

Remembering Kathy

Friends, Family, Co-Workers, Athletes Share Precious Memories

Jeremy Hartigan said:

Slatts was special to many of us, and I know she was to you. I hope the Dartmouth athletics community can come together for the holidays. Being part of a rival Ivy League department, few people in the profession were as respected and loved as Kathy. I'll miss her dearly. Just another reason to give your family and friends a hug, and to give thanks for people like Kathy who come into our life. To all those at Dartmouth, please accept the heartfelt and heartbroken condolences of many around the Ivy League.

Jeremy Hartigan - Cornell University

Anonymous said:

I'm shocked and saddened. I thought I had seen her at the Floren dedication ceremony last Friday, and I had no idea she was ill.

A big loss for the Dartmouth and Ivy community.

Bruce Wood said:

Kathy had been fine until Sunday when she suffered a brain aneurism. The doctors at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center worked hard to save her, but it simply wasn't possible. Someone who gave to others all her life, Kathy continued to give after passing, as an organ donor.

Bruce Wood said:

I should add that when she was stricken Sunday, she was, typically, at work

Matt Jennings said:

Kathy was my first boss, and to this day she was both the toughest and most beloved boss I've ever had.

And while she was, indeed, an invaluable mentor, she was also a true friend, one I cherished and one I will greatly, greatly miss.

Anonymous said:

A thing that seems unique to our species is the incredible range of qualities shown by its members. The nicest and the foulest humans hardly seem of the same species. The nicest and foulest pigeons are hard to distinguish.

I have lived long (68 years) and have been blessed with knowing several people at the very top of our species in all qualities we do, or should, hold dear. People who effortlessly have blended hard work, intelligence, physical grace, and unaffected caring about others. Kathy was about as fine as our species is capable of producing.

Men of my era weren't supposed to cry. I have cried quite a bit recently.



Chuck Young '88 said:

There's so many memories of Slats that I've replayed this week, but I'll type up one for now: ever since the first message about Kathy's illness Monday morning, I've thought often of one of my recurring images of her, barrelling into the front room of the SIO from the copyroom and saying, "All right guys, we've got big problems." Jerry Spar can mimic this pretty well as I recall. And of course the problems were usually not that big at all, but either way I learned from Slats that if you vent early about a situation, you can focus and solve it more quickly and efficiently thereafter.

That's my excuse for being pretty emotional the past couple days anyway.

Anonymous said:

I don't know how it's done but with everything in Dartmouth athletics having a name attached to it..."Leede, Berry, Leverone, Thompson, Rolfe, Floren, etc..." it would be a shame to not have 'Slattery' as a permanent fixture on campus !

Bruce Wood said:

The Kathy Slattery Phillips Press Box has a very nice ring to it after 305 consecutive football games.

Bill Moore said:

I had become friends with Kathy over the last few years when she visited Colgate and Cornell for football. I had met her years ago in the mid 70's when she took pictures of Dartmouth football and I drove them back to Manchester for the Sunday News. She was always so nice and helped me in many ways. I will miss talking to her about golf in New Hampshire on Dartmouth football visits to Central NY.



Jerry Spar said:

The thing I remember most about Kathy is her smile. That's the lasting image of her that has been stuck in my mind the past few days, eliciting a mix of emotions.

Kathy was a tough boss -- anyone who worked for her knows what I mean. But there are two kinds of tough bosses. One is mean for the sake of being mean. The other earns your respect for driving you to accomplish more than you thought possible, for ultimately making you a better worker and a better person. Of course, Kathy was the latter. She was demanding, serious and unrelenting when dealing with her interns. So, to break through her tough-boss facade, to get her to let down her guard just long enough during a moment of chaos to unwind that smile -- before she'd come back with a funny putdown, of course -- gave me a greater feeling of accomplishment than any story I wrote or any other task I performed in that office.

Kathy had a positive impact on many lives, and it's a shame we never had a chance to honor her while she was alive. That would have been a memorable event, and I sure would have liked to have seen that smile one more time.

-- Jerry Spar

Heather Croze said:

I am one of Kathy's current assistants and I also knew her when I was at Columbia Univ. So I've known Kathy as both a colleague in the league and as a boss.

I won't be able to be as eloquent as some of her former assistant's or interns but that was the beauty of my relationship with Kathy. We understood that she didn't really like my writing and I never let it get to me. We had a routine, I would write, she would bleed on it, I would correct and she would say "well done". But she knew I was good in other aspects of my job and she let me go.

Compliments from Kathy were few and far between but I cherished the ones I got. Whether it was her saying, "that was well done for you" or when I would have to hear from others that she had said something nice about a story I had written.

I've also known both Kathy's..the Slattery version and the Phillips version. I have to say the Phillips version was my favorite. She had finally found something outside of her office and she thrived on being a mom and a wife. Those two kids were the best thing that ever happened to her. She also recognized that to be good at your job you needed to be happy and therefore she was much more relaxed on me in regards to taking time off for myself.

I could go on and on but we all know. Was she infuriating? yes...was she good at her job? absolutely...was she one of the best mentors I ever had? resounding yes...will she be missed? more then she'll ever know or ever would have suspected.

Alex Oberweger said:

I am shocked and saddened to hear of this news.

I first met Kathy when I was a student broadcaster for Columbia's WKCR-FM. Flash forward 15 years - I now work for Columbia's athletics program, and had a great opportunity to get to know Kathy better.

I wholeheartedly agree with Jeremy - she was so well respected for her passion for Dartmouth and her profession. I remember just last month talking to Kathy - with her camera in hand, naturally - at the Cross Country Heps in New York City on a Friday, and hearing that she came down just for the day - because she had to get back to Hanover for the football game. Her dedication to the Big Green was second to none.

My condolences to her family and the Dartmouth community. She will be sorely missed.

Josh Bloom said:

Slats really was something special. As I read all these posts about those who worked for/with her, I would like to chime in regarding her enduring impact on student-athletes. Through her tireless work, Slats painted a tremendously kind and flattering picture of so many of us. The accolades and recognition that followed opened doors and facilitated opportunities for so many Dartmouth student-athletes. These opportunities and the impact they had on our lives and the lives of others are part of Kathy's legacy. She will be sorely missed - I second the idea of the "Kathy Slattery Phillips Press Box."

Josh Bloom '95

Craig Saltzgaber said:

Kathy always made coming back to Dartmouth feel like you were returning home. Even though it was 20 years after graduation, we'd use the same inside jokes, same nicknames, same derogatory comments about each other's golf games. Seeing an enthusiastic Kathy at every game, spouting a "we could have used you today, Gaber!" even though we both knew that was the furthest thing from the truth...that was Kathy. Lenny Fontes, Matti Burke, Ernie Torrain, and myself have already expressed shock at her passing. Kathy was one of the truly special things about Dartmouth and we're incredibly saddened by this loss...

Mark Washburn said:

I'm "Kathy's photographer" and have been for about ten years. I loved working with her, loved how caring and good she was, and I also loved her dedication and loyalty and drive. After shooting a football game, or any one of the many sports I shot for her, I enjoyed going to her office to drop off the film, or dvd. I made the trip to her office to see her smile, or hear one of her stories, or laugh about how crazy things were in the office.

There was a rhythm to our relationship and a level of mutual respect. She knew what I could do for her department, and I knew what she needed as far as photography was concerned. It was easy. I loved it, and I loved working for her.

I photographed her wedding in 2005, and saw her happy in a way that I had never seen her before. We often shared stories of parenthood, and it was great seeing how proud she was to be a mom.

That, to me, is the saddest thing. She, and that family, had really become something special

and it is heartbreaking that they didn't get the chance to continue flourishing.

It's been a horrible week.

I've either been crying my eyes out, or smiling at some little memory of her, or story that she had told. Sometimes, strangely enough, at the same time.

I just returned from shooting women's hockey, and I've learned that my love for shooting sports, is only surpassed by my love for shooting sports for her. It will never be the same.

I miss her terribly.

