



DARTMOUTH CLASS OF 1972



Fall Term 2018

PARKHURST HALL

THE PRESIDENT'S PIECE

Though 'round the girdled Earth they roam. . . .

By Bill Price

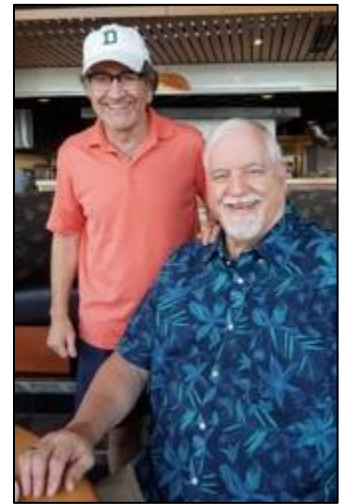
Greetings again to my fellow '72s! I hope that you and yours are able to enjoy a peaceful holiday, with fair weather and following seas. I've been traveling a lot of late, and the line from Dear Old Dartmouth has stayed with me: "Though 'round the girdled Earth they roam . . ."

It's been a lot of fun to re-connect with classmates like Stu Sims when I was on a client project in Baltimore, and Thurm Lowans, pictured with me on the right, at the same time my sister came out for a visit. Stu is still practicing law, but Thurm has doubly retired – (a) from his administrative judgeship, and (b) from the US Navy JAG.

My wife Lori and I also traveled back to my 50th high school reunion in Towson, MD,



in September, with six of us from the soccer team, pictured on the left – and I'm holding my actual jersey which I've kept all these years! – and some of my elementary school classmates reminiscing about our rivalry every spring with the neighbor school, and even an old girlfriend meeting my wife (it went fine!).



More recently we spent 3 weeks in Asia and the Mideast, where I caught up with Stanford Business School classmates in Sydney and Riyadh ahead of our 40th reunion next Fall.

After all of these lunches and dinners and reunions, I've come away with a renewed excitement about the future while celebrating past experiences together and rekindling deep friendships.

In my last Piece I offered three ways that we can work together to ensure a big turnout for our 50th reunion in Hanover in a little more than 3.5 years, on 12 June 2022:

(1) Get involved, (2) "Save the date," and (3) Spread the word!

Here are some quick updates:

- The Executive Committee is planning mini-reunions next Spring in Florida for a Grapefruit League weekend (Jon Einsidler is heading this up), and in Arizona for a Cactus League weekend (Neal Traven is researching this one). Anyone want to join me at both?
- All '72s have a standing invitation from the class of '71 to join them for their annual 4-day event in Naples, Florida, the next one 28-31 March 2019; and their west coast event during the summer.
- Our Reunion chair Fuzzy Thurston will announce more mini-reunions as we head down the road to our 50th, so if you have any questions or interest in participating or leading one, please contact Fuzzy by clicking [here](#).
- I'll be pulling together a Pacific Northwest lunch in downtown Seattle in early December, with several classmates I haven't seen in a long time, and I encourage all of you to do the same in your cities.

- We keep discovering that we're missing a number of email addresses from '72 classmates, so please check what the College shows for your contact information and update the directory by clicking [here](#), and also let our class Secretary David Hetzel know by clicking [here](#).

After serving for many years as our class Vice-President, Marc Josephson has stepped down to focus on his growing new business. I've asked the Executive Committee to suggest a replacement, and would also like to ask all of you to propose someone, even yourself! We have a good group of 22 on the committee, with calls every 6-8 weeks and an annual meeting in NYC with other committee members joining by phone. Hope that you will consider joining us!

Of course you remember how the song continues ... "Though 'round the girdled Earth they roam, her spell on them remains."

It does, indeed!

HINMAN POST OFFICE

Allan Garten writes: "I'm a gentleman farmer, living a wonderful life with my wife Pam, who is a real farmer, on a bucolic 4 acre farm in Aurora, Oregon.

"When not pretending to be a farmer, I reside at our little house about 150 yards off the Pacific.

"I retired from the practice of law – at least I thought, at the end of 2015, having fled the life of a big law firm and having spent 20 very interesting years as a federal prosecutor, focusing exclusively on large, complex, white collar crimes.

"At the end of 2016, a client from the '90s persuaded me to come off the farm to defend it in a class action case. By this time next year, I hope to be fully retired – once again!"

Phill Gioia writes: "I work with patients in an underserved Upstate New York rural community

I live in Auburn, NY, and one of our Auburn High School graduates is matriculating at Dartmouth this fall – Katherine Brundage, who was her Class Valedictorian. Her Dad is a local physician, and a public health and environmental advocate, serving on our County Board of Health. Her mom is a dermatologist in a busy practice started by Katherine's maternal Grandfather Arthur Forseman. Her Uncle is a local Urologist and Hospital supporter. She has science and environmental interests that should benefit us all.

"To read a story about her, please click [here](#).

"Lucas Rathgeb will also be matriculating at Dartmouth. He graduated by nearby Skaneateles High School with an interest in computer science, physics, and engineering. He also has done well in cross country for his High School. You can read about him by clicking [here](#) and see a picture of him as he delivers the commencement address by clicking [here](#).

"Skaneateles was also the home of Bill Allyn '33, President of Welch Allyn, Inc., a medical instruments manufacturer. Bill made many contributions to his local community, about which you can read by clicking on his obituary [here](#).

"In mid-September I traveled to Stowe, VT, and visited our grandkids. I also returned to Trapp Bier Hall and its grounds, run by our fellow alumni owners Johann '64, retired, and Sam '92, who is active in management and gives history lectures on his family there.

"I was glad to see Buddy Teevens' YouTube videos about low contact football practicing and playing to avoid CTE – chronic traumatic encephalopathy.

"This first video is titled *The Dartmouth Way – Drill Tape* and you can access it by clicking [here](#).

"The second video, *The Dartmouth Way – Dartmouth Football*, is [here](#).

"Some football coaches are still using too much contact too often. I try to avoid contact bicycling, contact cross country, contact skiing, and contact kayaking."

THE HOP

THE HOP is where I interview a Classmate over a cup of coffee or tea – virtually. To do your own interview for the next Newsletter, please email me [here](#) and I will send you a Template. Then just substitute your answers for mine, and send it back.

Name: Wayne Pirmann

1. Where are you living now? San Tan Valley, AZ
2. What was your major at Dartmouth? Anthropology with enough credits in Mathematics to have Prof Slesnick write me a letter certifying a second major for the state of Michigan teaching certificate
3. If you're still working (or retired), who is (was) your (last) employer? Retired FROM Owning and operating Pirmann Financial Services, supposedly to go into youth soccer coaching in Michigan. NOW owning and operating a Mighty Kicks franchise.
 - a. If you have (had) a title, what is (was) it? Owner, both of the above
 - b. What's a one- or two-sentence description of your work? Financial Planner easy to figure out. Mighty Kicks: Cradle-to-college (I also serve as the Franchisor's Chief Visionary) introductory-to-advanced developmental activities to get kids involved in healthy games, motor-skill development, and CHARACTER development.
4. If you're retired, what are the top three things that keep you busy?
 - a. Not retired; however, helping out with 6 grandchildren (3 married kids)
 - b. Motivating younger men to read their Bibles more diligently and love their wives
 - c. Helping other MK franchisees
5. From birth to now, list chronologically the states (and countries) where you've had legal addresses, however briefly. Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Michigan, Arizona
6. When you were at Dartmouth, what two films or movies made their biggest impression on you, and where did you see them – at the Hop or at the Nugget – and what do you remember most about one or both of them? A Man Called Horse with Richard Harris, what I remember most is that a number of our anthropology professors endorsed it as a very good cultural anthropology film, accurate depiction of a culture, etc. Also Nugget: 2001 Space Odyssey, and it now looks prophetic: computers reading lips and identifying threats.
7. If you could do one thing differently during your Dartmouth experience, what would it be? I should have followed through on my Russian studies, including taking the foreign studies deal. I ended up in Siberia in 2003 on a mission trip to Tyumen.
8. What's the most exotic destination you've ever visited? Somewhere in the hills of Nicaragua, our mission trip leader asked me to come out to speak to a group of men about the Gospel. We were staying in the converted dormitories (sort of a motel) in the middle of a coffee plantation. When I walked around the corner to greet the men, they were in a semi-circle, all in classic white Central American farmers/workers garb, and everyone of them had a machete in his hand. Not necessarily exotic, an unusual setting for preaching and teaching.
9. Who were your top three or four favorite Dartmouth professors and their Departments? Took a few English (American novel) classes to fulfill Humanities requirements, and they were always team-taught: 3 or 4 profs with a much larger class size than normal. They were great learning experiences and motivated me to read those books I never would have read on my own.

EXTRA CREDIT: write your own question and answer it:

10. What was one of your favorite experiences? Kicking for the 1970 Lambert Trophy winning football team while also playing soccer, being flown in for two games (Holy Cross, YALE!) by alums in private prop jobs, and not being aware that I was an over-hyped flake: I wasn't that good in either sport.

