

**Merry Christmas, Blessed Hanukkah. and Happy New
Year to Dartmouth's Greatest Class ---- 1 9 5 3**



A Band of Brothers---Dartmouth 1953

A Moving Poem by Bruce Sherman '53

The year was '49...a beautiful serene September...
Our class was taking form...every friendly member.
We were '53s...a band of brothers born that year
The next 4 years were brought to our attentions so clear
Settling into the business of learning, there our mission...
We honored all the college's cherished tradition...
Even "Wet Down" that left one's derriere burning!
Finally...with diplomas clutched in hand, all yearning.
Ike launched us on graduation into the "wide, wide world"...
"You're leaders", he said...as our flags them unfurled
Some of us had lives that did some very special things..
For most we've found what we sought, yes, everything.
Now, our ranks are thinning...as each completes the course...
We have lived as "Men of Dartmouth". a very positive force.
"Another '53 reporting Sir" and to St. Peter we will say...
"We've scheduled a reunion here; just not sure which day!"
"All of us aren't here quite yet...eventually all of us will be."
And on that day the Bells of Heaven will ring so merrily
Eleazar will be there on that special day of "'53 Tomorrow"
Then all will stand as he leads us in "Vox Clamantis in Deserto"
And we are confident that all 726 of us will be quite keen.
To see the blessed plan happen that paints the pearly gates green!"

. '53 Forever --- Wah Who Wah!---The Band of Brothers

And please direct your thoughts and prayers to our dedicated president, Al Collins, who is hospitalized in Boston. We will keep you apprised on Al's situation. 1953 is indebted to Al for his dedication to all aspects of the class' well being. Merry Christmas Al. The Class.

We Have A Lot of Material to Cover in this Christmas Issue. Here is the Table of Contents so you can find those items of interest. We think you will find all of it of special 1953 Interest.

Page 4 Hanover Annual Christmas Luncheon

Page 4 Class Notes for the Autumn by '53 Secretary Mark Smoller

Pages 5, 6, and 7 Ivy League Football Champions

Pages 8 and 9 The 16 Commandments of Aging

Page 10 El Prez, El Trez, and El Screz

Pages 11 and 12 Homecoming

Pages 12 and 13 The Robert Frost and The Road Not Taken

Page 14, 15, 16, and 17 Mr. Dooley and the Russians

Pages 18 and 19 The 65th Reunion Relived

Pages 20 and 21 El Scribo's Choice

Pages 22 to 27 Bruce Sherman and the Wild Old Bunch

January Edition –mid-month – dedicated edition to the Star Trek Story of “The 1953 Voice of Dartmouth, Herb Solow, and the personal side of the Star Trek story.

Hanover Annual Christmas Luncheon

Harlan Fair and Put Blodgett advised us that, as usual, the Dinning Services at Kendal put on a great spread featuring salmon and beef burgundy. There were seven classmates along with widows, wives and guests. Joe Stevens stopped by for drinks. The shoulder classes at Kendal were invited and two 54's: Ben Gilson and Roger Gilmore joined us as well, and Sandy Price, daughter of Marian Blodgett entertained on the piano. The luncheon included **Put Blodgett, Harlan Fair, Granthia Preston, Seth Carpenter, Dave Horlacher. Deb Horlacher. Dave Donovan. Cynthia Donovan, Ross McIntyre, Sam Franz, Lois Franz. Marjorie Cook. Mitzi Carleton. Dave Colt, Liz King. Donna Reilly. Ben Gilson. Sara Gilson, Roger Gilmore, and Sandy Price**

Class Notes for the Autumn by '53 Secretary Mark Smoller

The sun was shining in Hanover. The colors of the season surrounded us glistening with their warming tones. The town was awash with “Blue Jacketers” and “Green Jacketers” gathered from near and far for Dartmouth Homecoming. As game time approached, you could feel the excitement and enthusiasm in the air. The Class gathered for its 66th annual meeting. In attendance were: Put Blodgett, Vivian and Richard Cahn, Allen Collins and Sue

