



The Boot & Beanie

The Summer, 2011, Class of '65 newsletter

From your Newsletter editor

Atlanta, GA -- When I quit tearing around the countryside and spending my time keeping books for our church and the tax man, I'm going to, I swear, start calling y'all for input to this newsletter. Saved again. **Bob Wildau** once was in practice with a good friend of Ginny's and mine, and he and **Karen** sent them their Christmas letter. This is a good sign. As far as I recall, **Bill Affolter** last month, and Bob this month have not sent long messages such as these before. Perhaps with advancing age we are becoming less shy. But those messages both were sent elsewhere and then forwarded to me. If you have family or career news and photos, please send them my way as well as to your current friends, with photo captions, please, to Harris.65@alum.dartmouth.org. And continue to forward the things that come your way. I'll check with the authors for permission to use. ~Dick Harris

President's Corner

Keene, NH -- The class Executive Committee had the pleasure of meeting at **Bill Webster's** house in Old Saybrook again this year. Among the exciting activities we discussed is the Bonding Project with the Class of 2015. We will be giving each incoming Freshman a copy of "PASSION FOR SKIING." Our first opportunity to meet them will be on September 14 at matriculation. **Bob Murphy** is leading this project and would like 16 of us to participate that day in Hanover. Please let Bob or me know if you can join us. Email Bob at Murph65NH@comcast.net. [More on this from Bob below. ~ed]

Thanks to those who participated in the mini-reunion survey. **Tucker Mays** will be following up on this with development of local "micro-reunions" where classmates can join others in their locales for fun and fellowship. Offerings of other trips and gatherings will be pursued as well. We look forward to seeing many of you at the Mini-Reunion in Hanover October 21 to 23.

~Roger Hansen: rhansen@ne.rr.com, 603-903-0524.

The July, 2011 Officers' Meeting

As we begin our march towards our 50th Reunion, we are going to be undertaking efforts to increase interest and participation all around the country. Not donations, though the Alumni Fund and Class Dues efforts will of course continue, but specific efforts to reach out to classmates near and far. Some of the activities planned are an outreach program via what the college calls "affinity groups" (fraternities, sports teams, clubs, on-campus activities and the like); "micro-reunions", possibly simultaneously in various places around the country; and of course continuing to expand our e-mail address list which is already well over 430. As we move closer to the year of our 50th we'll be organizing a Reunion Book and you'll be contacted for updated information and your ideas. This overall effort is being coordinated by myself and **Ted Atkinson**. Anyone who would be interested in helping out, please contact me at mcgrutherk@aol.com or 904-310-6721, or Ted at tacons@aol.com or 303-814-1195. ~Ken McGruther

Class of 2015 Project News

(Excerpts from a message to the executive committee meeting of July 11-12.)

As many of you know, my grandfather was in the Class of 1915 so this project has special meaning for me. Here's what is coming up (note that I will need help with some of these activities): We plan to survey about 100 of the incoming class. The survey will be patterned after the survey of undergraduates which appeared in the March/April Dartmouth Alumni Magazine (DAM). Questions will cover attitudes, beliefs, activities, reasons for coming to Dartmouth, etc. We will be enlisting 50-100 classmates to make one or two phone calls in their geographic area, of perhaps 10-15 minutes each, to conduct the surveys. Roger and I see this as a great way to involve these classmates not only in this project, but in the class in general.

We will repeat the survey just before graduation. I will collate the initial survey results with the DAM undergraduate poll, and then with the results for seniors to see how things have or have not changed.

We will send out an email to incoming frosh prior to August 1, and ask their willingness to participate in the survey (the college will not allow us to make cold calls). This email will also welcome them and explain the bonding process with our class. We hope to begin making the survey calls in late August.

