klinges** (a huge supporter of the CFRC project), **Jim Manning** (all the way from Montana), **Matt Donovan** (ready to fix my knee, if required), **Michio Soga** (So-ga So-ga So-ga) and **John Saer** (who appeared only briefly, but whose attendance I greatly appreciated). Despite having had to make a hasty retreat from New Orleans, **Kenny Beer** was fully intending to make it, but when his family had to pull evacuation number two from their temporary digs in Lafayette, that was that. Next time, Beersky.

Jim Wright had some kind words for me as well as Boomer '80 and Wayne Young '72 whom many of you know. But the greatest honor of the weekend went to **Guy Van Wie** in whose honor the DWRC sang their theme song (as before every game) in which his legend is immortalized. "Gonna tell you all a story 'bout a guy named Guy..." Credit



*Jim Manning, Dave van Wie, Michio Soga, Phil Odenice and Dave Klinges celebrate the dedication of the new Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse*



*The new Corey Ford Rugby Clubhouse at Dartmouth*

Jennifer with the clever lyrics. Perhaps that's what inspired him to, after noting a deficiency in the DWRC locker room, b-line for eBay to purchase and donate a lovely stainless steel tampax dispenser which will forever bear his name. (I swear, folks).

**Jim Feuille** asked me to share some wild stories. There were plenty, but...well, you know the old rule: What happens in Hanover stays in Hanover. I will say that you would have been proud (or disgusted, depending on your perspective) to find a number of your well-dressed (smooth, s'il vous prefere) classmates still standing in sticky floored basements well after the clocks went to single digit hours. I'll also confess that while I felt very ineffectual in the game for which I felt way too old, Brother Guy actually made a couple of great plays.

It was a truly magical weekend. I encourage rugby players



and spectators alike to check out this most bodacious addition to the Dartmouth sports tradition. *(The new facility was even the subject of a feature article in **Rugby Magazine** but since the article and the pictures were about a real collegiate game between Dartmouth and Army and not about the alumni game featuring our illustrious classmates, we elected not to include it. But the magazine had this to say about the facility:*

*"While we have been tremendously impressed by Stanford University's wonderful new facility in Palo Alto and have seen photos of Cal's first class operation in Berkeley, Dartmouth's striking clubhouse and two magnificent fields, set against the the green New Hampshire hills, has raised the bar significantly."*

**Thayer Wendell Adams (thayadams@aol.com):** Ok, ok. Isn't it funny about email? You are planning to get a whole bunch of things accomplished, then some "random" **green** email comes in and you respond to that. Then "that" takes a bunch of time, and you wonder why you forgot to pick up your kids at school!

So, from the west coast, here is some news! We had a fun and informative small Dartmouth Women's lunch with **Susan Wright** last week (hosted by **Cami Bilger '80**) when she and **President Wright** were out here on their San Francisco tour. How many of you knew that Susan Wright had just started to work in McNutt with career placement back in '79 when we were scouring the halls for jobs? **Susan Benjamin** was in attendance at this lunch, too. Susan Wright was her friendly self, bringing news of the upcoming winter carnival in Hanover to our sunny 78 degree luncheon, and we thought, how far away we sometimes feel! Actually, feeling a little disconnected was one of the subjects that we discussed. It has got to feel different to be a Dartmouth (woman) alumna today with the 50-50 ratio than it does or did feel to have been an alumna in the transition time of coeducation...like us! It is interesting to think whether that dynamic makes you feel more or less connected to each other and to the College.

On another college topic, I can say for certainty that **Buddy Teevens** and/or **Bill Mitchell** had a good idea for sports recruiting at Dartmouth with the fly back program. *If we can get the athlete on campus then it is highly likely that they would decide to bring their sports talents to Dartmouth rather than some too big school like Berkeley or Stanford.* I got a call the other night from a college bound friend of our son out here who said that the men's Dartmouth heavyweight crew coach had called him and invited him to fly back this weekend to visit Dartmouth. He is a reef-sandals-kind-of-California boy who was ready to row for Cal or UCLA...but I passed him some mittens, a down jacket and off he went to visit Dartmouth. He had such a great visit that he said, "I think I'll go to Dartmouth instead of Cal if I get in" so...the strategy may really work. I'm sure that all of this is happening to a greater degree on the football front. The sponsored flyback program is a great idea!

