



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CLASS OF 1981

JUNE 2020 NEWSLETTER

IN THESE UNPRECEDENTED TIMES, LET US PAUSE, REFLECT, AND REMEMBER
"ALL MANKIND IS YOUR BROTHER AND YOU ARE YOUR BROTHER'S KEEPER."

— John G. Kemeny, June 14, 1981



"LISTEN TO THE VOICE *that is within yourself, the voice that tells you that mankind can live in peace, that mankind can live in harmony, that it can live with respect for the rights and the dignity of all human beings. And use your talents—your very, very considerable talents—to make this a better world, a more compassionate world for all of us."*

Dear Classmates,

It so happened that this year's graduation occurred precisely on the 39th anniversary of our own commencement, when **President Kemeny** spoke the words above. Given many recent acts of hate and violence against Black people in the U.S., Kemeny's words continue to call on us to be part of the solution. In this issue, incoming newsletter editor Vaughn Halyard enumerates several specific ways we can educate ourselves on the Black experience. And Pulitzer Prize winner, and former Dartmouth Trustee Annette Gordon-Reed shares her experience and scholarship via reflections on the holiday Juneteenth. For many of us, Vaughn and Annette's words address gaps in

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GROWING UP WITH JUNETEENTH

How a Texan holiday became a national tradition.

By **Annette Gordon-Reed**

The New Yorker - June 19, 2020

For blacks, the Declaration of Independence carried a promise not yet fulfilled. It was in this sense that Juneteenth and the Fourth of July were related.

When I was a little girl, in Texas, I thought Juneteenth belonged to us, meaning to the state of Texas generally and to black Texans specifically. In my small town, the story of Gordon Granger, the U.S. Army general who announced, in Galveston, on June 19, 1865, that slavery was over, was told with seriousness and bits of gallows humor. The older people joked that the Emancipation Proclamation had actually been signed two years before, but "the white people" wanted to get a few extra harvest seasons in before they told "the Negroes" about it. My father would say, with a sardonic smile and a short laugh, that it was worse than that: "the slaves have never really been freed."

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HOW TO BLM

After the May killing of George Floyd and the protests that followed, classmate **Vaughn Halyard**, incoming newsletter editor and co-chair of the Online Class Programming Committee, was compelled to communicate his perspective. What follows is a version of his June 10 Facebook post,

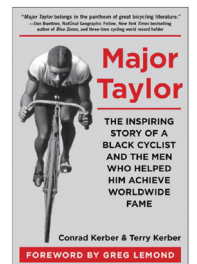


edited for clarity, a guide to help his friends respond to the Black Lives Matter movement. Several classmates had noticed the post and recommended to the newsletter editors that we share it with the class. We agreed, as did Vaughn. — The Editors

I've pondered what to post about the Black Lives Matter movement. Truthfully, I had to first reduce the level of pure rage, not just from the [killing of George Floyd], but from some of the rhetoric surrounding the incident and the vilification of Floyd. I've had arguments with people who claim their town isn't racist. Of course it's not—to them. They've never been driving with their son and been stopped by a cop who asked whose skis we had on our car or even who's car it was.

As it became evident that my rage was the rage of many, and that it crossed demographic, cultural, racial, and geographic borders, I have worked to convert a small piece of my rage into hope and education. Here are some of my suggestions for supporting Black Lives Matter:

- Really learn about U.S. Black history.** Black History Month, Black Music Month, Black this, Black that, etc.... are well meaning. But our scholastic history is so vacuous; let's make this a teachable moment and an opportunity to upgrade your edification.
- If Slavery is too intense, because it is intense, at least become familiar with these three topics.** You can Google them.
 - Redlining Black America. This is an infrastructural poison that has negatively affected not only people of color, but also the value of US cities across all ethnicities. (My company is producing a documentary on redlining.)
 - Black Wall Street Tulsa
 - Major Taylor, the Black Tour de France Racer (I add this for no reason other than I love the story)



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HOW TO BLM *continued from page 1*

