



A Dartmouth Class of 2011 Publication

Year Zero - Issue Three

February 2012

Letter from the Editors

Hello, '11s!

So apparently we've missed one of the mildest winters in Hanover history. Maybe the fake snow will ensure the sculpture stays together this year. Side note: how much of your real world life is spent talking about the weather? Far too much, we agree. We'll stop.



Photo Credit: Eli Burak '00

In this issue you will find submissions from many of your peers who are off doing some pretty fabulous things. From getting married to skiing out west, all of you are certainly keeping busy!

We hope that many of you are planning to be at Dartmouth for Winter Carnival! On the next page you will find a full schedule provided by Alumni Relations. For those of you who can't make it, your Executive Committee is still working to bring Dartmouth to you! There have been recent events in Boston and New York. Check out page 9 for more information about events coming to city near you! And if you'd like to take the lead on organizing an event elsewhere, the EC can help you out.

Your stories continue to be important to us! Please keep submitting news you want to share or opinions you want to voice, and we'll do our very best to feature it all. And as always, between newsletters, make sure you stay abreast of the '11-related happenings through our Facebook page, Twitter account (@Dartmouth2011), and LinkedIn group.

And finally, don't forget to vote between March 14- April 11 for the Dartmouth Board of Trustees. You can all vote online at www.voxthevote.com.

Looking forward to hearing from you!

Catie Burkhard, Emily Broas, and Neil Basu
Class of 2011 Newsletter Editors
dartmouthclass2011@gmail.com

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE
CLASS OF 2011

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Shayla Mars
President

Martha Gillon
Vice-President

Drew Joseph
Secretary

Katie Gandy
Treasurer

Susan Matthews
Alumni Councillor

Karen Doster
Dan Hochman
Head Agents

Ian Webster
Webmaster

Neil Basu
Emily Broas
Catie Burkhard
Newsletter Editors

Michael Lewis
Alex Maceda
Mini-Reunion Chairs

Maria Fillas
Kimberly Waters
Project Chairs

Joseph Coleman
Yosha Gargeya
Bequest Chairs

Brandon Aiono
Cyrus Akrami
Christopher Fletcher
SEC Members

Winter Carnival 2012 Schedule



Photo Credit: Christina Ma '14

Thursday, February 9

4 - 5pm: Carni Classic
Dartmouth Golf Course

7pm: Opening Ceremonies
The Green

2 - 3pm: Human Dog Sled Race
The Green

4:45 - 6pm: Hill Winds Society Alumni Trivia
Collis Cafe

Friday, February 10

10am - 12:30pm: Polar Bear Swim
Occom Pond

12pm: Men's and Women's Squash vs. Yale
Berry Squash Exhibition

1 - 4pm: Big Green Bus Tours
Blunt Alumni Center

4pm: Men's and Women's Squash vs. Middlebury
Berry Squash Exhibition

6 - 8pm: History and Tradition Reception
Rauner Library

7pm: Men's Ice Hockey vs. Union
Thompson Arena

7pm: Women's Basketball vs. Princeton
Leede Arena

9:30pm - 12:45am: Candy Dance Party
One Wheelock

7pm: Women's Basketball vs. UPenn
Leede Arena

7pm: Men's Ice Hockey vs. Rensselaer
Thompson Arena

8pm: Barbary Coast Jazz Ensemble Concert
Spaulding Auditorium

8 - 10pm: Soul Scribes Poetry Slam
One Wheelock

Sunday, February 12

12pm: Men's Tennis vs. Marquette
Boss Tennis Center

12 - 1:45pm: Baker Library Bell Tower Tours
Baker Library

Saturday, February 11

12 - 1:45pm: Baker Library Bell Tower Tours
Baker Library

12 - 3pm: Occom Pond Party
DOC House



Source: www.dartmouth.edu

What Dartmouth Didn't Prepare Me For

by Marielle Battistoni '11

While college is ideally supposed to prepare you for “real life,” I can't say that Dartmouth prepared me very well to plan a wedding and get married barely 6 months after graduation. My husband's impromptu proposal occurred via Skype last September— he was in Germany, where he is stationed as a lieutenant in the U.S. Army's Second Stryker Cavalry Regiment, and I was sipping tea in one of my favorite stateside cafés (he did give me a ring afterwards). We were married less than three months later, on December 17, 2011, at his alma mater, the United States Military Academy, with military dress uniforms, arch of sabers, and all.

