

# PATHS

*from the*

# GREEN

# DARTMOUTH

# 1987



NOVEMBER 2017

## IN THIS EDITION

2017 Homecoming

Paths Not Taken

Class Notes

Life in Hanover

Class Officer Weekend





# Homecoming 2017

by Anne Kubik

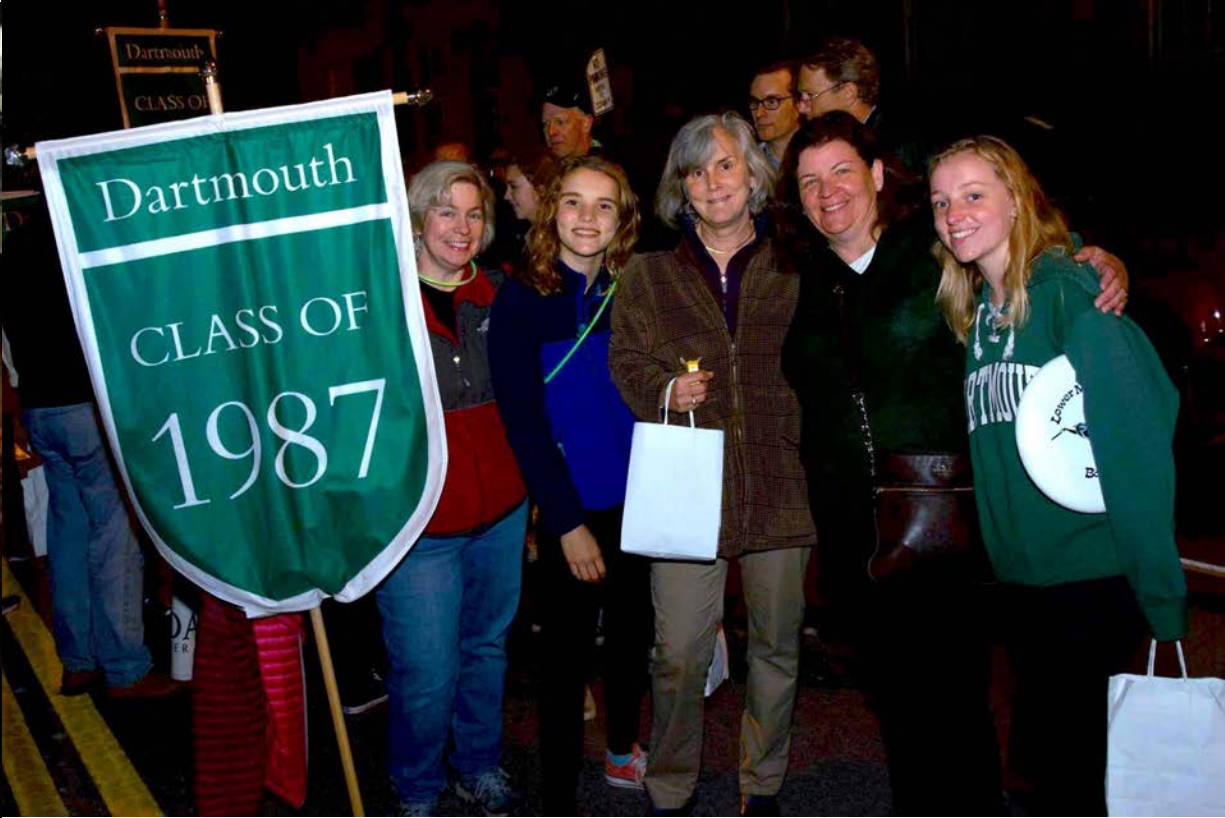
Dartmouth Homecoming evokes feelings of friends, New England fall nights, bonfires, and basically a world unto itself. It delivered. The bonfire was wonderful, though of course our '87 bonfire was much better. It is no longer defended from upperclassmen tearing it down each night or built solely by the freshmen, with massive railroad ties adding slowly up to the year of graduation. So one can easily say we were tougher and cooler, but the night is still an incredible night. If you have not returned in a while, come to homecoming. The parade of all the classes is a wonderful time to find friends from years above and below. I started looking for our class crew at the end of the parade, and realized I had to run quickly through 30 years to catch up with the '87s, who were surrounded by '86s and '88s, many hellos and hugs. Even