Schlott, Cynthia and Dave Donovan, Harlan Fair, Dick Fleming, Ron Lazar, Dick O'Connor, Bobby and Mark Smoller, and Jody and Jack Zimmermann. Ron Lazar dubbed us, "The Happy Class" pointing out that 92% of our class contributed to the Dartmouth College Fund this past year. He reported that we have won the Peggy Epstein Tanner '79 Award given to us for having the best donor retention Class after a reunion. We also learned that the Class has donated 428 books to the College libraries in the name of our deceased classmates. In addition individual classmates have donated 63 books in the name of other classmates, and 18 books have been given in honor of our Class Presidents, making a total of 509 books donated to the Dartmouth Libraries to date. In high spirits after the victory over Yale, we met at the Commons and enjoyed a fun dinner there. This year our Holiday Luncheons, one at Kendall and the other at the Dartmouth Club of New York will take place on the same day, December 11. Kudos to Joanne and Dave Halloran who have been sending medical supplies to Jonathan un angel para Venezuela, an organization which provides food and medicine to the needy in Venezuela. The Flags flew at half-mast to mark the death of Robert Henderson '53, a former trustee of the College, and holder of an honorary degree from Dartmouth. Bob contributed much of his time to Dartmouth affairs as well as to many other charitable endeavors. I would also note, and with sadness, the passing of Thomas Gil, Stanley Westberg, Thomas Clark, John Buchanan, and Urban Schreiner. Our Class offers its heartfelt condolences to their families. They are all missed.

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

.

Ivy League Football Champions!!!!!!



That always glorious feeling when one is the Winner and the 1953 celebrants were led by Charlie Buchanan and entourage in the “chill of Yankee Stadium.” Well Done Green and Charlie a.nd team!



The Princeton Tiger after the Big Green's Thrashing

The 16 Commandments of Aging

#1 - Talk to yourself, because there are times you need expert advice.

#2 - Consider "In Style" to be the clothes that still fit.

#3 - You don't need anger management. You need people to stop p---ing you off.

#4 - Your people skills are just fine. It's your tolerance for idiots that needs work.

#5 - The biggest lie you tell yourself is, "I don't need to write that down. I'll remember it."

#6 - You have days when your life is just a tent away from a circus.

#7 - These days, "on time" is when you get there.

#8 - Even duct tape can't fix stupid - but it sure does muffle the sound.

#9 - Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could put ourselves in the dryer for ten minutes, then come out wrinkle-free and three sizes smaller ?

#10 - Lately, You've noticed people your age are so much older than you.

#11 - "Getting lucky" means walking into a room and remembering why you're there.

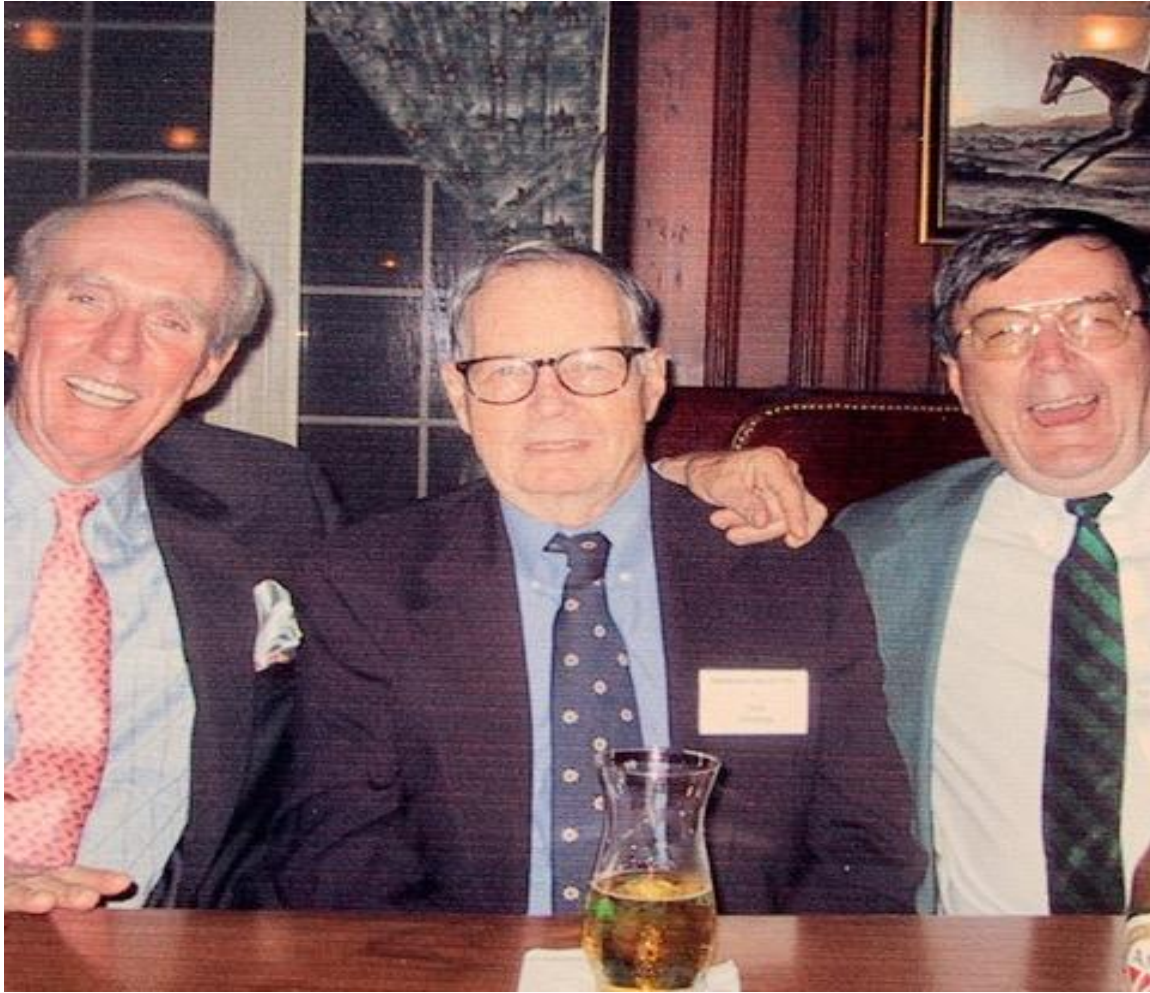
#12 - When you were a child, you thought nap time was punishment. Now it feels like a mini vacation.