In fact, Dartmouth prepared me for anything but marriage. Being exposed to a constant campus dialogue on the obstacles to a serious relationship— D-Plan, Greek scene, difficult coursework— I had no expectation of finding a future life partner at college. Even after I met my now-husband—an '09 at West Point—on a Tucker Fellowship to Niger my freshman summer, I still felt like somewhat of an anomaly. While many Dartmouth students didn't have time for a romantic relationship in their busy schedules and had little knowledge of the military, I was in a long-term, long-distance relation-



Courtesy of Marielle Battistoni

The bridal party at Trophy Point.

ship with an army officer as he finished training in Georgia and Kentucky, moved to Germany, and deployed (and returned from) Afghanistan.

Thus, even though I was really excited when we became engaged, at first I felt apprehensive about telling my Dartmouth friends. In other parts of the U.S., it is more common to get married soon after graduation, but I knew most other '11s were busy looking for jobs or apartments, not reception venues. I was afraid of what my smart and driven Dartmouth friends would think of putting my ambitions on hold to get married and move to another country for over a year. But, gladly, they were anything but judgmental— they were accepting and,

moreover, excited. While the College certainly did not prepare me for my sudden plunge into the world of the bridal industry, my '11 friends were eager to learn with me every step of the way. They came to my bridal shower, threw me an awesome bachelorette weekend, and on my big day, they turned out en force to calm my nerves, solve cosmetic crises, and liven up the dance floor. And yes, even though we were at West Point, we locked arms and sang the Dartmouth alma mater (somewhat brokenly) at the reception.

If there's advice I have to offer from my recent wedding experience, it's to ignore the pressure— from society, peers, and family— we may sometimes have let affect us in Hanover. Definitely don't feel like you have to buy into the ridiculous protocol that brides are “supposed” to follow to make their wedding “the best day of their life.” I have still never watched “Say Yes to the Dress” or “Bridezilla.” Don't feel like you should get married just because everyone else is doing it, but don't feel like you're weird if you've already found the person you want to be with for your whole life either. Just because we went to Dartmouth doesn't mean we have to be afraid of commitment forever.

A Perspective on a Haphazard Process

by Anise Vance '11

I know I should be filled with Dartmouth-related nostalgia, but as we dive into our first full post-college year, a different emotion — no less acute — defines most of my days: gratefulness.

Comparing Belfast, where I currently live, and Hanover is a study in contrasts. Belfast is a working-class city that found fame in its stellar shipbuilding and textile industries. In the latter half of the 20th century, it was torn apart by ethno-national violence, religious divisions, and political paralysis. The Hanover we lived in was and is a small, tranquil upper-middle class bubble. Though the Upper Valley is hardly an egalitarian utopia, it is a far cry from a city once recently marked by paramilitaries and curfews.

My life in Belfast is also strikingly different from the life I led in Hanover. I read; I conduct interviews; I transcribe those

interviews; I analyze; I write. I spend my time thinking and talking. For a couple months, I itched for the adrenaline high the fast-paced, high-intensity college environment provided. But as I settled into a new lifestyle, something interesting — and unheard of at Dartmouth — developed: I found myself reflecting daily.

I gave serious thought to the four-year progression (and, in some ways, regression) of my character, my politics, my friendships, and my values. I thought about my past and present goals, the things that I wanted out of life as a student, and the things that I hope for now. What startled me most is my sheer lack of certainty, both then and now. I ran through dozens of college experiences, both in and out of class, and noticed that they did not form a coherent narrative. They were jumbled up with myriad motivations and contexts and mo-

mentary (and fervently believed in) ideas. A light-bulb eventually turned on. How could there be any coherence or easily spotted plot? Life is not a movie — it's a lot more interesting than that. I was eighteen to twenty-two at Dartmouth and now I'm sitting on twenty-three. I changed in unpredictable ways and that zig-zagging process continues today. I'd be bored out of my mind if it didn't.

I was pushed at Dartmouth, in every way imaginable. Most of the time, it occurred in safe spaces and with friends around me. I don't want to live in Belfast forever, but I wouldn't go back to my Hanover years, either; for better or worse, I am no longer an undergrad itching to live the college dream or some form of it. What I am is a grateful alumnus who looks back at Dartmouth with ever-growing appreciation for the haphazard ways it changed him.

Changes in Hanover

by Mayuka Kowaguchi '11, Sapna Chemplavil '11, and Shayla Mars '11

Haven't been back to Hanover yet? Been back, but haven't seen all that is different? Mayuka, Sapna, and Shayla made sure to give you photo-documented evidence of all the big changes!

