CONNECT WITH US!

Don’t miss out on Class and College News and Activities.

Class website:  www.Dartmouth85.com
Facebook:  Dartmouth Class of 85
Join our Class Lister:  Send your name, class and email address to: Alumni.records@dartmouth.edu
Alumni Office - Alumni.dartmouth.edu
Dartmouth Now - now.dartmouth.edu
Dartmouth Sports Schedules – www.dartmouthsports.com
Hood Museum of Art – www.hoodmuseum.dartmouth.edu
Hopkins Center for the Performing Arts – www.hop.dartmouth.edu

News From Our Classmates

Winter at Dartmouth often meant (and means) winter sports for many of our classmates. So, we asked our winter athletes and other winter sports participants and supporters to reflect on their then and current winter activities. Here’s what we heard back.

Christian Bean ’85 writes:
Since turning 50 this season puts me in a new age class, I have actually trained seriously for 6 months for the cross country ski marathon season. First ever VO2 testing (66.4 but whose competitive about that). I will be skiing in the Birke (American Birkenbinder) in Wisconsin with my old roommate Robert Nadler ’85 and his wife Lisa Reilly Nadler ’85. It’s 55 kilometers we will classic this year. It has a big Midwest participation and is the largest cross country ski race on the continent. I will also race in the Bretton Woods 30k and 50k races, the Craftsbury Marathon and probably Sugarloaf or Saddleback Marathons in Maine. I usually see Chris Nice ’80, Bob and Ann Burnham ’82, Kirk Siegel ’82, Joe Holland ’84, Dave Lindahl ’86, Karl Goetz ’87, and Tom Longstreth ’89 at most of those races. Wish us luck and happy trails!

Scott Borek ’85 writes:
I have been at UNH for 11 years as one of the hockey coaches and each year we play Dartmouth as an intra-state rivalry; but this year is the first time that the game has real meaning as we will enter the December 30 battle ranked as number 2 (UNH) and 3 (Dartmouth) in the national power rankings (this is the system used to compute and then offer invitations to the top 16 teams in the country for the NCAA tourney)...the game is at Dartmouth...should be fun!

[Editor’s note: Dartmouth Hockey Declaws UNH Wildcats, 4-1 - Valley News, 12/31/12]
Jim Burack ’85 writes:

After four years teaching skiing for George Ostler at the Skiway (and Whaleback one season when we had no snow), I joined the Dartmouth ski migration to teach at Vail in 1985. Then I succumbed to the career concept: became a cop, went to law school, joined the Marine Corps, was a DC lawyer, ... and did not ski much. I was cured when I was activated in 2004-05 to serve as a Marine civil affairs officer in Ramadi/ Fallujah, Iraq; I made a resolution that if I got home I was going to start skiing a lot.

To all my Dartmouth Ski School colleagues, come up to Eldora and we’ll practice George Ostler turns!

Nonetheless my time as a skier for Dartmouth in retrospect may have been my most important experience. We were treated as equals. Everyone, no matter who they were, was expected to train just as hard. I learned the value of hard work. I learned from coaches and from athletes far more talented than myself, how to push myself far beyond what I thought were my physical and mental limits. These are lessons that infuse my being and I use them to this day.

I hope I have instilled the same love of snow in my 10 year old son that still burns brightly in me.

I remain a skier and avid outdoorsman to this day. I hope I have instilled the same love of snow in my 10 year old son that still burns brightly in me. I think often with great fondness about my teammates and my time as a skier at Dartmouth.

Alexander Muromcew ’85 writes:

I was involved in the Dartmouth Winter Sports Council and was Chief of Jump sophomore year (back when Dartmouth still had a ski jump!). Although I actually did more Nordic skiing at Dartmouth than alpine (a combination of weather and accessibility), I have since become a hard core downhill skier to this day.

My family and I now live in Jackson Hole, a mecca for winter sports, and my 4 children are active skiers. Two are even on the local ski team, and one will be doing the Nordic program this year. My interests have expanded to back country skiing, and I do occasionally strap on the Nordic skis too. I have managed to ski in Japan extensively, and once each in Chile and Argentina. We have a couple of famed Dartmouth winter athletes living here such as Eric Wilbrecht who was on the US Biathlon Team and competed in several Winter Olympics. My wife is on the board of the Jackson Hole Ski and Snowboard Club which is the oldest ski club in the US and will celebrate its 75th anniversary in 2013.