3. **If you're not a person of color, do a quick social and professional inventory.** How many of you have black professional peers? Your office, your clubs, your vacation destination, your neighborhood? Last black dinner guest? House guest? Think hard. Don't feel judged but do take a realistic inventory. No, you don't need to send me a tally. And yes, some is better than none.
4. **If you have not actually studied Black history beyond the Cotton Gin and how Lincoln and the North "freed the slaves," the Black history you were taught in school is horseshit.** If you would truly like to know how to support BLM positive efforts, pick one of your closest African/Black history museums, when it reopens, visit it, and more importantly donate to support it. Here are some of my favs. Chip in, stop in, feel free to tell them I sent you. And if you would like info on additional direction to learning resources, ask one of these fine folks for some suggestions.

African American Museum of Iowa (<https://blackiowa.org>).
Contact: LaNisha Cassell | Executive Director | lcassell@blackiowa.org

Wisconsin Black Historical Society (<http://www.wbhs.org>)

Contact: Clayborn Benson | Founding Executive Director | bensonclayborn@wbhs.org

I don't personally know these Colorado folks, but when I visited, I found it captivating. I had a cousin who always spoke of "5 Points" in Denver.



Black American West Museum
(<https://www.bawmhc.org>)

In the contemporary Black community, this is a time of reflection like no other. That said, if you are my age, our parents already did this. Their hope was that we would not have to. Thanks

to the iPhone and Steve Jobs, this time is better than the one they went through—more inclusive though no less toxic.

Note that many of us Black folks, across all demographics, are just plain furious as hell. We'll calm down, but there is a great chance we will never be the same, because at the end of the day, when the shit flies and the cops show up, the odds are high that no matter the circumstance, we're the one that gets shot or hauled to jail from our own car. No, your little black guy jokes are not funny. They never really were, but we let them slide. Don't try them anymore.

Lastly, and this is my opinion, Black folks truly and sincerely would love some law and order. Too often we have been victim

to Unlawful Disorder. Defund the Police is a horrible concept. Fix the Police is imperative. As is Fund the Teachers. It's a complex issue that stems from a national history of Slavery, Jim Crow, and Redlining. Again, read up and some of it will truly begin to make sense.

We thank you for the support but do understand, without question, shit is truly different now but we still love you.

OUR 40TH REUNION ON THE 40TH YEAR!

Dear 1981 Classmates,

As you know, we had originally intended to come together in Hanover this month to celebrate our 40th (actually 39th) class reunion in a cluster-class group with the classes of 1979 and 1980. However, with the Covid-19 global pandemic crisis, Dartmouth College wisely postponed all class reunions until June or July of 2021. We look forward to welcoming you all back to Hanover at that time to celebrate our actual 40th reunion! Your reunion committee remains assembled and is ready to resume our planning as soon as we learn the rescheduled dates from Dartmouth.

As we prepare for our 2021 reunion, our class reunion committee has formed a subcommittee, to be co-chaired by **Vaughn Halyard** and **Danielle Dyer**, that will focus on the creation of a wide variety of class online programs that will be available to us throughout the upcoming year. Self-isolation has forced all of us to become Zoom-capable, and our virtual participation skills have greatly improved, so let's take advantage of that to stay connected. See page 8 for more information.

Last, and most important, we want to thank our co-class presidents, **Pat Berry** and **Robert Goldbloom** for their extraordinary leadership of our class during the last five years. They have expended many, many hours of time and effort on our behalf, and we appreciate it. We also want to thank all of our class officers and executive committee members, many of whom will complete their terms at the end of this month. The class executive committee collaborated and moved our class forward like a well-oiled machine over the last several years, and we have all benefited from its hard work.

We hope that you stay safe and healthy during these very challenging times.