Also in late August, I will need 3-4 local volunteers to help stuff "2015" pins into velvet bags; these are our initial gift to the '15s. This job can be done at home, and needs to be completed prior to matriculation on September 14. Traditionally (this has only been a tradition starting with the class of '58) the bag also includes a postage-stamp size note like "The Class of 1965 welcomes the Class of 2015 to Dartmouth." We have the option of using a postcard size note; I'm against this idea purely for logistical reasons - it's more assembly, more hassle when we distribute them (see below), and we will have already welcomed them in our email (this is a new step).

Matriculation has been redesigned by incoming members of the administration. Our class will not have a chance to speak and welcome the freshmen. However, an alumni trustee will speak and we can give him or her a paragraph or so to say on our behalf. Matriculation is September 14 at 5:00-6:30. **We need 16 classmates on hand** to pass out the pins at the exits. On that date, there is an expo in Leverone from 1:30-4:00 where we will have a table. We'll have our 1965/2015 banner there, and some handouts that we'll get from the college. It would be nice to have **as many classmates as possible** there to greet the frosh. Presumably those who volunteer for the actual matriculation can come a little early and mingle. This day will be our biggest manpower need and I'd like to get as many classmates as possible signed up as early as possible. I've got a number of volunteers from our NH/VT classmate list and will be contacting them again. Email me at Murph65NH@comcast.net.

The first home football game is September 17, and the '15s are being asked to attend with their '15 jerseys and sit in a block. **If '65s are at the game** it would be nice to visit them there and say hello.

We have kicked around the idea of how to distribute the "Passion" book. The Dean's office is quite excited about this offer on our behalf and is willing to help. It does not seem that the whole matriculation day schedule lends itself to easy distribution. Instead, I am suggesting that we do it Winter Carnival Weekend. This timing seems logical. In terms of logistics, there is a Carnival kickoff celebration on the green Friday night. When the freshmen return to their dorm rooms, they may find their personal books hanging in a bag on their doorknob, distributed by the Dean's Office, although this technique has problems. We could also (if we want) have some sort of reception that night, perhaps in Collis and perhaps with **Steve Waterhouse** or other(s) making some remarks. We have time to plan.

There will be an additional activity each term, most still to be determined. There's enough food for thought above for now, I think. One thing we might think about is if and how to **integrate the '15s into our mini-reunion**, without breaking the bank. One possibility might be to invite our survey respondents to an activity - e.g. pre-game cocktails, post-game something. ~**Bob Murphy**

Class News

Orlando and Winter Park, FL --
Joseph Dearborn Robinson IV

Robbie, 67 years old, died on May 1, 2011. A fuller obituary will be published in the on-line Dartmouth Alumni Magazine at <http://dartmouthalumnimagazine.com/obituaries/>. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that any memorial gifts honoring Robbie be made to the Orlando Museum of Art. (Published in the Orlando Sentinel on May 3, 2011.) ~Donn Barclay

And from **Jim Griffiths**, some comments beyond the formal obituary:

Another of our esteemed classmates has fallen. I called last Friday to arrange a Sunday pass-through lunch with Robbie Robinson and his wife Anne Conway in the Orlando area as we headed north from Punta Gorda, FL toward New Hampshire for the summer, but I was a few weeks too late. Robbie was a good friend freshman year in Richardson Hall, and I have maintained ties with him and his family through the years.

Robbie went into hospital with edema in his legs. After a few falls and surgery, he died on Sunday from various complications. As many of you know, Robbie has always dealt with health issues, from thyroid cancer while at Dartmouth, to prostate cancer, to this. But through it all, he's maintained a wonderfully positive attitude, and I always thought we'd enjoy some time with him again.

In the fall of 1961, Robbie helped me get my 1951 Harley motorcycle to the top floor of our dorm so I could leave black "donuts" on the hallway floor, and otherwise make a total fool of myself without getting caught. Life is good, but sometimes luck is even more important, and Robbie was one who knew that fact well.

