

Along Route '66



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January 3, 1993

Dear Classmates, Mates, and Friends,

Let's get the New Year off rolling with some important news. An announcement from Jack Stebe, Mini-Reunion Head...

WINTER CARNIVAL MINI-REUNION

February 12 - 14
Dowd's Country Inn
Lyme, New Hampshire

The Class of '66 is sponsoring a Winter Carnival Weekend again this year. Jack Stebe has arranged for the Dowds' Country Inn in Lyme to set aside rooms for us Friday and Saturday Evening. They will give us room for informal cocktails and provide breakfast and dinner if we request. Please call Jack for details, but call the Dowds **IMMEDIATELY** for reservations (603-795-4712). The cost is \$75 per night including full breakfast, tea and cordials in the evening. Please tell the Dowds that you are with the Dartmouth '66 party or

with the Jack Stebe Party in order for the Dowds to keep count for us. They need to be able to make plans, and this is arriving a little late, so make that call and make those reservations **NOW!**

In addition to the regular Carnival activities (I am not sure what those entail any more since it seemed to stop snowing in New England many years ago around Carnival time), there are a full range of athletic events. In addition to getting a look at the Big Green hoopsters (featuring the celebrated Duke transfer, Crawford Palmer) against Yale and Brown, there will be men's and women's hockey. Jack invites you to bring your own skates as well and test your fore-checking skills. (Jack can be seen frequently at the noon hour roller blading along the Charles River in Cambridge.)

Call Jack at 617 545 2542 (Home) or 617 258 1432 (Work).

Apparently on the last Mini-Reunion announcement, the news was carried out via a special mailing to Eastern members of the class only. This time Jack is relying on this broadly distributed Newsletter to get the message out to all that might just be able to skip off to New England for a relaxing, "reuning" weekend. Go for it!

A Note On Adoptees

Last time down Route 66, I mentioned Jay Wholley as an "adopted" member of the class that attended the 25th Reunion. This prompted the following note from Paul Balgley, "How does one become an 'adopted' member of the Class of '66 anyway? Well, whatever it means, Jay Wholley was ahead of the rest of us in many respects. Out of 670 or so men in our graduating yearbook [The Aegis], he was one of only four with facial hair (the other three: Carl Fike and Taylor Ollman (barely) and Jim Legler (for real, Man!)). While it's a fair guess a great deal of us later added to our hirsuteness in the turbulent late '60's and '70's (I, for one first grew a beard in the summer of 1968 which I have to this day), Jay sure showed foresight in getting the jump on the future hippy trends." Paul writes from home in LA... 1635 Killarney Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90065-2615, and added a little Indian Head sticker to the note. Probably nothing political there, just the only sticker that many of us still have on hand.

Jay did explain to me in detail one night at the Reunion over a keg how he happened to be a Class of 1966. It was late; I don't remember all the details. The important points were that, although he arrived in Hanover several years before us (this explains his ability to grow that beard in the first place that many of us would have struggled with), he ended up spending 3 of his years on the Plain with us and graduated in 1966. Maybe 'adopted' is not the right word... as he told me, "This is the group I feel most comfortable with."

Correction

Among other things failing me in my advance toward the half century mark is my recollection, as Kevin Trainor pointed out.

In correcting my story about one of my cross county trips in the last newsletter, Kevin added, "It was a memorable trip, moreso for me than you, I suppose, since it was me on the trip [and not Bob Wilson]. We made "great time," stops at Win Steubner's (not Graeme Bell's) and Bob Wilson's, where we played Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn for a few days." [Wilson lived in Clinton, Iowa then, right on the Mississippi River.]

My apologies, Kevin, but it probably was as memorable for me as you... I just needed a little bit of a jog. Perhaps, I read into your reference to "great time" the speeding ticket that I got in North Platte, Nebraska, and the one that Oberdorfer got in Camanche, Iowa. Now it's all clear. Kevin checked his editorial comments in from home at 3677 N 2600 E Twin Falls, Idaho 83301. [That address reads more like a latitude and longitude, maybe that's Idaho, or maybe that's the old Navy man Trainor.]

As Kevin mentioned Graeme Bell, he and Claudia just sent on a Christmas card wherein he took delight in reflecting on Bill Clinton's highly anticipated arrival in Washington. The Bells' have been 12 years waiting for this change and did not let the Holiday opportunity go by without sending on a little "tweak." I hope I can discuss this personally with them in the New Year when we get a chance to see what is really New in this Democratic New Administration.