Big New Additions



Clockwise from top left: the new King Arthur Flour section in the Dartmouth Co-op, new wine store by the Citizen's Bank, and the new dining hall.



Smaller New Additions



New crosswalk across Wheelock St. by the Hanover Inn.



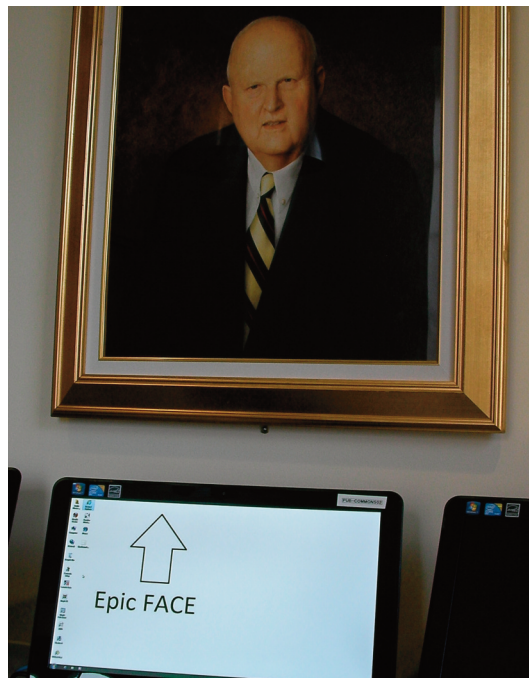
New door built into the Collis Info Desk.

Ongoing Construction



The new Visual Arts Center is set to open in November 2012, while the Hanover Inn's lobby has been temporarily cleared out during renovations.

Same Old, Same Old



Dartmouth students can still find ways to express themselves on the now-inappropriately-named blitz terminals.

Define Emergency

by Will Jian '11

Dartmouth grads look forward to the real world for a multitude of reasons. I admit, I was ready for the real world for a different reason - I wanted to see what Emergency Medical Services (EMS) outside the quiet town of Hanover would be like. Frankly, the vast majority of "medical emergencies" I saw as part of Dartmouth EMS were - how should we put this - "acute alcohol intoxications" and the injuries brought on by inebriation (big surprise, right?). After 4 years, I was pretty tired of talking to tipsy undergraduates and catching the vomit of the more intoxicated ones.

Case in point: one early Green Key Weekend afternoon, I recall finding a girl with a severe cut on her foot, deep enough that the bone was exposed. She got the cut from walking on broken beer bottles while playing pong. Unfortunately, she was not concerned about potential scarring and a possible infection, but only about when she could go back to playing pong. It took a long 10 minute conversation before she was convinced to go to the DHMC.

My thoughts on this experience

should be obvious. To me, the real world seemed to hold promise that I would be exposed to a wider variety of medical emergencies and would no longer have to deal with the absurdity I sometimes saw in Hanover. When I started my first week of EMS in New Jersey, which coincided with the arrival of Hurricane Irene, I could not have been any more prepared to face new, exciting challenges.

Fast forward 6 months. It turns out that NJ EMS was not entirely what I was hoping for. The most Hurricane Irene brought me was flooded roads that prevented me from getting home the next morning and gave me one week without power. Now don't get me wrong, I still see many of the things that I expected to see. But I never prepared for the idea that many people would make the same mistakes I had seen on campus. A significant number of my patients are still intoxicated by various substances - only now, they are no longer being dropped during kegstands and walking over the smoldering embers of the bonfire (an odd interpretation of "touch the fire!"). Instead they are driving large motorized

vehicles and picking fights with police officers.

And when it came to defining emergencies? Well, let's just say that I had not thought about the possibility of overreaction. A mother dialed 911 at 12:30 AM because her one-week-old newborn infant was not eating. Someone else tried to convince me that she was choking, even though she couldn't have been; she was using her unblocked airway to argue with me about it. A middle-aged woman called 911 because her right hand had swollen up earlier in the day, and she was kind enough to wait until my shift to let us know about it. All three of these patients insisted on going to the emergency room, and our "service" was the equivalent of a \$300 taxi ride to the hospital.

Thus, the biggest lesson I have taken away so far is that adults are not that different from college students in terms of how "misguided" they can be, particularly in defining a medical emergency. My message for you: if it is not an emergency, take a taxi. It is a lot cheaper, and I'll get to sleep in.