GATHER

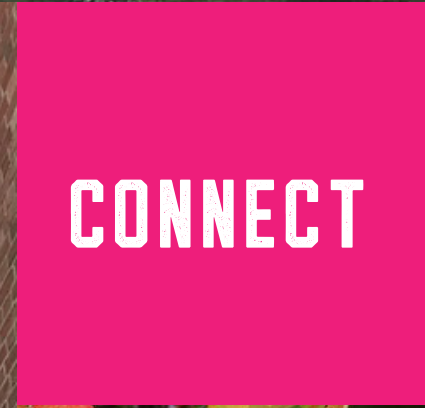
if you only barely knew the person. The speeches, alma mater, and bonfire were as promised on a beautiful fall night. Then off to the Canoe Club where a very cool crew overflowed our tables and '87s drifted in and out before ending the night at Pine. I was unable to stay for the exciting last-minute-win against Yale and went on my way the next day after a great run by the river. The spirit of Dartmouth held sway as I drove away. Many were in attendance and forgive me for those I missed... **Lizzie O'Connell Burn, Sharon Flanagan, Christen O'Conner, Meg Crone Ramsden, Stephanie Taylor Song, Steve Salem, Peter Eleftherio, Jim Badenhausen, Ross Jones, Alice Toole Baldwin, Harriette Yahr, Devon Davis, Holly Taylor, and Gwen Pearson Noone**, along with many more I saw and gave a cheer.



Above: The '21 bonfire. The '87 bonfire. Football Seussians on the Loose. On the Senior Fence: **Lizzie O'Connell Burn, Sharon Flanagan and Anne Kubik**. Mothers and daughters carry the '87 Banner in the parade: **Devon Davis, Nika Renshaw, daughter of Holly Taylor, Holly, Gwen Pearson Noone and Caroline Noone**. '87s gather at the Canoe Club for a Homecoming Mini-Reunion: **Christen O'Conner, Sharon Flanagan, Alice Toole Baldwin, Lizzie O'Connell Burn and Anne Kubik**.









Class Notes

From ‘round the Girdled Earth

**From Scott Rafshoon, Atlanta, GA:** Sorry I missed the reunion. After 21 years at the same law firm, I recently made a switch. I’m now a partner at Hunton & Williams in Atlanta. My practice combines project finance, M&A, government contracts, and government affairs. Our older son **Michael** graduated from Elon University in 2016 and is now a campaign staffer in Northern Virginia. Younger son **Joseph** started at Wake Forest in September. My beautiful wife **Ellen (’86)** teaches American History at Georgia Gwinnett College. Now we are empty nesters.

**From Robin Appleby, London, England:** We moved abroad again this summer in order for me to take up the post of head of school at the American School in London. This is a dream job in one of my favorite cities in the world, and we feel fortunate to be here at this time of change and exploration in the UK. My husband, John, is British, and so this is also a homecoming for him after 22 years of living all over the world. Our daughter is enjoying the exploration of a new city and her cultural heritage. It would be great to connect with other alumni living in London, so please reach out! *early-birdxx@hotmail.com.*

From the Top: **Scott Rafshoon** and family at Wake Forest. **Steve and Elizabeth Lough** with Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus.



The Path Not Taken

by Steve Lough

Here it is, 30 years after our incredible class of 1987 graduated from Dartmouth, and the realization that some life options are permanently off the table has finally sunk in. One of those options was military service, and even now, I feel a twinge of regret about not serving. In my South Carolina childhood, military service was in the background, like the sound of cicadas in August: Almost all the football coaches had served, ROTC members presented the flag for every assembly, and at football games, we faced the flag to sing the national anthem, tears in our eyes. One high-school friend went to Annapolis, another to West Point, and several others joined the military to get out of our little town. But I felt a pull towards Dartmouth – I’d fallen in love with the place when we took my older brother to Hanover for his freshman year.