Robbie served as a class agent during my 5-year head-agent tenure leading up to our 45th Reunion, and one of our last conversations was filled with hope about the future inevitable recovery of the Florida real estate market, as "baby boomers" continue to retire. His lifetime career in the housing industry with Laurel Homes needed to see the turnaround that is just getting started. Also, from what his sister-in-law Debbie and I saw, his life with federal judge wife Anne, and professionally educated daughters Caroline and Nell, was filled with non-stop high-energy supportive interaction.

Robbie will be greatly missed by anyone who knew him, and I am confident you all support me in condolences to Anne, Caroline, Nell, and other family and friends in this time of sadness.

Best regards, Jim

Up-coming events

A reminder that the Hanover Mini Reunion is October 21 to 23. The registration form and information for contacting Pierce's is at: <http://quiet-robot-57.herokuapp.com/biggreen65-2/biggreen652/index.html>

Also, the Class Officers' Weekend, COW, is Friday and Saturday, September 23-24. Registration is at <http://alumni.dartmouth.edu/volunteer/class/COW>.

A note from Bouaphet Sygnavong

San Pablo, CA, via Green Card --

Thanks to our class newsletter, I was able to get in touch with my old friend **Drew (Andy back then in '61) Newton** who happens to live in San Jose, one hour from San Pablo.

I will retire definitely in Laos at year's end. I will be based in SavannaKhet, central Laos, where my family has a few plots of land suitable for agriculture and tourism. We need investors, small and big. If friends are interested in investments in Laos, please contact me.

Sincerely, **Bouaphet Sygnavong '65**

[Bouaphet's San Pablo mail address is on Vox, and I encourage him to add other contact info. Contact him if you are interested. ~ed.]

Ledyard Canoe Club

Old Saybrook, CT --

We just hosted the Ledyard Canoe Club on their annual trip to the Sea -- our 50th year of doing this. There were only 20 kids this year, all seniors. 30 alums from the D club were there for the Saturday night party and all 20 kids were easily accommodated for the night. We fed them breakfast and they were on the road back by 9:00. They are now taking their finals this week.



Interesting factoids (they are required to tell us something about themselves) -- 1/3 of this group were engineering majors. More than 2/3 of them were either going to travel, do something that would not provide any income, or had not made any plans yet. Maybe 2 were going to graduate school. The rest were going to stay on campus without any clear concept of what they would do next. Almost all seemed not to worry about where funds to do all these things were coming from. Only 2 cases of beer and a small quantity of wine were consumed. 1/2 crashed before I did at 10:00. [Apparently someone was worried about whether Bill could find his way home. Who did the buoy coding on his toenails? Full color on-line! ~ed] The rest were up until about midnight enjoying the bonfire on the beach. It is really interesting to see how

the profile of the kids has changed over the last 46 years.

I suggest everyone should think of making this five day, 220 mile trip. I met the group in Hartford several years ago and had one overnight with them below Middletown. I had to sleep in a small tent in the middle of a horrendous nor'easter with **Bob Ernst**, who made the entire trip with them, and then

had breakfast in a windy rain. That was a real treat.

The good news this year was that the weather was perfect and, when they rounded the lighthouse, half of them bailed out and swam ashore. I have pictures of this event (and years past) if anyone wants to see them. ~ **Bill Webster**

From Bob Wildau, in Luynes, France, a suburb of Tours, we have

"Mas de Mazargues", 28 December 2010 --

Wind blasting down the Rhone valley, the emblematic mistral of Provence, swept away the damp clouds and gave us brilliant blue skies if near-freezing temperatures for Christmas Day at our home in the South of France. The day before we welcomed as Servas guests a wonderful Australian couple and their two teenage daughters whom we took to a tiny church in Coudoux, 30 km east of here, for midnight mass which included a cast of 60 local people enacting the Nativity scene. The cast, all dressed in traditional Provencale costume included a little boy-angel announcing the happy news to Mary, live goats and the presentation of agricultural gifts, grain and wine to the baby Jesus, while the congregation sang familiar songs with unfamiliar words, and hymns in the old Provencale language which we have learned to understand just a bit. It was pretty clear that the occasion was more folkloric than religious for everyone.