Your reunion chairs,
Rick Silverman & Lynne Hamel Gaudet



JUNETEENTH *continued from page 1*

The jokes played upon several basic truths. The Emancipation Proclamation had, in fact, been signed more than two years before, but its provisions could only be applied in areas controlled by the U.S. Army. Confederate forces in Texas did not surrender until June 2, 1865. Even after Granger's announcement, many whites in Texas continued to enslave people who had not heard the news. Those who had heard were often forcibly prevented from acting as if any material change had taken place. Freedom had come in legal terms, but the story was not so clear on the ground as it was on paper. Former enslavers unleashed violence upon the people whom they had claimed as property, and others threatened to do so in order to make people work. Amid joy and hope was great malevolence and power. As my father's jibe suggested, the legacies of slavery still lingered, putting true freedom out of reach.

I don't recall white Texans celebrating Juneteenth. Then again, I wouldn't know; the holiday was part of the summer, and summer took kids in my home town out of the schools and back into our racially separated communities. For our part, Juneteenth meant drinking red soda water and eating barbecued goat, along with other traditional Southern dishes. I loved the red soda water part. I was not so much into eating goat. It was not just that I disliked the taste. Goat was not a usual part of the menu in my area, so, if goat was to be had, one had to be killed and prepared, which I watched a neighbor do on one occasion, to my horror. Whatever leanings I have toward vegetarianism grew out of watching a terrified animal as he was hung upside down, bleating, just before his throat was slit. But that ritual was easily avoided, and we kids, our mouths red, spent most of our time playing games, throwing firecrackers, and lighting sparklers until night fell.

The holiday we celebrated with whites, though seldom together, was the Fourth of July. The difference between the two days was apparent to me even as a kid. Whites had much more reason to see the Declaration of Independence as the fulfillment of something: namely, of their desire to create a nation over which they exercised control. From the country's earliest days, whites in the South, in particular, saw their freedom as inextricably linked to their power over African-Americans, power that they maintained, through legal and extra-legal means, even after slavery's end. The long effort to loosen that grip had been the project of black activists and their white allies during the second half of the twentieth century. By the time of my early childhood, those efforts were just beginning to bear fruit.

For blacks, the Declaration carried a promise not yet fulfilled. It was in this sense that Juneteenth and the Fourth of July were,

in fact, related. The words that Thomas Jefferson wrote in the Declaration about equality echo in the executive order that Granger read, that June, from the villa where he was living:

The people of Texas are informed that, in accordance with a proclamation from the Executive of the United States, all slaves are free. This involves an absolute equality of personal rights and rights of property between former masters and slaves, and the connection heretofore existing between them becomes that between employer and hired labor. The freedmen are advised to remain quietly at their present homes and work for wages. They are informed that they will not be allowed to collect at military posts and that they will not be supported in idleness either there or elsewhere.

The Confederacy, of which Texas had been a part, had emphatically rejected the Declaration's language about equality. Indeed, in his famous "Cornerstone Speech," from 1861, Alexander Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy, called out Jefferson by name:

Jefferson in his forecast, had anticipated [slavery], as the "rock upon which the old Union would split." He was right . . . The prevailing ideas entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. . . Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests, upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth.

As a child, I knew nothing of Stephens or his statement of the Confederacy's bedrock principles. But it is no wonder that such attitudes, so passionately felt and expressed, would pass down through generations in some white families, and still remain resonant—and be familiar to me—when I gained consciousness as part of a community outside of my family. Although important, Granger's reading of an executive order—an order based upon the will of a President already assassinated, two months earlier, by a man who feared black equality—was only a tiny step toward the work that had to be done.

I also did not know, as a child, how intensely African-Americans had fought to keep alive the memory of Juneteenth—to commemorate

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BIG QUESTION #7 The term “trail magic” was coined by long-distance hikers to describe an unexpected occurrence that lifts a hiker’s spirits, inspires awe or gratitude, and otherwise eases the strain of an arduous journey. Have you encountered any random moments of kindness or other “trail magic” on your own journey through this uncharted terrain?

Undistanced By The Light *By Betsy S. Rubinstein*

An unseen virus multiplied
Stealthily round the world,
Leaving us all horrified
As havoc fast unfurled.