After graduation, I went to clown college and joined the circus. The plan was to be a circus clown for a couple of years, then maybe get a corporate job or join the military. I got married, too hastily, and after a year with the circus I left to follow my wife while she went to law school. I worked as a bellman in Seattle, then got a call to work as a clown for the Ringling Bros. Clown College Japan, teaching and performing on a six-month contract. When the first Gulf War broke out and I was single again, I thought it was time to join the military; instead, I met a woman and got a job offer with Kinoshita Circus.

Seven years later, I returned to America with my Japanese wife, who was also a clown. We got a job with a Shrine Circus, traveling with a truck and trailer, putting up posters and performing, but we decided not to renew our one-year contract, and

once again, military service was on the table. But I hesitated, and Ringling Bros. offered us a contract, so we went back on the road with the circus.

After six years, we moved to Camden, SC, my old hometown. The second Iraq War had started and they were looking for recruits, hard! We’d started our own clown business, but another old friend who’d served told me that even in my forties I could serve. But after interviewing with the military, I was offered a marketing job with a large corporation. I took the marketing job, and now here it is, 2017. I don’t regret being a clown, not for a second, but I do wish that I had found a couple of years, somewhere in the past 30, to serve my country. My job, ironically, takes me onto military bases, and every time we go to a base, I think “What if...”

As I wrote this, a memory from freshman year flashed through my mind: My freshman seminar was Volcanoes with Professor Stoiber of the Geology Department. Our first paper was due and I’d heard about this thing called an extension; we were rehearsing for the Freshman Cabaret for Parents’ Weekend, and I’d neglected this paper. I went to Professor Stoiber, put on my best sad face, and explained how busy I was rehearsing, and asked for an extension. He listened politely, then said “No. I don’t give extensions. You chose to do something else besides this paper. That is what life is, choices. You’ll lose half a letter grade for every day the paper is late. It is only one paper, so if you do well, your final grade should still be salvageable. Good luck, enjoy rehearsal, and I hope you learn this lesson.”

It’s taken 33 years, but maybe I finally have learned it. Thank you, Professor Stoiber. RIP.



# Class Notes (continued)

## From ‘round the Girdled Earth

### From Susannah Drake, Brooklyn, NY:

Spent a wonderful few days in the Upper Valley in July seeing my daughter **Veronica Culhane** ’19 who is enjoying sopho- more summer on campus. Back in New York I am leading my design firm DLANDSTUDIO where we are working on many climate resilience issues. I presented our plan for the New York/New Jersey Coast to Professor Jack Wilson’s Engineering class at Thayer. Not sure if the students were ready for the realities of 30 years of sea level rise that we suggest in our vision for the 4th Regional Plan for the Regional Plan Associ- ation. You will see our work exhibited along major transpor- tation corridors in a forthcoming book on the project.

Last year we went for a hike up Moosilauke with **Jen Kitchel** and her family around the time of freshman trips and ran in to both classmates (**Jock and Allison McDonald**) as well as freshman trippies. Attached is a picture of Veronica and me outside of the Drake room. The Drake room was named for our ancestor J. Frank Drake class of 1902.

Here in the city, I see **Doug and Jessica Healy** and **Tomas Rossant** a lot. Also connect with **Lucinda Welch ’90** and **Josh Blum ’90** out in Denver. Josh was best friends with my cousin **Chuck Drake ’90**.

### From Rob Siltanen, Alameda, CA:

I had a relatively small social circle at Dartmouth and have kept in touch with only a handful of ’87s over the past 30 years, but I have appreciated reading/seeing updates on what and how everyone’s been doing over the years, including the recent brochure on the reunion in June. Thanks to everyone who has volunteered to keep the Class of ’87 active.