Name: Charlie Schudson

1. Where are you living now? Karen and I are very fortunate. She was one of the "original" seventy Dartmouth co-eds. Having graduated from Smith, she was employed as the assistant to the Tucker Foundation and the college chaplain, Harvey Pinyoun, during our 1971-72 senior year. And now we are living where we can enjoy our outdoor passions -- Sedona, Arizona, and summers in Ellison Bay, Wisconsin, at the northern tip of the Door County peninsula.
2. What was your major at Dartmouth? Instead of a major, I held a Senior Fellowship ("The Philosophic Perspective: Literature and Crime in America").



My primary areas of study were English (19th century American fiction), Government (political philosophy), Spanish (with foreign study in Salamanca), and Sociology/Criminology (during my junior year at NYU).

3. If you're still working (or retired), who is (was) your (last) employer? I'm still working and playing as a teacher and writer.

a. If you have (had) a title, what is (was) it? Judge

b. What's a one- or two-sentence description of your work? I worked as a state and federal prosecutor, a trial and appellate judge, and a law professor.

4. If you're retired, what are the top three things that keep you busy?

a. teaching, at Marquette Law School, U of Wisconsin Law School, Lawrence University's "Bjorklunden Seminars," and at law schools abroad on a Fulbright Fellowship

b. volunteering, 24/7, as a state certified Arizona Search and Rescue hiker

c. writing *Independence Corrupted: How America's Judges Make Their Decisions*

5. From birth to now, list chronologically the states (and countries) where you've had legal addresses, however briefly. Wisconsin, New Hampshire, Spain, Chile, Mexico, Costa Rica, Arizona, Germany, Peru, Arizona.

6. When you were at Dartmouth, what two films or movies made their biggest impression on you, and where did you see them – at the Hop or at the Nugget – and what do you remember most about one or both of them?

Oh my aging memory. . . I saw so many (both at the Hop as an avid member of the Film Society, and at the Nugget where, in our senior year, I lucked into a year's pass) but remember so few. But they were influential-- I frequently use movies in my teaching (serious stuff, of course. . . most often, "My Cousin Vinny").

7. If you could do one thing differently during your Dartmouth experience, what would it be? If I'm allowed two answers, that's an easy question. I actually still dream of my "alternate" Dartmouth life, for which I would have needed at least one more year. I would have become a very active member of the Dartmouth Outing Club, and I would have spent one year, rather than only one trimester, on foreign study in Salamanca.

8. What's the most exotic destination you've ever visited? I've backpacked two different, long trails to Machu Picchu.

9. Who were your top three or four favorite Dartmouth professors and their Departments? At the risk of slighting several others who also were wonderful, I would say that my most influential professors were Alan T. Gaylord (English), Robert Russell (Spanish), and my Senior Fellowship advisors, James Cox (English), Roger Masters (Government), and Jonathan Mirsky (Comparative Literature).

10. And what were other parts forming my passion for Dartmouth? Quickly (and no doubt forgetting many others): the "freshman" backpacking hike where, as predicted, I formed several of my most lasting friendships (Bob Link, Bob Rizzi, Charlie Shockey, and others);

the Dartmouth Players, in which I acted my first two years ("The Miser," and "The Beggars' Opera");

the Dartmouth Experimental College, where I taught a course, "Social Action in Lily-White Suburbia/White to White," and gained a great lifelong friend, Ralph Child;

Committee for Continuing Presence in Washington, through which I lobbied as part of Dartmouth's unique involvement in the 1970 national student strike;

Arturo Madrid and John Rassias, both of whom enhanced my love for Spanish;

Vincent Starzinger and several Government Department colleagues who helped me appreciate that an intellectually honest conservative political philosophy can be constructive and humane (unlike today's intellectually dishonest Tea Party and Trumpish frauds);

co-education, allowing me to meet my bride and, as occupants of 3 School Street, to know Hanover not only as students, but as residents as well;

Dean Carroll Brewster, with whom I occasionally clashed, but who always welcomed and supported my inclinations to shape my own Dartmouth years (foreign study, junior year in New York, senior fellowship);

truly thoughtful and kind classmates, faculty, and staff who almost always demonstrated how very good and stimulating a college community can be; and

nature, nature, nature – I truly love big cities, but I love *and need* the nurturing of nature, an inextricably essential component of all that is, so brilliantly, Dartmouth.

Editor's Note: Charlie and Karen wrote a delightful piece "Reflections on an Experiment (Dartmouth's Coeducational Transition)" which I had intended to publish in the last Newsletter. You will find it in this issue on page 15.

In the meantime, Charlie's new book, Independence Corrupted: How America's Judges Make Their Decisions, was published by the University of Wisconsin Press, and he was kind enough to send an op-ed piece, providing a sort of post-script for his book with a reflection on the Kavanaugh hearings. You will find it on page 21.

Charlie and his book have been nominated for the 2018 National Book Award, the 2019 Chautauqua Prize, and the 2019 ABA Silver Gavel Award.

If you can manage delayed gratification, members of the Class of '72 are eligible for a 33% family/friends discount by ordering his book directly from the University of Wisconsin Press by clicking [here](#); or by calling the publisher's Chicago Distribution Center at 800-621-2736, with promo code AA123 (until December 31, 2018). Otherwise, if you can't wait, Amazon will provide almost instant gratification if you click [here](#).

Charlie also co-authored On Trial: America's Courts and Their Treatment of Sexually Abused Children, available [here](#).

Name: Jeff Roper

1. Where are you living now? Burley, Idaho (within one mile of my birthplace)
2. What was your major at Dartmouth? English
3. If you're still working (or retired), who is (was) your (last) employer? Retired two years ago – after 16 years as an English teacher at Declo High School, a small rural school near Burley.
 - a. If you have (had) a title, what is (was) it? High school teacher, adjunct College of S. Idaho instructor, Boise State Writing Project consultant
 - b. What's a one- or two-sentence description of your work? I taught 10th and 12th graders English and college composition, focusing on inquiry methods that develop community and engagement (at least that was the plan).
4. If you're retired, what are the top three things that keep you busy?
 - a. Seven grandchildren, two of whom are now in college (Lewis & Clark College, Portland, and the University of Idaho)
 - b. Reading about our fractured world – I'd recommend Jesmyn Ward's *Salvage The Bones*, and Edward Ayers' *The Thin Light of Freedom*.
 - c. Occasional travel with my dear wife Frances – Paris, San Sebastian, and Canyon de Chelly have been favorite destinations.
5. From birth to now, list chronologically the states (and countries) where you've had legal addresses, however briefly. Idaho, Utah, Ohio, Michigan, Texas, Mississippi, Utah, California, and Idaho.
6. When you were at Dartmouth, what two films or movies made their biggest impression on you, and where did you see them – at the Hop or at the Nugget – and what do you remember most about one or both of them? *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Nugget, several times with different chemical aids for complete enjoyment, and a strange b/w film at the Hop about a guy on a beach biting a sandwich and being hooked through the mouth and dragged into the water.
7. If you could do one thing differently during your Dartmouth experience, what would it be? I'd meet more profs and fellow students, spend time with them, get to know more folks personally.
8. What's the most exotic destination you've ever visited? Nairobi, Kenya
9. Who were your top three or four favorite Dartmouth professors and their Departments? Jim Epperson, English, Peter Bien, English, and a visiting fellow from England, last name Price I think, also English department.

EXTRA CREDIT: write your own question and answer it:

10. What was your essential learning from your Dartmouth years? I learned prolonged study of important subjects pays off – and I learned that everything is political, that Nixon’s arrogance and the arrogance of our current Nixonian is always a clear and present danger.

Frances and I have three children: Allison, Sam, and Ben.

In this picture, left to right: Allison and her daughter India; Sam’s son, Ollie; me; Sam’s son, Jasper; and Frances.



CLASS CONNECTIONS PROGRAM: THE COLLEGE GRANT

As Bill Price previously announced through **THE PRESIDENT’S PIECE**, Class Vice President Marc Josephson chairs our Class Connections Program Committee, connecting our Class with the now-matriculated Class of 2022, who will march down the aisle with us when they graduate and we celebrate our 50th reunion.

That Program began with the Class of 2022’s Freshman trip to Moosilauke and the Second College Grant, when the following Classmates met and prepared meals for them at the beginning of their Dartmouth experience:

Kirk Andrus, Peter and Margie Benziger, Fred Bickford, Geoff Clear, Donald Cutter, Farrell Delman, John De Regt, Bill Enos, David Hetzel, Marc Josephson, David Krushwitz, John and Sue Leavitt, Mike Meehan, David Mitchell, Keith Moyer, Jack Noon, John Roberts, Kerry Robertson, Jim Porkroll Taylor

Here are three photojournalistic reports from participants Peter Benziger, David Hetzel, and Farrell Delman:

A Walk In The Woods, by Peter Benziger

Kudos to the 1972’s who made a walk in the woods with the class of 2022 at the Second Dartmouth Grant.

It was so much fun.

Below are a few thoughts that summarize this wonderful experience for me.

Hey. . . Do I Know You?

Arriving at the Grant, we found Old Sam’s Cabin which was first constructed (albeit in smaller size) BEFORE we were born. This was reassuring since most of the buildings on the earth were constructed AFTER we were born.

Wandering around were a number of old men who I was convinced I had never seen before although I knew I must have met them between 1968-1972.