Raging like a wildfire
We could not contain,
Debilitating, suffocating,
Causing untold pain.

Yet, amidst the agony,
There’s magic to admire --
The heartbeat of humanity
That’s fighting this fierce fire.

The first responders rallying
To clear the unmarked way
For victims of this savage plague
To live another day.

The brave determination,
Camaraderie, and grace
Of all the health care workers
Who stare death in the face.

Those in manufacturing,
Swiftly switching gears
To make the priceless PPE
That helps allay our fears.

The boundless ingenuity
That scientists have shown
In seeking out the tests and cures
To conquer this unknown.

The farmers and the truckers,
And the workers in the stores,
And all who help deliveries
Arrive safe at our doors.

Those sacrificing livelihoods
To follow protocol,
And shuttering their businesses
To aid the health of all.

The students and the teachers,
Mastering new ways
To learn while social distancing
In these uncertain days.

Generous philanthropists,
And selfless volunteers,
And new routines for families
To treasure through the years.

Unbridled creativity
In music and in art,
That’s entertained and soothed us
While we’ve stayed safe apart.

And countless friendly gestures,
All politics aside,
In this, our shared predicament,
To show our civic pride.

With window cheers and tributes,
And flyovers above,
We’ve honored Covid heroes
And showered them with love.

Yet our fiery foe persists;
Still threatens all we’ve cherished.
So we bravely soldier on,
Avenging those who’ve perished.

This pandemic will retreat,
And every lockdown lift.
But the strength that we’ve amassed
Will be a lasting gift.

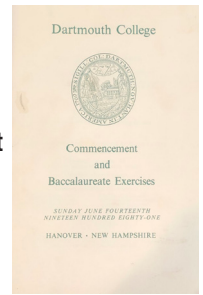
Flames will burn on, in our hearts,
For all our loved ones lost.
But we’ll know we persevered
Despite the staggering cost.

In Covid-19 versus Us,
When at last it’s done,
The final verdict’s sure to be
“Humanity has won.”

For all the magic that has shone
Upon this unmarked trail
Has lit our path, will lead us on,
And proves we will prevail.

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BIG QUESTION #8
The Dartmouth Class of 2020 graduated on June 14th, exactly 39 years after we did, albeit under very different circumstances. What is your favorite memory of our Commencement/ Senior Week? We would love to relive it with you!



Mike Steinharter

This is an easy one for me....my most endearing memory of graduation is of Meryl Streep and **Alex Dmyterko**. Meryl asked Alex for a sip of the champagne he had obviously hidden beneath his gown. Always one to think quickly on his feet, Alex said he would trade a swig for a kiss. How good is that?!

Camie Hering

My father, Blake Hering was Dartmouth Class of '53, while my mother, then Joan Gamble, was Smith Class of '53 having dated before, during and after their college years.

During the days preceding our graduation, **Jonathon Moulton**, one of my closest friends all four years at Dartmouth, introduced me and my mother to his father, John Moulton, Dartmouth Class of '53. In that moment, we all discovered my mother had dated Jonathon's father during their college years! Jonathon and I had NO idea until that moment. Clearly, our friendship was predetermined, Dartmouth ties run deeper than any of us know!! Hahaha

So many happy memories of our Dartmouth years and all the great friendships!

To see all the Big Questions and responses, visit <http://1981.dartmouth.org> and click on BIG Questions.



LOVE IN THE AGE OF CORONAVIRUS

By Susan Weiss Spencer



The wedding invitations had just gone out in early March when it became clear that things would not go as planned.

My daughter, Dana, and her fiancé, Aidan Larsen, sent an email shortly thereafter to some 120 invited guests, regretfully informing them that due to restrictions and preventive measures surrounding COVID-19, which had just been declared a global pandemic by the World Health Organization, the event planned for May 30 would be postponed a year.

The world shut down, but that didn't mean Dana and Aidan weren't still going to get married. They did, in fact, tie the knot on May 30, 2020, as planned.