In the spirit of the “many paths, many passions” theme of the 30th reunion and for anyone I knew at Dartmouth with whom I have since lost touch, here’s a (massively simplified) update.



# SHARE

After graduation I headed back to the SF Bay Area (where I grew up) for law school at Berkeley and then practiced law for a few years before deciding I should try becoming a high-school teacher, something my younger self had dismissed as unrealistic while in Hanover.

In the mid-90s my wife and I moved to Alameda, CA, and both became teachers. I taught high-school government, economics, and history for 15 years, did a few years as a school district administrator, and now I’m starting my fifth year as a mentor teacher/coach here in the small-ish, quirky town where we’ve lived for the past 23 years.

Among other things, I’ve also done a fair amount of parent/teacher/citizen advocacy around various education issues locally over the years and have also made some efforts on the state level. Basically, I’ve been trying to do my part in small ways to make the world a better place by “thinking globally and acting locally” through teaching students and helping teachers, always aiming to create ripples of inspiration, thoughtfulness, and positivity.

We’ve got two teenagers, an 18-year-old (who, as I write this, is about to head out to college at Bowdoin) and a 14-year-old about to start high school. We are thrilled that they both strike us and others as good people.

### From Richard Middelberg, Poway, CA:

Enjoying beautiful SOCAL, laid back lifestyle, great peo- ple, fantastic weather. Active in Residential Real Estate investing and management as well as CFO consultant for startups. Oldest (Nick, 15) just finished trimester at my old high school in Osnabruck, Germany and speaks Ger- man like a native. Youngest (Chris, 12) plays saxophone and just joined his brother’s Boy Scout troop. Where might they end up going to college? (From Left: **Kellie** my wife, **Christopher, me, Nicholas and Christina**, our niece by the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, July 2017.)

### From Kevin Wilkins, New Orleans, LA:

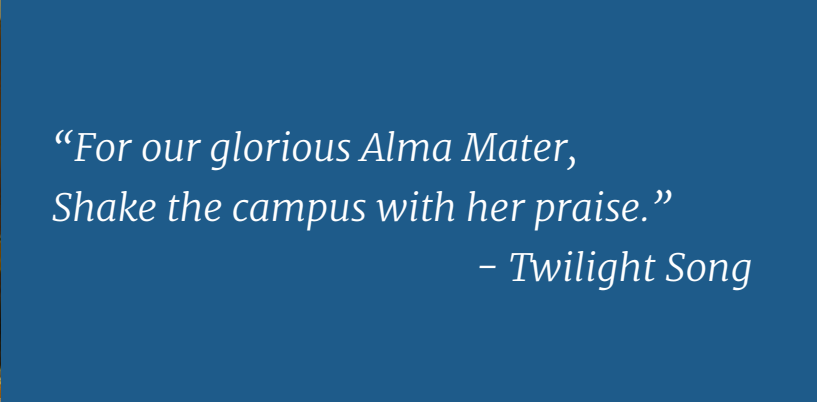
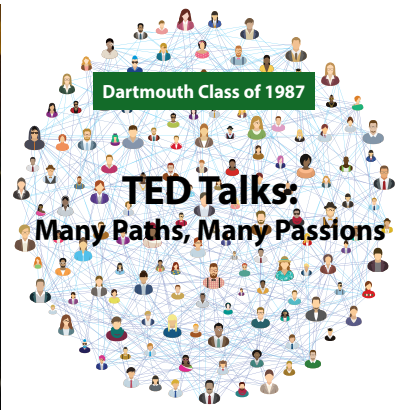
Although this is my Harvard Business School study group reunion, note the heavy ’87 presence: **Jen Tisdell Schorsch and Heather Myers** were in my group. **Tim Bixby and Ginny Wise Wilkins** made guest appearances at the head of the table!