This feeling of being at home here represents a sea change in our lives. We came to France 14 months ago to find out how we might spend half our time on each side of the Atlantic for the next few years. But we have made so many new friends and become involved in so many activities that we no longer feel like visitors. Having to think and speak in another language, and being constantly challenged to learn how to operate in a different cultural, commercial and bureaucratic environment is incredibly stimulating. We meet friends in the Brasserie Les Deux Garcons where classmates Emile Zola and Paul Cezanne ate lunch together 120 years ago and stroll the Christmas markets along the Cours Mirabeau, one of the loveliest pedestrian avenues in the world. We hike near, or bicycle around, the Montagne Sainte Victoire that Cezanne painted at least 60 times but that has always defied photographers' efforts to capture. Summertime offers a stunning quantity and variety of festivals of music, theater, art, food and wine in all but the tiniest villages. All year 'round the French are celebrating their "patrimony" with special events around truffles, sea urchins, chestnuts, tripe, oysters, rice, bulls, lavender, prunes -- you name it and be sure there will be a confrerie or brotherhood of its producers making a party for it.

We've participated in our own ways. The fig trees around our house were hanging heavy with fruit when we moved here in September; I'd eat a whole breakfast of them while collecting the ripest ones and Karen was challenged to make tarts, compotes, hors d'oeuvres and stews just to keep up with them. We're making our own vinegar with leftover wine. At the end of November we collected and are now curing about three gallons of olives from our own trees and received two liters of oil for taking part in a big party helping pick olives at a beautiful farm nearby. Every day we awaken in our house -- the "Mas de Mazargues" seven minutes drive or a reasonable walk from the center of Aix-en-Provence -- seems like another day in paradise.

To avoid focusing exclusively on food and wine, we have found various local involvements. We made friends last summer with a young Englishman who with his French wife have been developing a little synagogue group affiliated with Masorti, as the American Conservative movement is called in Israel and in Europe. What creates the need for this alternative in France is that the Jewish community was



Mas de Mazargues



Cours Mirabeau

organized by Napoleonic decree in 1808 around a "consistoire" which is Orthodox by any standard. In our day it is dominated by Sephardic immigrants who moved here starting with the Egyptian Jews in 1957, and continued with the Tunisians soon after, and the largest group, from Algeria after 1962. For those who choose a less observant lifestyle but still want to maintain their Jewish identity, there are hardly any alternatives in France, and none in this community of "Marseille-Aix."

We have been learning about French non-profit organizations or "associations," especially after the national Forum of Associations last September, in which groups interested in everything from folklore traditions to organic food, to neighborhood zoning, to environmental activism, to promoting Esperanto, set up booths along the Cours Mirabeau to share their interests and perhaps attract support and membership. The key factor, though, is that many of these groups benefit from some degree of public support, whether in the form of small grants in their startup years, or space in public buildings. The notion we share in the US that members need to dig into their own pockets, as well as roll up their own sleeves, to create the institutions they want and need, is still unfamiliar to most French.

I've also fallen in with a small luncheon group which meets monthly for discussion of all sorts of political, cultural and economic issues: business people, academics, musicians, healthcare providers. Karen resumed French lessons this fall and has made remarkable progress, no longer first seeking out the English-speakers in a room and earning good strokes for her persistence even when the going gets hard. She is also looking for volunteer opportunities with women's rights groups despite the language challenge. Karen and I both help with activities of the AAGP, the Anglo-American Group in Provence, such as a tour of an early-1940s internment camp which is being renovated as a memorial to the deported, and a wine-tasting dinner we hosted. We've been involved with the AVF, a French organization which welcomes internal migrants to Aix with guided tours, hikes, films and museum visits.