Beth Parish ’85 writes:

While at Dartmouth, I did not participate in a traditional winter sport, rather I was a loyal DOCer who timed ski races. Every weekend and for most

Ida B. Wells Memorial Monument by Michelle Duster ’85

Ida B. Wells was a teacher, activist and journalist best known for her courageous national crusade against lynching. Born into slavery in 1862 in Mississippi and orphaned at 16, she became a teacher to support and care for her siblings. She moved to Memphis and became a leading journalist and civil rights activist. She lived and raised a family in Chicago’s Bronzeville neighborhood. She worked with Jane Addams to prevent segregated public schools, helped open Chicago’s first kindergarten for Black children, founded the Negro Fellowship League to assist Black men and boys who were excluded from the YMCA, and started the Alpha Suffrage Club – an organization of Black women who worked to obtain the right of women to vote.

The Ida B. Wells Commemorative Art Committee has commissioned the development of a monument that will celebrate Ida B. Wells’ legacy and help increase public awareness of her important work. The monument will be located in Chicago’s Bronzeville community, close to the home where Ms. Wells and her family once lived. The monument is to be created by world-renowned Chicago artist, Richard Hunt.

We hope to celebrate the installation of this monument in mid-2013. Your support will make that dream possible.

Donations can be made at www.idabwells.org.

Upon completion, this monument will be donated to the City of Chicago’s Public Art Collection
News from Our Officers...

December 30, 2012

I am sitting here in a magnificent snow covered Hanover having just spent the afternoon with Allison Shutz Moskow ’85, Alison Cooper Phillips ’85 and Linda Cooper Marshall ’85 – what a perfect way to spend the second to last day of 2012. The campus is sparkling, and I am reminded of how fortunate I am to have spent 4 years in this magical place (getting an amazing education and connecting with so many special people).

As we usher in 2013, a very big year for so many of us (yes, the big 50!), I want to wish each and everyone of you a new year filled with good health, love, laughter, wonderment, grace and peace. Our Class Exec Committee is planning a series of informal and fun gatherings throughout the year so that we can celebrate our big 50 “together” (thanks to our classmates that have agreed to help make this happen). Details to follow but please plan to come up to Hanover for Homecoming 2013 where we will have a big tailgate/collective 50th birthday party – can’t wait.

All the very best to each one of you!
Valerie

Cell 404 386 4969

Patti (Waldman) Thompson ’85 writes:

Ah….Winter Sports…..I have fond memories of alpine ski races and gatekeeping at some of the coldest mountains on earth – Loon, Cannon, Waterville Valley… I remember standing on the slopes alongside the race course and freezing, watching the gates and waiting for the hot chocolate person to come around. Hot chocolate and peppermint schnapps. Making lots of sandwiches. Fun parties. And being very, very cold. I’m also remembering being out at the ski jump and marking distances. At least with those we did not have to stand on a steep slope in ski boots!

I still enjoy alpine skiing, but only manage to get in about 4-6 days a year these days. My husband and 14-year-old daughter also ski. We just spent a week skiing at Squaw Valley, our favorite mountain. Other than 2 years in LA and 6 months in New York City, I’ve lived in the San Francisco Bay Area since graduation, and have done most of my skiing in the Lake Tahoe area. I have not skied on the East Coast since my Dartmouth days. I used to go to Salt Lake City with my Dad (D’55) once in a while – he was a powder hound and drove to Salt Lake at least once every winter to ski Alta. And that’s pretty much it…..

Over the years I’ve enjoyed skiing a few other places in the West (Mammoth, Vail, Bognus Basin, Telluride, and Wolf Creek Pass), but for the most part my skiing has been limited to a few days a year in Tahoe.

Of Winter Carnival we traveled hither and yon to time downhill and cross country races – one winter we had the honor of working at the ski jump, which I think is now safely mothballed. I even was even present at a Biathlon or two.

...while it seemed that I spent the whole winter cold and covered in snow, it was a lot of fun….

As a Freshman I had little pull and rank, so the timing efforts involved freezing my rear (and every other part of me) timing outdoor races. With age came some seniority and a move to the more “cashy” inside downhill race timing. I had not thought about that part of my Dartmouth time in years, and while it seemed that I spent the whole winter cold and covered in snow, it was a lot of fun….