It was such fun peering questioningly into their faces and saying “Nice to See You Again,” while my mind, fogged with the ravages of the loss of memory cells, was screeching “Hey. . . Do I Know You?”

But then, “Wahoo!!!” – a copy of the 1972 Freshman Book was provided and we were able to see what we all looked like a half century before.

Freshmen and Freshwomen are, well, “fresh.”

While I was at the Grant, with my wife Margie at my side, we hosted three evening dinners for the Class of 2022.

They were so young, innocent and fresh into the college life.

While it was clear that each one was super smart, they were nervous and unsure about how they would feel about living away from home. One woman told me that she would miss her two dogs, her mom, her dad, and maybe not her brother. . . in that order.

Crow for the Grant Croo!

Across from Sam’s Cabin was the abode of the Grant Croo.

For some reason, they spelled it Grant Croo instead of Grant Crew, but many were involved in technology majors so they can be forgiven.

We hosted the Grant Croo at Sam’s Cabin for three dinners.

Although our class's formal obligation ended Sunday night, Margie and I chose to stay until the following Wednesday morning, and the Croo came to dinner Monday night, cooked us a pancake breakfast Tuesday morning and came back to dinner Tuesday night. [Here is a picture of the Grant Croo](#)

Adventures of the Aged

On Saturday night, after dinner, the Grant Croo asked if we could drive the 2022s through the rutted dirt roads to the remote Stoddard Cabin in the 12-person Dartmouth van.

It was a black, moonless night.

I agreed to drive with Bill Enos as navigator. I also wanted Bill along because he would know how to change a flat tire since he is a Doctor.

The reason for the request to drive the 2022s to the cabin was that the Grant Croo was leaving to play a night-time prank on another group of Freshwomen and men.

Well, I had heard that a scary story of "Doc Benton" was often told up at Moosilauke.

Since 1972's are not to be outdone, I told the story of the "Crawling Hand of the Grant" – the grisly tale of a legendary Dartmouth woodsman's body, discovered outside his cabin with one of his arms torn off.

Legend has it that the arm has been seen numerous times over the last century, crawling through the woods, and scratching at cabin doors and windows, looking for a body to which it can reattach itself.

Following the story, we stopped the van and asked the Freshmen and Freshwomen if they'd like to walk the remaining mile to Stoddard Cabin in the dark.

For some reason, they universally declined to do so.

We heard the next day that, all during the night, the 2022s were making sounds of scratching, and having great fun trying to scare each other.

We Hit A Moose!

Returning from our delivery of '22s, we parked the van at the Croo Cabin, and then proceeded to cover the front bumper and windshield with Ketchup.

A note was pinned to the cabin door, indicating that we had had hit a moose! The bottom of the note was also smeared with "blood" (Ketchup).

The next day, we were told, the Croo thought we were serious, and they all examined the front of the van. Then someone tasted the "blood," and mistakenly identified it as barbecue sauce.

This is, of course, raises serious concerns about the education received at Dartmouth. How is it that Dartmouth students are unable to tell the difference between ketchup and barbecue sauce? This calls for a revision to the liberal arts curriculum.

Did I Donate That?

The Class of 1972 left a number of items behind at the cabin, most of them unintentionally:

Green blanket: Donated and stored in a bunkroom drawer for those cold, winter nights in Sam's Cabin.

Electric Lantern: This was given to Lorraine, who watches over the Grant, so she does not have to light the gas lamps during brief visits to the various cabins in the Grant.

Epipens: This expensive item was marked "Dartmouth DOC" and given to the Grant Croo for delivery to Moosilauke. A DOC member mentioned that this would be a good addition to the DOC a medical kit.

Cases of Extra Beer: With great embarrassment I reveal that a very large amount of beer was left unfinished by the 72s! Lorraine said that, since we could not finish our own beer, her first cousin Bert would do so since he has never left a cold can of beer unopened.



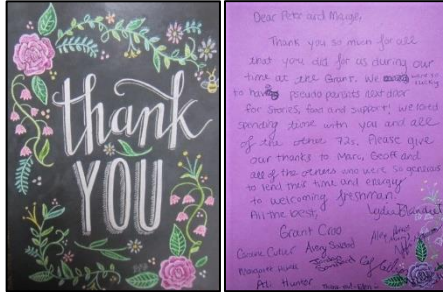
Very Expensive Camera with Telephoto Lens and a Meat Thermometer: I will be mailing these items back to Bill Enos since he said his wife will be very angry with him if she doesn't get her meat thermometer back.

l-r, back row: John De Regt, Farrell Delman, Bill Enos, Dave Mitchell, and Kary Robertson; front row: Margie and Peter Benziger.

Hey... Nice Job 72s

Before we left, the Grant Croo came over and handed us this card which says:

"Thank you so much for all that you did for us during our time at the Grant.



"We were so lucky to have pseudo parents next door for stories, food and support!"

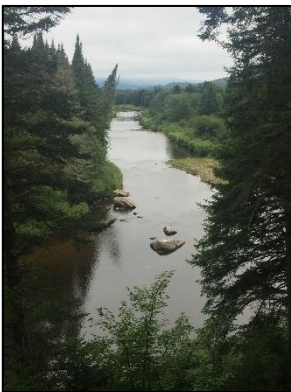
"We loved spending time with you and all the other 72's."

"Please give our thanks to Marc, Geoff and ALL of the others who were so generous to lend their time and energy to welcoming freshmen."

"All the best, Grant Croo" [signatures]

By David Hetzel

Just a few photos of our time in the beautiful Grant. One photo of the Swift Diamond River (l), and then photos of our team members – Marc Josephson and Kirk Andrus (r), and Marc and me. (l) We truly had a blast!



By Farrell Delman

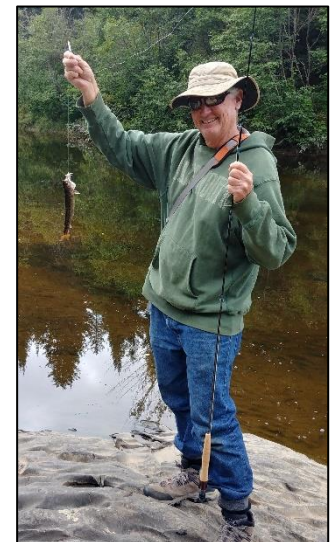
A string of emails circulated after this event, expressing the pleasure we all had in both getting to know each other better and in getting to meet the 2022s, who for the most part blew us away with their combination of intelligence and purpose for what they hoped to achieve with four years of Hanover under their respective belts.

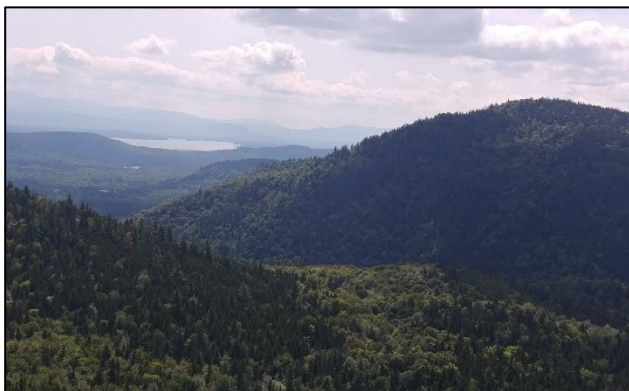
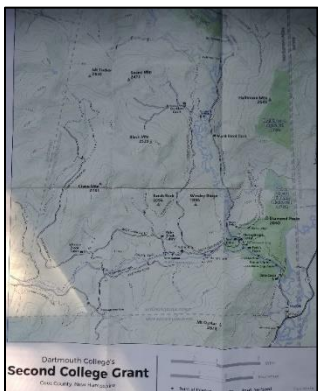
With few exceptions, they all seemed to have a solid sense of self and were eager to communicate their goals (perhaps due to our prodding), as most seemed to know what they were going to study, and all were in agreement as to why they chose Dartmouth above their other options: the sense of extended family that our walk in the woods reaffirmed.

And thank you Geoff and Marc for your well-orchestrated organization of this event, and others we expect to experience over the next four years as we head towards our 50th and our guests head towards graduation. Family indeed.

After a hike (see map on next page) with Bill Enos and Kerry Roberts to the top of Diamond Peak trail (see photo on next page), Bill caught this monster trout (right).

On the next page, a group of the youthful trippies hosted by the ageless hippies.





MILITARY SERVICE AND THE PARENTS OF THE CLASS OF 1972

Bud Lynch writes:

I am inspired to write by Shel Prentice's story of his father. Shel has inspired me in the past, and we have spoken frequently, but I did not realize that my father, Franklin (Bud) Lynch, was in the Class of 1938 at Dartmouth with Shel's father.

Bud was born in Rowayton, CT in 1915, in his family home, because, he would say, "I wanted to be near my mother."

His father was a Yale graduate of 1910 and an engineer. He grew up on a subsistence farm – his father cut ice on ponds and would sell it in the summer.

Bud was a lifeguard at the Tokeneke Club and Hickory Bluff, and known for his skills at swimming and diving to retrieve lost items, such as outboard motors, in 15 feet of water. He insured that all his children had that skill.