Mark Washburn

Joe Barbour said:

My very best to Corey and his children as well as the Dartmouth community during this difficult time. I caddied for Kathy in the early '80s and we remained friends/in contact throughout the years. I can only hope that my children have a "Kathy" in their lives...she was fantastic in so many ways. I will always remember her sense of humor and love of sports, children and pets. We are all better for having known her.

Anonymous said:

I keep trying to leave a comment about Slatts and failing to find adequate words. I have never known a finer, kinder person. I knew her for 25 years. She embodied every virtue and every grace. A great goodness has left all our lives. She was a shining person.

Brett Hoover said:

I could hardly go a day without an email from Slatts, usually in the form of a press release. She was a prolific wordsmith. Now her loss has left me with few words. I will miss her

professionalism and her honesty. I share Jeremy's heartbreak.

I went and looked at a photo she took of Andrew Hall catching a touchdown pass against Harvard a few years ago. It was a great catch and a big win for the Big Green. I remembered that photo because she called me excitedly the next day saying, "I think I got it. I think I got it."

And she did.

Kathy touched a lot of lives and it was so nice to see her life going so well in recent years. I will always remember that.

Anonymous said:

Though I never knew her, I see her through all your statements of love and respect. What can I say, but to those who knew her my sympathy, and to the children I pray for you and your life to come, that you will be blessed, and hurt no more.

Anonymous said:

There is not much I can add to what already has been written so eloquently, or what surely will be said on Friday, or what will be thought by anyone who goes to that first Dartmouth game without her presence and knows it just isn't the same.

I will say this about Kathy: She was a woman capable of driving a wet-behind-the-ears intern to tears, and I know I'm not the only one who took her name in vain in the safe confines of 'the pit.' But I'd cry those tears again in a minute if I could swap them for the ones I've shed this week.

I had not seen Kathy in years when I decided to pop into her office completely unannounced one afternoon this October. Even in the middle

of the always chaotic fall sports season, she was happy to see me, my wife and our 2-year-old daughter. I thank God that a friend encouraged me to take the time and visit. I hope to God that our daughter grows to be anything like the person she met too briefly one afternoon in October.

Allen Lessels said:

Sad, sad days. Calling Kathy for a few precious moments of laughing and joking and chiding was an absolute pleasure. Every single time. My heart aches for Mrs. Slattery and Rick and Corey and his and Kathy's children. And for Cindi, Heather and Bruce and Jack and for all of us.

Virginia Williamson '62a said:

I cannot believe Kathy is gone. Aside from loving her, as so many did, I depended on her so much. Everyone knows of her great expertise in sports, and her great love and kindness to children. But I wonder how many other people, besides myself, found her a wise counselor when badly needing advice -- many I would bet. I am much older than Kathy but when I had a major decision to make last spring, one that was going to affect the rest of my life, I called Kathy for advice. As busy as she was, she let me come to her office and discuss this personal problem with her. Her judgement was sound, as always. She gave me good advice, which I took. Time has proven that she was right. What will we do without her -- in so many areas?

Dara Ely said:

I felt the loss of Kathy rather profoundly tonight as I was leaving the Dartmouth press conference after my first-ever NCAA tournament soccer game (a wild 1-1 tie that went to penalty kicks). When I got to my car I actually reached for my phone to call Kathy thinking how she was gonna love this one. And then I

snapped back to reality.

A year and a half ago, Kathy gave me, a 24 year old kid, my first full-time job in sports information. I can remember at the time being excited not only by the chance to work in a high level athletic department, but also to learn from such a respected veteran. I will be eternally grateful to her for the opportunity she gave me and the lessons I learned in the short time we worked together. She was a tough boss, set in her ways and not always easy to work for, but she was above all that, kind and fair. She was a mentor and a friend.

It's hard for me to fully do justice to Kathy and to the way I feel right now, though utmost respect and overwhelming sorrow come closest. I imagine I will have many more moments like I did tonight, but that's how I think Kathy will best live on.

I take comfort in knowing that she probably didn't need me to tell her about the game...I'm sure she was watching and definitely yelling at the refs, this time with as much fervor as she wished.

Tris Wykes said:

There was a men's hoops game against Penn one winter when I was about 15 or 16. I was supposed to work the stats crew but we had too many people so I just went and hung out with some Dartmouth students I knew on the other side of Leede Arena.

Late in the game, the score was close and the fans were giving it to the Quakers and their pep band got up in the front row of the bleachers on our side and started playing.

The crowd went nuts and began booing lustily. And then the guys I was with started making

paper airplanes and balling up other sheets and tossing them all at the pep band and particularly the tubas.

You can imagine what a thrill this was for a teenager who wanted to be in college in the worst way. So I was winding up with a ball of paper when Slat came storming along the sideline in front of where we were sitting several rows up.

The tongue-lashing she unleashed probably caused enough embarrassment to leave me sunburned. I pretty much wanted to die. But she had my best interests at heart, knowing I couldn't work for her and be a rowdy at the same time.

Whew. I feel kind of taken aback just typing this up. My parents could have only dreamed of commanding such respect.

David Burke said:

I'm still recovering from the shocking news of Kathy's passing. Technically speaking, she was my boss for the four years I spent as a work study student in the SI office at Dartmouth, but actually she was much more than that. She was a mentor and a friend. She and Bruce Wood taught me as much about the craft of writing as any of my professors at Dartmouth. I loved what Jerry Spar had to say about the kind of tough boss that Kathy was--the best kind--and I couldn't agree more. I also loved what Heather Croze had to say about knowing both Kathy Slattery and Kathy Phillips. Although I didn't get to spend nearly as much with Kathy after her marriage, I did have a wonderful chat with her about a year ago when I dropped in to say hello while I was on campus. It was great fun trading parenting stories with her, and I can honestly say that in four years of working for her in the 80s I never remember seeing her

as happy as she seemed during that 30 minute conversation a year ago. Her face just radiated the joy that only a parent knows.

Kathy demanded the best from everyone around her, and she got it. But you always knew that she cared about you. She kept in touch with everyone, and I'll bet her Christmas card list was a mile long.

It seems everyone has a great Slats story to tell. I certainly have my share. I've been remembering those all weekend. They have brought many smiles to my face. She will be missed. My heart aches for Corey and her children. We have all of you in our prayers.

David Burke '89

Anonymous said:

Slats was Dartmouth! Unpretentious, humble, hard-working, a person for others... she had all the qualities we, as alums, want to see in Dartmouth students. She was incredibly thoughtful. When she learned that my uncle collected golf memorabilia, she began sending him items for his collection, and he would do the same, beginning a friendship that continued for the better part of two decades. When Leede Arena was being redone, I received a Federal Express package containing a piece of the old floor. She was always thinking of ways to brighten everyone's day...and she never failed to brighten mine when I would see her or we would talk on the phone. My heart goes out to all those she touched and her family.

Steve Sheridan said:

I still remember standing at the front door of my fraternity house at Ball State and opening the letter from Kathy saying I had been accepted as the Dartmouth sports info intern. That very moment changed my life for the better forever. I was a goofy, midwestern, hick, frat boy who had no idea about hard work and

professionalism. I just thought it would be cool to go to another college and hang out. Slatts set me straight on that and put my career and life on a successful path. Within the first few days of the internship, she and Bruce Wood noticed that I wore polyester dress slacks to work. I had no clue about fashion or clothing materials...I was damn lucky to get myself dressed in the morning period. These pants created the nickname "Lester Polyester" for me during my internship and years beyond when I was the assistant SID at Dartmouth. Even when I called to give her our new address this past July, she said "What's up Lester?"...I almost didn't put a question mark after Lester...she would have been pissed at me for that :) I can still hear her screaming "Lester!!!!" at me from her office out to the pit for a variety of mistakes both big and small. She carved me into a true professional who took pride in my work. More than once, I have called her the Bobby Knight of sports information. Working for her, you loved her and hated her in varying degrees. But in the long run when you had earned her respect, there was no one in the world who had your back like she did. I have spoken to several friends from the Upper Valley today that I had not talked to in years. It was good for my soul. I encourage anyone reading this to call some friends or family you haven't talked to in a while and catch up. We never know when a tragedy like this will strike close to us. Thanks for letting me share these comments with everyone. God bless Corey and the kids.

