

The Affable and Charming Dartmouth Class Of 1953—Great Too!



Just as we started to organize this Chapter edition of '53 Out we received a delightful note from Charlie Buchanan with a video [attached] about Clint Eastwood as he turned 88 in a song entitled "Don't Let the Old Man In" by Country Singer Toby Keith. Charlie noted we are all AT that mark and that the lyrics might be stimulating to keeping us going, I have attached that video URL to the transmittal letter and will send separately as well should anyone have difficulty opening it off this .pdf copy Tis RIGHT ON! And then the day following came an email from Ralph Heins with the same video and message/ Looks like a consensus is building—send me your thoughts!



Collins Corner

Although things have slowed down a bit for the Class of '53 since our Glorious 65th, we are still on the move. Dave and Cynthia Donovan have done it once again with their annual ski outing at Mt. Sunapee. They hosted a cocktail event for eleven of us at their home in new London on March 14th. In addition to the five 53's, Dave Donovan, Put Blodgett, Harlan Fair, Dick O'Connor and myself, Cynthia Donovan, Harlan's friend Granthia Preston, Marge Cook, Donna Reilly and friends Barbara and Allan Newton were part of the festivities. You can read more of the event from Dave Donovan and your editor elsewhere in this '53 Out. Above are pictures of our intrepid skiers as well as one of this most affable group of '53's and family at Après Ski dinner celebrating their conquest of the Mountain!!!

The 2019 Dartmouth College Fund: As you might expect, our indefatigable College Fund Chair, Ron Lazar, has been quietly working on the fund for the past few months. At this stage of the game, although we do our best to achieve a competitive dollar amount each year, our focus once again this year is displaying our legendary Legacy of Leadership in the area of participation. We have been above 70% the past few years, and with your help, this year could be the best yet. These numbers always put us in first or second place of all classes. You are all to be congratulated. If you are already aboard the College, the Class and Ron thank you. Since Ron takes the time to personally call every classmate not yet in toward the end of the campaign, you can make his job a lot easier by making your commitment today.

The fall in Hanover: The 2019 Dartmouth College football season is only six short months away. We had great success last year by sharing the Ivy League title, and hope to continue this year. Here is the schedule:

Sept 21 Jacksonville at Jacksonville **Sept 28 Colgate at Home

Oct 5 Penn at Philadelphia; Oct 12; Yale Homecoming

Oct 19 Marist at Poughkeepsie; Oct 26 Colombia at Home

Nov 2 Harvard at Cambridge; Nov 19 Princeton at Yankee Stadium

Nov 16 Cornell at Home; Nov 23 Brown at Providence

Note that the Yale game on October 12th is Homecoming and we will gather Saturday morning for a class meeting. Our Mini Reunion co-chairs, Put Blodgett and Harlan Fair will arrange for a class dinner for Saturday evening at Paganucci Lounge. Also note for the first time ever, Dartmouth will be playing Princeton at Yankee Stadium. Should be a great fall in Hanover. Hope to see many of you there! ** The Jacksonville game on 9/21 presents an opportunity for '53 South to convene for the Green and hope the Hurricane doesn't impede our loyalty and frivolity as did Irma for the Stetson game. The Dartmouth Club of Central Florida will be organizing some activity and your Scribe will keep you posted.

It's been 250 years!

Yes, we have been around for a long time. To celebrate the College will have a wide range of activities planned for this coming year. Watch for the announcements as they come out and you may find some interesting opportunities. And of course we were around for 70 of those years. That's it from here. Heading to Florida in the AM and hope to find spring here in Boston on my return. Stay well and don't forget to stay in touch

Very best, Al

At 250, Dartmouth Reflects on Its Past and Future

March 11, 2019 by Charlotte Albright

Events include science lectures, an archaeological dig, and historical re-enactments.



(Photo by Robert Gill)

The calendar of events celebrating Dartmouth's 250th year is filling up fast, as initiatives from every part of the College are still being added to the yearlong commemoration.



Celebrating the 250th Anniversary of Dartmouth

VOX CLAMANTIS IN DESERTO



WOW! Oh Wows!! The 1953 Ski Team—Olympics Bound?