Shout-out from Orlando

by Kyle Battle '11

Hello Fellow '11s. This is Kyle Battle reporting from Orlando, FL.. Three weeks after graduation I moved to Orlando, from Cincinnati, and began "The Real World". I got a job at a sales performance optimization firm called Sales Optimizer. Essentially what we do is implement various tools, skills and resources that improve sales efficiency.. Shameless plug: we're constantly accepting resumes and if any of you are working with Salesforce and need help, I'm your guy.

I'm currently writing a book with my brother who lives in Chicago. We started writing it around Thanksgiving and plan to have it finished, edited and published this summer (#fingerscrossed). It's about a boy who grows up on a Pacific Island and later comes to America and succeeds in many different ways. It's not until he's at the top that the secret of that Pacific Island catches up with him. Once the book is finished, I plan to write the story as a movie script.

With my current position at Sales Optimizer, I'm being trained in all aspects of our business so that I can be a remote consultant in 12 months. That being said, I'm planning on moving to the West Coast once my lease runs out in August and working with Sales Optimizer from there. Being out there will also allow me to solicit my book and movie script as well.

Overall, I'd say life is pretty great since graduation. I really wish there was a meal plan in real life, though. That's what I miss the most. Food gets expensive. I also sort of miss the proximity of Dartmouth - everything's a 15 minute walk away. Orlando is so spread out. I'm 10 minutes from Downtown, 40 minutes from Disney and 30 minutes from UCF. But it's supposed to be 74 today so I guess I'll take it.

If anyone is in the Orlando area hit me up, I'll take you out to lunch. I can be reached at kyle.battle33@gmail.com. Thanks for taking a few minutes to read. Ephesians 4:29. Do it!

Giving to Dartmouth in Alternative Currencies

by Nick Devonshire '11



Source: www.dartmouth.edu

President Kim stands with the Big Green Bus and its adventurers on the Green in 2011.

One alumni family gave \$5,000 to the Big Green Bus last year. Another alumnus arranged a 1.2 kilowatt solar array to be donated for the roof of the Bus. Retail value is around \$10k. A third alum gave us peach cobbler, a wonderful afternoon at a rope swing, and the protection offered by their small munitions depot in the basement.

"When anarchy comes to this country, the only currency of value will be bullets." Over dinner we were also told, "You're standing in one of the most well-protected homes in the America."

The third donation is the one that will remain with me the longest. Not because we had to defend the Big Green Bus in a 'Red Dawn meets Fern Gully' strong-armed showdown. I will remember that generosity most of all because it was at that point that I began to realize the Bus was going to receive support from the Dartmouth community in ways we could not have imagined when we were preparing in Hanover. The hospitality, time, and "drop-everything-to-help-you" dedication of Dartmouth alums cannot be measured by the development office, but they were some of the most valuable gifts we received on the Bus. As young alums, we might not be in a position to donate a building to Dartmouth, but we are in a prime position to help Dartmouth students and programs nonetheless.

One group of Dartmouth alums left a dinner party to push a 12 ton bus that I had gotten stuck in a driveway. I owe my eyes and a leg to Dartmouth alums who wrote me prescriptions for a new set of contact lenses and antibiotics for a nasty cut. A gentleman down in Florida put his entire life on hold for three days to feed, chauffeur, entertain, and care for

a group of crazy college students.

In Texas was one of the most crucial and priceless gifts though. Driving into Dallas, it might be the hottest I've ever been in life. Texas is already a hot place in the summer, but this summer they were in the middle of a draught and a heat wave. On top of all that, the air-conditioning on the Bus was broken. Driving down the highway with your head stuck out the top window didn't even help. It felt like God was blasting you in the face with a hair-dryer.

After giving a tour of the Bus to a friend of the Dartmouth community, he knew some folks at a Greyhound repair depot that could be of some help. One phone call later we were on our way to receive one of the greatest gifts a group of sweat-soaked tree huggers in Texas could ask for; veggie-powered air-conditioning.

We all know the traditional ways that Dartmouth alums are to give support- donate money and make those Dartmouth resumes float to the top of the pile. But I am so appreciative of being welcomed into Dartmouth homes, having granite studded Dartmouth muscles heave and push at a dirty old bus, and having powerfully connected alums make phone calls to get me a coveted position at... a bus repair shop. It was around a campfire at "the most well protected home in America" that one elderly alum summed it best, "I'm not the richest man in my class... but I've been throwing barbecues for Dartmouth students for fifty years... fifty years from now you damn well better remember this hospitality and pay it forward." Like I said, that's the donation to Dartmouth I'll remember the longest.