Speaking of the Teevens family, we had just flown in from Palo Alto, California last September and were dropping off our son, Doug, at Salisbury School in Salisbury, CT for pre-

season football camp. When I open the car door, look to the left and see **Kirsten (Teevens)** and not-so-little **17-year old Buddy** getting out of their car, I think, did I just fly here from Palo Alto? Am I seeing things? But no...not-so-little Buddy transferred in as a junior, like our son, and is now a hallmate and football teammate. Anyway, for those of you who are not familiar with Salisbury, they have a big stockpile of Dartmouth alumni teachers. Maybe it's the climate, but the boys looked very happy with snowboards, etc. lining the dorm hallways.

Speaking of afternoon skiing, do they still have that ski bus from Baker at 12:30pm. Hmmmmmm. Or more important, do you think **Mags and Saer** are still making a royalty from it??? Speaking of **Mags**, his really cute daughter, Taylor, is a frequent sleep-over pal with our youngest daughter, Eliza, 12.

On to the family, our third child, Marjorie, 15, is still playing lots of tennis. I chase her all over the country pretending that it is really me out there on the court. She hasn't found her binder reminder yet...the one that reminds her to do her homework. Our daughter, Carly, started at Princeton ('09) following the footsteps of her dad. She is very happy and by the way, they aren't all a bunch of geeks there, like in our day. The big bonus of Princeton is that I get to drop in on **Puddie** unexpectedly, get attacked by her dog, and join into any particular cocktail party she might be having!!!

**Ellen Gomprecht Opp** and I get to see each other now and then, even if we have to make it a quick jog around the neighborhood and then have too many Bloody Marys at the overpriced Beach Whatever Cafe in Old Greenwich. O.K. so nothing has really changed. I also got to see **Eleanor Shannon**, whose son, Peter, just started at Stanford, and well, OK, so it was a bottle of wine that time at lunch. But hey, Eleanor, with a year + of Italy, she knows all about wine. Anyway, we can be jealous that she is now down in the Caribbean putting together the one of the best business concepts I know of. Word is out so lock your door Eleanor. 79's might be heading your way.

My husband, Chip, is still working at his venture firm out here in SF doing mostly consumer and retail investments. I am, at last, going back to work, just a few years before it is time to retire...in women's sport apparel. Hope everyone has a Happy New Year and Wah Hoo Wah! Thayer.

P.S. **Gina Barreca:** Apart from the dining hall reference, I found your book VERY amusing!

**Phil Odence** (yes, *that's him again!*): As usual, **Robes** and **TBird** did yeoman's work pulling together a terrific mini-reunion in the VIP section outside Harvard Stadium. It was tailgating for the hale and hearty...the Hanover-like early season snowstorm did not inspire many takers. Thankfully, **Andy Cole** (my fellow Linconite) and **Mike Jackson** showed up to put us in the money for an official mini-reunion (the College says, it's got to be 4 classmates). The Big Fella had organized sandwiches for 40; luckily a few D '11s came along and consumed about half of them. We also, by the way, spotted **Paul Centanari** in the stands, but he was busy comforting Mrs. T in the face of her

hubby's on the field struggles. None of us remembered to bring a camera, but you can just picture a few old guys

shivering and drinking in the snow. A million thanks, Pete/Tom, for pitching in once again.

---

## BANDA AND BOXING DAY

By BILL HOLMES

The Commonwealth countries celebrate the day after Christmas as "Boxing Day." When I lived in Australia, I tried to discover the historical significance of this holiday, but suspect, like most Aussies, that it is better not to ask too many questions, and just enjoy the time-off. The twenty-sixth of December is the most popular beach day of the year Down Under.

The day after Christmas 2004 was a decidedly bad time to be near the beach if you lived in Aceh Province, Sumatra Island, Indonesia. Although it was a Sunday, for most of the farmers and fisherman living along the coast the day started like any other—the men typically going out in their boats or to the fields, the woman and children remaining closer to their homes until morning had fully blossomed. Those living in the provincial capital city of Banda Aceh likely had more of the habit of lounging a bit on the only day of the week when offices are routinely closed.