He was a student at the Thomas School, on land that previously belonged to his mother's inherited property in Rowayton. It became a secondary for school for girls, and he used to delight in attending alumni meetings with his brother Jock, surprising those who were unaware of its co-ed history. He and his brother both pursued high school at Holderness and college at Dartmouth, a year apart. Bud played football for 4 years and was a member of the undefeated 1937 team, and the Sphinx, and he majored in French.



Bud Lynch circa 1938

Bud took an extra year at Dartmouth to complete prerequisites for medical school and then entered Dartmouth Medical School in 1939. School was 2 years in Hanover and then 2 years at Columbia for clinical rotations. He returned to Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital for internship in 1943, which was curtailed early due to the war.

He had joined the Navy, training on school vacations, and was identified to complete his internship in March of 1944. Dad said they were called "9 month wonders" because a typical internship was one year and medical training two to five years.

At this point he shipped out as the medical officer on LST #282 and headed to England in preparation for D-Day. An LST (Landing Ship Tanks) was a ship designed to transport landing craft to rendezvous with troop ships to land the first waves of soldiers on the beaches, followed by land tanks and heavy equipment, and then the secondary landing craft after the beaches were secure. It was also suggested LST stood for "Large Slow Target."

On D-Day, 6/6/44, my Dad's LST #282 followed minesweepers to a point 13 miles off of Utah Beach. At 2:42 AM, it dropped anchor and launched five boats with demolition teams to prepare the beaches for landing. Then it off-loaded landing craft from davits to go to the transports and pick up soldiers.

The LST had towed a Rhino Barge (a floating platform built with steel pontoons), and after off-loading the landing craft, the barge was pulled to the front of the ship. Twenty army vehicles were then off-loaded onto the barge, which was towed ashore by a tug boat, which had also been brought on the LST.

Picture taken from the Rhino barge off Utah beach on D-day

Here's a side story: This was one of the first D-Day pictures, and the photographer attempted to send it back to England by carrier pigeon. The bird fell into the hands of the Germans, and the picture was published in a German paper as propaganda, saying that the barge had been sunk.

Returning boats and landing craft brought the wounded off the beaches and got them back to hospitals. Dad never spoke of that activity, but the severe injuries with limited training, limited resources, and a pitching boat, would have been very difficult. His ship was set up to evacuate wounded from both sides with racks in the hold to hold stretchers as beds. There were 3 surgeons and 24 pharmacist mates aboard. He developed relationships that continued through his life.



Below is a picture of my father's ship off-loading tanks in Normandy on Omaha beach, 6/9/44



They beached and waited for low tide to off-load the tanks when the ground was firm and they would not get stuck.

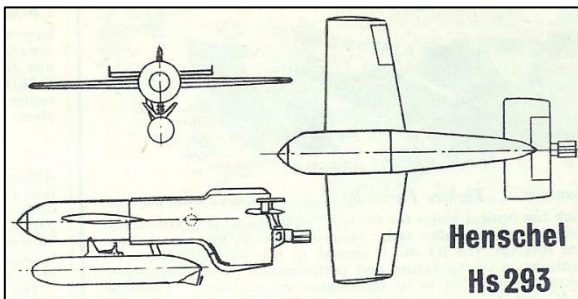
Note the davits loaded with landing craft which weren't needed because the ship had been able to pull ashore.

These crossings on June 6 and June 9 were just two of several cross channel trips made to northern France.

August 15, 1944 – Operation Dragoon. After Operation Overlord at Normandy took place, a second landing took place in southern France to advance up the Rhone River valley and cut off and capture Germans in France.

LST 282 proceeded toward Green Beach at standard speed while the captain, approximately twelve hundred yards off the beach, instructed a signal-man to try and contact the beachmaster for instructions.

The Executive Officer observed a twin engine, twin rudder plane from the beach. Using his binoculars, he spotted an object, apparently motionless, separating from the plane. This object then began to move ahead of the plane and downward like a bomb, but distant from any ships. Then it turned 90 degrees to starboard and headed for the LST 282, resembling a miniature plane and emitting bright red flames and white smoke from its tail as it bore down on the ship at exceedingly fast speed. The Captain told the Gunnery Officer it was a radio controlled bomb and ordered him to open fire. The bomb came in across the starboard side at an elevation of fifty feet and appeared to be crossing over the ship. Several guns in the forward battery had opened fire on the bomb when it suddenly turned 45 degrees to port, dove into the ship, and exploded. The bomb had apparently hit a few feet forward of the superstructure, to the left of the centerline, penetrating the main deck and exploding below.



The Henschel Hs 293 was an air to ship missile that could glide or use rocket propulsion, and controlled by radio or line of sight from the plane that dropped it. Despite early efforts at jamming the signal, they were nearly impossible shoot down. This was a WWII precursor to the guided missile and drone.

The LST's primary cargo were 155-millimeter Long Tom artillery pieces for the 36th Infantry Division. The main and tank decks of the LST-282 were jam-packed with those guns, and their trailers filled with ammunition.

The next 10 to 20 minutes were terrible.

The Long Tom artillery ammunition began cooking off and exploding, as did the ammunition in the ship's own magazines.

Afterwards, the ship's captain was awarded the Navy Cross for steering a hard left away from all the other ships landing on the beach.

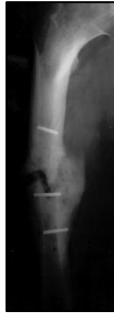


LST 282 aground in Southern France after the bomb attack

My father was on the conning tower, the battle station for the medical officer as well as the ship's captain, and the explosion blew him off the bridge and down to the deck thirty feet below, breaking his right femur. My dad was an old lifeguard and felt he would be better in the water than staying on an exploding ship, so he pulled himself over the rail of the ship, dragging his broken leg, and plunged another 30 feet into the water – like falling with a broken leg from the 30-foot platform in Dartmouth's Karl Michael pool. A femur fracture is painful enough, but landing in water from 30 feet must have been excruciating. My father was pulled out of the water by one of the many landing crafts and boats rescuing the wounded and offloading sinking ships. He was given first aid and evacuated to a hospital tent in Italy. The officer standing next to my father on the conning tower died.

The major injury was the femur fracture (although he may have had a spine fracture also). Non-operative treatment options were traction or a chest to toe spica cast. The German surgeon Gerhard Küntscher had invented placing rods into fractured femurs, a procedure which was so effective that some captured German soldiers were back in service only 8 weeks later; these rods were soon known as Küntscher nails. American surgeons had taken a different direction, realigning the fractured femurs and securing them with Sherman plates and screws. My father elected open reduction – exposing the fracture surgically and dissecting the surrounding tissues in order to align the femur – and fixing it with a plate, so he could be mobile more quickly and avoid prolonged traction or a whole body spica cast. Within 4 weeks my father said he'd been feeling progressively better, so he flew home, using crutches to board the plane.

Something in his leg yielded as he got off the plane on crutches. The leg was swollen and warm, and a Staph aureus infection was confirmed. Doctors at the Chelsea [Massachusetts] Naval Hospital opened the wound, removed the plate, and packed the wound with a special dressing to absorb its drainage. This was the beginning of three years of hospitalization.



Far left: the femur six weeks after the plate was inserted. Left: the femur after the Sherman plate failed, the screws broke, and infection eroded the bone.

After initially treating the infection, my father spent over a year in a spica cast, in wheel chairs, and on wheeling stretchers, and undergoing additional operations.

Because he was still in the Navy, my father had to follow their rules, getting ever more frustrated by the persistent infection and drainage.

Finally, he petitioned to be discharged and sought care at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital in New York City, where he had been a medical student.

Dr. Frank Stinchfield, an orthopedic surgeon, teamed up with Jerome Webster, a plastic surgeon. They removed the infected bone, which shortened my father's leg by nearly 4 inches but cleared the infection.

After another year in a cast, and with progressive mobility, my father chose pediatrics because it required less walking and standing. Before starting his residency, he lived with Dr. Webster, mentoring his twin sons. During this time, my father met a woman who ran the twins' pre-school and who later became my mother – so the bomb, my father's injury, and his difficult and lengthy recovery were key to my existence.

I was born toward the end of his pediatric residency at Columbia, and spent my first year in a New York apartment with a drawer as my crib. We moved to Westport, CT, in 1951, where dad joined a pediatric practice 11 miles from the house where he was born and raised. As a physician he was appreciated by his patients and their parents, and was fondly remembered by my friends and acquaintances whom I met later in life. He could no longer play football or baseball, but he umpired Little League games, swam, played golf and skied. Although back pain and stiffness often troubled him, he never complained about his limitations. He wore a shoe that was built up 4 inches in the heel, and he had a chronic rocking limp that consumed part of his energy.

In 1962, my father was honored by *Sports Illustrated* as a Silver Anniversary All-American. The magazine gave these annual awards to former football players, nominated by their schools 25 years out from their senior years, and selected by a panel of judges for a number of characteristics, including outstanding citizenship. Dad was surprised and pleased with the honor.

He was a regular Dartmouth football fan, and met many of our classmates hosting tailgate picnics by the Sphinx. He practiced in Westport until moving to Hanover in 1979, where I was doing my orthopedic residency. His practice had been shrinking as he aged, and new babies had become harder to enroll. Because he felt he could no longer deal with inpatient children, he practiced outpatient pediatrics out of his home on Lyme road and enjoyed conferences at Mary Hitchcock Hospital.