Put Blodgett, Dave Donovan, Dick O'Connor, Alan Newton, Harlan Fair, and Granthia Preston

Dave Donovan writes "Ski '53 Day at Mt. Sunapee was held on Thursday March 14, 2019. We've been doing this since 2001, and we've had 19 pretty good years. Even though the old legs are tiring and running out of steam, it was a good run. This year's '53 skiers were Put Blodgett, Dave Donovan, Harlan Fair, and Dick O'Connor and we were joined on the slopes by close friends Granthia Preston and Allan Newton. It was a nice sunny day to ski, with plenty of snow, but the unseasonably high temperatures turned the snow to "mashed potatoes"; and after four runs in the novice area, most of us decided to quit. But, after a rest stop, the intrepid duo of Put and Dick went to the summit for a "one and done" run, where the higher elevation made conditions a little better. While the skiing was a bit disappointing, the camaraderie was wonderful.

The skiers were joined for après ski cocktails by Cynthia Donovan, Margie Cook, Donna Reilly, Barbara Newton, and Al Collins (who came up from Boston). Later we had an early dinner at Lake Sunapee Country Club, in a private dining room by the fire, which needed some tending by Put. The "early" dinner got somehow delayed an hour but the Club compensated us with free desserts. We had a great time. At 88 some think this could be the last time – but as with all things with this marvelous class and to quote Donald and Pag “Never Say Never.”



'53 Olympic Ski Team APRES SKI with Dave, Team Captain, Put. Harlan, Okie and Coach Al

Mark Smoller writes “One of the beautiful things about a liberating education is that when you no longer can ambulate with the same dexterity as you did previously, and because when you are “retired”, you have time to ruminate, you write to share your experiences. Through the years classmates who are amateur writers have provided lessons of life, great adventure stories, and thoughtful discourses on society. Ambassador Peter Bridges has inspired a raft of young people with his experiences as an officer in the Foreign Service. Dick Calkins, an attorney, has written a wonderful book,” Beyond a Reasonable Doubt” It is an important book to read if you have any interest in our system of justice. In fact, it is an important commentary on our entire social system. I enjoyed it, and could not put it down. It read like a novel, yet it is a real life drama. I recommend it enthusiastically. Donna Riley has written another very important book, “Learning The Hard Way, A Caregiver’s Struggle With Alzheimer’s”. Ultimately this book is not exactly a blueprint of how to live when a spouse becomes an Alzheimer patient because each person’s journey is somewhat different. It is, however, a liberating document which lays it all on the line with a loving understanding of the patient and profound consideration of the welfare of the caring caregiver. It is a book that should be read by all, as we are all affected in some manner by this difficult entity. And, Bruce Sherman has written “How Grandparents can Handle Grandkids’ Issues, From Cults to Visitations.” Bruce writes that the book is a reflection of the increasing role being played by grandparents as a result of soaring divorce rates and dysfunctional families.” You can read my critiques in full for the first two books on Amazon.

This has been a very tough two months for the Class as we have lost the following classmates: John “Angus” Cunningham, Stanley Kimmel, Leo Clancy, David Stowe. and Liliane Lazar, Ron’s bride . Like all of our ’53 Brothers and Family that have crossed “The Silent River” they will be missed. We send our sincere condolences to all their families and friends.

Mark H. Smoller: 401 Lake Shore Rd. Putnam Valley, NY 10579, (845) 603-5066.

Here's a refresher on how some of our patriots handled negative comments about the USA

JFK'S Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, was in France in the early 60's when DeGaulle decided to pull out of NATO. DeGaulle said he wanted all US military out of France as soon as possible. Rusk responded, "Does that include those who are buried here?" DeGaulle did not respond.

You could have heard a pin drop. !

When in England , at a fairly large conference, Colin Powell was asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury if our plans for Iraq were just an example of 'empire building' by George Bush. He answered by saying, "Over the years, the United States has sent many of its fine young men and women into great peril to fight for freedom beyond our borders. The only amount of land we have ever asked for in return is enough to bury those that did not return."

You could have heard a pin drop!

There was a conference in France where a number of international engineers were taking part, including French and American. During a break, one of the French engineers came back into the room saying, "Have you heard the latest dumb stunt Bush has done? He has sent an aircraft carrier to Indonesia to help the tsunami victims. What does he intend to do, bomb them?"