#13 - Some days you have no idea what you're doing out of bed.

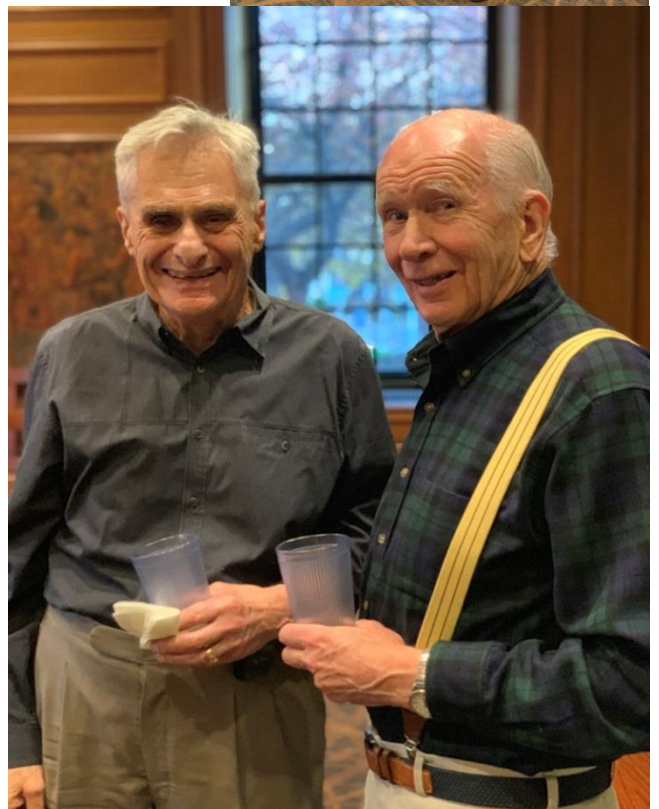
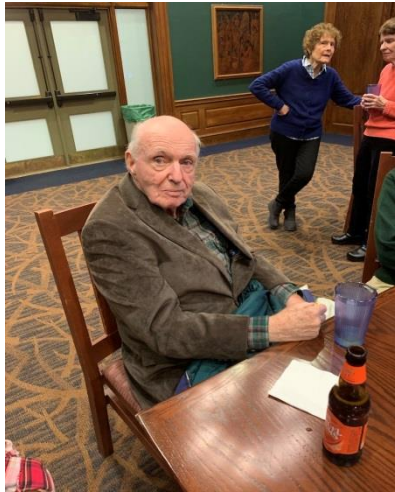
#14 - You thought growing old would take longer.

#15 - Aging sure has slowed you down, but it hasn't shut you up

#16 - You still haven't learned to act your age, and hope you never will.