Chuck Sullivan said:

I was glad to see Brett mention the shot that Kathy took of that great catch a few years back, because that was one of the first things I thought of when I heard the sad news.

First, it was the greatest catch I've ever seen (just for kicks, run a Google search for Andrew Hall, catch, Dartmouth, Kathy Slattery and you'll see what I mean). But that aside, I didn't think twice about it when Kathy left the press box to head to the sideline to shoot, other than that I thought it unusual for an SID to do that herself.

But as others have said, one of Kathy's strongest suits was how set she was in her ways and how comfortable she was in any situation. She had a confidence that was backed by her vast experience, and more importantly, by her sound judgment.

So no, I wasn't surprised the day after that game when I saw that Kathy had captured the shot. I'm not sure how she did it, but her getting that moment might have been as impressive as the catch itself.

Professionally, we've lost one of the best in the business. Personally, I'm heartbroken for the Dartmouth and Hanover communities and morose for Kathy's family. Here's hoping that the words that everyone is offering here provide some kind of comfort to those who knew her best.

Julie Green said:

Each year women golfers from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont compete in a tournament called the Women's Tri-State Championship. I had the gift of competing against Kathy for many years. I always looked forward to seeing her, and was always glad to be paired against her as I knew it would be the right kind of competition. Sometimes I won the match and sometimes she won but they were always done right. She knew how to compete and was no different whether she won or lost the match.

For me personally I will miss seeing her.

On behalf of many of us Maine golfers, our hearts are heavy and we send our condolences to her family.

Julie Green, Bangor, Maine.

Matt Jennings said:

What has really struck me after reading through all of these wonderful comments is how each one---every single one--has prompted a knowing smile and nod:

*barrelling in from the copying room announcing "big problems"

*Jerry Spar's spot-on description of the good kind of tough boss

*us interns slinking/storming back to the pit in tears/anger

* how she smiled with her eyes as well as with her mouth

*Steve's (Lester's) truism that once you gained her respect, no one had your back like she did

*her iron handshake, wonderfully self-deprecating humor, and most of all her kindness and compassion at just the right moment.

Like most/all of you, I've spent the past several days recalling specific moments, and a few stand out:

Returning to the office the day after Christmas, I had this waiting in my in-box: a fax cover sheet sent by Slatts to the SID at Army. Before Christmas, Slatts had sent me on the road with the men's hoops team, and at West Point I had forgotten to give something to the SID post-game. So Slatts had to fax it to him a few days

later, and in the comments section she wrote: "So sorry. This is what happens when you send an intern on the road." And in her trademark red pen, she had scrawled, to me, "Numbnuts, what the hell is up with this!!"

But then there was the football road trip to Brown. The radio guys had gone separately, so it was just Slatts and I on the ride to Providence. My grandfather was dying of cancer--he would pass away just a week later--and on that ride, we spent almost the entire time talking about him and my family and my childhood. And then she shared how she handled the grief of her father passing away. I go back to her words and find solace and comfort. Much as her mentorship has shaped me as a writer, an editor, and a person, here is yet another instance in which she's found a way to do something else.

Gina Machos Balkus '83 said:

My heart goes out to Kathy's family. I am so saddened by her passing. As a Sports Information Intern, I was the beneficiary of her editing, her enthusiasm and her encouragement. Last fall, I stopped by the press box at a Dartmouth football game and was immediately welcomed by her smile. It had been many years since I had seen her, but her friendship was as effusive as ever. Dartmouth athletics will not be same without her...

Brian Gilpin said:

I was sadden to here about Kathy. For those of us who pass through Hanover after our four years are up she continually made us feel like we had never left. She was as much a part our team as the coaching staff. She even made our team seem good after we lost ten games in row. Slatts will be missed and leave a void for the Big Green. My prayers go to here family.

Brian Gilpin Men's Basketball '97

Glenn Jordan '85 said:

Kathy was in her final year as Art's assistant when I arrived at Dartmouth in 1981, so I got to be her friend before becoming one of her interns.

She arranged for my first newspaper story, covering the Vermont-New Hampshire Shrine football game during my sophomore summer for the Manchester Union Leader. It took me forever to write, and not only was it horrible, it was only about 12 inches long. They had to run a dozen photos all around the space they had left for text. I can only imagine the copy editor who pulled it from the fax machine, or whatever passed for one in 1983. Through it all, Slatts kept smiling (at least when she was in front of me), gently prodding me into completing it as Saturday afternoon wound down, no doubt itching to get out to the golf course but telling me how well I was doing. Doggone, she was a good liar.

Two years later I tested her patience further as an intern senior spring. She wouldn't let me collect my diploma until handing in a football captains story for the following fall's game program. As a measure of the respect she commanded, I made her deadline but, roughly 10 hours later, missed the graduation procession. Numbnuts, indeed.

Nine months later, she not so gently nudged me out of the nest that was Hanover. Waiting tables at Jesse's wasn't a long-term solution, she said, and set up an interview with a newspaper I had never heard of (the Eagle Times) in a town I didn't know existed (Claremont), which is how I embarked on a career in sports writing that continues, three newspapers and almost three decades later.

And my wife wondered why I continued to

hold onto a frightfully dated easy chair through multiple moves. It had belonged to Kathy's parents, and she sent me to their house to pick it up so I would have at least one piece of furniture in my otherwise barren apartment in Concord after moving on from Claremont.

Kathy always looked after her kids, and I could tell, after introducing her to my children at a recent Dartmouth Relays, that she loved looking after her new ones with Corey. My heart goes out to them. I can't imagine Dartmouth without her.

-- *Glenn Jordan*

Jacqueline Newport said:

I was stunned and sorrowful when Sheila told me the news about Kathy Slattery Phillips. Although it has been quite a few years since I worked at the Athletic Department, I remember vividly Kathy's wonderful, cheerful and contagious smile. She always had a sunny smile to share with all those she met in the hallways of the Alumni Gym.

Situations like this always bring up questions of "why"... and to that I have no answers, only more questions. But the one thing I do know is that knowing her (even slightly and for a short time) I feel blessed. She was truly a special person and will indeed be deeply missed.

I wish I had some reassuring words to say, but I do not. All I can say that how much I would like to convey my sincere condolences to her family, her friends and all the past and present staff of the Athletic Department. You will all be in my thoughts and prayers.

Jake Halpern said:

I was shocked and saddened to learn of the Dartmouth community's loss today. Although, unlike some of the other posters on this page,

many of my memories of Kathy have been erased over time, and I haven't stayed in close a touch with her as I would have liked since graduating (my fault), I still feel the loss personally.

While a student, one of my goals was to pursue a career in sports journalism, and of course my path often took me face-to-face with Slatts. Kathy helped to teach me the ropes and provided help at every step along the way, with information and suggestions on my writing and broadcasting (although sometimes with her quick wit and dry humor =). When I wasn't sure what to do with my off term sophomore year, Kathy offered me one of the assistant's jobs, and I spent the semester sequestered away in the pit, occasionally venturing down the hall for air (and the baseball books). She didn't have to do this -- I suspect there were more qualified people available -- but it showed the affection she had for those in the community around her.

I haven't stayed in touch with many people at Dartmouth since graduating, but with my tenth reunion coming up next year, one of my scheduled stops was the SID's office, to introduce Kathy to my wife and three month-old son. It won't be the same without her.

My condolences to everyone in Kathy's family and the Dartmouth community affected by her passing.

Jake Halpern '99

Steve Ulrich said:

I was shocked and saddened by Kathy's passing and my condolences go out to the families. Kathy was a link to a simpler time for me - Dartmouth College Sports Information intern 1982-83. It doesn't seem like it was all that

long ago when I was toiling away at the Dartmouth Relays or the Memorial Field press box - or should I add "The Kathy Slattery Phillips Press Box." She taught me the lessons that I needed to progress in my chosen field. I learned how to write ... I learned how to work on deadline ... and I learned how to be an SID. The Big Green Sports News. The Dartmouth hotline. The Auld Lang Syne Hockey Classic. All fond memories. I hope I had Kathy's respect when I worked as SID at Yale, because she certainly had mine. The profession ... Dartmouth College ... and her friends and family are better because of her.