# A TedTalk Update from India

By Greg Kroitzsh



Boarding the flight to Mumbai, I fiddled with my green reunion wristband, reflecting on the incredible weekend I’d just shared with classmates. I felt privileged to tell my story for them in a TED-style talk, describing our family’s move to India, and starting **The Barking Deer Brewpub**, Mumbai’s first microbrewery. I told of our joys, triumphs, and struggles, and the ultimate need to sell the company. Afterward, many classmates approached me, saying they appreciated my honesty in sharing my challenges and personal failings. Some shared their own stories of careers that hadn’t lived up to initial hopes and dreams. It was a healing experience, and I felt truly fortunate to be part of this community of caring people.

On the plane ride, I also considered the work ahead: While I’d gained agreement from all 22 of my

investors to sell the company for ten cents on the dollar, due diligence was yet to be completed. The deal that I’d stitched together was tenuous; pulling any thread could unravel the whole thing.

Over the next two months, I struggled to finalize balance sheets, track down missing paperwork, create duplicate shares for those lost, and cajole shareholders to sign agreements. The legal documents were most burdensome. The purchase agreement, which detailed how the buyer would take ownership, was 70 pages. I believed that since all had approved the term sheet, this would be a formality. My shareholders, many being business owners and lawyers, shot back with all they found unacceptable. In a flood of emails, ten wanted out. It took another month to negotiate a settlement. In the end, even my founding partner got cold feet and, to ensure that the deal closed, I alone bore the lion’s share of liability.

The buyer was a large family-owned Indian shipping company, which also owned an upstart beer brand. The driving force was the youngest son, who’d developed the flagship beer brand Thirsty. As the deal dragged on, I worried that he’d throw up his hands in exasperation. But the opposite

happened: He became actively engaged, as if he already owned the company. He set up meetings with salespeople, marketing agencies, and architects, and discussed expanding distribution and brewing his beer Happy by Thirsty in our brewery. While I reminded him that the deal was yet to be closed, I was encouraged by his engagement and commitment.

Finally, the closing date was set for August 18. I must have signed 500 documents, but it was finally complete. The new owners distributed checks to all 22 shareholders, including me. The next day I ran to the bank and deposited the check; this was a fraction of what I’d put into the company, but a great weight had lifted from my shoulders. No more sleepless nights worrying about payroll. I also signed a year-long contract to direct brewing operations and serve as beer sommelier. This sale has allowed me to return to my original intent: brewing great beer and sharing it with others.

And that green reunion band? It was still on my wrist. I slipped it off and put it away for safe-keeping. I’ll be in Mumbai for at least another year, so please stop by and have a beer with me.



“And that green reunion band? It was still on my wrist.”



# Life in Hanover: A View from the Inside

By Christen O’Conner

Greetings from Hanover! Earlier this month, **Julie and Chris Hubble** took me out for drinks, and that was all the arm-twisting it took for me to agree to be Julie’s Hanover correspondent. I’m a pretty easy sell, particularly when wine is involved.

Like many of you, I’ve entered the ranks of the empty nesters. How strange to realize, at the age of 51, that I have never lived alone in my entire life. Despite some trepidation, I decided to look upon this transition as an adventure – an opportunity to create the next chapter and discover new interests.

What I’ve found, in just the first month, is how deeply intertwined my entire life has become with Dartmouth, and how enriching it is to have one’s life centered on a college campus. Here’s a sampling of how I’ve spent my time lately:

Last night, I attended a discussion at my House Community (I’m part of School House, which includes Mass Row and Hitchcock.) We listened to Government professor **Brendan Nyhan** (you may have seen his contributions to the New York Times blog, “The Upshot”) discuss new research about the prevalence and impact of fake news stories during last year’s Presidential campaign. A group of about 15 engaged students and a few staff and faculty enjoyed dinner and the informal discussion at the home of our House professor, **Craig Sutton**.

In addition to my full-time job in Financial Aid, I recently took on a part-time position at the Hop. As a result, I’ve seen some worthwhile performances, including an entertaining lecture by Baratunde Thurston, author of How to Be Black, and a stirring production of of Antigone in Ferguson by the company Theater of War. I also viewed five films shown for the Telluride at Dartmouth film festival.