**El Prez, El Trez, and El Screz Sharing one Cerveza with
El Trez in Control!!**



You Know Them All, But as a Refresher Here is the Gouge:

Top – Harlan Fair and Put Blodgett, our '53 Hanover Power Brokers

Row 2 - Fred Stephens and Bride; Richard Cahn, Harlan, Mark "The Alum Voice of '53" Smoller, and our Super Jock Okie O'Connor

Row 3 – Dick "Dues" Fleming, Cathy "Christmas Lunch" Callender, Phil "Past Prez" Beekman and Judy Wilson; Ron "DCF Telephone" Lazar and Put again, the personification of Life with Nature.

Robert Frost and "The Road Not Taken"

We all can remember those great evenings in Dartmouth Hall with perhaps America's greatest poet and when He, Frost, read and touched on the depth of "The Road Not Taken." I can almost visualize him after these many years when sometimes it seemed as though he was almost meditating on those words. Several years ago after some exchanges with Bert Melcher on this experience, Bert sent me a comprehensive treatment of what that experience with Robert Frost and The Road Not Taken had done

with his life and the sense of fulfillment it brought, and Bert hastened to add the gratitude he feels to Dartmouth, Thayer and the Class of 1953. Here is one paragraph that captured that sense of gratitude Bert has for the Dartmouth experience.

"I guess that I was trying to seek out for my own understanding some "Rules of the Road not taken." I have always felt that If I can create some positive results from a course of action, a new road, especially when such results are really needed, vital to our well-being, then I must take that road and make every effort to meet the objective. This will usually require not just using existing skills but enhancing them: more education, time commitments, effort, more relating to others from whom I can benefit with the goal of meeting my initial objective.. This approach makes life just plain fun. It has its risks, but overcoming these or not letting them deter one is key to the journey. Also, I have never measured my journey by the size of the pot of gold. A lot of my efforts have been *pro bono* and I know that the same time and effort could be rewarded by a much larger pot. So

what? I can go on at length about the value of *pro bono* work; being free from any obligation and able to think for myself and feel I can do what I perceive is the right thing. All of this is common to a myriad of people who have advanced knowledge, enhanced our human -community-Nation values, well-being of individuals and respect for God's creation of our planet Earth and its life forms. While such action may not provide a proportional economic return, it will provide a satisfaction of sometimes unlimited value to mankind for tis "Road Not Taken" just as our fellow Dartmouthian Robert Frost said that it would.

And another marvelous story exercising the principles of "A Road Not Taken" is captured eloquently by our Ambassador Peter Bridges in his article a few months ago about "Mr. Dooley and the Russians."

Mr. Dooley and the Russians



September 2019 by Peter Bridges

Peter spending more than three decades in foreign service culminating as ambassador to Somalia. In recent years he has published a memoir of his time as a diplomat; the biographies of two once-famous Americans, John Moncure Daniel and Donn Piatt; and a memoir of his off-hours climbs, runs, and treks. His articles, essays, and poems have appeared in *American Diplomacy*, *Copperfield Review*, *Diplomacy & Statecraft*, *Eclectica*, *Mountain Gazette*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and elsewhere

In my earlier years I studied several languages, including Russian. During my decades in the U.S. Foreign Service I even served for a time as an interpreter in Russian—an interpreter with serious faults. As will be told, beyond my own faults I blame, a little, Mr. Dooley. My path to interpreting was a long one. Before I got to Russian I had studied Latin and Spanish. Then at nineteen I became fascinated by Russian novels, and by that exotic country. I studied the Russian language for nine hours a week at Dartmouth College, spent a summer at the Middlebury College Russian school—where we were obliged to speak only Russian except in local shops—and began graduate study at Columbia University.

My two years at Columbia turned me away from an academic career. My advisor, Professor Ernest Simmons, had written books on Tolstoy, Chekhov, and other old greats, but he insisted I do a master's essay on contemporary Soviet literature. In the 1950s Soviet novels were Stalinist trash. I read a hundred of them for my essay, got my degree, quit the Ph.D. program, took the Foreign Service exam, married my love, and went into the Army to do my two required years of military service before going into diplomacy.

Curiously, my Russian got me to France. Halfway through basic training at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri, our company commander announced that any private who knew a foreign language could take a test in it. I took the Russian test, got a perfect score, and was called in to see a Personnel corporal. "We will send you," he said, "To an intelligence unit in Germany. But basic's just eight weeks and you need sixteen weeks' training to go overseas. We'll give you eight more weeks here at Leonard Wood. It's just a formality, so we'll put you in combat engineer training, with the boys who frankly aren't bright enough for the infantry."