On July 22, 1994, we were at a large family reunion at the old family homestead in Rowayton, CT. My dad stumbled and fell, but got up and finished the event without a major problem. Over the next month, the mild chronic pain in his leg increased, and one day he called me to examine his leg, which now moved as if it were fractured again.

He could no longer stand, and stress x-rays confirmed that the old femur fracture had separated, while an aspirate of the site demonstrated a penicillin-sensitive Staph aureus. The assessment was that my father's fracture had never healed, and that for 45 years he had walked on a tough fibrous nonunion. Bone staph infections can lay dormant for many years and then recur with the immune deficiency of aging. I suspect that my father's fall caused bleeding at the site, reactivating the staph which eroded the fibrous union of a 50 year old fracture.

Ironically, my father's Sherman plate failed, and his fracture was finally healed when a 4th-generation Küntscher nail was used in his femur – a procedure finally identified as the orthopedic treatment of choice around 1985.

At the time of my dad's injury, Sherman plates were new. Although the plates were stainless steel, preventing them from corroding inside the patient, they were not strong enough in design to handle the forces across the fractured femur. The plates were seductive because they promised early mobility, but they actually delayed healing and markedly increased the risk of infection – particularly when the procedure took place inside a hospital tent rather than a hospital building.

On August 23, 1994, Dr. Bernini of Dartmouth Orthopedics took dad to the operating room and removed a pocket of pus from a hollowed-out 2-inch hole in the bone. Dr. Bernini thought that the bacteria had been imported from Italy, and joked that they were wearing berets and calling "Ciao." He cleaned the cavity and the bone, and placed an intramedullary rod into the bone, with a graft from my father's iliac crest. This procedure was followed by an intravenous antibiotic for 6 weeks, and then oral antibiotics for the remainder of his life. It was tough for my dad, who was nearly 80 years old, and it took him 6 months to be mobile again, but he persevered and the bone healed solidly for the first time in 50 years.

In his later eighties, my father's determination and endurance began to fail as his memory also failed from dementia. I had joined the Department of Orthopaedics at Dartmouth-Hitchcock and visited him regularly. He taught me another lesson in the memory-impaired unit, demonstrating that his care providers responded to his polite and gentle demeanor by giving him much better attention. Although he could not voice my name, he always was pleased to see me or my siblings, and clearly recognized me. He was a risk for falling, and I worried his balance and athleticism would fail.

I was contacted one evening about an 85 year old male from a memory-impaired unit who was in the emergency room, having fallen and broken his hip. We were able to take him to the operating room that night and I went in to meet him, gratified it was not my father. I met him and introduced myself as Bud Lynch. Through his pain and memory issues he remarked "Bud Lynch, Bud Lynch, I knew a Bud Lynch once. He was a great guy." The fellow, Frank D, had been a lifeguard from age 14 to 16 in Rowayton, CT, with my father, and those older memories were still warm and intact.

I saw my dad a couple of days later and told him of meeting his old friend, Frank D. He brightened, knew the name, knew he was a lifeguard he worked with, and knew he was a great guy, too.

BAKER LIBRARY, PART ONE

Two classmates were featured in the Alumni Books section of the September/October *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*:

"Charles B. Schudson '72: *Independence Corrupted: How America's Judges Make Their Decisions*: A former appellate judge takes readers behind the bench to probe the judicial minds that oversee trials and sentencings. Their stories reveal the pressures that threaten judicial ethics and the reforms needed to protect judicial independence."

“**Andy Hubbard '72** offers a life of observations, from cute squirrels that pull at heartstrings to an appreciation for each step he takes in his backyard in rural Indiana, in his third book of poetry, *Meeting the Moon Halfway* (Reddashboard Press).”

To see these write-ups in the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine, please click [here](#).

SANBORN HOUSE

The Locals

By Andrew Hubbard, March 2018

In 2014, I moved my family from Houston to Nashville, Indiana. Nashville has been considered something of an artists' place for over a hundred years. (A little like Taos, New Mexico, or Sedona/Jerome, Arizona, but much smaller.)

We have a hiking/biking trail, and at one place on it, a local craftsman has carved a resting bench into an enormous tree. (If you look up my book, "The Divining Rod," you'll see a photo of it on the cover.)

In August, 2014 I began a tradition of hanging laminated copies of a poem on the tree with an invitation for passers-by to take a copy. It's been quite successful. I try to select poems that relate somehow to the place or season.

This poem is on the tree now.

The bum ahead of me at checkout
Has tattered pants, a scruffy white beard
And a torn, Gandhi T-shirt.

“Poor guy,” I say to the clerk.
“Not really,” she replies—
Twenty eight years with the symphony,
First cello. Now he raises prize chickens,
Takes first in the state every year.”

I say to myself, as I have
So often since I moved here,
“Damn. If I missed that
What else have I missed?”

The answer is not long in coming.

Next stop: the post office.
The trailer-trash woman ahead of me
Has a gray ponytail hanging below her waist
When she finishes her transaction
She doesn't say, “thank you,”
She says, “*Namaste*.”

Foiled again.
I whisper to myself,
“Everybody here is cooler than me,”
And chuckle, and think
Of my wife's excellent advice,
“Don't you go being a judger.”

BAKER LIBRARY, PART DEUX

In the November/December *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine*, two classmates appeared in the Alumni Bookshelf: **Charles B. Schudson '72**, in a reprise on *Independence Corrupted*; and **Charles “Kip” Ault '72** gets notice for two of his books— *Challenging Science Standards: A Skeptical Critique of the Quest for Unity*, and *Do Elephants Have Knees? And other Stories of Darwinian Origins* (excerpts from which appeared in the Summer and Autumn 2017 Newsletters).

To see Charlie's write-up, please click [here](#); and to see Kip's, please click [here](#).

BARTLETT TOWER

A Message from our Class Gift Planning Chair, by Gary (Dico) Dicovitsky

Fellow '72s:

A number of conversations with Dartmouth contemporaries have, not surprisingly, raised financial, investment, and philanthropic topics that I sense represent a cross-section of many of our personal questions and goals:

- ❖ Given the extended and longest U.S. bull market ever, should extra caution be devoted to investment rebalancing and equity sales?
- ❖ How do we set aside ample retirement funding, including medical considerations?
- ❖ Is there a way to help our children and their children during their professional and budgetary challenges?
 - How much financial assistance is appropriate?
- ❖ Might we incorporate some of our charitable interests without negatively affecting the above and other considerations?
 - A few have specifically noted Dartmouth's current The Call To Lead campaign and approaching 50th Reunion gift.

Addressing any combination of the above is complicated and suggests seeking legal and accounting counsel. Acknowledging such, I toss out one of many possible approaches, should the College's future health be among your interests.

The following example is not for everyone, simply because of the financial commitment, but the conceptual approach of blending personal and family objectives with Dartmouth support is valid for any financial decision.

The concept is a Dartmouth "term annuity trust," say for eight years. Although the minimum term annuity trust gift is \$50,000, let's consider the benefits of a gift of **\$72,000** with a return of 10% for 8 years:

The principal of your gift would no longer be available to you, but the College would pay you, or someone you designate, **\$7,200** annually for 8 years.

\$7,200 is a pretty good start for planning a wonderful vacation each year while we remain healthy enough to fully enjoy them, or perhaps as an annual set-aside for kids' needs, mortgages, or charitable support.

Speaking of our children, they can be named the income beneficiaries, shifting the income tax liability to their potential lower tax brackets; and they, in turn, can decide to allot to their mortgage payments or their children's schooling.

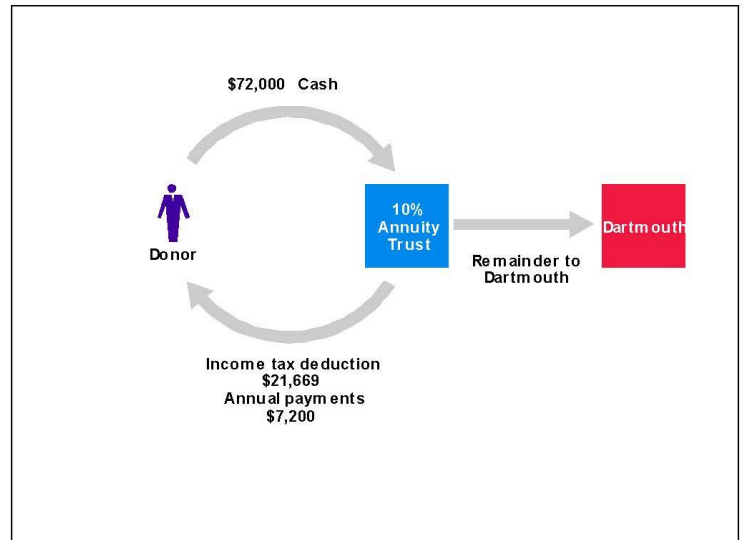
Also, in return for irrevocably releasing control of **\$72,000** of assets, beyond the \$57,600 of income over 8 years, you as a donor would be eligible for approximately \$21,650 in federal income tax deductions in the year of the gift.