A Boeing engineer stood up and replied quietly: "Our carriers have three hospitals on board that can treat several hundred people; they are nuclear powered and can supply emergency electrical power to shore facilities; they have three cafeterias with the capacity to feed 3,000 people three meals a day, they can produce several thousand gallons of fresh water from sea water each day, and they carry half a dozen helicopters for use in transporting victims and injured to and from their flight deck. We have eleven such ships; how many does France have?"

You could have heard a pin drop. !

A U.S. Navy Admiral was attending a naval conference that included Admirals from the U.S., English, Canadian, Australian and French Navies. At a cocktail reception, he found himself standing with a large group of officers that included personnel from all the nations.. Everyone was chatting away in English as they sipped their drinks. Suddenly a French Admiral spoke out rather loudly "Europeans learn many languages, Americans learn only English". He then asked, "Why is it that we always have to speak English in these conferences rather than speaking French?" Without hesitating the American Admiral replied, "Maybe it's because the Brit's, Canadians, Aussie's and Americans arranged it so you wouldn't have to speak German."

You could have heard a pin drop! ..

Robert Whiting, an elderly gentleman of 83, arrived in Paris by plane. At French Customs, he took a few minutes to locate his passport in his carry on. "You have been to France before, monsieur?" the customs officer asked sarcastically. Mr. Whiting admitted that he had been to France previously. "Then you should know enough to have your passport ready." The American said, "The last time I was here, I didn't have to show it." "Impossible.. Americans always have to show their passports on arrival in France !" The American senior gave the Frenchman a long hard look. Then, he quietly explained, "Well, when I came ashore at Omaha Beach on, D-Day in 1944 to help liberate this country, I couldn't find a single Frenchman to show a passport to."

You could have heard a pin drop. !

Bruce Sherman, Skier Extraordinaire composed and published a poem to which we can all relate –the joy of climbing a tree and the further joy of watching our grandkids climb it at this stage of our lives. The poem and drawings that relate to it follow on the next pages

THE BOY WHO LOVED CLIMBING TREES

Lee was a boy who loved climbing trees...
It was his passion...sometimes with skinned knees.
There wasn't a tree located near Lee
He hadn't climbed...that I guarantee.
He found maples and elms fine for a climb...
Chestnut trees took him a little more time.
Apple trees and cherry trees...he also ranked
High
Cause he brought their fruit home, and his mom
Baked pie.
All he needed was a low branch to start...
As he went higher – others further apart.
As he got older, he climbed higher and higher...
His confidence grew with the skills he'd require.
Not far from Lee's home was a tree called "Old
Pine"...
None of his friends ever tried to climb.
There was something special about that tree...
Not sure what it was that kinda scared Lee.
Through his kid's eyes it looked 1000 feet tall...
If you slipped near the top, you'd have one awful
fall.
Well, the day finally came that he put fears
aside...
Climbing Old Pine it was time that Lee tried.
On the low branches, everything went well...
Would he get to the top? ...too early to tell.
Lee almost fell once to his dismay...

But a big branch caught him after just a short.

Way

It made him wonder... keep on going?

Might have a bad fall...no way of knowing!

Well he kept on climbing...more carefully...

As determined as anyone could possibly be.

And I'm sure you've probably guessed...

He got to the top and took a long rest.

Then Lee slowly climbed down...

Proud of what he had done.

He had faced a challenge...

And he had won!

When he finished the climb...safely on the
ground...

Lee hugged that tree...with feelings profound.

As he looked back on those days in his mem'ry,

He valued the time spent climbing that tree.

After reading this poem, I hope you'll agree,

To turn off the TV and go climb a tree!

The old pine's long gone now...a hospital where
it stood,

Lee's 87 now and feelin' pretty good.

His greatest pleasure is being able to see...

Both of his grandkids climbing a tree!