The additional eight weeks were as tough as the first had been. We marched long miles, and in teams of six lugged 500-pound prefabricated pieces of Bailey bridges down to the Big Sandy River to make a structure that could carry tanks. Finally we boarded a troop train to go east to Fort Dix, New Jersey, and then sail out of Brooklyn to Europe. At Dix I got my assignment—to the 97th Engineer Battalion, headquartered not in Germany but at Verdun, in France. They had neglected to put the Russian test on my record but listed the engineer training. I shrugged and said *C'est la vie*, which exhausted my French.

We landed at Bremerhaven and went south and into France by troop train. En route to the 97th, three fellow privates and I had to change trains at Nancy. I bought a copy of *L'Est Républicain* and sat down on my duffel bag to see what I could understand. Latin and Spanish didn't help much. Two men, one lacking an arm, strolled down the platform and saw this unusual sight, an American soldier engrossed in a French newspaper. The one who was missing an arm said something to me. I shook my head. *Mais oui*, he said; obviously I knew French. No, I said. Yes, he said. Finally I said to him in Russian that I could not understand him. He responded, in good Russian, "You don't understand me?" They were two Alsatians, drafted into the *Wehrmacht* after Hitler took over Alsace-Lorraine in 1940. They had been sent to the Russian front, and had been captured. After years in a Soviet camp—where one lost his arm—they had been released and come home. We had a good talk. It was the only use I made of Russian in the Army.

After eighteen months as an Army clerk, my wife and I and little David, born at Verdun, came back to America. Five weeks later I was no longer a lowly soldier but a commissioned officer of the United States Foreign Service—at an inglorious salary of \$4,900 per annum, not much even in 1957. Because of my Russian I was assigned to the State Department's Soviet desk. No doubt we would go on to our embassy in Moscow. No, said the Department; junior officers will no longer be sent to Moscow before being tried out at another post. At a guess, one of us juniors had been entrapped by the KGB. Where, then? A Spanish-speaking post, perhaps. The spring of 1959 arrived, and April first, the due date for what we called the "April Fool Sheet." This was the annual Officer Preference Report, in which

individuals stated where they thought they should next be assigned. I listed Madrid and Bogotá.

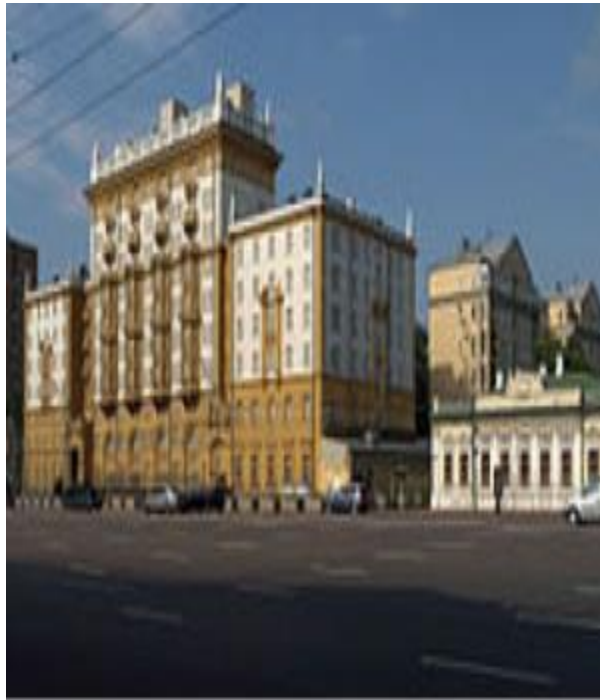
The April Fool Sheet was so called because, everyone said, personnel officers looked at an officer's preferences, laughed, threw the report in the waste basket, and sent poor Smith to some hellhole. What was the bureaucracy going to do with us? It was sweltering summer in Washington. Mary Jane said she'd be happy almost anywhere. She just didn't want to go to the tropics; Washington was heat enough. I agreed. Next week I came home with our assignment, to the tropics: American Embassy, Panama. We laughed, and went, and we found Panama fascinating. After two years there we were looking to spend a third year on the Isthmus, but were transferred on short notice to the Bavarian Alps, to the U.S. Army Russian Institute in Oberammergau.

Commonly called Detachment R, the school trained Army officers to serve as military attachés at Embassy Moscow or at the U.S. liaison office with Soviet forces in Eastern Germany. I was one of two Russian-speaking Foreign Service officers sent to the school each year. After nine months there we would go onward to our Moscow embassy. The instructors were Russian émigrés, defectors, and refugees, plus a Chechen professor and a former Latvian diplomat. The courses were all taught in Russian: military subjects plus economics, history, politics, and grammar.