The word "tsunami" rolls off the tongue in an exotic manner that has made it a favorite marketing label for everything from sushi rolls to ice cream flavors. Yet it is the commonplace earthquake that starts the whole process, and for those living in multi-storied dwellings of reinforced concrete along the coastal flats surrounding the city-center of Banda Aceh, it was a massive earthquake that started the devastating morning.

The earthquake was a natural disaster of major consequence in its own right—leaving thousands of dead and dying beneath the rubble of their homes. Those who were left unharmed struggled to uncover their injured neighbors, friends and family, so that most of them were unaware of the ocean's warning as the surge from the impending wave caused the morning tide to empty out from coves and lagoons, displaying for the first time mud and sand mixed bottoms exposed to the sun, glistening fish flopping desperately in the suffocating air. And then the water returned...

There are so many stories of that return, so many different versions, that at first it was hard to believe people were describing the same event. I suppose the differing topography of the coastal shallows determined to some degree the variety of the water's entrance. And people's memories must certainly be given some allowance for lack of objectivity—so much was lost over the next minutes, it would be understandable to have missed some clarity of the details.

For some the water came as a huge, torrential wall. Along the west side of Banda Aceh, there are cliffs leading down to water's edge. When I arrived in March, there was still a visible, sharp line of demarcation where the wave had struck — 18 meters high in many places — destroying all the rocky vegetation that typically covered the seaside walls prior to that day.

In many places it seems there arrived simply a strong current of water, moving into the houses and then ever so swiftly up the walls and through the streets, taking everything with it, destroying all it touched, crushing people and trees and houses and cars into one chaotic mass of death and debris.

And then the water receded. And everything was quiet except for some muffled cries for help. And everything had changed.

More than 150,000 people were killed over those few minutes in Aceh Province, more than 100,000 homes destroyed, more than 500,000 left without any earthly possessions. Mother Nature had raised her arms that day and made man's petty conflicts inconsequential. The civil war that had affected the region for the previous 26 years had taken 15,000 lives during that time, and been Aceh's claim to fame on the international media stage. Those days were gone. In her own mysterious, brutal way, Old Lady Earth had forced a choice from both the occupier and the occupied—to help each other or die. Nature had given a bit of perspective to the idea: "So, you think you've got problems."

There are three phases to the relief process that need to occur following a natural disaster of immense proportions. Among those "in the business," it is commonly understood, however unsettling, that for the first 72 hours survivors are basically on their own. If you or your neighbors can't make a go of it for at least a few days, you ain't gonna go. There's no system in place anywhere in the world that has demonstrated a capacity to respond more quickly when all the normal regional resources have been destroyed—be it rural Indonesia or urban America. So whether one subscribes to the Biblical suggestion to "Love thy Neighbor," or to the more solemn advice of Robert Frost that, "Good Fences make Good Neighbors," when the shit hits the fan—when it really hits the fan—we need to be able to rely on those we see and mingle with and pass by on the street everyday. In Aceh, it was that strong sense of community that kept the people alive until more help could arrive.

After those first two or three days, if the wheels are really greased, the military may be able to make an important contribution. Whether local or foreign, the various armed forces are the only entities of our times that have the resources and logistical support to play a significant role. Fortunately for the survivors in Aceh, a combination of resources and world politics smiled favorably in the first days of 2005, and many thousands were saved by a massive, collaborative (if somewhat confused) air-lift. The effort was heralded as a major achievement in global cooperation. Maybe with some luck, at some point during this new millennium we will come to take for granted that

there are agencies that exist that can respond immediately and decisively with the aim of rescuing lives rather than fighting wars. Maybe by necessity, we will discover a more evolved manner of conflict resolution.