So how did our long-term plans evolve in 2010? Back in February after only two months here, we knew we wanted to come back after our first stay would end in mid-March. So we immediately started trying to rent our still-furnished Atlanta house, and secured housing here beginning in June: three months in a small apartment with a terrace in a complex with a nice pool just a few minutes walk from the old town, then nine months in the house-in-the-country we now enjoy. We went back to Atlanta from mid-March through May, cleared our personal stuff out of the main rooms, and laid in supplies for the return to Europe. A Lufthansa executive found us two weeks later and leased the house through mid-January, after which we'll renew the search for a longterm tenant. We're coming home for a wedding in early July 2011, hoping to stay no more than a month. The hardest thing for us is not getting to see our kids more often. Neither has yet been able to visit us in France but they'll be coming

together for a week in late April, 2010.

Our longest trips away from Aix this year included a driving tour to Brittany and Normandy in August. We started off in the lively city of Nantes, continuing to Vannes and the department of Morbihan. In the town of Lorient we stumbled onto the "Festival Inter-celtique," where Brittany shared its Celtic heritage in story and song with fellow Celts from Scotland, Wales, the Basque Country and Galicia in Northern Spain. Even in the rain there was dancing in the streets, good food and music in multiple tents. We stayed with two wonderful Servas hosts in small towns in Brittany, eating crepes till they came out our ears. There is so much more to say about this region that is so different from Provence: it's the land of butter, not olive oil, as we can tell you from pastry-eating experience.

The deep-cut coastline means much of the country is oriented toward the sea, and huge tidal drops give it a unique look: at low tide small boats rest on their sides in the mud and buildings built along coastal roads appear like forts high above the seabed.

Mont St. Michel sits on the line between Brittany and Normandy, and it's still one of the most thrilling tourist experiences anywhere. From there we proceeded to scenes of the WWII landings, appropriately bleak and deserted in the drizzle. As heroic as were the initial assaults, I had not understood how much hard fighting followed for almost two months afterward, just getting Allied troops through the deadly hedgerows that criss-crossed the landscape for hundreds of kilometers. Much more beautiful countryside followed as we continued east along the fancy beaches of Deauville and into the Seine Valley to the old cathedral town of Rouen. Famous as the place where Joan of Arc was condemned and burned, it had a wonderful old quarter and one of the great cathedrals of France. A quiet evening in an inn overlooking the Seine and a hot day in Monet's garden in Giverny led to a long ride home through the boring center of France.

In October we joined up with Atlanta friends for a self-run barge trip through the valley of the Lot River in the Quercy region next to the Dordogne. We bicycled to the Cave of Peche-Merle to view the Neolithic paintings, but wished there had been more to do and see, other than the 26 locks we had to open, close, fill, drain etc. along the six-day route.

Finally in mid-December we traveled to Spain and Portugal, starting with three days of eating and museum-going in Madrid, then bussing five hours each way for two days in Granada, touring the Alhambra and a wonderful Cathedral. We then had five days in and around Lisbon, finding Portugal a real refreshing change. It has a unique style of music, fado, and of architecture, the Manueline with its motifs drawn from the great age of naval conquest. Many buildings are completely covered with intricately painted tiles, and sidewalks everywhere are paved with black-and-white inch-square stones in beautiful patterns. It's more light-hearted and friendly than Spain; oriented toward the Atlantic and its present or former possessions rather than the complicated center of Old Europe; surprisingly, Lisbon is farther from Paris than is Budapest. And there's great wine in the Douro valley around Oporto and beautiful beaches in the Algarve to the south, so we'll surely go back there one day.

We had lots of visitors in the fall, and expect another gaggle in the prime spring months, but can always squeeze in more for short stays. Needless to say it's our greatest pleasure to share this richness with those we are missing.

~"Robe-aire" and Karen, Photos at

<http://picasaweb.google.com/rpwildau/2010YearendLetter?authkey=Gv1sRgCPXCypa36fqEgwE#>