Instead of the big celebration at a farm in Leesburg, Virginia, overlooking the Potomac, a total of 13 people, including the officiant, the photographer and her assistant, socially distanced and for the most part masked, gathered in my brother's backyard in Falls Church, Virginia. This was a fortunate alternative because Fairfax County was one of the few in the area processing marriage licenses online.

The impromptu mini-wedding was pulled together in short order. I purchased online faux floral garlands to drape around my brother's deck railing. The catered menu featured takeout Vietnamese Banh mi sandwiches and appetizers. The bride's bouquet was cut flowers from Whole Foods and in lieu of wedding cake, the couple shared bites of Duck Donuts.

There were still smiles, warm chuckles and a few tears during the 15-minute service. The couple, who had met in their first-year dorm hall at Carleton College eight years ago, shared a hint of nervousness.

A reception and some sort of affirmation of vows will go on at the estate on the Potomac next May 30. Hopefully our far-flung family and friends can share the moment in person.

Yet we'll cherish the memory of this special mini-wedding in trying times, a celebration of love and family at its essence.

Dana summed it up in a Facebook post:

"Between COVID-19, racism, and police brutality, there's a lot of awful shit happening in the world right now. But part of being human is the constant desire to seek small glimmers of light in the darkness, to cling to hope and love and joy and humor at all costs. This past Saturday, while my heart was breaking with the injustices of this supposedly just and free country, my heart was also full of love for my now-husband and my family. And although this intimate wedding ceremony in masks was not the

wedding that I had envisioned when Aidan and I got engaged last year, it reminded me that these loving human connections are all that really matter—they're what life is all about."

Photo credits: Nancy Anderson Cordell Photography and Colin Spencer.

BLESSINGS FOR BOB

We heard some good news from **Bob Spears**. His daughter Corinne got married on March 14 in Franschoek, South Africa (just outside Cape Town). He writes that it was a beautiful, emotional event, but it ended abruptly the day after the wedding when South Africa declared a state of emergency due to COVID-19, and revoked tourist visas. In fact, many at the wedding, including Bob himself, came down with the virus. He is now recovered and healthy, and adds, "I've donated convalescent plasma twice so far. Lots of things to be thankful for."

One of those things is that son Tucker just graduated in the Class of 2020.

Bob also shared an interesting bit of Class of '81 legacy trivia. He and **Bob Crowe** and **Pat Berry** all had fathers in the Class of '54, and children in the Class of '20. Congratulations to Tucker Spears, Annalisa Crowe and Cate Heisler – and, of course, to their parents.



Chris and Bob Spears with their children Tucker '20, Connor, Corinne and their new son-in-law Adrian Cox.

DCF UPDATE

Dear Classmates,

Thank you for including the Dartmouth College Fund in your philanthropy this year. In this extraordinary and heartbreaking time, we know that many organizations and efforts deserve your attention. Many in the Class of 1981 showed their support for Dartmouth students, who are the heart of why we continue the tradition of giving back to Dartmouth, and they need our support now more than ever. It's not too late to join our Class's 40th Reunion DCF gift (fiscal year ends June 30) and every donation—even \$19.81—makes a difference for students and demonstrates our class's commitment. Not sure if you made your gift yet? Visit our Class honor roll here: dartgo.org/honorroll

Warmly,

Beth Shapiro Lewyckj & Martin Weinstein, Co-Head Agents



INTERVIEW WITH COACH GAUDET *by Abner Oakes*

Bob Gaudet retires on June 30 from serving as the Dartmouth Head Coach of the Men's Hockey Team for 23 years.

1. Imagine yourself a week after your retirement begins. What will you miss most of all? And what will you not miss?

I will miss the relationships you build with players that transform from player-coach to lifelong friendships. It's very gratifying to watch how Dartmouth helps develop such caring and mature adults in the four years they spend in Hanover. Now, I won't miss the bus rides. Over the past 37 years, I've spent an incredible amount of time on buses. Although I'll miss the interactions with players and staff on those trips, I honestly won't miss making the 6½ hour commute to tropical Ithaca, New York, in February and arriving back home at 5:00 am on Sunday morning, after Saturday night's game.

