

The Great Class of 1953 at our 65th Reunion



Put's Place

Early February was Dartmouth Winter Carnival time! Before I attended the college, my family would join the crowd driving around Hanover that Sunday afternoon gazing at the massive center-of-campus statue and the smaller ones in front of fraternities and dorms. That weekend was the big break, after first-semester finals and before the start of the second semester. Women on campus, ski racing in four events, dances, a profusion of other activities, and Outdoor Evening. I remember Olympic gold-medal skaters Barbara Ann Scott and Dick Button and Norwegian Egil Stigum '56 doing a somersault on skis off a small jump.

For several years the Outdoor Evening set was on the golf course opposite the DOC House and we skied down the rope tow hill behind it holding torches. In 1951 it was held in the football stadium. I well remember skiing down the stadium holding a torch, petrified that I would do a face plant where the stadium transitioned onto the flat field. Miraculously, I didn't.

In those days, statues were built by sprinkling water on snow in buckets and patting the resulting slush into statues. Today, if anything is done, snow is dumped on campus and the snow is carved away to create a small statue. Actually, there is so little interest, that the college hires professional ice sculptors to create some beauty across the Green from blocks of ice. Students may try their hand, also. This year there is a plea for town volunteers to assist with a center-of-campus snow sculpture.

The ski jump was taken down years ago as jumping is no longer an inter-collegiate sport. There are four terms instead of two. Women make up half of the student body. What was once the Mardi Gras of the North and brought Hollywood to campus to record it, is now just another weekend.

The final indignity is that this year Harvard decided it wanted to host an inter-collegiate ski weekend and the pioneering ski college in America was eliminated from the winter schedule of inter-collegiate ski competitions.

Mark's mark!

Dear Dartmouth! How wondrous is it to be celebrating your 250th anniversary with you. You were a mere 180 years old when you warmly welcomed us into your loving arms way back then. And, how you have matured since those special times. Yes, the elm trees along Main Street are gone, and so is freshman hazing,, But in their place has been the advent of women and with them a delightful and positive transformation in the dynamics of the each and every aspect of the College. Gone is Freshman Commons, with its metal trays , and in its place, the glorious Class of 1953 Commons. Gone too is Robinson theater, and in its place, the wonderful Hopkins Center, The Nugget in Webster Hall and memories of its boisterous evenings of movies has morphed into the

stately but accessible Rauner Hall and its amazing collection of rare books. Upstairs Carpenter is now The Hood Museum and the Black Arts building. The frozen unheated, natural ice Davis Hockey rink is now the beautiful Hockey arena where you can enjoy a hockey game without fortifying yourself with layers of clothing and a spiked thermos of coffee. And baseball and football, and lacrosse as well as softball venues have become models for others to emulate. Dormitories are now clustered, and the September to June year has been replaced by that ingeniously created Dartmouth Plan. And yet, through all of this growth you have in a sense remained the same place of yore. Your professors, though scholars now, are still wonderful mentors. Your philosophy for living, learning through life, and giving to your community remains true and steady. Your imbuing a sense of our place in nature's home and of camaraderie and continues to flourish, and above all a desire to seek truth and knowledge is the ultimate goal. Being a part of this small slice of 70 years out of your 250 years has been a privilege for our Class. It is our absolute trust that you will continue to grow and thrive as your current and future students and faculty join us wishing you a 250th Happy Birthday. Mark H. Smoller '53; 401 Lake Shore Rd. Putnam Valley, NY 10579; (845) 603- 5066; dartmark@gmail.com

Video: A Yearlong Comemoration Comes to a Close [a must watch—spectacular, tears arrive]



Words from Clark Brink about our beloved Al Collins

Dear Dave - I was shocked to hear of Al's passing. He and I had lunch here in Sarasota last winter and he seemed to be in the best of health. What a wonderful man and a beautiful family. Did you ever know anyone who didn't like him and respect him?. And the same can be said about Bob Henderson. Great contributors to Dartmouth and to our class. We will miss them. Moving on to a different subject, I will just forward our Christmas letter and pix which summarizes an incredible year. My wife Linda inspired us all as she dealt with ALS , living life fully to the very end. I have been blessed with two wonderful marriages and am once again blessed to spend my life with Carlotta. As it turns out, Carlotta and her husband (John Parsons) lived for a number of years at Harbor Ridge where she knew John & Lore Dodge, Leo & Delores Clancy, John & Jane Springer and, jumping over to Vero Beach, Bob & Gail Malin (who Carlotta knew as Gail Lassiter when both were at Chatham Hall). And thanks to a mutual friend, we had a lovely visit with Jackie Fleet at her place in Charleston, SC. It is a small, small world. Thanks for all you do - your letters are the glue of our class. Very best, Clark

Thanks for your loving words about Al, Clark. He has reached the hearts and spirits of so many in the class and elsewhere and his loss is so difficult for all of us, but the memories are forever. My favorite Florida Indian tribe of Cherokees says it so well that "A tear is the eye becomes a rainbow in the soul." Joanne and I too delight in the memories of the days at Harbour Ridge when we shared the condo with Bob and Cathy Callender' and Pag and Marilyn Paganucci, and later with Dick Fleming and Dave and Cynthia Donovan---those days were a perpetual 53 Reunions and with all the folks you mentioned, and more, and Bob and Gail Malin and Bob and Carol Henderson traversing down from Vero Beach as well. And with the Simpsons, Beekman's, and others it was a perpetual class party promoted by John and Lore Dodge so well. In all humility, I have come to the conclusion that there has never been a class that has

sustained its bonds of friendship so long after college days as has 1953. The “Mole” Bob Malin said it best at our dinner on graduation night when he proclaimed that “1953 was really sort of a mediocre class academically, but we had our scholars, and we were sort of mediocre athletically, but we had our stars, but when it came to social ability, we were outstanding, colossal, top of the mart; we really liked each other, THEN, Ike spoke to us at graduation so “We Had Better Do Something!” WE HAVE AND WE ARE STILL SHARING IT. Thanks Bob. And thanks Clark for sharing your memories of our dearest friend, the smiling, joyful, forever young Al Collins.