Following the first weeks of delivering emergency shelter, water and food on the ground, there comes the daunting task of rebuilding. During those next months and years, some joint effort between local and foreign government, recognized world bodies like the United Nations, and an assortment of non-governmental organizations (NGOs) are supposed to get the job done. Unfortunately, whether following a natural disaster, or the rhetoric and action of “regime change and nation building,” the tools to do that job efficiently simply don’t exist. The first requirement is an effective coordinating body with the real authority to direct the players around the stage. Lacking this, each participant goes about with their own set of blueprints, however encompassing or limited, like so many ducks in a pond.

Over the last twenty-five years, the NGO movement has expanded exponentially in size and number. This expansion has partly been fueled by a developing interaction of a global community, and partly because increasingly governments use these organizations as instruments for funneling and implementing foreign aid. Typically an organization begins as the passionate brainchild of its founders’ desire for responding to a localized, identified event. If successful, much like a start-up company, the next generation of activity becomes increasingly dependant on covering overhead costs. Over time, a formula for providing aid develops (most often determined by the agenda of donor governments and foundations), and just as “a hammer sees everything as a nail,” the response for that NGO in any given disaster very much reflects and is determined by that formula. Trouble is, the same needs and methodology don’t necessarily apply for different situations.

A lot of good work has been done in Aceh over the last year, but frustratingly slowly and inefficiently. If Aceh is like a puzzle — one that has been totally torn apart — then each of the various players has begun trying to join together the pieces that they recognize. Undoubtedly many pieces will be put together, but in many instances they will not be in the proper position on the board, there will be many gaps, and many will become distorted. I guess, as with most things in life, you have to take the good with the bad.

Unquestionably, the hero of the reconstruction is the spirit of the people of Aceh. Their sense of community, faith and humor have brought them through a year of unthinkable trauma. And they keep going.

In my first months in Aceh beginning in March 2005, I traveled almost daily by helicopter along the west coast. Suspended 500 feet in the air, and speeding along at 120 miles-per-hour, each morning I witnessed the effects of those few minutes during Boxing Day of 2004. Despite the roar of the rotating blades only a few feet above my head that limited communication with the pilot to one word screams and accompanying gestures, I think back on those

journeys as ones of absolute silence. The landscape below demanded the total occupation of all my senses. From the stripped cliff walls in Banda Aceh, to the dying, defrocked palm trees that had withstood the wave to be left as so many scattered tooth-picks bearing testimony to now submerged beaches, to the endless stream of barren, brown patches that had once been fertile fields of brilliant green rice, to the muddied water slick extending several hundred meters out into the once clear shoreline of the Indian Ocean—all of this called out to me, to any observer, to pay silent respect to the event. Most poignant were the mile after mile of deserted cement slabs where houses once stood. Representing communities, families, and individuals, the broken slabs lay scattered along the remains of the coastal roadway, with clusters of them identifying where villages had once existed. The town of Calang, arguably the most picturesque in Sumatra, had been settled on a sandy peninsula flanked by the ocean to the southwest, and a gentle bay to the north. Wedged between these two bodies of water, the swell had struck from both directions, taking the health clinic, school, market, public offices, and lives of virtually all of the inhabitants. Eighty miles down the coast, in the town of Meulaboh, 100,000 people strong on the morning of Boxing Day, lost more than 25% of their populace over those few, fateful minutes. It is the town where I have been working the last nine months.

These days I only fly along the coast every few weeks. The helicopter has been replaced by a fixed-wing aircraft that travels at an altitude of several thousand feet. Still, I can see the land coming back. The earth keeps spinning, and Mother Nature restores her child. Although many of the brown fields remain submerged, some have begun to see light of day. Green vegetation creeps out toward the ocean shore, signaling that the saline contamination is lessening, a fact shown more scientifically by water samples from surface wells of various villages. The seasonal rains help to wash away the salt, to restore the balance. The earth keeps spinning...

And not just the vegetation begins to return towards water’s edge. When I arrived in Meulaboh, I began an evening routine of jogging along the deserted beach, a place that once had been the social hub of the city—filled with vendors and soccer games and families walking together. Slowly the people begin to return. Shops in the city begin to open, food stalls and restaurants as well. The earth keeps spinning...