Change

The Clinton administration promises "change." Out there, while many of us keep the head bowed and the eyes straight ahead, others are making the change as well. Ed Long writes to advise that "On October 1st I retired from the U.S. Navy after 26 + years. Have settled at least temporarily in Jamestown, RI where my wife, Evelyn Rhodes, will again be producing fine art. Meanwhile the search for a second career is in full swing." Ed writes from P.O. box 256, Jamestown, RI 02835; Tel: 401 423 0253.

Peter Barber has a couple of changes, one small geographical, and another of parental perspective as he writes, "Just finished

moving 1/2 mile... but not much difference between 1/2 mile and 3,000 miles. Spent 2 weeks back East with a sister in Geneva, New York and visited my daughter Heather, a sophomore at Smith. It's interesting to see children going through the same decisions that we had to make 25 years ago - although she has her act together much more than I. She's looking for a summer internship in Boston, NYC or Washington." Pete's new address is 4721 Carissa Avenue, Santa Rosa, CA 95405; Tel: 707 538 7564 (Home) and 707 544 4035 (work).

And of course there is change at the College. Most of you see the change as it gets reported in the Alumni Magazine or Dartmouth Life. I have the good fortune to see it from the role of an Alumni Councilor, representing the Region that encompasses Northern California. At our last meeting, the current President of the Student Assembly reviewed his agenda for the College which included the abolition of single sex fraternities. After the presentation, another Councilor referenced to Clinton campaign's emphasis on "choice" as well as "change" and queried how this could be reconciled in the completely coed Greek system. The response was along the lines that some things are too important to give people a choice about. Interesting.

Reunion Attendees

Responding to my request to confirm attendance if you indeed were at the 25th, a number of classmates checked in... **Mike Clapp**, ever so briefly, "I was at the Reunion for a short time. Thanks for noticing. Good to see everyone." And from **Dave Godine** who expanded a little, "Although we were not officially registered, I want you to now we did attend most of the official events at the Reunion last year. We just elected to stay at my parents' house in North Hartland. Am now married with two small (very small) children and doing the same thing I have been doing since I got out of the Army in '68; publishing the best books I can find. **Bob Cowden** is the company attorney, and I see **Mary and Gus King** frequently on our way to and from our small island in Maine. Have been living in a

large Victorian pile in Milton since '80 which is slowly filling up with toys and books." That "pile" is at 196 School Street in Milton, MA 02186; Tel: 617 698 7417 (Home) and 617 536 0761 (Work).

Chuck Sherman also dropped a card to advise, "Pete Anderson came over from Norwich one evening of our Reunion so add his name to the long list." Chuck also noted that he met my oldest daughter (Elaine '92) at the Yale game and "She's the spitting image of you!" Fortunately, she has only a facial and height resemblance, for if she managed to emulate this flaccid physique she would be in great trouble. Chuck is in Washington DC at 3100 Rittenhouse St. NW.

Anyone else out there to check in? Drop me a card and let's see if we set a pre-coed record. You know with the expanded classes after going coed, the class size has grown to almost 1,100. This is causing the College to rethink the scheduling of reunions in general as there are now many more people to try to shuffle around the same number of dorms and beds. Look for some changes in the next few years in the Reunion schedules and timing.

Transitions

I reported on **Joel Meyer's** death in the last newsletter. Since then, I received an audio tape of Joel's memorial service from Joel's wife, **Barbara**. I have listened to it again and again on my commute from home to work. Joel had a most impressive career as attested by Nobel prize winners and other associates, mentors, and friends. If anyone would like to hear the tape, let me know on the card, and I will keep it moving among you all, starting with **John Hughes**.

John and I spent some good time together at the Alumni Council meeting in December. John was a brother of Joel's in Phi Psi and we shared our recollections about Joel. John now has an investment management company in Minneapolis and represents that area on the Alumni Council.

As many of you no doubt noted in the last Alumni Magazine, **Bob Swett** died on October 23rd of a heart attack while jogging. **Bob Serenbetz**, who roomed with Bob while at Harvard Biz, called to advise me; I am like so many you who were staggered by this news. All of us share the loss of such an engaging and active member of the class.

Everyone who knew Bob will recall their own special moment or time, and I am sure the Alumni Magazine will give an excellent overview of Bob's personal and business life. My recollection goes back to Freshman Football where Bob was one of seven or eight candidates for quarterback on the team. A good high school athlete at Newton High, Bob was like many of us, hoping to participate at the collegiate level and not really knowing what that level really was. As it ended up among those quarterbacks, Bob gave it a good run. The green and the gold shirts were regularly picked up by the "Bowers" (**Bill and Gary Bauer**) and the rifle-arms usually picked up the red and the blue (that would be **Ric Worland and Bob Ross**)... but not always. Occasionally Swettie was in there scrimmaging with the A team, giving all he had, and always demonstrating his particular knack for leadership... and to earn the respect of his peers. That carried on beyond the playing fields to his career in real estate and within the greater Dartmouth community. The class extends its sympathy and offers its support to Bob's wife Laurie, sons Matthew '94 and Brian and daughter Sara.