Patty (Waldman) Thompson ’85 writes:

Ah….Winter Sports…..I have fond memories of alpine ski races and gatekeeping at some of the coldest mountains on earth – Loon, Cannon, Waterville Valley….. I remember standing on the slopes alongside the race course and freezing, watching the gates and waiting for the hot chocolate person to come around. Hot chocolate and peppermint schnapps. Making lots of sandwiches. Fun parties. And being very, very cold. I’m also remembering being out at the ski jump and marking distances. At least with those we did not have to stand on a steep slope in ski boots!

I still enjoy alpine skiing, but only manage to get in about 4-6 days a year these days. My husband and 14-year-old daughter also ski. We just spent a week skiing at Squaw Valley, our favorite mountain. Other than 2 years in LA and 6 months in New York City, I’ve lived in the San Francisco Bay Area since graduation, and have done most of my skiing in the Lake Tahoe area. I have not skied on the East Coast since my Dartmouth days. I used to go to Salt Lake City with my Dad (D’55) once in a while – he was a powder hound and drove to Salt Lake at least once every winter to ski Alta. And that’s pretty much it…..

Over the years I’ve enjoyed skiing a few other places in the West (Mammoth, Vail, Bognus Basin, Telluride, and Wolf Creek Pass), but for the most part my skiing has been limited to a few days a year in Tahoe.
Voices from Campus...

Dartmouth Life in the Winter: The Skier’s Perspective
Aylin Woodward ’15

The alarm goes off at 6:30 and I slam down the buzzer. Slalom practice at the Skiway today on Thomas, much like every other Tuesday morning. Trudge over to Robo in the pitch dark, empty locker, pack bag, strap skis. Breakfast at Collis. Load bus. Bring my Evolutionary Psych textbook in hopes of finishing the reading for tomorrow’s class. Get two pages in, fall asleep drooling on poor teammate’s shoulder. Set course. Practice. Tear down course. Load bus. Drive back. Grab lunch from the HOP and run to class. Repeat ad infinitum.

Our Tuesday/Thursday practices generally run from 7:15am-12pm, while our Monday/Wednesday practices from 12:45-5pm. Then we race Carnival Friday and Saturday of each week. Tuesday afternoons we lift in the Varsity Gym. Sundays are an off day…usually. While it may seem a grim picture, it’s simply a way of life for a skier on the Dartmouth Ski Team. We embrace it, much like we embrace the change it has on our social lives, our amount of free time and our sleeping schedules.

So yes, it’s immensely difficult being a winter student athlete, and a skier at that. The balance of practice, races, tuning, schoolwork, class, sleeping (sometimes), eating (not optional) is a difficult one. Your continuous “to-do” lists grow faster than you can cross them off. Not to mention the task of assuring your friends that you haven’t fallen off the face of the earth; “A movie at 1am? No thanks, I’ll be in bed…or at Baker. Look me up there”. We, in essence, become machines of efficiency. Work that should take an hour we do in forty-five minutes, instead of chatting it up at lunchtime we do our latest problem set; not a single minute of the day is wasted.

Moreover, a unique aspect of being a skier is that we are responsible for the maintenance and race preparation of all of our equipment. It’s not something as simple as de-odorizing our cleats, or taping our sticks; we spend a significant amount of time waxing, scraping, brushing and tuning our (minimum of) four pairs of skis. So when we come back from practice, or a long race series, it isn’t straight to the showers. It’s to the tuning room for another hour of doing skis. And prep them we do, with nothing short of devotion.

But quite honestly, it’s worth every moment of it. I’m part of an incredible team—an amazing group of student-athletes who perform at the highest collegiate level with a spirit, drive and integrity absent in most professional sports teams. Together we have a purpose beyond the perfunctory everyday college life, an intense dedication to our team, our school and our sport. We are the embodiment of passion, born from a shared love of ski racing and Dartmouth itself.

When we’re in the parking lot the morning before a Carnival race and we do our customary cheer before getting out of the bus, all roaring “Dartmouth Ski Team 2013 Woooooo!” and all the other teams flinch with faces a mixture of intimidation and jealousy; I know. We are a dominating force, our collective success born out of hard work and deep commitment.

Bleed Green? With pleasure.

Aylin Woodward ’15
Photo by Gil Talbot
A Trip Down Memory Lane...