Steve Ulrich

Chris Wielgus said:

In the beginning there was Kathy. A young, athletic woman with iron will and distinct touch, Kathy was one of the first of her kind to squeeze her way through a very narrow opening in the front door of Alumni Gym. She had entered a "man's" world to do a "man's" job. There was no fanfare, no hearty welcome, no Helen Reddy singing about the power of "WOMAN." It wasn't like that "back in the day." There was only a desk and a job. Title IX could have been a novel. All you had going for you was your ability to do the job. You better be good because everyone is watching.

Kathy was one of a handful of women who chartered the early waters of Dartmouth's co-education. It is obvious to all of us now that women should be part of athletics. The problem with hindsight is that there is an assumption of inevitable. If you actually lived through those early years, the idea of women working in the athletic world was anything but inevitable. It was all about survival. To survive the early days you had to work very hard...harder

than anyone else. To last thirty years in this place you had to work hard and adapt. I don't think Kathy cared much about being the "first." But she was determined to make sure she was not the last woman in her position.

Kathy was her own person. She had an opinion and she expressed it. She did things her way. She earned that right. No one cared like Kathy. No one remembered like Kathy. No one could bake cookies like Kathy. She knew your birthdays. She knew who was sick. She knew your children. This job was personal to her and that is her legacy. Dartmouth was her life's work. Her fingerprints are all over the place... in the office, on the morning papers, on press row, in the parking lot looking at yet another ding in her car. She touched us all...coach, student, staff. We will miss more ways than anyone will know.

Art Petrosemolo/Fairleigh Dickinson University said:

I had the pleasure of hiring Kathy in 1977 shortly after I replaced Jack DeGange as Dartmouth's SID. Kathy and I had big shoes to fill then..... I could not have done it without Kathy's knowledge of New Hampshire, Dartmouth and the local sports scene. We were a team for six years and when I left to go into business, she was MORE THAN ready to take over. Her 20+ years as the boss are an example to everyone of how to do it right and also change with the times. Everyone has Kathy stories..... here are two of mine. In the SID business, as everyone knows, it is and was 24/7 (long before the phrase became popular).....June and July saw some free time.... some! Kathy's love of golf and her abilities are well documented.... About May 1 every year, Kathy would leave a note on my

desk with the tournaments she planned to play that summer and I adjusted my vacation time to facilitate. My wife would shake her head..... but hey, that's the way it was. The second concerns our interns. We were way understaffed then and used volunteer interns who spent a semester with us to learn the business so they were candidates for full time jobs. Many - like Roger Clow at Lafayette - have excelled in the college and university PR field. Well, Kathy was our editor and she pulled no punches..... many a time, an intern came into my office with tears in his or her eyes and their draft news release covered with red ink. Before they said anything, I reached in my top desk draw and pulled out the draft of my last release with only slightly less red edits than they were seeing. They usually left without a word.....

Maura Stokes said:

Slattery and I were best friends as teenagers. We ended up in different sections of the country, but we sustained the friendship with letters and email for over thirty-five years. When everything was said and done, we were supposed to end up in the same old folks home, next to a golf course, where she would continue her streak of winning cans of ice tea from me, no matter how many canes and rest periods it took.

This was not in the plan.

We hit it off because of our interest in golf and sports. Not too many girls in the sixties were sports junkies like Kathy and me, and her friendship made a huge difference. We spent summers squeezing in golf when we weren't working as lifeguards. We followed Jack Nicklaus in the 1974 US Open at Winged Foot, and we saw John Havlicek in action at the Boston Garden.

One of my favorite memories is when we were standing on a tee at Beaver Meadow, waiting for a male foursome to move out of range. They waved at us to tee off, sure that they were far past the capabilities of girls. Slattery shook her head no, but they persisted. Finally, she sighed, said they asked for it, and reminded me to yell 'Fore' because she just might forget. She nailed the ball—her best drive of the summer—and the duffers scrambled for cover. The ball hit the ground in their midst and bounced twenty yards ahead.

Like someone else has said, the inclusion of women in athletics was not inevitable, and it took women like Kathy to hit the drives and get the by-lines that paved the way for current times.

Kathy cared deeply about people, and it showed in her letters. I re-read some this weekend. She talks about being thrilled at hiring Bruce, whom she describes as a great guy whose work she really respects. She worries about Cindi's softball injury. She brags on Matt's hockey exploits. More recent notes have been shorter—the sure sign of a busy parent—and they have been all about Corey and Carter and Lizzie.

What made Kathy so special wasn't her many talents but her impact. She changed lives. I was lucky to have her as my friend for so many years, and Dartmouth was lucky that she graced its campus for so long. I am heartbroken for Corey and Carter and Lizzie.

Maura Stokes

Brian O'Friel said:

Kathy's many friends have written quite eloquently of her impact on each of their lives. I am no different. I was stunned when I received

Bruce's e-mail about the impending surgery and equally stunned with the notice of her death. I am another in the long line of interns and assistants that she trained, nurtured and sent forth into Sports Information Offices and newspapers across the land. It was not easy working for Kathy. After three weeks, I had the car packed and was ready to head home to New York. Bruce and Frank Cicero, the other intern at the time, convinced me to stay. I adjusted to Kathy's style and realized that she only had my best interest at heart. I was originally scheduled for the Fall Internship and was invited to stay for the Winter/Spring internship as well. Kathy, and Bruce, must have seen some sort of promise in me. She took pride in seeing interns develop. I left the Sports Information field in 1989 and lost touch with Kathy. I contacted her again last winter when I became Chairperson of a Charity golf tournament for Special Needs children. She gave me tips on running a successful event. Kathy will be missed but the memories she gave us will remain forever. I agree the Kathy Slattery Phillips Press Box does have nice ring to it.

Brian O'Friel

Andy Edison said:

Slats will be greatly missed.

I first met Slats in the late 80s when I was a student at Dartmouth. I was a cocky 19-year old reporter for the Daily Dartmouth who thought he knew it all. Only now, 20 years later, do I realize that I really knew nothing and that Slats -- and Bruce -- taught me everything.

The thing I most respected about Kathy was that she treated me the same as she did any other reporter, even though I was a mere college student. If I wrote a good story, she told

me so. If I wrote a bad story, she told me so. She treated me with respect and class. It did not matter if I was with the Daily D or the New York Times. She was tough, but that is why I -- and many others -- respected her so.

When I saw her this summer at a Dartmouth reunion, she was so excited about the future. I had never seen her happier. We'll miss you, Slats.

Mr. & Mrs. Kijuan Ware said...

I am sorry to hear about the loss of Kathy. She will be missed by all in the Dartmouth community. May God bless her family.

Elliot Olshansky said:

I've said my own piece on my blog - it's linked from the Dartmouth Athletic site's section about Kathy - but since The Catch was mentioned, I went looking for the picture online, and found it on the league's site, with the video clip from the YES Network. If you watch that clip, they show Kathy walking up the sideline with her camera in between the catch and the replay.

That moment was the most lasting image of Dartmouth athletics from my four years in Hanover, and I just can't stop thinking about how appropriate it is that Kathy is so woven into that moment.

Lynn Luczkowski said:

It's worth repeating -- Kathy was warm, caring and devoted at the core AND the toughest boss I ever had. It wasn't until I left Hanover that I realized -- today more than ever -- what a positive impact Kathy had on my career and choices in life. Yes, her edits "bled" all over my press releases...Funny, I thought I was the only one who couldn't write her way out of a paper bag? And the photo contact sheets? Despite my best efforts running the sidelines on

football Saturday's the pickings were often slim. Oh how nervous I was when the contact sheets arrived for her review...and how thrilled I was when Kathy peaked out from that microscope, gave a little smile or a loud holler over the wall and said, I actually have something to print!

Kathy set high standards for herself and for everyone associated with her. And it is evident that the respect for her abounds. I will be forever grateful to you, Kathy.
RIP,

Lynn Luczkowski, Asst. SID 1988-91

Shawn Rychling said:

I was shocked and saddened to learn of Kathy's death. Just another example that this life is too fleeting and uncertain.