Ironically, **Peter Dorsen** sent a card in and several recent articles that he has penned. One of them was a short op-ed piece headlined "Sudden deaths of elite athletes shouldn't discourage exercise." I am including it as a balance to the circumstances of Bob's death.

Freshman Athletics

Among the changes that you pick up on from time to time at the College, you may have noted the passing of the last freshman sport this past fall... freshman football. Having participated, this termination caused some special pain for me. This was an activity where I met many of you, being as

there were some 120 people out for the team back in the fall of '62. The Ivy Presidents voted a year back to cutback on the number of football preference admissions from some 55 to 35, and this was the reason given for ending the program (although finances seem like it must have been at least a secondary consideration).

Today's football players must be a little different since it is hard to think of any members of our freshman team that would have needed an athletic preference to be admitted. Names such as **Clarke, Tuxen, Long, Urbanic, Whitaker, and Nattie** come to mind as well as Bob Swett's competitors at quarterback. Too, the composition of the class must have changed a great deal as well, since recent freshman teams have been less than half our turnouts. No longer has there been a need for orange, yellow and light blue; green and gold serves adequately with an occasional red perhaps.

Bill King '63, recently elected Trustee to the College, addressed our Alumni Council session in December. He recalled a similar experience with freshman football, and, if you can believe him, he did not arrive as a preordained quarterback recruit, but worked through the repetitions of some 20 or so fellow quarterbacks getting into about every third drill. He expressed an extremely open mind with respect to the College's agenda, a view that was refreshing to hear.

In our next issue, I will include comments from our class representative to the Alumni Council, **Steve Lanfer**, as well as some more on my own observations. In the interim, I look forward to hearing from you.

Happy trails till then,



VIEWPOINT

Sudden deaths of elite athletes shouldn't discourage exercise

Some weeks ago, my wife called me at work to be sure I had read the news reports that morning about Ron Daws. A well-known distance runner who helped popularize the sport in Minnesota, Daws had died of a heart attack at age 55 at his home in Minneapolis.

PETER J. DORSEN
GUEST WRITER

Suzy knows that, like Ron, I fit into the category of exercise addict. Live by the sword, die by the sword, she feared.

As far as dropping dead from exercising is concerned, there definitely is an increased risk of dying while exercising vigorously, even though regular exercise (30 to 50 minutes three times a week to a sweat) lowers death from heart disease.

Sure, there are plenty of "high-risk" folks — those with high blood pressure, a strong family history of heart disease or smokers — who might die if they exercised inappropriately.

Those who exercise regularly run less risk of dying suddenly than those with an unhealthy lifestyle. Even strenuous exercise is not harmful to someone with a healthy cardiovascular state. However, anyone with abnormal coronary arteries or heart valves is at risk.

When an elite athlete like Daws drops dead in the peak of health, it frightens people.

Under age 30, the most likely cause of sudden death is some abnormality of the heart or coronaries. Over 30, the highest likelihood of death is from coronary arteries narrowed from the layering of cho-

lesterol plaques.

The Hennepin County Medical Examiner's staff says a larger blood clot on such a plaque — a thrombus in the left anterior descending coronary artery, the main source of blood and oxygen to the predominant left ventricle — is what killed Ron Daws.

Daws undoubtedly had the goods: he finished 22nd out of 82 marathon runners in the '68 Mexico City Olympics.

However, the death of a sports medicine expert like Daws re-emphasizes how important it is to heed chest pain. Like Jim Fixx, an earlier running savant who died under such circumstances, Daws may have had warning signs of heart disease. Did he also fail to listen?

His death, like that of Fixx, tells us that if you have chest pain, at least see your doctor for an EKG. If you're over age 30, check your cholesterol regularly. If you have any risk factors, ask your doctor for a stress test.

Stress tests themselves are nothing to fear. Out of 500,000 stress tests at 1,375 facilities, there was one death. Taking the test is safer, I suspect, than crossing Snelling Avenue, particularly during the State Fair.

Daws' life and death should reinforce how exercise can improve our quality of life, helping more of us remain vigorous and active as we grow older.

Dorsen, a physician in Monticello, Minn., is sports medicine adviser to Cross-Country Ski Magazine, races internationally and is working on his latest book, "Fitness in Men Over Forty."