All About the Skiing...
By Sarah Milham Horton ’85

If the question is “What was it like to be on the ski team?” then the answer is “awesome.” It’s pretty hard to find anything that’s not perfect about a life in which you just showed up at Robinson Hall at noon and somebody took you skiing, and over Christmas break they took you to a training camp maybe even in Telluride or West Yellowstone. Then, each week they took you to some school’s Winter Carnival and you skied a lot, and in March they took you to the NCAA...sauna, hot springs, deep powder, and hotel marquee letter rear-ranging stories to fill a volume all their own. The team was good enough to win some stuff. People went to the Olympics and won national titles and honestly it just doesn’t get any better than that. In fact, the ski...ing. I found, however, that while the Dartmouth Ski Team was all about excellent skiing, it wasn’t ONLY about skiing.

“Wow! I used to inhabit a body that could do THAT?”

I’ve been sorting through stories trying to figure out how to articulate what it was beyond the fun filled time on the slopes that appealed to me so much, and I came up with a few categories for things. Many of the stories that stand out to me would most appropriately fall under the heading: “Wow! I used to inhabit a body that could do THAT?” It took many years and almost as many knee surgeries to accept the idea that going on a hike could mean anything other than running up a mountain for time. When else in life can you stay out late on a Saturday night, get up at the crack of wicked early in the morning, drive through incredible fall foliage to the White Mountains, run the entire Presidential Range, be served bacon and eggs in the parking lot, and return to campus before most of the friends who kept you out so late are rolling out of bed? We did these “Sunday hikes,” well, every Sunday of the fall. Presidential Range, Franconia Ridge, you name it, we ran it, and it was awesome.

“Cold, windy, maybe some snow, definitely a lot of snot, along with the thought: ‘Sounds like fun!’”

The other thing about the ski team, both on snow and otherwise, was that it got us off campus all the time. We ran the entire Appalachian Trail from Woodstock to Moosilauke and beyond. We biked and roller-skied the roads. We canoed and kayaked the rivers. When you were on the ski team the “campus” became most of New Hampshire and Vermont. This lead to a perhaps more well rounded understanding of the economics of rural New England, and also presented some wonderful opportunities such as pausing a bike ride to watch a newly born calf unfold its legs for the first time, wobble to its feet, and hop away. It also afforded some opportunity for community service. Imagine the delight of that car load of Mt. Holyoke students stranded somewhere in East Pomfret, car in the ditch and not a payphone in sight, when along comes a van full of male cross country skiers, on their way to the Miller Marathon (don’t ask, but understand that it involves costumes) who physically picked up their car and returned it to the road. “Thanks for the lift” read the ad in The Dartmouth the following day.

When news of the annual Ski Team Moosilauke time trial came across my twitter feed this fall, a picture formed immediately in my mind: Cold, windy, maybe some snow, definitely a lot of snot, along with the thought: “Sounds like fun!” Above all, being on the ski team was fun. It was work, often quite cold, and the competing part was serious business, but always loads of fun no matter how you slice it, and a wonderful frame on which to build my overall Dartmouth experience.

From our Guest Editors...

Dartmouth Ski School
By Jeff Weitzman ’85

Hot buttered rum. I was sitting at a bar regaling the two friends accompanying me on a little 50th birthday ski trip to Mammoth Mountain with stories of teaching skiing at Dartmouth, and our frequent stops at the Old Lyme Inn for hot buttered rum after a long, cold afternoon teaching ‘shmen how to ski. I asked the barkeep if she could provide a glass of warm memories, but no such luck.

Teaching skiing at Dartmouth was not the most glamorous of the various options for professional or competitive on-snow activities at the College, but I can’t imagine it wasn’t the best. Under the direction, during our years at the College, of George Ostler, a former U.S. Ski Team coach and ex-WWII German ski-soldier (and the only real live person I’ve ever known who snorted “snuff” out of a little tin on a regular basis), the Ski School (technically part of the Physical Education department reporting in to Ken Jones, father of our own Ken Jones ’85) taught skiing to about fifty percent of the freshman class. George had been hired back in 1957 and was still going strong thirty years later. Alpine lessons were given at the Dartmouth Skiway (www.dartmouthskiway.com), or when there was no snow one year, at Whaleback (www.whaleback.com). Remember those school buses lined up in front of Webster Hall mornings and afternoons during winter term? That was our commute.