Story by Bruce Sherman...Illustrations by Mike Gillespie



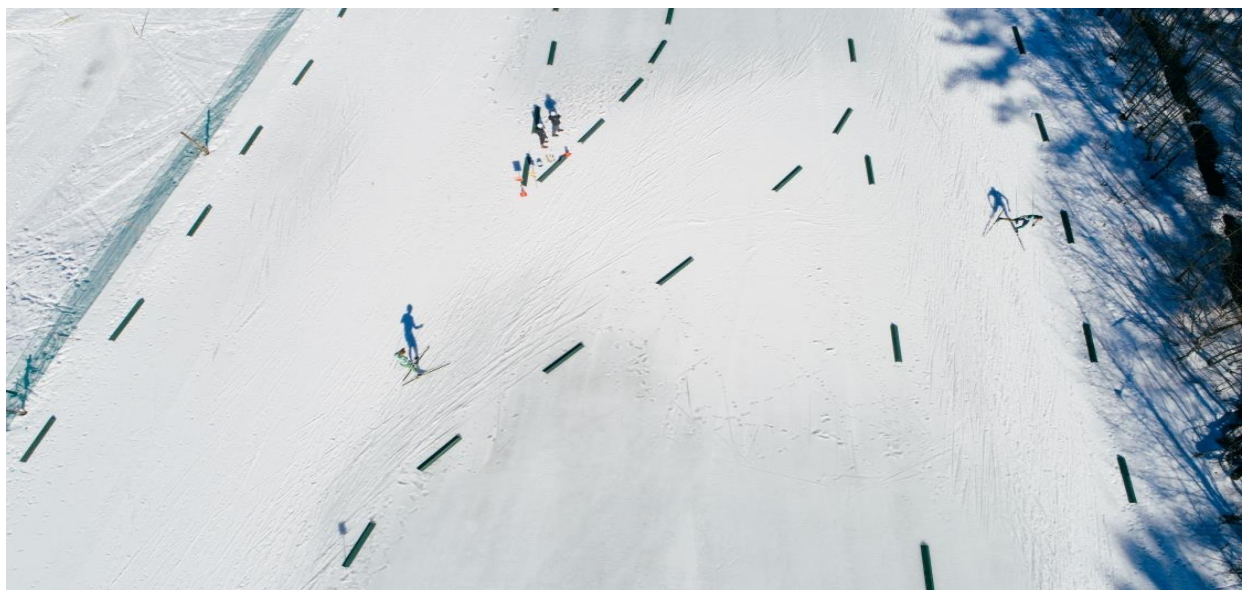
Dave...I assume that...without the existence of TV or computer games...many in our class shared my love of climbing trees. The piece about the 'Old Pine" is true...as is my mother baking pies with the fruit I brought home. They were wonderful days of innocence for those of us whose families survived the impact of the depression. Then... Pearl Harbor brought an introduction to reality! We were among the blessed. (FYI...I am well-along with "The Boy Who Loved Skiing!") My creative juices are unstoppable! Bruce



Theme for Winter Carnival and a Few Pictures of the Celebration

The 109th Winter Carnival celebrated Dartmouth's 250 winters with a three-day festival packed with tradition, community, and, lots of skiing for all

An overhead view of the track during the men's 15k freestyle Nordic ski race on Feb. 8





Katharine Ogden '21 prepares for the women's 10km freestyle on Friday morning. She took second



Keene Morawitz '21, front, and Tyler Lee '21 at the men's 15k



Tanguy Nef '20 launches out of the starting gate of the men's slalom at the Dartmouth Skiway on Saturday



Intrepid '53 Ski Team [again] at Post Carnival Outing---'53 Forever

From Peter Bridges letter to the editor in the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine, March/April 2019: "The zester centennial issue of the Magazine is magnificent in its coverage of the College's first 250 years. After I had read through it twice, I asked myself whether anything useful might have been added. I concluded it was good the magazine did not say more than it did about those early 19th-century years when, as John King Lord, class of 1868, wrote in his 1913 history of Dartmouth, *the faculty was hard put to deal with 'the turbulent spirits of the students.'* Lord reports a flock of turkeys was found one morning in the chapel. Sometimes large farm animals were driven at night to the top of Dartmouth Hall. Now and then an instructor, on reaching his desk, found it occupied by a skunk. "There were worse pranks than installing turkeys in chapel. Francis E. Clark, Class of 1873, wrote in his autobiography that during his College years, upperclassmen would occasionally steal a corpse from the medical school and set it up in the chapel seats reserved for freshmen 'to frighten the newcomers fresh from their guileless homes.' "Many decades later I was a member of the fraternity that later inspired the film 'Animal House.' We were admittedly guilty of rowdy behavior, but we never stole a corpse. "All in all, the College is a decidedly more civilized place than it used to be; I will not say too civilized."



“Harlan and Dave holding the Mini Reunion of the Year trophy earned for our Mississippi cruise a while back. After fifteen years Dave decided it was time for Harlan to possess the trophy!! In 15 years Harlan will return it -‘53 Forever

"Other days are very near us, as we sing here soft and low,
We can almost hear the voices of the boys of long ago.
They are scattered now, these brothers, up and down the world they roam.
Some have gone to lands far distant, from the dear old college home.