There were also Russian language courses for spouses. Mary Jane said there'd be time enough for her to work on Russian once we got to Moscow. Meanwhile she'd work on hiking, climbing, skating, and skiing. Soon she summited the Zugspitz, the highest peak in the Bavarian Alps. Then, when we went to Moscow, she applied herself to Russian. After a year, returning from a shopping trip to Helsinki, she shared a sleeping compartment on the *Red Arrow* from Leningrad to Moscow with two other women. They were, they said, from Tbilisi. Now, Georgians were not famous for fluency in Russian, but they were all taught Russian from elementary school onward. These two complimented my wife on her Russian, saying it was better than theirs. A good proficiency test, I told her.

We arrived in the USSR with Stalin nine years in his grave but the KGB still a fearsome force; we left a month before Nikita Khrushchev's involuntary retirement in September 1964. My first year there I had a dull admin job, trying to keep our rickety elevators from breaking down, supervising our Russian electricians and mechanics and wondering which of them were really KGB officers, and cleaning out storerooms that had accumulated junk for years. In my second year I was a political officer, one of three trying to figure out and report to Washington the true state of affairs in a secretive society. We traveled, when we could; much of the USSR was closed to foreigners.

Western diplomats usually traveled in twos, to lessen chances of the KGB trying some dirty trick. Once I spent a week in Ukraine with my Australian colleague Gregory Clark, whose Russian was fluent. In Chernivtsi we stayed at the Intourist hotel. The same blond waitress served us several times. Our last day there, we told her we were leaving town. "You know," she said, "I've been thinking of moving to your capital." Greg and I looked at each other. Our capital? Canberra? Washington? "Tell me," I said. "Where do you think we're from?" "Why, Riga, of course." We were obviously not Russian; Latvian was the limit of her imagination.



*U.S. Embassy Moscow in the early 1960s.
(Source: Wikipedia)*



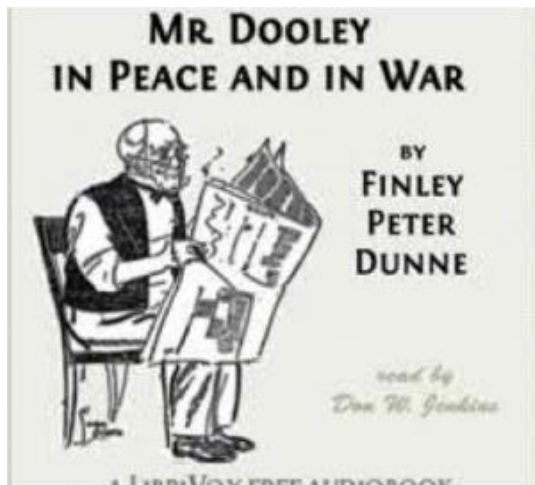
*Peter and Mary Jane Bridges at
Serebryanyi Bor park, Moscow, 1963*

From Moscow the Bridges returned to Washington, where I was assigned to ACDA, the now defunct U.S. Arms Control & Disarmament Agency. In 1965 I began spending long weeks in Geneva, as a member of the U.S. delegation to the East-West disarmament conference. The conference was too big—eighteen nations—to be more than a venue for fine speeches, but the conference co-chairmen, the U.S. and Soviet delegation heads, also met privately. Each head brought three staff members, including an interpreter, with him. Our interpreter was Alexander Akalovsky, a Foreign Service officer born to Russian émigré parents. He had spent years interpreting for top U.S. officials...and wanted to go on to something other than interpreting...and he found that I spoke good Russian.

“If I get assigned to our Moscow embassy,” he asked me one day, “Would you like to replace me?” Flattering, I said, but I’m no interpreter. We could practice, he said, and the disarmament vocabulary is pretty standard stuff. The next time I was back in Washington I took a Russian-English interpreter exam at the State Department—and passed, although with caveats. I wondered if Alex had asked his interpreter pals to go easy on me. One afternoon in August 1965 in Geneva, I saw Alex and his family off on a train en route to the Land of the Soviets. Now I was the man on the job.

I was stunned to find that the job was not to translate from Russian into English, for which I was barely qualified, but, far harder, to translate into Russian what my boss said in English. Somehow I survived, with help from my young Soviet counterpart, who was not only a trained interpreter but had studied in an English-language school in Moscow. My boss, William C. Foster, our delegation head and the Director of ACDA, took a liking to me, after finding that I knew Russian—but surely not realizing my limits in the language.