George Ostler teaching skiing circa 1960s
From "Passion for Skiing"
I had raced in high school but wasn’t nearly good enough to be competitive on the national-caliber (OK, world class – Tiger Shaw ’85 being exhibit A) Ski Team. Teaching was a great way to continue becoming a better skier and learn lifelong teaching skills, take advantage of Hanover winters, meet lots of other Dartmouth students, and make a little money. Aspiring instructors took instructor training in fulfillment of their phys ed requirement freshman winter, learning teaching methods and improving their own skiing (playing tag on skis was a personal favorite). George and the upper-classmen who trained us were talented and dedicated, and it was with an enormous amount of pride that I donned a blue CB jacket and joined the Ski School staff. For a kid from New Jersey, it was pretty cool to be a “pro” skier.

There were some perks, too. There was that CB jacket, of course, but most of all free skiing. Ski instructors enjoyed reciprocity at other ski areas. Not that too many ski instructors from Killington or Waterville Valley were dying for free lift tickets at the Skiway. We made up for our lack of standing by teaching kids at Killington over President’s Week when they needed all the instructors they could find. We even got a chance to order skis off “pro form” – the best equipment at huge discounts. I was in heaven.

“...we’d tune our skis, drink beer, hang out, drink beer, tell stories, and drink beer.”

The Ski School staff came from all over, and crossed many of the social “borders” that inevitably formed on campus. Classmates Tom Aaberg ’85, Jim Burack ’85, Gayle Gilman ’85, Kate Lauer ’85, Jennifer Baron ’85, and Jeff Garneau ’85 (I’m sure I’m leaving some people off the list), joined by instructors from other classes, made their way into the cold every day to teach lessons and have a great time. I was lucky at Dartmouth to have many groups of friends; from fraternity brothers to dormmates to Winter Sports and theater friends. But there is a special bond between friends who ski together all season long for a few years.

Photo by Joseph Mehling ’69

Our “headquarters” was a small room in the basement of Collis (pretty sure it was Collis – before they expanded it), where we’d tune our skis, drink beer, hang out, drink beer, tell stories, and drink beer. We learned the ropes from the older instructors, listened to George’s stories about Bavaria and running ski resorts in Nazi-occupied France, compared notes on the clueless ‘shmen we were teaching, and enjoyed ourselves. What could be better than getting a Dartmouth education and being a ski bum all at the same time? Nothing. I took a winter term off just to hang around, teach skiing, and sling pizzas at EBAs. Life was good.

There were usually a few of us with cars who drove to the Skiway instead of taking the bus, and so after the lifts closed we’d often stop for the aforementioned hot buttered rum on the way back to campus. Nothing like a warm drink, good friends, and long stories on a cold New Hampshire evening.

Which brings me back to last week, where I did find that hot buttered rum at the old Tamarack Lodge: a hot drink by a crackling fire, surrounded by timber walls, old ski pictures, and good friends after a day on the slopes. Life is good….

The Jump
By Jeff Weitzman ’85

The Dartmouth ski jump is no more. The jump at Vale de Tempe on the Dartmouth Golf Course was a 50 meter jump (meaning the expected distance of a good jump was 50 meters), built in 1922, and taken down in 1993. For almost 70 years it saw many a Winter Carnival jump and trained many Dartmouth and local jumpers, some of whom went on to national and Olympic glory. While I was dedicated to the Alpine side of the Winter Sports division of the DOC, I did occasionally get to help out with the Nordic events, and judging a ski jumping competition was a pretty special thrill.

Ski jumping scores comprise both distance and form, so there’s a judging booth where a few judges score the jumpers on body position and general elegance, I suppose, and lining the hill below the jump were a dozen or so of us human distance markers. We were each stationed in front of a specific distance interval and as the skier landed, our job was to decide if the midpoint between their feet was right in front of us, and if so, tell the scoring booth the distance of the jump. (Today they use video cameras.)

Ski jumping looks pretty amazing on television, but it’s unbelievable when you’re standing on the hill. The first thing that surprises you is that the jumpers are never that far from the ground. The slope of the landing hill is designed to fall away at the same rate as the jumper, so for most of their ‘flight’ they are a consistent height above the ground — about 10 feet or so I think. But for those few seconds of flight they are hanging there on the wind, making slight adjustments, body stretched out toward the tips of their skis, willing themselves to stay aloft. You hold your breath as they fly, and then suddenly they hit the snow, and glide to a stop.

If you got a chance to see the jumping on Dartmouth’s very own hill, consider yourself privileged.