If you fund the trust with appreciated securities, you also would avoid capital gains and help your portfolio's rebalancing.

Let's also not forget the gratification of supporting Dartmouth in recognition of its having provided important training for our professional lives and many of the best life-long relationships we have ever formed.

Other Dartmouth gift plans at different pricing levels also can help address our personal income, tax, and estate planning. I am happy to discuss them confidentially should you be interested, as would be the College's professional gift planning staff. Please email me by clicking [here](#).

Charitable Remainder Annuity Trust



Benefits

Immediate

Income tax deduction of \$21,669.

Annual

Annual payments of \$7,200 for 8 years.

Future

Dartmouth will receive remaining principal when trust ends. May reduce estate taxes and costs.

COHEN HALL AND NORTH HALL

Reflections on an Experiment (Dartmouth's Coeducational Transition)

In 2002, Karen Rubin Schudson '70 (s) and Charlie Schudson '72 wrote complementary articles for a contemplated history of Dartmouth's transition to education.

Unfortunately for the College, that project foundered. Fortunately for us, Karen and Charlie kept their articles until some publication had the good sense to make it available for the light of day.

Charlie has slightly modified these articles "with bracketed words and dates to account for the passing years."

Dartmouth College - Junior Year "A Broad"

By Karen (Rubin) Schudson, Dartmouth (s) 1969-70, Smith '71

For my junior year at Smith College, I had the choice of going abroad to Israel, or being "a broad" at Dartmouth College. When I told my friends I was going to Dartmouth for the year, they wondered whether I would survive among those wild boys in the woods.

My best friend, Kathleen McDonald (Smith '71), and I chose Dartmouth, partly because we had taken all the available classes in our major, Cultural Anthropology, at Smith, Amherst, and UMass. And we were weary of listening to the graduate school tales of our one Smith professor who never let us forget that she had studied under Margaret Meade. We had heard that Dartmouth's Hood Museum housed an excellent Anthro program. Besides, we were footloose and free without boyfriends, ready to risk the odds – 70 women / 3200 men.

Soon after arriving at Dartmouth's Cohen Hall, the "special" students' dorm, we all gathered for a meeting with our new "house mother," Marjorie, a young woman whose husband was serving as a chaplain in Vietnam.

(Poor Marjorie ... most of us were vehemently anti-war; we gave her an unreasonably tough time for supporting her husband's service.)

Marjorie, reminding us of the house mothers of our home schools and, we thought, promising to reprimand us for violating curfew rules and other "parietals" (no men visiting after hours ... at least three feet on the floor at all times), asked what rules we wanted. "None!" we shouted. Hence, each wing of Cohen Hall made its own rules – coed bathrooms ... shower hours for "guests," late night "noise"? Yes, I was delighted with our new-found freedoms, but, looking back now, I recognize an unfortunate result: by not sharing meals and group meetings, we did not get to know each other well.

I loved Dartmouth! Although Smith offered a beautiful campus in quaint Northampton, Dartmouth provided a spectacular natural atmosphere and, more urgently for me, a break from fulltime living with women. I enjoyed having men in classes, and felt relieved to find Dartmouth's classes less formal and academically easier than Smith's.

I met my husband, Charlie Schudson (Dartmouth '72), in the Dartmouth dining hall. Charlie was not shy. In fact, unhappy with the all-male environment and without a car to escape, he was determined to date as many "special" students as possible. I was the lucky recipient of his quest. [We celebrated our forty-seventh anniversary June 5, 2018.]

After Charlie and I married, we returned to Dartmouth for his senior year. I had graduated from Smith, not from Dartmouth, though I would have preferred doing so, but official co-education still was a year away. I was fortunate to find employment in College Hall (now the Collis Center) as the assistant to two wonderful men: Paul Rahmeier, Director of the Tucker Foundation; and Harvey Pinyoun, College Chaplain. One block away, Charlie and I lived in our first home – the second floor apartment of 3 School Street.

Serendipitous time flies.

Twenty-nine years later, our youngest son, Joel, entered Dartmouth, where he was assigned to, of course, Cohen Hall.

In a phone call months later, he asked whether I had known Meryl Streep (Vassar '71) during our year together as "special" students. Why?

In the dorm room next to Joel was his new best friend, Henry Gummer, Meryl's son. From their first week, they had become musical partners, forming "Bravo Silva," a duo that performed and recorded for seven years.

Through their friendship, the Gummer/Streeps and Schudsons celebrated Dartmouth occasions together, and Joel and Henry remain dear friends to this day.

What ... No Women?

By Charles B. Schudson, Dartmouth '72

No women? I must have been confused. Sure, I had heard Dartmouth was a men's college, but that certainly could not mean

Well, when I visited colleges and fell in love with Dartmouth, I must not have noticed. And when I was accepted, I must not have realized. But when I arrived, I soon understood. Sure, as promised, weekends, mixers, and fraternities could compensate ... but for whom? I was on financial aid; my weekends were committed to work and study. Mixers? I attended one and quickly walked out in disgust. Fraternities? I didn't drink, didn't like the clique/club ethic, and couldn't afford the time or money.

So there I was, at a MEN'S college. I was lonely, horny, and amazed at how I could have fallen in love with a college that had everything, except what I most desired.

Fortunately, I was an actor, and in my first term I was cast in the Dartmouth Players' production of "The Miser." Thus, I found myself in what, in 1968, was Dartmouth's only coeducational program. On a one-year transfer basis, Dartmouth had accepted seven (yes, count them, seven!) female drama majors — all juniors, from various colleges. Within weeks I was dating one of them a lovely lady, Nanalee Raphael, who lived in an Allen Street apartment I soon came to know so well.

But after a few months, Nanalee and I parted and misery returned. Suspecting that she had informed the other six women of my many deficiencies, I pursued other strategies: trying to persuade Dartmouth to simply abandon its two-hundred year tradition and admit women; transferring to another college; and studying "abroad."

And, actually, I followed through on two of those approaches: supporting the budding student movement for coeducation, and going on foreign study to Spain the first term of my sophomore year. Yes, there are women in Spain!

How delighted I was to find, upon my return in January 1970, that Dartmouth had entered "the experiment" — the ten-college exchange program under which seventy (yes, count them, seventy!) women had become "special" students (designated "(s) '70"), spending their junior years at Dartmouth. They all lived in Cohen Hall and, luckily, I had landed a single (room, that is) in nearby North Hall.

I recall conversations with classmates considering how, among the many applicants, these seventy had been selected. One theory, seriously, was that Dartmouth Admissions, in a Puckish mood, had simply picked the most entertaining names — for example: Dolly Fleet (I dated her briefly), Meryl Streep (I took a modern dance class with her), and Holly Peacock. Just imagine the law firm greeting ... "Good morning, Fleet, Streep, and Peacock."

But it was a rather ordinary name, and a rather extraordinary woman, who carried me away. And this, I promise, is true.

Sometime in March 1970, I was eating lunch in Thayer Hall when a few women stopped by to greet friends at the table. In an exchange lasting only seconds, I was introduced to Karen Rubin (Smith '71). As she walked away, I said to the friend sitting next to me, "I'm going to marry that girl."

A few days later we saw each other while walking on campus, and Karen invited me to stop by "some sunny day." A few weeks later we met up again, and Karen mentioned that several sunny days had passed since our last meeting. And a week or two later, after knocking at Dolly Fleet's Cohen Hall door and getting no answer, I found Karen in her room one floor up, eating matzoh and peanut butter, and offering to share.

We fell wonderfully in love, and courted throughout the turbulent term of the Kent State shootings, Cambodia bombings, and national student strike. Time seemed transformed — by love and politics.

I was appearing in the Dartmouth Players' production of "The Beggar's Opera." We added a curtain speech, which I presented at each performance, supporting the anti-war effort and more explicitly linking the play to the politics of the current day. We even added a matinee performance with all proceeds going to the strike fund. Karen and I traveled to Washington, D.C., lobbying a member of Congress and a Deputy Attorney General in conjunction with Dartmouth's "Continuing Presence in Washington."

The next year, we lived the “road trip” life— Karen returned to Smith for her senior year while I studied at New York University under NYU’s “Junior Year in New York” program. Karen twice turned down my marriage proposals, but apparently the third was the charm. On Karen’s graduation weekend, we were married in her North Carolina home and, a few months later, we moved into one of two small apartments on the second floor of the old farmhouse at 3 School Street.

We were not the first Dartmouth ‘72 and (s) ‘70 couple to marry; that distinction, we believe, went to my classmate Galen Kirkland and his bride, Natalie Chapman (also Smith ‘71). Karen, however, may have been the first (s) to gain Dartmouth employment. While I worked endlessly on a Senior Fellowship thesis, Karen worked happily as the assistant to Chaplain Harvey Pinyoun and Tucker Foundation Dean Paul Rahmeier.

Our year as a married couple in Hanover was stressful and delightful. We were adjusting to each other, feeling overwhelmed by both challenges and opportunities, and finding frustration in our inability to find time for friends and fun. (Notably, [almost fifty] years later, that still holds true.) We celebrated President Kemeny’s announcement that Dartmouth would indeed become a coeducational college, and as some indication of how important that was to me, I still have the issue of *The Dartmouth* proclaiming the news.