I was an intern for Kathy from '92-'94 -- the Jay Fiedler era at Dartmouth. That meant a lot of attention on what our office did and we were extremely busy. But it was also a very fun time to be there.

Kathy was tough to work for, no doubt about it. I think Heather used the phrase 'infuriating at times' in her post above. That is certainly true.

I was fortunate in that Kathy seemed to like my writing for some odd reason, but it was my organizational skills where she and I clashed. Anyone who knew Kathy knows she was nothing if not meticulously organized and I was on the opposite end of that spectrum. She helped me improve that part of my work, but the thing that really sticks out to me about working for Kathy was that if you proved yourself to her and won her respect she would trust you with more responsibility and let you learn by doing

things. When I started that job, Kathy had something new for her staff to do -- a daily radio report. That basically became my project and I thrived with it thanks in large part to her confidence in me.

If you worked for Kathy you were immediately part of the family and every birthday was celebrated and you were invited to Thanksgiving or Easter if you could not get home for the holidays. These things made the 70-hour weeks a little more tolerable and she knew it.

Among the things I remember most...the football road trips, which were epic journeys. Kathy was savvy enough to get us our own car or van and avoid the sardine-like team bus. Let's say we had to be at Yale by 3 p.m. on a Friday for the walk through, but we'd leave at 7 a.m. because we had to make 2 or 3 stops at places Kathy had staked out over the years. Whether it was the Pizza Hut in West Springfield or a clothing store or, when going to Princeton, the stop at Baltusrol Golf Club where she knew the pro and would work the U.S. Open. On the way home from Cornell it was the Arby's Roast Beef place in the middle of some dark stretch of upstate NY highway. But one of the best things about the road trips was the camaraderie with your co-workers, radio guys and other folks who might hitch a ride with us at times.

Around the office it was posting the "Quote of the Day" which I still get some laughs about.

When you are going through that internship and pulling your hair out over the job itself or something Kathy had said or done it's impossible to appreciate it. It's only years later when I look back and realize what a great experience I had at Dartmouth and I have Kathy to thank for that.

Kathy and I had not been in touch for several years and I always figured that one of these falls I'd get back up to Hanover for a football game and catch up with Kathy over the coffee, donuts and muffins she provides on football Saturdays. Sadly, visiting now just wouldn't be the same.

Kathryn Smith said:

It has taken me the past two days to take in Kathy's passing (I just learned of it Tuesday) ~ and I am still absolutely stunned. I have not slept much since I heard the news, and thoughts of Kathy have pretty much consumed me. Between tears, I have had some smiles thinking about my internship at Dartmouth. I wholeheartedly concur with what so many others have written about Kathy's countless positive qualities. My year as an intern included some of my fondest and worst moments in the sports information profession (as I am sure other former interns can relate). Yet, in the end, it was one of the most important years of my life and I will forever remain incredibly grateful to Kathy for taking a chance on me.

I was Dartmouth's first full-time female sports info intern in 1984-85. I say that ONLY to put my next reflections in context. After I had written to Kathy in my senior year of college and expressed interest in the sports info internship, she replied that I could not have applied at a better time since she had been pressured by some of the women's coaches to hire a female intern. She invited me up to meet with her and Bruce Wood and get the lay of the land. I left Hanover excited about the possibilities. After accepting her offer, I couldn't wait to start a few months later.

Come August, although I was eager to get go-

ing, I was also feeling like I had to prove that Kathy had not a mistake hiring me. I felt I was carrying the torch for women and hoped that I wasn't going to stumble and screw it up for others.

I got settled into the position with Steve "Lester Polyester" Sheridan, the other intern, and things were going pretty well. That is, until our first home football game. The day before the game, Kathy came into The Pit to give Steve and me our assignments. "KD, you're on passing stats." That sounded easy enough. So, the next day when we got to the press box (I agree it should be named after Kathy!), she was distributing various stat sheets and handed one to me. I looked at it blankly. I truly had no idea what I was supposed to do with it. You see, I did not have a damn clue about the game of football, and I certainly didn't know a thing about passing stats. Sure, I had gone to every football game during my four years in high school ~ I had to ... I was in the marching band. I then went to school at Connecticut College, the only NESCAC school without a football team. I wasn't even a fan of the game. Any other sport I was confident I could handle. But football just was not part of my curriculum. Somehow, that "little" detail had never made it into any of Kathy's and my conversations.

So before the football game got going, I pulled Steve aside and told him the truth. I don't know if his shocked look was because: (a) he couldn't believe that someone working in college athletics (in the Ivy League, no less) knew nothing about football or (b) he knew what Kathy's reaction would be when she found out. It was probably a bit of both.

To be honest, the previous day when given my game day assignment of "passing stats," I

thought that meant I would be passing out the statistics to the media. I'm not kidding!! I somehow got through that day okay, but it did not take Kathy long to figure out how much I didn't know about the football.

Although I wrote player profiles, attended weekly Monday football luncheons, and continued my passing stats assignment at home games, that was pretty much the extent of my involvement with Dartmouth football. I knew that I had let down not only Kathy (and Bruce), but also myself. I was dejected at not being able to show my true capabilities and contribute to the office team effort with football. And Kathy pretty much eschewed me for the rest of the fall season. I think it was out of frustration that she barely interacted with me. I was miserable and often in tears. Somehow, I/we got through that fall season.

The one consolation was that Kathy graciously let me cover field hockey, a sport I loved, having played in college. She even sent me on the road with the team a few times, including a weekend trip to Princeton where Dartmouth won the Ivy title. I don't know if Kathy sent me as a reward ~ or to get me out of her hair. She and Bruce later gave me one of the team's championship rings, which I cherish even more today.

I could not wait until November when basketball season started since that was a major sport I knew well and had also played in college. I am sure Kathy wondered if I would be able to carry my weight through the winter season. I did, and every so often she would throw me a compliment. I treasured anything positive she had to say. We made it through the winter season, and I held my own ~ not just in basketball, but in hockey and track & field (Dartmouth Relays and the Indoor Heps in Hanover

that year).

Kathy also started to show me a different side of her, which I think was her way of saying that, despite our earlier struggles, we would be okay. One day she had to go to Woodstock for a delivery, and she asked if I wanted to go with her. Kathy mentioned wanting to stop at a needlework store along the way to get some materials for a project she wanted to do. Little did I know that we actually had something in common since I, too, did needlework. I jumped at the chance to ride along. For the first time, I saw her as a person rather than just my boss.

Kathy and I got through the rest of the year just fine, and I have counted her among my good friends ever since. At the end of the year when my internship was complete, I had not yet gotten a sports info job and was a rather bummed. Kathy took me out to lunch, just the two of us. We had quite a few laughs about the year and talked about my life after Dartmouth. The one distinct thing I remember her saying is, "No matter what happens in the future, I know you will land on your feet." I have carried that message with me over the years. Whenever things haven't gone my way or I have been at a crossroads, I hear Kathy's confidence in me. When I have had career decisions to make, I have turned to Kathy for advice. She knew exactly what to say and how to say it. Sometimes she was more direct than others, but it was always with an honest and caring voice and taking my best interests into consideration.

In 1997, I made the difficult decision to leave the field of sports information due my health. Having had a difficult previous two years, I knew I no longer had the energy to keep an SID pace. Kathy was one of the first people I called to talk about my situation. She knew I

had been sick, yet she repeated roughly the same words (“You will be okay and land on your feet”) as she had 12 years earlier. And I knew she was right.

One of the last things I did before closing the sports info door was nominate Kathy for the ECAC-SIDA Marsh Award (I couldn’t believe she had not yet received it). It was the very least I could do to honor someone who had done so much to mentor me and countless others. As much as I was thrilled she was the 1997 recipient, I was also devastated in not being healthy enough to travel to see Kathy receive her award. I had not told her about my nomination, so it was my surprise when she called me the day after the honors dinner to say thanks (someone else had told her about my nomination). I asked her to tell me all about the event, but first she wanted to know how I was doing. That was the selfless, nurturing part of Kathy that cared more about others than herself.