Some have crossed the silent river, they
are looking down tonight.
And the thought of these old brothers,
makes our love now burn so bright."



John Edward Cunningham

April 18, 1931 - February 01, 2019

John Edward Cunningham, beloved of Paula, after several years of declining health, returned peacefully to his Lord,

Friday 1 February 2019.

Dr. Cunningham is preceded in death by his father, Felix and his mother, Beth, both of Malone, NY and by his mother in law, Teresa Gil Ratcliffe of Tucson, AZ. He is survived by his wife of 59 years, Paula and his four children, Andrew (Tracie) of Wylie, TX, Moira Amado-McCoy of Albuquerque, Patrick (Denise) of Silver City, and Kristen Warnack of Silver City. His grandchildren will also miss him terribly: Erin, Luke, and Jonah, Madison and Morgan, and Page.

Jack was born in Malone, New York in 1931 to Felix P. Cunningham and Beth (Sornberger) Cunningham. He spent what he referred to as an idyllic childhood in Malone and entered Dartmouth College in 1949. He spent the summer of 1953 bicycling through the British Isles, and in 1955 joined the US Army, training at Ft. Dix and serving as radio repairman in Japan in 1956.

In Japan, Jack began a life-long fascination with active volcanoes. He visited, climbed, photographed, and tempted fate with many of the earth's most lively, substantial, and dramatic features, including Mt. Fuji. Upon his return

to the States, Jack followed his passion for the earth sciences to the University of Arizona where he met and married the lovely Paula Ratcliffe in 1959. The University of Arizona awarded Dr. Cunningham his PhD in 1965.

Jack and Paula first moved to New Mexico for a teaching position at Eastern New Mexico University, but the very next year, in 1964, they moved to Silver City to accept Jack's first tenure-track position at WNMU. Jack and Paula raised their family—and Jack spent the remainder of his days—in what he believed was “the only place in the world worth living.” In addition to teaching geology and anthropology for WNMU and chairing the Earth Sciences department for 15 years, Dr. Cunningham engaged in exploration and research for the mines and other commercial concerns during the summer months.

In his 30 years teaching, Dr. Cunningham contributed in innumerable ways to the growth and health of the University and taught hundreds of students, many of whom visited him throughout his life. In his declining years, his students visited him at home to remind him of the ways he enriched not only their educations, but their lives.

In Silver City, Jack engaged many of the fascinations of life that he loved, and he pursued them with gusto. He was a fly fisherman like his father; earned a brown belt in Judo; taught his children to camp, ski, and hunt; built a home fireplace of fossils, minerals, and Indian artifacts; mapped most of southern NM; enjoyed cheering for the Broncos, the Colts, and the Mustangs; and taught his children to value what was right beneath their feet as they searched for rocks and arrowheads together on Bear Mountain and in Chloride Flats.

Dr. Cunningham learned to play the bagpipes during his Dartmouth years and while at the University of Arizona, he conceived and developed the *Tucson Highlanders*, a still successful and now nationally recognized pipe band. To Silver City's delight, he brought his love of the pipe band to us. For many years, he led the 4th of July parade as Pipe Major of the pipe band he formed here, the *Copper Thistle Pipes and Drums*. Pipe Major Cunningham's legacy

extends to teaching the pipes and drums to anyone who had an interest, not only in the music, but in the beautiful Celtic protocol that attends the tradition.

Jack was a member of St. Francis Newman Center Parish, the Gem and Mineral Society's Rolling Stones, the New Mexico State Defense Force, and a lifelong member of the NM Geological Society. He was a loyal, productive, and well-loved member of the American Legion Allingham-Golding Post #18, serving as Post Commander for many years. As Commander of the Honor Guard for the American Legion, he piped soldiers to their final rest, and provided many civilians the same musical tribute.

Funeral services were held at St. Vincent de Paul Catholic Church, Tuesday morning 12 February 2019 at 11:30. His final resting place will be Ft. Bayard National Cemetery. Funeral arrangements are overseen by Terraza s Funeral Chapels. In lieu of flowers, Paula requests that donations are made in her husband's honor to High Desert Humane Society. To send condolences, visit www.terrazasfuneralchapel.com.