2. Few coaches stay on the job as long as you did, at one place. Why is that, do you think?

I owe Dartmouth an incredible amount for all of the blessings that I have in my life. My passion for our alma mater has enabled me to get up every morning and try to somehow repay all that the school has afforded me. I had an amazing experience during my four years as a student-athlete at Dartmouth, and my goal was to have my players feel the same way about Dartmouth and about each other as my teammates and I do to this day.

3. What three pieces of wisdom would you give to any new ice hockey coach?

(1) Do what is right. (2) Do the best that you can. (3) Treat others the way you would like to be treated. I believe that leadership comes down to empathy and humility. I hope that the next coach truly cares deeply for the players and understands that in coaching a storied program like Dartmouth Men's Hockey, you ultimately represent something that is way bigger than yourself. There have been an incredible list of alumni who have worn the green and white and paved the way for all that our hockey program enjoys today.

4. What's one big change that happened to ice hockey from when you started coaching at Brown to now?

Recruiting has drastically changed. During my first head coaching job at Brown, we actually recruited seniors in high school. Currently, with the advent of early recruiting throughout Division 1 college hockey, most student hockey players are committed to a college program at least two years prior to enrolling. This major change was initiated by athletic scholarship institutions committing student-athletes at increasingly younger ages. The NCAA is in the process of pumping the brakes on this process, and I'm completely in favor of that. The other change is the speed of the game. There are times on the bench where I asked myself, "Did I actually play this game?" Athletes now train year-round, specifically for their sport. The skill level and the frenetic speed of today's game are incredible.

5. How do you connect your Dartmouth playing days to your Dartmouth coaching days? What is the throughline to those years?

I was very fortunate to play for a wonderful man in George

Crowe and with an incredible group of teammates. The family atmosphere that I was part of in my playing days at Dartmouth is the same culture that I hoped to create as the head coach. I felt that it was important that every member of our team, staff, and support staff understand that they played an important role in our program's success. We often talk as a team about leaving the jersey in a better place than when you received it as a freshman. One of the proudest moments of my life was putting on my Dartmouth jersey for the first time in 1977. Leaving now, after being involved with the program as both a player and a coach, I hope that I somehow have been able to accomplish that task.

6. All the kids have songs they listen to before they hit the ice, to psych themselves up. Coaches are never given that chance. What would've been yours?

"I Won't Back Down" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. Lynne and I were fortunate to see Tom Petty perform in Boston in 2017, shortly before he passed away. The song has always spoken to me about the benefits of being persistent and having a positive attitude when faced with challenges.

LISTEN... *continued from page 1*

our understanding of Black history and encourage us to keep learning and challenging ourselves.

You'll certainly be hearing more from and about our incoming class officers, who were elected this month in a landslide (wouldn't you know), 226-1. We suspect they will "use their very, very considerable talents" to keep us informed and inspired and connected. We look forward, for instance, to the events calendar of our new virtual programming team (see page 8).

Here are the brave and generous souls who've agreed to lead our class for the next five years as the new Class of 1981 Executive Committee:

Co-Presidents

Lynne Hamel Gaudet
Beth Shapiro Lewyckyj

Treasurer

Claudia Sweeney Weed

Secretaries

Emil Miskovsky
Ann Jacobus Kordahl

Newsletter Editors

Gail Chen, Rick Silverman,
Lynnette Eubanks Marshall,
Vaughn Halyard

Digital Content Managers

Kevin Kerin
Barnes Darwin

Mini-Reunion Chairs

Sally Ankeny Reiley, Elizabeth Wang,
Robin Smoller Sullivan,
Chip Bettencourt

Head Agents

Howard Morse, Susan Adler Funk

Gift Planning Chair

Anne Scott-Putney

Class Projects Chairs

Molly Sundberg Van Metre
Julie Koeninger

Alumni Council Representative

Ellen Brout Lindsey

Compassio Liaison

Danielle Dyer

This is it, our last message to you as class co-presidents. It would have been nice to say good-bye in person, but we certainly plan to be there to celebrate with you when our reunion finally takes place next summer. Until then, take good care of yourselves!