I have no doubt she was an excellent mom to Carter and Lizzie, and a wonderful partner for Corrie. I am just sorry I never actually got to see her first-hand in those roles.

I am now two professions removed from sports information. After taking some time off, I taught middle school social studies for a few years before health issues kicked in again. Now, I work part-time for Habitat for Humanity, while still staying keeping my foot in the SID door serving on the Athletic Hall of Fame Committees at Conn College and Clark University. Much of what I learned from Kathy has not been forgotten. She gave me the foundation for success for any career; and the skills have stayed with me for 20+ years and transferred with me to new positions.

The last time I heard from Kathy was in mid-September. She emailed me congratulations on my brother’s promotion as the Minnesota Twins new GM the day after the announcement. How she managed to keep up with everyone’s doings continually amazed me. As she always did, Kathy asked about my health and wanted to know how I was doing. She was thrilled that I was involved with Habitat, and she wanted to hear all about it the next time we talked (which, to my regret, never happened). Kathy added a brief update about the overlapping of fall/winter seasons being more intense and how it seemed like there was more to do for each sport. Here is how she closed: “Oh, well! If it was easy, everyone would do it, right?” I can just hear her saying it.

Well, it absolutely was not easy ~ but Kathy certainly made it look that way! She was special and was obviously well-liked, highly respected, and loved by many. As difficult as tomorrow will be in Hanover, I look forward to paying final respects to a wonderful person, colleague, and friend ~ and being able to share in the memories with others she touched so deeply.

Kathryn "KD" Smith
1984-85 Intern
Worcester, MA

Steve Donahue said:

I'm so sorry to hear about the extremely sad news. I've been traveling to Dartmouth for eighteen years and I can't imagine walking in to the gym and not being met by the always upbeat Kathy.

The Cornell Basketball program, like thousands of others who knew Kathy, will miss her dearly.

Roger Clow said:

Very first assignment as the inexperienced solo intern for SID Art Petrosemololo and Kathy in the spring season of '81 was to wait one evening in the office for the golf coach's call with that day's score. I got the info, wrote up a little story, called the papers: Big Green victorious! But I did not know that in golf the high score loses... Needless to say, Kathy developed from this episode some views on the sort of special attention the new guy was going to require and took steps accordingly -- to my great benefit. I have been grateful to Kathy ever since and told her many times over the years, "I use the things you taught me every day." (Grateful to Art, too, of course -- a great friend and mentor.) It hardly seems possible that Kathy's gone. I'm so sorry for her family and all those close to her who are experiencing a terrible sense of loss. She leaves a truly wonderful legacy.

Anonymous said:

Like most people, I got to know Kathy at Dartmouth. In fact, like most interns, she is the reason I got to know Dartmouth in the first place. But as integral as she is to the fabric of the school and the DCAD, I got a wake-up call on Friday about the breadth of her influence.

Sitting next to me at Rollins Chapel were two gentlemen who had the following exchange just before the service began:

Guy No. 1 (looking at the program): Do you know where the Hopkins Center is?

Guy No. 2: No.

Guy No. 1: I guess we'll just follow the crowd.

And what a crowd it was.

Jack Degange said:

Remembering Kathy

For over 30 years, we were great family

friends and occasional business collaborators. The day after my last, June 30, 1977, as one of the nine men (none her equal) who preceded Kathy Slattery Phillips as sports information director was Kathy's first day as Art Petrosemololo's assistant. She was a slam dunk for the job, probably the easiest decision Art ever made.

As I told Kathy at that time, "I could hire you and save Art the trouble but you'd have to work for me for awhile and probably spoil a perfectly good friendship."

When she succeeded Art in 1983, it was another no brainer.

Charley Loftus was the legendary sports information director at Yale from 1943 to 1968. Grantland Rice called Charley "the most talented there is in the business." Grantland Rice never met Kathy.

Charley, like Kathy, died at 55. Unlike Charley, Kathy was a "young" 55. Around the Ivy League and beyond, both are unforgettable.

The most cherished book in my library is The Herman Hickman Reader, a collection compiled by Charley Loftus of the 300-pound Yale football coach's writings, favorite tales and poems. Among the poems is Carry On! by Robert W. Service. The last two verses of Carry On! are how I will always remember my friend, Kathy Slattery Phillips:

"There are some who drift out in the desert of doubt,
And some who in brutishness wallow;
There are others, I know, who in piety go
Because of a Heaven to follow.
But to labor with zest, and to give of your best,
For the sweetness and joy of the giving;

To help folks along with a hand and a song;
Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a
cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are
here.
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!

-- *Jack DeGange*

Bob Wait '80 said:

I can offer an anecdote that illustrates Kathy's versatility as a sports professional. As a college radio sportscaster at WDCR/WFRD, I had to fill in as play-by-play announcer for a Dartmouth men's hockey game at Princeton in 1979-80, when Bob Oliver, our best hockey announcer at the time, could not attend. Kathy agreed to serve as color analyst, more or less on the spur of the moment, and instantly did it far better than I ever had (not that the bar was set very high on that!). She was completely at home on the air and gave a spirited performance. I still have a tape of the broadcast somewhere; as soon as I find it, I will send a copy to Dartmouth's S.I. department. I still remember her decades later; she treated student broadcasters with respect and humor, and we tried to follow her model of professionalism.

Corey phillips said

Friday 11/30/07

I know that Kathy meant something special to all of you. However, I feel the most privileged. I got to hold her and tell her that I loved her almost every day for the last two and a half years (I must add while we were watching the

sports ticker on ESPN). She married me and took my name. She loved me and my children unconditionally. She and I were in love. It was right even though our ages and young children being involved—seemed to others a little off. I was proud to be her husband. It was even ok when people called me Mr. Slattery.

I was blessed to have her as my wife and my children were blessed to have her as their Mom. We were doing good things as a family and we were happy and thriving together. This week has been hard on us. The emotions have often overpowered us.

This day, however, is a wonderful expression of love, appreciation and thanksgiving for her and it is very much appreciated. I thank you all for helping us get through this difficult time.

Many of you knew Kathy long before I did. Many of you have spoken or written your remembrances of Kath. Please know that your words honor her, and they give me and our family much comfort.

Kathy was my best friend. She cared about me like no one else ever has. She made me feel special. She has made me a better person. She has made my children stronger. You could see that Kathy was happy. It showed in her eyes and on her face and in her actions and words. I don't normally have this effect on women but with Kathy I did. That's a great feeling. I thought we were great together. Being with Kathy and having her a part of our lives was right. No doubt about it. I have never felt such peace or sense of rightness. We had a positive effect on her and she had a positive effect on us. We have been truly blessed. I wish we had more time. Our time together was magical but it was just too short.

I remember meeting Kathy Slattery. I was a transplanted golf pro moving to Hanover Country Club from Pennsylvania. I remember seeing her name everywhere on plaques hanging around the clubhouse as multiple winner of the Women's Club Championship. That day she held out her hand to introduced herself while checking in for play. I remember the genuine look on her face. She was really glad to meet me. I remember feeling important. Kathy made me feel important. I extended my hand, and her squeeze was definitely harder than mine.

That brief meeting left me with thoughts of "Wow what a neat lady."

That year, Kathy played golf all over the state as she usually did. Her home course was HCC, but I rarely saw her while I was working there. I would honor my responsibilities then go home to my wife of 14 years who had become ill and was pregnant with our second child. My daughter was born Feb. 24, 2003. My wife died 3 weeks later. I was now a scared 39 year old widower with a son 5 and an infant daughter.

Thank God for the help of family and friends.

Later that year, not quite the (quote acceptable year later), friends set me up on a date. My first date since. A date with Kathy Slattery. I remember thinking, it's not really a date, she's older than me, a workaholic, a women who has never married and rarely dated. This will be harmless. Our friends just thought we would like each others company for the evening.

Boy—were they right. That night was not long enough. I was in awe that evening. Kathy was unreal. Her wit, her humor, her presence, her smile. So much for swearing off women I thought. I went home that evening in a daze.