Hanover Changes: Closures

More photo-evidence from Mayuka, Sapna, and Shayla!



Clockwise from left: Brambles, the store with handmade knick-knacks, bath products, jewelry, and so much more, has closed shop; Gusanoz is gone, along with Ben & Jerry's replacement, Carnival-I-Scream; Hanover Outdoors announced a closing sale in preparation for its own departure.

Escaping the Bubble

by Kathryn Arffa '11

To get from Grand Targhee in Alta, Wyoming to Park City, Utah, you must cross through the Teton Pass, a narrow, winding road through the center of one of our nation's grandest mountain ranges. This is my drive home at sunset after two days of ski instructor certification at Grand Targhee Resort.

We stopped at a lonely, self service gas station in a town called Smoot with a population of 200 (as indicated on its town sign). As if out of the landscape, a woman approached the car, "Any chance you girls are headin' towards Pocatello?" I looked around for Susan Sarandon, thinking I must have entered "Thelma and Louise." I gathered myself and informed her that unfortunately no, we were headed towards Cokeville.

I wrote this article with firsts in mind - being asked for a ride at a gas station by a stranger in the middle of nowhere

was most definitely a first. But most days provide something new for me living west of the eastern seaboard and east of California. We say Dartmouth is a bubble and to some extent it is, but where isn't? I grew up in New York City, one of the most diverse and dynamic cities in the world, but it is most certainly its own island, exuding and breeding its unique New Yorkness. I realized today, when my hairdresser asked me if I thought Mormons and Utahans were weird, that even in today's globalized world everywhere is a bubble, and I had entered a new sphere. Park City, where I am a ski instructor, is an isolated community of non-Mormons in Utah, a state which boasts its own unique attributes including strange liquor laws, a western sensibility, and a beautiful landscape.

My experience as a ski instructor in Park City has burst my New England bubble because no matter how far I had

journeyed, be it to Argentina or South Africa, I had not truly left my comfort zone.

My undergraduate education and community, I am realizing, gave me the desire and the will to seek a new perspective, where I find that Dartmouth, instead of gaining me entry to these new places, is met with mixed responses and often smirks.

People reading this may decide I have been sheltered, having attended a private school in Manhattan for 13 years prior to Dartmouth, and that could be argued. But for me, the experience of taking the leap and enclosing myself in new surroundings has been more gratifying than I could imagine. Stepping outside the bubble has different meanings for all of us, but I challenge you to do the same, trusting that a new a perspective can be as awe-inspiring as a first drive through the Grand Tetons.

The Seven People You Meet in Hell

by Kathleen Mayer '11

So they call this “the real world.” Personally, I like to call it the hyperreal world so me and my lit theory buddies (shoutout to no one) can get a good kick out of our snide and superior awareness of the simulation machine we live in. Man, that got dark fast. I’m clearly just a bitter mess without Collis Ray.

My point is, this whole “real” world place isn’t that different. Sure, you’re doing different things on a day-to-day basis, you most likely live in a new place (but if you’re still in Hanover, I’ll be sure to pour one out for your dead soul next time I’m out at an actual bar), and maybe you even pay taxes! But for the most part, we are the same people we always were. The question now is, *where the fuck did these other people come from?* I forgot the kind of mindless trolls and basic muggles that exist out here. I’ve started a list of these people who are just endlessly baffling to come across after four years spent almost exclusively with Dartmouth people, who are basically all the same despite superficial differences like “being openly gay” versus “participating in fraternity pledge term.” But don’t worry; if you’re not like me and don’t have the same difficulty with attempting to relate to these types of people, that probably makes you a Good Person™. I’ll get to y’all in a minute. So without further ado...

Types of assholes you meet as a post-grad and how to handle them :

1) That “You went to Dartmouth? I went to [X Ivy you don’t care about]! We should totally hang out” girl who mysteriously seems to have never experienced nor thought about anything at all that took place outside of the realm of THE IVIES. She probably sprang fully formed from the head of a Winkelvoss twin. Ask her about her SAT score, and when she starts to answer, spit in her mouth.

2) People who are pushing 35 who still act like freshmen. First off, it makes no sense to me that their lives haven’t totally imploded due to alcoholism. Some of them don’t even seem to have a drinking problem at all, and yet they genuinely enjoy performing karaoke in front of a whole

room full of people who were probably newborns when they hit puberty. It’s like they just hit the pause button at 21 and are totally happy to drink raspberry Smirnoff and/or Natty Lite for the rest of their lives. Trick them into doing shots (they will love doing shots) and make them pay. After awhile, you’ll both be drunk enough that the confusion about where your SHOES ARE will trump the confusion about how this sad creature escaped from Neverland.