Following graduation in 1972, Karen and I returned to my home state, completing our graduate degrees at the University of Wisconsin. We have been badgers ever since. [Until retirement,] Karen [was] a psychotherapist and corporate-coaching consultant; I [was a] judge and law school teacher. For many years, I maintained modest Dartmouth ties— supervising Tucker interns, attending Wisconsin Dartmouth Club gatherings, and interviewing applicants.

In recent years, however, the ties have extended. In 1996, to celebrate our twenty-fifth anniversary, we went to Spain and found my Salamancan family. And while Ben corrected for his father’s foolishness by going to Vassar (60% women), Joel joined Dartmouth ‘02, thus returning Karen and me to Hanover for many wonderful visits.

In a rather remarkable coincidence, Joel was placed in Cohen Hall and, in his first week at Dartmouth, began a close friendship with another Cohen resident, Henry Gummer. Joel and Henry soon developed a musical partnership that continued throughout their college years. They performed regularly at the Lone Pine Tavern, and also acted in a Dartmouth production, playing best friends in “Suburbia.” Thus Henry and Joel, Meryl’s and Karen’s baby boys, found friendship in the same dorm their mothers had occupied thirty years before.

The coming of coeducation to Dartmouth was the irresistible force meeting the movable object. Occasionally, substantial conflict accompanied the movement, and I do remember marching in at least one demonstration for coeducation. But for the most part, coeducation, supported by President Kemeny, seemed inevitable. And any serious controversy surrounding it was eclipsed by the confrontations coming with the anti-war effort. At any other time, the coeducation issue could have been all-consuming; from 1968 to 1972, however, the Vietnam War re-focused us all.

For me, of course, the “experiment” was a stunning success. [Forty-seven] years later, I’m still madly in love with my special “(s) ‘70.” And now, visiting Joel [during his Dartmouth years, 1998 – 2002], and seeing coeducation spanning two generations, I am all the more certain that women and Dartmouth were always meant for each other.

Updated Highlights

By Charlie

I retired from the bench in 2004; received a Fulbright Fellowship for teaching at law schools abroad, 2009-14; taught in Bolivia, Chile, Germany, Mexico, and Peru; continue to teach at colleges, law schools, and judicial conferences throughout America; and, for the last three years, wrote *Independence Corrupted / How America's Judges Make Their Decisions* (University of Wisconsin Press, 2018).

For the last nine years, Karen and I have lived in Sedona, where we hike extensively, and where I am a Search & Rescue volunteer; we summer in Door County, Wisconsin. We love sharing these two paradises with friends and, of course, Dartmouth family. Come hike with us.

STEELE HALL / FAIRCHILD HALL

Science at the Environmental Protection Agency, by William Schlesinger



Bill's passion is translating science for lay audiences. A member of the National Academy of Sciences, he served as dean of the Nicholas School of the Environment at Duke and president of the Cary Institute of Ecosystem Studies. Check out his blog by clicking [here](#).

This is his third contribution to the Newsletter, adapted from his Translational Ecology Blog of May 23, 2018.

Controversy reigns at the Environmental Protection Agency. Before he left office, EPA administrator Scott Pruitt, with the help of Congressman Lamar Smith (R-Texas), proposed to censor some forms of science that have been used to formulate regulations for environmental protection. Specifically, the new rules would exclude the use of science that is not fully open, reproducible, and available for scholarly inquiry.

Now, on the one hand, it would seem that academic scientists would applaud these rules. Universities thrive on full, open disclosure, replication, and discussion of scientific results. Most universities will not count classified research towards promotion and tenure. So what is the controversy?

The new rules would exclude long-term studies that use human volunteers in some matters such as the toxic effects of air pollution. Here, when individuals agree to join the study, they submit ancillary information about themselves, such as their address, phone number, occupation, drug, tobacco and alcohol use, and other data pertinent to air pollution studies, like the presence of cats in the household. To an environmental scientist, these are known as covariates, since they add variation to the groups of human subjects who may be exposed (or not) to air pollution.

Traditionally, this type of information is held in confidence by rules of the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS). The National Science Foundation (NSF) and the National Institutes of Health (NIH) require that such research will not disclose these data, because they could be used for nefarious purposes – such as deciding on health insurance premiums for the volunteers.

The Pruitt initiative would exclude these types of studies, since they would fall into a category of “secret” science. In the process, the new rules would exclude some of the largest, longest, and most influential studies that form the basis of the Clean Air Act. Is this exclusion necessary?

I would argue not. Covariates affect every study in environmental science, especially of toxic chemicals and pollution. If you compare the fish that are killed before and after the addition of a toxic chemical to a waterway, you have no way of knowing the individual histories of the fishes that died (or did not). For a truly toxic chemical, the results (mortality) could be dramatic. Variation among the individual fishes is only likely to diminish an otherwise strong inference of toxicity in the exposed population. Would we want to exclude this study because we don't know about the subjects?

Scientific journals publish papers only after they have been subject to careful, critical review by anonymous peers with expertise in the field in question. The reviewers examine whether the results are statistically significant in the face of variation among subjects as a result of unknown covariate parameters. There are standard and rigorous ways for testing the validity of results. Even when published, the work will be subject to scrutiny by colleagues and if their motivation is strong enough, other scientists may choose to try to reproduce the study, albeit with a different group of volunteer subjects.

Holding the information on human subjects in confidence is essential to personal privacy and the ability to recruit volunteer subjects for long-term studies. Excellent science can result from statistical differences among populations of unknown variance, if the sample size is large. This science should not be excluded from deliberations to protect our health from environmental contamination. Indeed, all actions by the Environmental Protection Agency should be taken on the basis of science – not from religious beliefs, from payoffs, or from the desires of special interest groups.

See also:

Schlesinger, W.H. 2016., “Peer Review,” by clicking [here](#).

Schlesinger, W.H. 2017., “When Science Informed Policy,” by clicking [here](#).

ANCIENT EMPIRES

By Bob and Susan Doerr and Bill and Ingrid Roberts

Two years ago, we had a mini-reunion on a river cruise from Amsterdam to Antwerp with Dartmouth Alumni Travel.

This year we met again for another Dartmouth Alumni cruise, this time from Rome to Valletta.

Our ship, *Le Lapérouse*, was, at the time of our sailing, the most recent addition to a French fleet of cruise ships, and making her second voyage. Perhaps needless to say, the cuisine was, well, French – and superb!

There were 39 Dartmouth travelers among some 160 passengers, including alumni from Baylor College of Medicine, Duke University, Georgetown University, Mount Holyoke, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill (with tales of Hurricane Florence), Rice University, and Western Michigan University; and members the National Trust for Historic Preservation and Smithsonian Journeys.

If groups are large enough, a professor or expert is invited to offer lectures, so Kevin Reinhart, an Associate Professor in the Department of Religion, specializing in Islamic religious studies, gave two of the lectures which prepared us for each day's land excursion.

At the end of the trip, Liz Nuñez, Director of Alumni Leadership, took this picture of us, and here are a few other highlights.

Bob and Susan write:

Have you ever been between a rock and a hard place?

We passengers of the ship *Le Lapérouse* were in that spot on our approach to Sicily, going through the Straits of Messina. The Captain navigated the swift currents, having prepared us for potential rough seas.

Luckily, there were calm waters that morning. The rough seas came later as we entered the port of Valletta on Malta. We were the second and last of the six ships scheduled to arrive that morning. The others were diverted due to the severe waves.

One of our favorite days was spent in Pompeii, walking the streets used in AD 79 when Mt. Vesuvius erupted, pouring ash upon the remaining people of Pompeii. According to our guide, a young woman now living in present-day Pompeii, some people had already left the city, and they witnessed the demise of their family and friends from neighboring towns and villages.

This was not our first encounter with ancient civilizations, having been on the cruise of Greek Islands and extending into Turkey, also with Dartmouth Alumnae. We've seen Troy. We've seen the buildings and the dishes found from past civilizations but left behind by their owners as they fled nature.

This was personal and powerful. Another link of the past and the present was a gigantic sculpture of a muscular young man done in bronze by Igor Mitoraj, representing those lost in the ruins:



Another of Igor Mitoraj's sculptures was displayed in the Valley of the Temples in Agrigento, Sicily. The continuity was comforting.

Part of the joy of a trip is the anticipation, the preparing.

Dartmouth Alumni Travel has always suggested readings.

The Kappillan of Malta, by Nicholas Monserrat, was one such book. It prepared us for the centuries of history we would be witnessing but also the present.



Our group enjoyed a private tour of the 16th century Casa Rocca Picolla.

Nicholas de Piro and his wife Francis were the first of the Maltese aristocracy to open their homes to the public.