Pat Berry & Robert Goldbloom
Co-presidents



JUNETEENTH *continued from page 3*

our ancestors' struggles and their hopes, and to link them to our own. As I grew older, I learned, from my mother, about Emancipation Park, in nearby Houston. Emancipation Park is one of the oldest public parks in the state. It was founded, in 1872, when four men who had been enslaved raised money from two churches and purchased ten acres of land on which to hold Juneteenth celebrations. A few decades later, in the nineteen-tens, the city gained control of the land and made it a segregated public park. On Juneteenth, black people gathered there, in their Sunday best, to hear speeches and readings of the Emancipation Proclamation. All of this took place in the years of Jim Crow. Texas, with a smaller percentage of blacks than more notorious southern states like Mississippi or Alabama, was a very hard place. Between 1882 and 1968, it had the third-highest number of lynchings in the United States.

By the time I left for college, Juneteenth had become even more established in Texas, and I saw more instances of blacks and whites celebrating it together. Indeed, while I was home on Christmas break, in 1980, it became an official state holiday. This amounted to a big admission in a state that had long framed itself as the land of wide-open spaces and cowboys, instead of the land of mainly Anglo-American planters who had moved west out of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, dragging enslaved people, my ancestors among them, to pick cotton, cut sugar cane, and fell trees in the piney woods of East Texas. Those same planters fought a war with Mexico, which had abolished slavery, to maintain their independence. We normally think of the enslaved running North. Enslaved people in Texas

often ran South.

Even before then, from my new vantage out in the world, it had begun to dawn on me that Juneteenth was not just an occasion for Texans to think of ourselves as special, in the way we so like to do. I noticed that blacks around the country spoke of celebrating Juneteenth. I admit to being nonplussed, at first, if not a tad resentful. What about Galveston? What about hiding the news to bring in two more harvests? What about the red soda water? That churlish attitude could not last, given the larger context in which the holiday was born. Black Texans had moved all over the country, carrying their traditions with them. It was fitting that their legacy was, in part, this celebration, which honored black humanity in the face of a powerful community that continued to reject it.

Today, there is a strong movement to make Juneteenth a national holiday. If one thinks about it, it is staggering that there is no date commemorating the end of slavery in the United States. On the other hand, I know what my father, were he still alive, would have to say about that: something about counting chickens before they hatch. I take his point. There is some danger that holidays allow us to become too self-congratulatory. So many, many awful things happened after Granger made his speech, so much violence and oppression. But I remember a conversation I had with my great-grandmother, whose own mother had been enslaved as a child. I offered, in an old-soul kind of way, that it seemed to me that people were acting as if Juneteenth were no longer a big deal. Her eyes met mine. "It was a big deal to us," she said.

THANK YOU, '81 CLASS OFFICERS (2015-2020)



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DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CLASS OF 1981

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VIRTUAL MINIS

THE ZOOM PROTOTYPE:

Photo: Sony Pictures Television



Vaughn Halyard and Danielle Dyer are kicking off a subcommittee of our Reunion Committee to find new ways to connect with classmates virtually. We are committed to bringing programming that taps into the wide range of interests, skills, and activities of our classmates and will keep us primed for reunion. "Cooking with John Sconzo?" "Authentic Spirits with Elliot Davis?" We have only just begun to brainstorm! Send along your ideas for webinars, panels, and Q&As. There are so many fun ways we can leverage technology to bring our classmates together and set the stage for a super-successful reunion in 2021. All ideas welcome! Send yours to: Danielle.dyer@verizon.net or vaughn@storylounge.net.

"Contactless"? No problem. Join us as we take the '81 newsletter to the next level... or three.