Most days, I ride a bicycle the one kilometer distance from my house to the office. I’m quite the celebrity on these journeys with many, especially the children, clamoring to demonstrate their English skills—mostly it seems, limited to, “Hello mister.” A routine of waving with a greeting of “Selamat Pagi” has been established with some of the households I pass on my commute. One such house is occupied by a young mother. I wave almost everyday as her home borders a street intersection, and I’m forced to stop before making my daring venture out into a sea of motorcycles representing the morning rush hour. When I first arrived I noted that her young daughter could likely be a “Christmas baby,” although the odds are that she was

born sometime within a few weeks of that day. Still, the infant either just witnessed or just missed Boxing Day of 2004. I've never seen a father, just the young mother and at times an older woman, sitting out on their front step in the morning. Likely the father died during the tsunami—one in four did in Meulaboh on that day.

Last week, I witnessed some of the baby girl's first steps. As I stopped at the intersection, I turned to see that she was supporting herself by the front-post of the house, her mother perched several feet away on the stair. The little one bobbed up and down on uncertain legs, then propelled herself forward—quick to move one foot in front of the next lest she fall on her face—and then collapsed into her mother's outstretched arms. Mother and daughter turned toward the strange looking man with the light skin, blue eyes, and red bicycle. Their faces beamed. The little girls' eyes—glistening, large, brown discs—reflected an uncertain mixture of fear, surprise, delight, and what must be the beginnings of an emotion she will only be able to name many years from now: pride in accomplishment.

Then she turned her gaze towards the sea. Still supported by her mother's arms, but legs bobbing up and down once again, she appeared ready to go on, to try once more. She looked out toward a new life, a new beginning. It all lay there, in front of her. And it was filled with possibilities. The earth keeps spinning...

So too begins a new year for each of us. Have a happy one.

*Bill has been working in Indonesia helping coordinate and provide medical services to those affected by the Tsunami since March 2005, after finishing stints in Afghanistan and Cambodia. He is hoping to return for at least a visit to the U.S. in June 2006. Note that there is a wonderful article in the December 2005 issue of National Geographic (Hope in Hell), detailing the work of NGOs in Banda Aceh, Afghanistan, and other places where Bill has worked over the years.*

---

---

## CLASSMATES IN THE NEWS

The January 27, 2006 edition of the San Francisco Chronicle ran an article on the opening of the 2006 Ballet Season. Pictures of the evening included the picture to the right of '79 classmate and Dartmouth Trustee **Pamela Joyner**, arriving at the opening at the opening. Pam serves as co-President of the San Francisco Ballet.

There was a wonderful article from *Enterprise*, a Boston paper, about this past fall's match up of Dartmouth head coach, **Buddy Teevens**, against Harvard head coach, Tim Murphy. It turns out the two met in middle school at age 12, and have remained close friends ever since. They both went into coaching after college, served on the same coaching staff at BU in the early 80's, and then Buddy hired Murphy as an assistant at Maine starting in 1985, with Murphy succeeding when Buddy moved on to his first Dartmouth stint. Murphy then was instrumental in getting Buddy back to Dartmouth this past year. Although Murphy won the first Dartmouth-Harvard match this past fall, we're counting on Buddy to put his buddy back to his rightful place this next fall and for many years to come!

FYI, in the May 2005 Trustee election in which classmate **Peter Robinson** was elected to the Dartmouth Board of Trustees, about 37% of our class voted, giving the Class of 1979 the highest percentage participation of any class between the Classes of 1958 and 2004. Nice job all!



### SEND US MORE NEWS! AND PICTURES!

Please take the time today to submit something about yourself for our next Newsletter. Either fill out the attached green card (in the printed and mailed version of the Newsletter) and send it in, or better yet, send an e-mail to [rileyb@howrey.com](mailto:rileyb@howrey.com) or [jim\\_feuille@yahoo.com](mailto:jim_feuille@yahoo.com), or get on the Net and give us an update from the '79 website. Simply go to <http://www.alum.dartmouth.org/classes/79/>. Click on "Newsletter", then on the Newsletter page, click on "Tell us what you've been doing." Type in your message and follow the prompts and your message will automatically come to us. We also need pictures, digital preferred but we can also scan the old fashioned kind. Let us hear from you today!