3) People who think you’re smart because you know all the parts of speech/how to type fast/who the vice president is, etc. There is no way to handle these people. Accept their flattery because you could use a little undue praise now and then.

4) Shiny girls. These are girls who spend more than an hour on their appearance every day. They may have gone to Dartmouth, but they sure as hell didn’t do that there. They confuse and intimidate me. Like, I wonder if they all have suicide pacts with each other to die at 40 once their value has eroded past the point of no return, and I also suspect they’ll have a wedding far more beautiful than the one I will stage with my future cats. However, they get all the perks in life. Befriend. Mooch.

5) Guys with feelings. Who knew there were guys who talked about their insecurities, or how uncomfortable they are with the idea of casual sex, or how they were heartbroken after a breakup? Even more baffling is guys with feelings who are also confident and traditionally masculine in a number of ways. Clearly, the answer to this one is to haze ‘em till they can’t feel their emotions.

6) Good People™. Now, I’m not saying that Good People did not exist at Dartmouth. I just have my doubts that anyone there who was publicly putting in time and effort into something that benefited others wasn’t in it for the equal benefit for themselves in the form of praise and recognition. You may call me a cynic, and to that I say, oh yeah? Well I think you were awesome on Croo. No, don’t thank

me. That was a trap. The thing is, there are downright swarms of people in the outside world who genuinely dedicate themselves to good works, even when their contributions go unheeded. These are the types who, in private conversation, will respond with a straight-faced “Aw, well I think she’s a pretty nice person” when all you wanted to do was gleefully mock Asshole #1 because she actually seriously exclaimed, “I went to Cornell! High-five!” They are concerned if you boot from drinking and horrified that you casually call it “booting.” Just give up. You are probably not good enough for them, so it’s best for both of you that you avoid their company, lest you spend every moment in it worrying about what an awful person you are.

7) People who diligently do their jobs yet are still as average as a coin flip. It seemed to me like everyone at Dartmouth was constantly pulling all-nighters and throwing together a whole term’s worth of work within a week, or a day, or a few drunken hours. I know there were hard workers there too, but they ended up doing ten times more than the type of asshole I’m talking about. This is someone who proofreads their fax cover sheets at least a dozen times and needlessly follows up on assignments they finished yesterday, as if everyone else is constantly on top of the mindless tasks they perform as they are. This is such a frustrating type of asshole. It seems that if they’ve been this ambitious their whole lives and are still so stunningly mediocre, they’d eventually stop. But no, they scramble to the middle. The only thing to do is be lazy enough that your work isn’t so much obviously better that you embarrass them. Look at you, well on your way to Good Person™ status!

These are the seven people you meet in Hell. It’s kinda like the opposite of that book [The Five People You Meet in Heaven](#). Yeah, I haven’t read it either. It’s the kind of book a #3 or #7 would read. I assure you this list could have been much longer, but it’d be nice to maintain some vague illusion that I have other things to do with my time (I don’t), and also it’s my lunch break. I’ll see you when I see you, ‘11s.

Dartmouth Mini-Reunions Update

by Alex Maceda '11



Courtesy of Alex Maceda

'11s enjoy the barbeque at the Homecoming 2011 tailgate.

Greetings from the exciting (dare we say glamorous?) world of mini-reunions! We kicked-off the fall with some great events in the young Dartmouth hotspots of New York, Boston and Hanover and have a couple upcoming events in the SF Bay Area and NYC in March, with hopes of events in the Denver area and Washington DC coming soon as well.

The group in **NYC** was joined by the classes of 2007, 2008, 2009, and 2010 for an epic 5-year mini reunion in early October at Puffy's Tavern in Tribeca. With well over 200 attending it was definitely a night to be remembered (or not, depending on how seriously you took happy hour), complete with throwback hits like Young Ivy's "Shirt Off." While some '11s were excited to see the '08s we idolized in such close proximity, I think it is safe to say ALL of the '07s were mostly terrified to see that '11s were now alums too (they're 26 - brutal). The event was quickly followed up with our homecoming post-game tailgate on campus with some of the other young alum classes. A free Stinson's BBQ, too many kegs of beer and cider, and an awesome Bluegrass band hopefully helped nurse the nostalgia of our fellow classmates and passerby alums.

