

“For here by the fire, we defy frost and storm; ha, ha we are warm, and we have our heart’s desire.” I thought an excerpt from the underappreciated *Hanover Winter Song* might brighten the class during the depths of winter. The lyrics were written by Richard Hovey, Class of ’85... that’s 1885. Meanwhile, the list of ’90 “composers” this issue is quite short and sweet.

Rob Norris, an ER doctor in Sacramento writes “My wife Kelly and I have 3 boys now, ages 6, 5, 19 months. The two older ones, Andrew and Brian, ski with me when I volunteer on a doctor's patrol at Sugar Bowl, just outside North Lake Tahoe. Oh, and we're remodeling the house. Oh, and they both play soccer and I coach the older one. Oh, and they do swimming. I almost forgot about T-ball coming up. Their tennis coach would want me to mention tennis. And I just spent all day yesterday putting up Christmas lights. Did I mention the triathlon I did last summer, and I'm training for another one? And that Kelly works 2 days a week, usually after one of my night shifts so I can (sort of) watch the boys while she's at work? Other than that, not much is going on, and we have lots of downtime.”

I was fortunate enough to be part of the nuptials of **Pete Dammann** on a blustery October weekend in Newport, RI. Despite the fact that he finally admitted he was older than 22, and found a beautiful bride (Katie) who vowed to put up with him for the next several decades, the weekend proved a mini ’90 reunion of sorts. Joining me in the wedding party was **Chris Bates, Paul Simpson** as well as Chris Driscoll’91. Other Dartmouth notables in attendance were (in order of clouded memory): **Dan Offit, Jeffrey Martz, Jim Murphy, Scott Facher, Dewey Winebrenner, Mark and Kate (’91) Curnin, Scott and Julie Schorer, Greg and Holly Dorr, Scott Whelehan, John Lynch, Tori Stevens, Rob Coviello, Eric Hageman**, Craig and Sarah Smith ’92, Rizal and Sheila Ahmed ’92, Lauren (Dwartz) Drazen ’92, plus Pete’s Dad and 2 brothers Jim (’44), Jamie (’75), and Jed (’77) Dammann.

That’s it for this brief edition of ’90 notes. We leave you with a final wintry thought from your now-favorite seasonal ditty, the *Hanover Winter Song*. “For here, we're good fellows, and the beech wood and the bellows; and the cup is at the lip in the pledge of fellowship.”