The next day Kathy lost the Club Championship to her friend and my friend, Amy Peters. This was the first Club Championship Kathy had lost in at least a decade (I think anyway. As Kathy would say, "don't let the facts get in the way of a good story."). I knew Kathy was devastated because she lost. However, The first thing she said to me when she returned to the clubhouse was "I had a great time last night. If you don't mind hanging out with a loser, I'd like to do it again sometime." That was Kathy. She had a way with words and a way of making you smile.

A year and a half later we were married. She loved our Wedding. It was at Lake Sunapee Country Club where I now work. She looked beautiful and happy.

A memorable moment that day was after the ceremony, my son Carter, who had been given a Jr. set of clubs before the ceremony was found in the middle of the first fairway playing golf with his new set of clubs. He was out there in his tie carrying his bag looking like a young Gene Sarezen. The only problem was, he didn't ask permission and he was holding up member play. The pictures of him in the fairway were a great memory that Kathy and I looked at and laughed about often.

That day, I really felt like the luckiest man alive and my children were the luckiest kids in the world.

Kathy excelled as a Spouse but she found her calling as a Mother. I'm amazed at her ability to do all that she did at work and be able to come home and be the best mom and best spouse a family could ask for.

We had so much fun together. When we were at home, we talked more that we watched TV. Time flew by. But when we played golf, that

was the best. We were competitive yet we wanted each other to do well. Each time we played, we played for a half a million dollars. Our last match this year, I got the best of her. Now I was only a million dollars down. Believe me, I wasn't looking forward to her ribbing all winter long. I begged her to play again. She said she was too busy. I think she was just giving me her four corner offence and protecting her lead. By the way, the same way she did the year before.

Any way, I know people don't live forever. But I really thought Kathy would still be carrying her bag around the course at 85. She was fit, healthy and she took care of herself. This is a tragedy and I will miss her terribly. I loved her for all that she was to me. I'm glad you loved her for all that she was to you.

I am here to continue Kathy's mission of growth for us, her family. She taught me much about organization and doing the right things. I am a different and better person because of her and I am blessed to be here in this community, Kathy's community.

I thank you again for your presence today and for sharing with us. I hope each of you will find peace and I hope this day helps your personal grieving process.

Please know that today means a great deal to me and my family and I thank you again for honoring Kathy today.

Gerry said:

To the Dartmouth community near and far: the Slatterys and the Phillips, my condolences on the sudden passing of Kathy.

Since the first email came across that she was

not well I've reacted as many others have with disbelief but a moribound sadness of a fond friend who is suddenly taken from us.

I've read the moving tributes of those who worked with her and for her while trying to find the right word to describe their association.

It's apt that that no one can or could.

Isn't there a wonderful irony that no one can sum up a person who created as much angst as admiration, who gave so of her time, self and kitchen confections to others in a neat "tag" or "electronic phrase" of today?

To do so, one might be apt but it could be limiting. It's quite clear that there's no limit to what Kathy achieved, got others to achieve on campus and later on away from campus in "real time" in the "real world".

I'm sad and shocked that Slatts is no longer with us. Can't be. She was always there. Always.

For many, when you thought of Dartmouth Athletics you thought of Kathy. She had the tenure, the tenacity and the temerity to cut her path, the one not taken and succeed, setting the bar high and higher along the way.

She also had the institutional knowledge of the entire institution. The description was right on about her always carrying a camera on the sidelines, anywhere and then later creating a great two-tone schedule poster that was a work of art.

She'd always leave a pressbox "before it gets ugly" and then return to mop up, write stories and help out however possible. All in a day's

work without a hiccup.

Kathy downplayed such things as "just a picture I took. Actually I've got a great printer that makes me look good that's all. It's the printer who bails me out."

That was typical Kathy, too.

For anyone: you, me, the writer, TV, radio, odd request, a friend, a stranger to become a friend, offer a joke, quip, shoulder, critique, support, but she did this -- as others have said -- was within the breadth of her job and worked it as seamlessly into the day's operation without an apparent interruption as could be.

In reflection, I've found that there might be an apt analogy between the old Nike ad campaign that said "Bo Knows" ... and permit some editorial liberty here ... at Dartmouth in the SID Office, one quickly found out that "Kathy Knows"

Not only did she know how to help you with your story...

- she knows what your deadline is
- she knows how to make it happen
- she knows whether your angle and lead will or won't work,
- she knows if you're barking up right or wrong tree
- she knows where to park so you can grab a cold one after the Auld Lang Syne hockey tourney at 5 Olde and NOT get a ticket
- she also knows who to call if you do
- she knows how to get you in to Jessie's Steak House before the last sitting and what's hot and not on the menu
- she also knows who had jumper cables at Thompson Arena, too.

If you had a question, on anything, see Slatts,

Kathy knows ...

- She knew if your quotes were right
- She knew she could calm the angry coach
- She knew she could ask for a favor in a lopsided game with her typical quips "hey, be nice, most of these kids just took off their lab coats, ok?"
- She knew which old codger would be at Lou's and where they sat if you needed a historical perspective, too.

Gotta question?

Kathy Knows....

She might have had the quickest quips, too.

When asked the official color of the washed out hockey jerseys one year, she said the team color was no longer dark kelley green or whatever, it was now Mint Julip Green.

Great quip. Never saw it in print. Why? There was too much respect for her and how it was intended. No malice, just a chuckle. That was Kathy too.

She loved being married and that event, too, crossed my email bin full of question marks.

At the ensuing football game I grabbed her hand, checked for a ring and laughed....Whodda thought it I said. Smiling, she said "wadda ya mean?"

"Well," I said, " 'The Eagles' DID get back together..."

Honda built a pickup truck....

The Red Sox FINALLY won the World Series....

and Kathy Slattery IS MARRIED!!!!

STOP THE PRESSES AND GET ME REWRITE!!!!

Now that IS NEWS I said and she laughed away, responding, "what you think you're the first to come up with something like that? You're not but you're a little more original than the others...."

I agree that the press box AT LEAST should be named for Kathy. I say at least because her impact, as obvious as stated her must be greater by the thousands if you take into all the teams, coaches and administrators, professors and such just at DC.

Now include all of the Ivy League, media outlets, and the numerical total is staggering. Within that framework I wonder if there is something more that can be done to recognize a woman of such import to one and all at DC.

The press box idea - while a natural and fitting - doesn't seem enough at first blush; but alas I've no other ideas at the ready. I apologize for that. Perhaps a scholarship - golf - or something similar? I'll save that for others.

I'll end here as I fear that I've prattled on too, too long already but wanting to say something for such a good friend to me for all these years.

Sir Winston Churchill is quoted as saying,

"I am ready to meet my Maker. Whether my Maker is prepared for the ordeal of meeting me is another matter."

Given the context, I am sure that Kathy was ready to meet her maker but did he truly know the total package that was ascending to greet them?

I think not.

I don't think anyone was really ready for the ever-present smile, twinkle-in-the-eye, sharp-tongued, witty, Ever-Ready Energy filled person Kathy was when you first met her.

A friend said that you leave this Earth with but two things:

- your name and your reputation.

Kathy Slattery Phillips' will live on beyond anything she'd expect or want and for all the right reasons.

We miss you already Slatts.

Tami Morrell said:

Kathy Slattery was my first boss. She took a chance and hired a young University of Florida alum to work in the sports information department. She gave me the opportunity to live in a different part of the country - see the beautiful fall foliage, experience real cold weather and see snow for the first time. The most important thing I learned from Kathy was her strong work ethic.

Kathy gave 100% to everything she did. Not only was she a brilliant writer, she was a woman who came to work and was ready to mentor me so I could accomplish anything.

Tami Morrell, former SID intern.

Jet Slattery said:

Thanks to all of you for your wonderful kind words about my daughter Kathy. I always knew she was special and find it very gratifying that so many other people thought so too. We are blessed to have known her and loved her and will miss her terribly. How proud I am to call Kathy my daughter.