A couple weeks later saw an event in **Boston** on the quite appropriate day of 11/11/11. In the words of my co-chair Mike Lewis, witness to the debauchery: "The Boston crew of '11s witnessed a huge turnout as well for a joint-mini reunion with the '08s, '09s, and '10s at Symphony 8 Bar.

What is normally a Northeastern University-hangout spot was, if only for a few hours, taken over by four classes of young alums, who successfully turned the bar and restaurant first floor into a face time frenzy that was bubbling with booze and random conversations ("I should have won masters- seriously"). Pitchers of beers were on steep discount at a few bucks each, leaving many of us guessing that our friends at Symphony 8 operated at quite a loss by the end of the evening (sry4partyn). In the "real world" that we now find ourselves trying to make it in, there really is nothing better than rounding up a crew of Dartmouth kids - regardless of year, age, sex, or maturity - and turning any unsuspecting bar into a scene that looks just

like one you'd find on Webster Ave. Stay tuned for next time."

Sry4partyn indeed... or sry we're not sry, because we plan to organize just as mind-blowing events for the winter and spring. Real world, here we continue to come! We know migrating all the way west makes connecting with Dartmouth alums even harder, so we have some good news for the **SF Bay Area '11s!** Look out for a young alumni event the weekend of March 16th.

From what we hear from the bazillion of you in NYC, you are seeing more than enough (if there is such a thing) of your classmates but having a hard time meeting other young people. So many people, but so few connections, right? With this in mind we've decided to try our hand at our first ever Mini-Reunion Mixer! Details to come, but save the date for a mixer with the **Harvard '11s in NYC on Friday, March 2nd.**

Talks of a **Denver area** reunion and the possibility of a **DC event** are in the mix as well... we are happy to organize events in any area but we need **YOUR HELP!** If you are interested in helping to organize a reunion in your area please reach out and we will provide the support! You can reach me or Mike at alexandra.r.maceda@gmail.com or michaelcharleslewis@gmail.com. We're always happy to hear from you guys!

GREETINGS FROM YOUR CLASS TREASURER!

I hope it's been a great start to 2012! I wanted to remind you all about our class dues for this fiscal year. Please support our wonderful class of 2011 by paying your dues!

Dues are \$35 and help support:

- Mini-reunions all over the country for just our class!
- Newsletters and events that keep us in touch with each other and the College.
- Subscriptions to the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine.

Pay your class dues TODAY by:

- Going online at : <http://dartmouth.org/classes/2011/dues.php>
- Submitting a check in through our print mailing in March!

I wish everyone the best for the New Year! I thank you in advance for your participation.

Katie Gandy '11
Class of 2011 Treasurer

Testing in a Tux

by Neil Basu '11

I remember my last Dartmouth exam. I studied social psychology, English, and theater, so I was accustomed to writing papers in the comfort of my dorm room. Nevertheless, I've been familiar with the drill: strategically placed alarm clocks, Collins omelets, and most importantly, the feeling of rolling from my bed right into my desk in the classroom, awaiting the distribution of multiple-choice.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I was told upon arrival at Oxford that everyone would be taking exams in the same building, dubbed "The Examination Schools. And more importantly, that I'd be taking them in a tuxedo.

Yes, the Oxford regulations were clear. I was to wear a dark suit, white button-down, white bowtie, black socks and shoes. Over all of this, I'd be wearing what could gener-



Courtesy of Neil Basu

Oxford's "sub-fusc" attire, complete with white bow tie and academic robes.

ously be described as an 'academic robe' but what simply looked like spare scraps of cloth conveniently arranged so arms could fit through

them. These were no Harry Potter robes.

Oxford's preoccupation with looking respectable (read: nicer than I've looked for anything at Dartmouth, formals included) had my mind in a whirl. The suit restricted arm movement in my feverish writing spree, and the robe would catch itself in every protruding object as if it were working against me. Nevertheless, I finished the exam with a minute to spare, prevailing against my attire and realizing that I had faced tougher at Dartmouth.

If any of you still have doubts about Oxford's aesthetic obsession, just remember my exam room proctor, who followed his usual end-of-exam remarks with a special compliment: "I also want to congratulate you all on the exemplary way you are all dressed today." If only I got points for presentation.

The Mysteries of New York City Transit

by Allison Lure '11

Let me start with this: I get lost. I get lost really really easily. You might think I am exaggerating, but I'm not. With a GPS, I can still drive in circles and not realize it until the third circle. My first month at Dartmouth, I was never sure I was going in the right direction until I saw my destination.