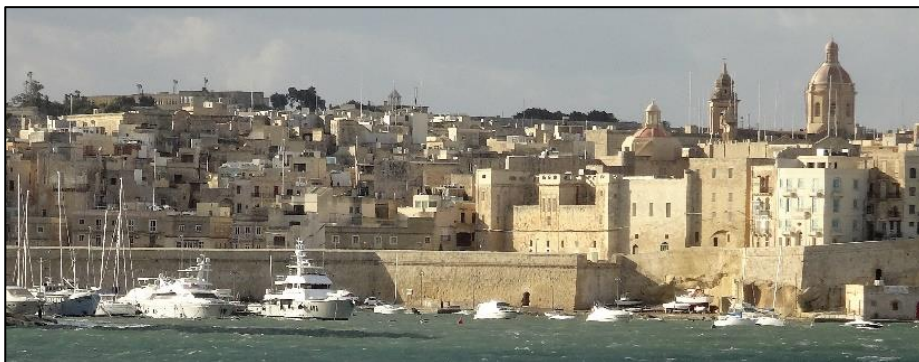
This palace and family played an important role in the afore mentioned book.

We met Francis as she personally led a tour through her home.

The Casa Rocca Picolla's formal dining room, with Susan in the foreground, on the left.

Editor's Note: Susan Doerr took the pictures of the Mitoraj sculptures.

Bill and Ingrid write: Because, like Jerusalem, Malta's buildings are built of native limestone, in the proper light they give a magnificent, clean, and uniform appearance to the landscape, rural as well as urban.



In this picture, our ship enters Malta's Grand Harbor.

Of particular interest to us were the Lascaris War Rooms, excavated deep into the Valletta rock.



Built during the siege of Malta in 1940, General Eisenhower planned and commanded Operation Huskey, the assault on Sicily, here in 1943. A thousand people,

including 240 soldiers, worked with the nearly unbearable heat, humidity, and noise of the ventilation systems.

Almost three centuries earlier, the Co-Cathedral of St. John the Baptist was built, and here is a glimpse of its stunning High Baroque interior.



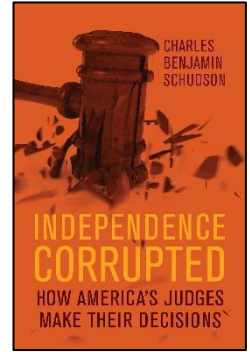
SILSBY HALL

Independence Corrupted, by Charles B. Schudson



Charles B. Schudson, a Wisconsin Reserve Judge Emeritus, served as a state and federal prosecutor, a trial and appellate judge, an Adjunct Professor of Law, and a Fulbright Fellow at law schools abroad. He is the author of Independence Corrupted: How America's Judges Make Their Decisions (University of Wisconsin Press, 2018).

They all agreed. Bret Kavanaugh and every senator on the Judiciary Committee agreed on two key points. First, *independence* is essential to judicial fairness. Second, to maintain independence, a judge or judicial nominee must not declare or imply positions on issues that might come before the bench.



Accordingly, like all supreme court nominees, Judge Kavanaugh “answered” many questions by explaining that, to maintain an open mind and the *appearance* of independence, he must forecast nothing other than his readiness for the parties to appear, present their arguments, and help him understand the facts and the law. And, despite their disagreements, all the senators joined Kavanaugh in embracing these principles.

How astounding, therefore, that neither Judge Kavanaugh nor any senator mentioned that, since 2002, independence no longer is the fulcrum on which judicial decision-making rests. How disturbing that pundits and policy-makers apparently do not know that, since 2002, America’s judges are free to forecast their decisions on *every* issue – abortion, guns, executive privilege – on *any* issue they please, pandering for political support even on issues almost certain to come before them on the bench.

What happened in 2002? The Supreme Court decided *Republican Party of Minnesota v. White*, invalidating the “announce clause” of Minnesota’s Code of Judicial Conduct. Like the judicial ethics codes of almost all states, it prohibited judges and judicial candidates from “announcing” their views on legal/political issues during their campaigns. Thus, the Supreme Court upended America’s judicial ethics codes and its tradition of judicial independence.

Surprising? After all, Judiciary Committee hearings on a supreme court nominee could lead one to assume that America has a single judicial system comprised of federal courts, topped by the Supreme Court. But not so; instead, in addition to such a federal system, each state has its own courts, capped by its own supreme court, and then also topped by the US Supreme Court. And thirty-nine of our states, accounting for almost 90% of America’s judiciary, *elect* their judges following both partisan and non-partisan campaigns.

I was a judge in one of them. Before 2002, when I ran in Wisconsin for both the trial and appellate bench, I campaigned – door-to-door, and at bowling alleys, labor halls, churches, and even partisan meetings. But I could not offer my opinions about abortion, gun control, or other subjects I might someday be considering on the bench.

The voters understood; for years, they had been civically schooled to accept that judges are different. Unlike others running for public offices, judicial candidates must try to remain free from personal and political biases that could compromise their impartiality. Even when vying for endorsements and financial support from advocacy groups, unions, or corporate organizations, silence was golden.

Wisconsin’s judicial ethics code prohibited me from declaring my positions. If I chose to ignore that prohibition, state authorities could suspend or remove me from office. Since the 1960s, all fifty states enacted similar standards. But while almost all judges, liberal and conservative, accepted them and complied, some candidates rebelled. Driven by personal beliefs and political ambitions, they campaigned on controversial issues. Soon they found themselves in court, some fighting disciplinary prosecutions of their violations.

One was an attorney who, in his campaigns for the Minnesota Supreme Court, distributed literature criticizing that court’s decisions on abortion and other issues. He sought an injunction to stop the ethics board from disciplining him for violating the law against “announc[ing] his ... views on disputed legal or political issues.” Minnesota’s Republican Party joined in the case, arguing that the code denied voters what they needed for informed voting.

The US Supreme Court, 5-4, agreed. Under the First Amendment, *judges and judicial candidates now are free to declare their positions on any issue – even ones that might come before them on the bench.*

Thus, since 2002, judicial elections have morphed from low-financed yawners to high-financed screamers about abortion, gun control, same-sex marriage, and tort reform. Consequently, America's judges now are more vulnerable to litmus testing and political pressuring than at any time in American history.

Ethics codes had offered no guarantees, but had succeeded in solidifying independence. The public had come to trust in the capacity of judges to decide cases based on the merits, not on personal biases or political promises. But now, voters ask, "Well, how do you feel about. . . ?" and interest groups demand, "How would you rule on. . . ?"

And now, like never before, judges and judicial candidates calculate their answers according to endorsements and dollars.

No surprise, then, that upon her retirement from the Supreme Court, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, with the University of Denver Institute for the Advancement of the American Legal System, dedicated her "legacy project" to convincing states to jettison judicial elections and adopt merit-based selection. So far, their efforts have failed.

But Judge Kavanaugh was appointed, and weren't his hearings about merit? Besides, the really big cases are decided not by state judges, but by federal judges and the Supreme Court, right? And regardless of the never-ending pendulum swings resulting from changes in presidential administrations and senate majorities (and, most recently, from changes in senate rules for reviewing judicial nominees), Kavanaugh and other prospective federal judges and justices need not campaign or forecast their positions.

That's what many believe, but while federal judges and the Supreme Court make decisions of monumental importance, approximately 99% of all America's cases – from child custody to medical malpractice, from multi-million dollar disputes to murder – are decided by state judges. And now, let's expose the do-not-declare myth of the federal judiciary.

Could Judge Kavanaugh have spoken his mind? Could the senators have pushed for his forecasts? Although the Code of Conduct for United States Judges pays homage to independence, only Canon 3(A) comes close to addressing these questions, stating only that a judge or judicial nominee "should not make public comment on the merits of a matter pending or impending in any court."

Thus, Judge Kavanaugh, quite honorably perhaps, may have refrained from speaking his mind, and all the senators, quite courteously perhaps, may have refrained from pushing beyond the bounds of traditional propriety, but no law required such restraint. And, behind the scenes, Kavanaugh was not necessarily required to restrict his statements. He, as much as any state court judge now unbridled by *Republican Party v. White*, enjoys First Amendment protection for the forecasts he might choose to offer.

Was the Supreme Court's 2002 decision constitutionally correct? Reasonable people may disagree; in fact, five justices filed separate opinions, not always breaking along predictable liberal/conservative lines. Their constitutional dilemma was difficult, moving beyond partisan considerations.

So without taking sides, all can agree on the singularly consequential impact of *Republican Party v. White*. It may be the most important Supreme Court decision affecting judicial conduct in American history. Absent further Supreme Court review or transformative legislative reform, the fairness (or at least the *appearance* of fairness) of all state judges never can recover.

Alexis de Tocqueville warned that elective judiciaries "sooner or later ... will have dire results and that one day it will be seen that by diminishing [judicial] independence, not judicial power only but the democratic republic itself has been attacked." The attack was propelled in 2002; the "dire results" are here. Indeed, as Chief Justice John Marshall declared two hundred years ago, "the greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and sinning people, was ... a dependent judiciary."

In 2015, in a case considering the propriety of judicial candidates soliciting campaign donations, Chief Justice Roberts declared, "Judges are not politicians," and Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg echoed, "Judges are not politicians." If only that were so. But now, despite these desperate lamentations of distinguished jurists from opposite political ends of the Supreme Court, we must ask whether America's judicial independence can continue and, without it, whether our democratic republic can survive.

Editor's Note: Please see my Note on page 5 for information on purchasing Charlie's book.

The promotional materials included this quote from Chief Justice John Marshall in 1829: "The greatest scourge an angry Heaven ever inflicted upon an ungrateful and a sinning people, was an ignorant, a corrupt, or a dependent judiciary."