Then Adrian Fisher came to replace Mr. Foster for some weeks as delegation head. Fisher, whom all called “Butch,” was the Deputy Director of ACDA. He was an eminent lawyer who had studied at Princeton and Harvard— and he retained a Tennessee accent that could be hard to understand. Moreover, at our meetings with the Soviets he liked to illustrate a point by telling a Mr. Dooley story.



Mr. Dooley was the creation of Finley Peter Dunne, a humorist famous in the early 1900s. Dooley was an Irish immigrant in Chicago who expounded on main issues in a Roscommon brogue. Mr. Fisher recounted Mr. Dooley stories to the Soviet delegation head, in his best possible reproduction of the brogue, tempered (or worsened) by his own accent. My Soviet counterpart wanted to help me but at one point whispered to me, “What language is Mr. Fisher speaking?”

I think back to those weeks as the hardest job I ever had. I improved at least a little as time went on—and Butch Fisher returned to Washington. Our disarmament talks survived Mr. Dooley and my ineptitude. Perhaps it was well that not much was transpiring in that field in 1965 and 1966. The Limited Test Ban Treaty had been signed in 1963, but it was only in 1968 that Washington and Moscow agreed on the text of a future Non-Proliferation Treaty; the SALT talks began only in 1969.

That’s all behind me now. Plodding onward through my eighties, I have enough trouble with English that I don’t worry about other tongues. But I do remember one Somali proverb: *Hadal oday been ma aha*. What an old man says is no lie.★

.

The 65th Was So Good Let's Taste A Bit Of It Again!





The Real Prime Movers for This Greatest of Dartmouth Classes

El Scribo's quarter ---In the pursuit of a favorite hobby, the history of my beloved Florida, I found that the Cherokees have a profound expression that so suits the emotions felt in our great class at this stage of our lives as our brothers are passing on to the other side.-----

“A tear in the eye will bring a rainbow to the soul.”

As I prepare each '53 Out, which I enjoy doing so much, the review of the latest obituaries brings about the memories of our time in Hanover and all the wonderful reunions and gatherings that we have enjoyed over seventy years and crystalized so well by last year's 65th. Those memories do cause a “tear” over those who have passed on, but also paint the “rainbow” in my heart and spirit for the joy we have experienced from all of our happenings together Those tears have brought about some magnificent rainbows and you can experience them by clicking on to the [Classof53.site](#) and relive parts of our past, way back, including Charlie Fleet singing “Somewhere Deep in the Valley” as he shares that magnificent voice on “Little Jimmy Brown” with the campus at our Spring 1953 Hum. We have the whole Hum recorded on the site. And Looking Toward Future Dartmouthians please meet grandchildren 13, 14. and 15 practicing “Dear Ole Dartmouth, ear Ole Dartmouth, Dear Ole Dartmouth Bless Her Name”: Zander and Tyce, Class of 2038, and Eliana, Class of 2040. Zander will be the Newsletter Guy



IMG_1563.MP4

While many of you are enjoying the skiing and other winter sports of the season, we Floridians are enjoying the prime weather time of the Peninsula Paradise. We have just two seasons here ---Dues and Dividends ---and from late May through mid-October, well we pay our dues with the heat and humidity, BUT, come mid-October begins the Dividend season of moderate temperatures and lower humidity. Below is my Dividend Season office adjacent to our living room –it is delightful and Y'all come now! Happiest of Holidays, El Scribo



Bruce Sherman and the Wild Old Bunch

Bruce “Alta” Sherman, probably the most active “virtually” year round skier in the Class, is a member of the “Wild Old Bunch” at Alta and. at 88. one of the younger members!!! The following article describes the group including their “Elder,” George Jedenoff. who coined the phrase “Age is just a number,” Time for us to adopt that philosophy!!

Bruce can be reached at altabruce80@hotmail.com and he has room in his “digs” when you decide to ski Alta with The “Wild Old Bunch”



The Wild Old Bunch thrives on the passion for powder, fresh air and friends.

Alta's legendary Wild Old Bunch might have the elixir for staying young

By Harriet Wallis

Skiing is a way of life for Bob Murdoch. As a youngster, he took his wooden skis with a single leather foot strap and slid down hills at the local golf course. Now he skis Alta's slopes three days a week. "I ski for the thrill of it. I used to ski the steepest slopes and the deepest powder, but I don't do that anymore,"

Bob says, admitting he has slowed down some. Now he sticks to Alta's gentler runs, and during the summer, he golfs just two days a week. He's 95 years old.