Today I’ll address a group of first-year students whom I have selected (as part of my role in Financial Aid) as endowed scholars; their aid is supported by one of many endowed scholarship funds set up by individual donors, classes, and alumni clubs. A number of our classmates have established such funds, as has our class. I enjoy matching these amazing students with donors, and letting them know that their Dartmouth experience has been made possible by those who have come before them.

This weekend opens our home football season with a game under the lights against Holy Cross. I hope to also get out to see Women’s Rugby, who had a stunning victory to open their season against two-time defending national champion Quinnipiac.

*“What I’ve found, in just the first month (of being an empty nester) is how deeply intertwined my entire life has become with Dartmouth.”*

Finally, last weekend I got a chance to have a drink with the ’87s who were here for Class Officers Weekend. This is by far the best part of being based in Hanover – the steady stream of reunions and connections that I really enjoy.

I see so many more friends living way up here in the wilderness than I did in all my years in Boston.

SERVE

Look me up when you come to town! And no, you aren’t required to buy me a drink ...that just seems to be how it works out...

Every so often, I sense that I haven’t gotten very far in thirty years. I did manage to launch four kids into the world and build some expertise in a profession that I find very gratifying, if not lucrative. I haven’t traveled a lot, have suffered some tough personal setbacks, and occasionally fear that I might not have accomplished all I could. But I think I’m where I’m meant to be, and I’m proud and grateful for the niche I’ve created for myself here.





# Class Officer Interviews: Our President, Tracey Salmon-Smith

by Betsy Rutherford

## What drew you to the role of president?

The president acts as the chief executive offer of the class and collaborates with the class officers to plan events that help our classmates maintain contacts with one another as well as with the College. I felt that I had the skills necessary to accomplish this goal. I enjoy planning events and bringing people together which is a major part of this job.

## What are your goals for the class for this next term?

I would like to continue the momentum we built up for our 30th reunion. I feel as if we re-engaged with many of our classmates. I would like to see more mini-reunion events across the country, besides our 87th Night Mini-Reunions (March 28, 2018). I would like to continue seeing communication between the class and our newsletter editors and class secretary because our classmates like to hear what’s going on in each others’ lives. As the theme of our reunion pointed out, our class has taken many paths and we have many passions. Another goal is to increase the number of email addresses that we have for our classmates so that we can keep in better touch.

## After serving the great class of 1987, how do you spend your time/what are your passions?

I spend a great deal of time at work and with work-related activities. I’m a litigator who specializes in the defense of companies in securities and/or labor and employment matters. I try to spend as much time with my family as possible – my husband of 20 years, **Loyston**, and my two daughters **Avery**, a sophomore at Villanova, and **Gabi**, a senior in high school. My family spends a great deal of time volunteering in our community, including volunteering with the Special Olympics New Jersey.

## Have you read a book, seen a movie or TV show that you would recommend?

*Marshall*. This movie is about Thurgood Marshall, the first African-American Supreme court justice and one of his early career victories. I have always admired him, and he is one of my role models. Justice Marshall won 29 of the 32 cases he argued, including *Brown v Board of Education*. He was a trailblazer for the civil rights movement.

## What advice would you give to a member of the Dartmouth class of 2021, who will graduate weeks before our next reunion?

Work hard, but enjoy your time at Dartmouth. Dartmouth has a great deal to offer. Try to take advantage of as many opportunities as possible.

*Below: Class Officers Weekend in October with **Brendan Connell, Peter Murane, Tracey Salmon-Smith, Sarah Woodberry, and Kathleen Joyce Kusiak.***



# Share Your Stories

We received more Green Cards since the last newsletter than ever before! Thank you! If you haven’t seen your name in these pages before, please send in a quick update to Betsy (betsyrutherford@msn.com) or Julie (bubbles03646@gmail.com). You will be amazed how rewarding it is to reconnect with your classmates. Do you have an idea for a mini-reunion? Have you come across an old picture for our Facebook Group? Want to make a donation before the end of the year? Email one of us. We are waiting to hear from you!

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