On the personal side, Angus and I never lost touch over the years and he was one of the best providers of class news about so many others. I miss him deeply and shall never forget the reunion he led us out of chapel for the 53 location playing those bagpipes up a storm. "See you at the Roundup dear friend".

Leo Coleman Clancy

Leo Coleman Clancy, long-time member of Harbour Ridge CC for over 23 years and resident of Live Oak Village, passed away on February 18, 2019 at the age of 86 years.. He was born in Boston, the fourth of five children. His parents were Joseph J. and Theresa V. Clancy of Arlington, Massachusetts. He attended local schools,

graduating from Arlington High School. Following his graduation from Dartmouth College in 1953, he served three years in the U.S. Army Security Agency, primarily in Asia, assigned to duty stations in Japan, Korea, the Philippines and Okinawa.

Returning to the U.S. in 1956, he began his professional career in Human Resource Management. He spent the next seven years working for several industrial corporations. In 1963, he joined the staff of Booz, Allen and Hamilton in New York City. During his 32-year career with Booz, Allen and Hamilton he was based in New York, Chicago, Paris and London. He was promoted to Partner in 1968 and Senior Partner in 1973. During his last decade with the firm, he was its Worldwide Chief Human Resource Partner.

Retiring in 1995, Leo and his wife Dolores moved to Harbour Ridge in Palm City, Florida where he served on the Community's Board of Directors for three years. In 1998, he began a second career in public service, joining the United Way of Martin County as a Board Member. He was also a Board Member of the United Way Foundation from 2006 to 2012, serving as its President for the last three years..

He joined the Library Foundation of Martin County in 1999, serving as its President during 2010-2012. In 2017, he received the Knight Kiplinger Literacy Award for his contributions to the Library's successful Adult Literacy Program. He served for 25 years as Board Member of the United Negro College Fund, receiving the prestigious Frederick Patterson Award for Distinguished Service when he retired from the Board in 1996.

Leo is survived by his wife, Dolores, three daughters, Gayle Macklin (Duane) of Oro Valley, AZ, Christeen Triplett (Wayne) of Hickory, NC, and Alison Dodson of Houston, Texas., as well as two step-daughters, Denise Davis of Charlotte, NC and Cindy Cosgrove (Thomas) of Palm City, Florida. He also leaves 14 grandchildren, three great grandchildren and a sister, Martha Sheehan, of Plymouth, Mass. He was pre-deceased by his first wife, Margaret Louise Clancy in 1992, his step-daughter Patricia Strout in 2007, and his eldest daughter Cathleen Clancy in 2018. Donations may be made in Leo's honor to the United Way of Martin County or the Martin County Library Foundation.

To lighten things up as we close I wanted to share the vocabulary of our distinguished native citizens whom we Floridians call Crackers [from the whips rather than pistols used to herd animals] and whom the world knows as Red Necks. My doc of three decades, Florida born and educated, who has kept this OF in good health thought Dartmouth folks would enjoy

Medical Term	
Artery	The study of paintings
Bacteria	Back doo

	r to cafeteria
Barium	What doctors do when patients die
Benign	What you be, after you be eight
Caesarean Section	A neighborhood in Rome
Cat scan	Searching for Kitty
Cauterize	Made eye contact with

	.her
Colic	A sheep dog
Coma	A punctuation mark
Dilate	To live long
Enema	Not a friend
Fester	Quicker than someone else
Fibula	A small lie
Impotent	Distinguished, well known
Labor Pain	Getting hurt at work

Medical Staff	A Doctor's cane
Morbid	A higher offer
Nitrates	Rates of Pay for Working at Night, Normally more money than Days
Node	I knew it
Outpatient	A person who has fainted
Pelvis	Second cousin to Elvis

Post Operative	A letter carrier
Recovery Room	Place to do upholstery
Rectum	Nearly killed him
Secretion	Hiding something
Seizure	Roman Emperor
Tablet	A small table
Terminal Illness	Getting sick at the airport
Tumor	One plus one

	more
Urine	Opposite of you're out

*So Now You Kno0w How to Communicate In Our Vast Wide
Open Spaces On The Peninsula Paradise*



BlueDot2.mp4

Ralph Heins sent this profound video which will give one cause to pause. Enjoy and thanks to Ralph.

A Band of Brothers a While Ago --- 1953 Forever