So the first time I was in NYC, trying to figure out the subway system, I got lost. I took an express train when I was supposed to take a local train and could not understand why it was not stopping at all the stops. I got off at a random stop with the intention of walking to work. But even getting out of the subway station was harder it looked. First, I was assaulted by the awful smell of the station - like a frat basement the Monday after Green Key, only less like Keystone. Second, there are so many different exits, and none of them sounded even vaguely familiar to me.

When I managed to get above ground, I was not sure which direction to go in, so I asked someone which way Broadway was, and they pointed. One di-

rection, that didn't seem too hard. I walked for ten minutes thinking I would run into it... but I didn't. So I asked someone else where Broadway was, and they pointed in the same direction. I walked for another 10 minutes thinking I would find it. I didn't. So I stopped to ask a third person, and she asked me, as if I were insane, "Are you going to walk there?" Apparently it was another mile and a half away.

The next time I used public transportation I took the bus. I talked to my friend who told me to take the bus because, "subway stations have no A/C, and if you're outside, at least there's wind." So on my first day of work, I stood expectantly at the bus stop. The bus was 32 minutes late (I know because I checked my watch every three minutes). When it arrived, it was packed. Not in the conventional sense, but with people literally spilling out of doors. I ran at an open door, hoping that I would be sucked in. I wasn't. But somehow, when the bus began to move again, I was on it.

However, what they don't tell

you about buses are that unlike the subway, not every stop is marked on the map. This is extremely important information for someone who figures out which stop to get off at by counting how many have passed. I got off the bus five stops after I got on, made a right at the first block, walked straight for two blocks, took the next left, and ended up... not at work.

After the third day of work, I realized that the subway was much better than the bus: it was not necessarily on time, but it arrived so often that it didn't matter. After the second week of work, I could use the subway to get from home to work and back again without any problems. And after a month I was starting to get the hang of the NYC subway system. But after a summer working at Columbia, I decided I didn't like it. I returned home to Maryland, and wound up getting a job in DC. The DC metro seems much better than the NY subway, more modern and with floors that are actually cleaned. But appearances can be deceiving.

The Last of the Summer Survey Results

From the Homecoming 2011 survey, a lot of you had memorable landlords. Here's what you said about them!

MY LANDLORD IS...

(the good kind)

...a nice lady because she gave me a plant as a move-in present.

...a beauty because s/he plays pro hockey.

...awesome because s/he owns a kick-ass sushi shop next door to my apartment.

...the man because he shows up to parties on a motorbike.

...a total bad-ass because s/he is an Academy Award-winning documentarian.

...awesome because he stocked the kitchen with green Tupperware when I told him I went to Dartmouth.

MY LANDLORD IS...

(the bad kind)

...a buzzkill because she files noise complaints.

...bossy because s/he is a proud recipient of a third-tier college degree in communications, flanked by other such winsome characteristics as a grating personality and cheap loafers.

...a flake because s/he has a monopoly on Hanover properties and can get away with it.

...petty because she sees grease spots on the stove after I cleaned it.

...a douche because he is using my rent to pay for his house on Nantucket and won't take care of the mouse that lives in my kitchen.

MY LANDLORD IS...

(the ??? kind)

...a dude because s/he dug up my entire backyard with a shovel.

...a cutie because s/he says "tousand" instead of thousand and "tree" instead of three.

...creepy because he calls me "dear boy."

...insane because she taught us about mold for 2+ hours.

...a Muggle because he can't cast spells.

...creepy because she owns the basement apartment and gets the weirdest mail delivered to my house.

...either a nuisance or awesome because he sings opera.

Update from the Dartmouth College Fund

Participation: 11%
Participation goal: 55%
Amount Raised: \$12,148

Way to go '11s: In January 2011 the class of 2010 had only raised \$5,287! Keep up the good work so we can break the record they set for participation (54%)!

You can make a gift through the Dartmouth College Fund here: www.dartmouthcollegefund.org
Or email Karen Doster (karen.doster.11@gmail.com) or Dan Hochman (dbhochman@gmail.com) with any questions.

Want to share your experience?

We want to hear from as many of you as possible!

E-mail us at:

dartmouthclass2011@gmail.com

and we will make sure you get your moment in the spotlight!

FOLLOW the **Dartmouth Class of 2011** for the latest updates on your classmates, news from Hanover, and alumni events!



And visit our website: www.dartmouth.org/classes/2011