Kathy's Mom

Scott Sickler said:

Deeply saddened to hear of Kathy's passing as she was as tough as nails but also someone who made a strong and very positive impact on my life. Slatts would yell across to The Pit, 'Hey Auburn, get your butt in here. You can do a hell of a lot better, fix it.' She was one of a kind — at times as abrasive as they come but other times would offer a kind word or two such as 'pretty good, well, for you, at least.' That was the Slattsmeister, always tough but appreciative in her own special way. Little did any of us realize in our days with her it was for our own good to be pushed, driven and relentless in getting better, always improving. They are still lessons I apply today. When you think of grade school, high school and college professors as well as Slatts, what did you really learn from someone who isn't tough? I wish I could have witnessed the new Slatts in recent years after her marriage, which took me by complete shock, as I haven't seen her but two times in the 21 years I've been gone. God's blessings and prayers to Corey and the kids and the entire Dartmouth community in this most difficult time.

*Scott Sickler
(Auburn '85)
Dartmouth SID intern 1986*

Mark Culhane said:

I add my belated comments, as I only just heard the terrible news. I knew Kathy as one of the countless Dartmouth athletes she so joyfully covered for three decades. And while I know next to nothing about sports journalism, I know a special person when I encounter one. And Kathy certainly was a special person.

My favorite memories of Kathy were from the many road trips the hockey team took for away

games. (This was during her first couple years as the assistant SID.) Almost without exception, she was the only female on those road trips, so it might not come as a surprise to hear she was on the receiving end of more than a few playful comments and cat-calls from the guys on the team. While not mean-spirited, it would have been enough to cause many – if not most – “females of the opposite sex” to get angry or at least flustered.

Not Kathy. She gave as good as she got, and before long she had earned the respect of everyone. Eventually, she was just another one of the guys – a teammate.

I'll share one personal memory that meant a lot to me. We had just lost a very close game early in the season, a season in which we were picked to finish near the bottom of the league. On the bus ride home she sat down beside me and said something to the effect of, “So you screwed up. So what? Who hasn't? Great things are ahead because you have the spirit of a champion.” Before I could respond, she was off, probably to write yet another article.

When we eventually concluded that season with an Ivy Championship and a third place finish in the NCAA finals – Dartmouth's first trip to the NCAA finals in 30 years – there were many who were astounded. Kathy, I am sure, was not one of them. She believed long before the rest, and her cocky confidence in me and our team at a crucial point is something I will never forget.

Thanks, Kath. You had the spirit of a champion, because you were a champion.

*Mark Culhane
Captain of the 1978-79 Dartmouth hockey team*

Chuck Young '88 said:

(Remarks By Chuck Young '88 at the memorial for Kathy Slattery Phillips on Nov. 30, 2007)

Good morning. My name is Chuck Young. I am a 1988 Dartmouth graduate, and it is my privilege to speak today on behalf of the many interns, student workers, and mentees that Kathy Slattery Phillips sent 'round the girdled earth from the Sports Information Office.

If you are not a Slats alum, or if you have yet to read the many moving comments left on Bruce Wood's Big Green Alert website since last week, then let me get you up to speed on working for Kathy:

1. She was a demanding boss with unrivaled intensity and attention to detail. She was not Meryl Streep's character in *The Devil Wears Prada*, but they had a lot of the same DNA.
2. She wielded a legendary red pen. More on that later.
3. She made you better than you imagined you could be.
4. Once you earned her respect, you had no stronger advocate.
5. When you contacted her, as an alum, she always made you feel like you'd never left.

Slats was the first real boss most of us ever had. She set an astronomical standard for all subsequent bosses.

I met Slats as a freshman in 1984, when I was a cub reporter for the student newspaper. You could've written what I knew about journalism around a shot glass with a blunt crayon, but she treated me like I was from the *Globe*.

After I finished my run as sports editor of *The D* during my senior year, she suggested I in-

tern with her. It seemed a reasonable way to ease out of undergraduate life.

What I was oblivious to then, but fully appreciate now, is that Kathy had a unique talent for spotting rudder-less children and steering them to responsibility and professionalism. She was a quick study, and she could almost always find a way to deploy you that would shore up your weaknesses and amplify your strengths. Thus, when your time with Slats ended, you had a valuable credential that opened a lot of doors, a well rounded skill set, and hard earned self-awareness.

For example: I knew never to pitch my graphic design and layout skills as a strong suit. But after many trips to the printer's, I do know Dartmouth Green is Pantone Matching System Number 349, and nothing else will do.

Slats also taught me how to estimate crowds, and now it is safe to reveal a trade secret: as her own little inside joke, she always made the attendance reflect the date. For example, our football team got the thrilling win over Penn this year on September 29. The attendance: 5,929. You can look it up.

Now, when I reported to work with my fresh Dartmouth English degree in hand, I thought I was a decent writer. I was probably not the first new hire to think that.

We were all wrong. In this regard, I want to echo what my friend and fellow Slats alum Dave Burke said on Big Green Alert: I learned as much about how to write and rewrite from Kathy as I did from any professor. She was a ruthless copy editor. She knew the most important thing about the audience who received the materials we generated: they are impatient. They want the goods, fast.

Your job was to promote Dartmouth athletics, and so you would write clean, modest prose that a busy hometown paper's sports editor could run without hesitation. Maybe you could stretch a little on a player profile for a game program or Big Green Sports News, but only a little.

Your job was also to protect Dartmouth athletes and give them every competitive advantage. For example, when the men's basketball team played at Hartford during my intern year, I kept our scorebook while Slats shot photos. Before the tip-off, I noticed that Hartford had a player listed in its team scorebook who had been omitted from the official scorebook. I showed this to Slats and asked if I should tell Hartford's people, so they could fix it.

Slats shushed me and whispered, 'If that kid comes in, it's a technical foul. You do whatever you have to do to get the ref's attention.' I was agonizingly tense the whole game, hoping to get us two points, but alas he never came in.

The summer after I finished my internship with Slats, I was all set to start law school. But then, the editor at the Concord Monitor called and wondered if there was anybody in Kathy's well-known pipeline. They had a job that Glenn Jordan, Dartmouth '85 and, of course, a Slats alum, was vacating to move to the Hartford Courant. You see how this works? Slats urged me to consider the opportunity. She warned me, correctly, that if I did not take the job, I would spend the rest of my life asking, "What if?"

I spent three terrific years in Kathy's hometown. One day, it fell to me to write the Monitor's obituary for Kathy's dad, Acie, a Concord sports legend in his own right. Jet and I spent a

bittersweet afternoon going through meticulously maintained scrapbooks documenting Acie's exploits. The apple does not fall far from the tree.

While I eventually decided to go to law school, I can say that Kathy was 100% right: I do not ask "What if?" I am infinitely enriched for having given journalism a try, and I have Kathy to thank. Everyone who ever worked for Slats can surely tell a similar story of how her wisdom helped them make an important decision.

Many of us Slats alums had imagined that someday she would have a raucous retirement dinner, like the Dean Martin Celebrity Roasts. She deserved that. She deserved a victory lap farewell tour of the Ivy League before retiring. She deserved to be honored at halftime of ballgames with rocking chairs, quilts, and gold watches. But as Slats herself would have told you, you don't always get what you deserve, and, she'd have added with her trademark smile, you should probably be grateful for that.

On behalf of all the Slats alumni who worked in "the pit" during her 30 years at Dartmouth, I challenge you to do two things after you leave here today. First, think of your mentors with whom, for whatever reason, you have lost contact. Then fix that. Immediately. Call and let them know you would not be who you are today without the benefit of their guidance. I never got another chance to say that to Kathy, and it already haunts me.

The second challenge is this: Be someone else's Slats.

Take an interest in the people you know or work with. Take time to care about the development of their lives and careers.

If each of us rededicates ourselves to serving as a mentor, then Kathy's already large legacy will keep growing. And it will be equaled only by the beautiful family she joyfully created in what turned out to be the autumn of her life.

Corey, Carter and Elizabeth: not all of us have had the good fortune to get to know you as well as we knew Kathy. But everyone in this room, -and many more who could not be here - lifts you up today. And not just for today. I can safely promise, on behalf of all Slats alumni, that if you ever need anything, you can open her address book and call any of us. We will be glad to hear from you and eager to help you, because that is how Kathy always responded to our calls.

Returning the favor is the very least we can do in her honor.