Then there's 102-year-old Alta skier George Jedenoff, who coined the phrase "Age is just a number." It certainly hasn't stopped him from doing what he wants to

PHOTOS: DUNG HOANG

"Age is just a number." It certainly hasn't
stopped him from doing what he wants to

I ski for the thrill of it. I used to ski the steepest slopes and the deepest powder, but I don't do that anymore.



do. He charges down the slopes, hooting and jumping into even a tiny patch of powder. At 102, he still works out every day of the year for 45 minutes before breakfast to stay physically fit.

Bob and George are the oldest members of Alta's Wild Old Bunch, a group of enthusiastic senior skiers for whom

age really doesn't matter, but who generally range from 60ish up. Unlike most groups, the Wild Old Bunch has no dues and no officers. Instead, the 100-plus members are bonded by a love of life and the love of skiing. Blue skies, sparkling snow, and fresh, high mountain air ramp up the pleasure. ►

"I love to ride up the chairlift and see the beautiful scenery and breathe the crisp air," says Judy Brunvand. "It's good for the soul."

After a morning of skiing, Wild Old Bunch members start to drift into Alf's mid-mountain restaurant for camaraderie, conversation, and snacks. They gather at the only round table, which was specially purchased for the group years ago. You might find these senior skiers talking about gardening, golf, how to solve a home plumbing problem, or about the porcupine they saw in a slopeside pine tree. Conversation is always upbeat.

Interestingly, they don't talk about their grandkids or what body parts hurt. They don't dwell on how advancing age challenges them, focusing instead on going forward to enjoy life and, of course, continuing to ski. It's a positive mind set, and it has always been that way.

The group was founded nearly a half century ago in the early 1970s. A group of friends took powder lessons at Alta and got so excited they wanted to share the joy of snow with others. It was the

Jurassic period of home movie technology. Video cameras were bulky and often hard to hold steady. But the group made remarkable videos of themselves skiing in powder, dubbed in music, and showed the videos to friends. They called themselves the Wild Old Bunch—with a little "o" because they wanted to de-emphasize the age factor. The name stuck and the circle of snow-loving friends continued to expand. The group continues to expand today. Members come from as far away as Maine, Canada, England, Germany, and Australia.

Bob Phillips from Tennessee met the Wild Old Bunch in an unusual way. "We were skiing off-trail in the woods and it was tough. We came upon an older guy who was skiing it with ease. We followed him but we had trouble keeping up. We got on the lift together and he invited us to meet the Wild Old Bunch and find ski buddies." Most skiers meet the group through such chance encounters.

Robin Roberson, who is definitely one of the youngest members, also had a chance meeting. In 2011 she saw a story about



Jan and Judy Brunvand check their favorite trails.



Bob Murdoch with 102-year-old George Jedenoff. Jedenoff's jacket shows the 100+ years patch and Wild Old Bunch patch.

PHOTO: HARRIET WALLIS

Alta's Wild Old Bunch in *Sunset Magazine* and asked for autographs of those who were in the photo. She was enthusiastically adopted by the Wild Old Bunch.

But what makes this group tick? And how do they stay in shape?

Every member has a personal spin on what the Wild Old Bunch means to them, and how they stay physically fit so they can continue to ski as they grow older.

Bill Roberson enjoys the camaraderie and the stories about the old days. "These energetic skiers reminisce about \$3 lift tickets, using the first single-seat lift and skiing untracked powder with the legendary Alf Engen," he says. To stay fit, Bill and Robin walk several miles a day, and while Bill opts for a full body workout doing heavy duty yard work, Robin's workouts include stretches and yoga.

Jan (pronounced yawn) Brunvand, 86, says, "I love coming into the lodge and seeing the friendly faces of people I know.

When I go to other resorts, I don't know anybody." The camaraderie of the group is extra special to him because he skis mid-week when his kids and grandkids cannot ski because they're at work or school.

Jan's wife, Judy, is 80-ish, and stays fit playing tennis, but Jan says he's a bit lazy about traditional exercise. However, he's an avid fly fisherman and there's more to it than standing peacefully by a stream. Getting to that stream means trekking along overgrown banks, climbing over logs, stepping around rocks, and then keeping his balance while standing knee deep in the rushing water. That's real exercise.

As the days get shorter and ski season gets closer, many members admit to ratcheting up their workouts to be ready for the slopes.

Alta's motto is "Come for the skiing. Stay for the skiing." The Wild Old Bunch continues to live up to the motto by doing exactly that. **U**