PhotoScan by Google Photos

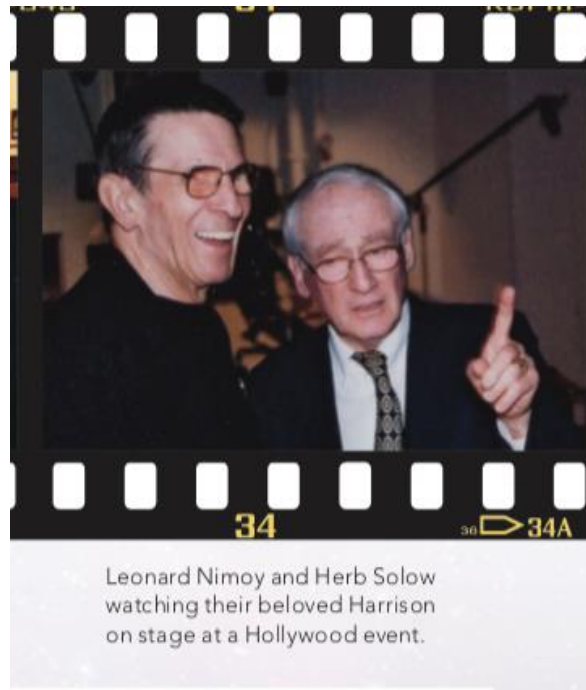
A devoted member of the Dartmouth College community, Al was a leader in the “Great Class of ’53” as its President for many years. He also served as Chair of the Dartmouth Alumni Fund, President of the Alumni Council, and President of the Association of Alumni.

Al family said it best. “ Al connected people. He was the definition of a good friend, always thinking of others and quick to reach out. His optimism and

energy were contagious. Al was quick to share memorable stories that were both funny and filled with great life-lessons. We will miss Al's eternal enthusiasm, gregarious sense of humor, compassion and guidance as a father, grandfather, friend, and advisor." And we, the 1953 Band of Brothers share these sentiments in the depths of our hearts and souls. We love you Al.



A Truly Remarkable Story About “The Voice of Dartmouth Radio” in our time on campus thru 1953– Herb Solow and his wife Harrison,



Here are some excerpts from an extensive interview Herb and Harrison had last year relative to their extraordinary careers and lives. The article is entitled *Starships and Friendships* and you can obtain a pdf copy from me by email, The interviewer is Rebecca Evans. “I felt as if I entered a hidden passage as I sat in the Idaho home of the former Head of MGM Studios, Paramount Television, and Desilu Studios, Herbert Solow and his wife, Dr. Harrison Solow, Pushcart Prize recipient, Literature, Theology, and Writing Professor, Author, *Star Trek* Authority, former nun, and true polymath. Herb is the man responsible for developing and launching *Star Trek* and other iconic television shows and movies into the world. When Rebecca asked Herb where his real home was after living in California, the UK and elsewhere and settling in Idaho to write, Herb responded “Home is where Harrison is” and she responded “Well, that’s the best definition. The two of us are a tribe.” [Ed. note—that is terrific!!!] Rebecca, Herb and Harrison’s interviewer then moved into *Star Trek* with the question “Can you tell us something special about Leonard Nimoy” and Herb responded “I’ll answer that

because I know Harrison won't, Hopefully she;I'll give you permission to use my answer!!" Probably the best kept secret in the Star Trek world [a hard world in which to keep a secret: is the relationship between Harrison and Leonard. Quite simply, he adored her. He confessed to me that he was a little in awe of her—he found her intelligence formidable and her heart a refuge. She was his confidant. He talked to her about deeply personal things like religion, spirituality, his feelings, old wounds, new interests and a couple of relationships that troubled him. He had a completely justified trust in her. The three of us were very close but his bond with Harrison was extraordinary and reverent. I'd say that it was spiritual or mystical, what some would call soulmates. They called it "the holy bonds of friendship." I'd known Leonard for almost 50 years when he died, ever since I had hired him for *Star Trek* in 1964. Gene Roddenberry first suggested Leonard to me and when I evaluated him, in addition to several other actors, for the part of Spock, I thought he had something special – he wouldn't just play Spock, he would be Spock – so I told my business affairs person to have Leonard's agent call me. And that was the beginning of a legend. When Leonard met Harrison almost 30 years later—a few years before she and I met—I hadn't seen him for quite a long time. We were both in our early sixties. Harrison was a generation younger, but an old soul, and as Leonard described it, they "recognized" each other instantly. From my point of view, Harrison and Leonard were very much alike- intense, cerebral, reserved, joyful.

Rebecca: Why a secret? Herb: Leonard was one of the most recognized people on the planet. More than any of the *Star Trek* actors, he had been scrutinized, invaded, pursued, etc. since 1966. People wanted to know everything about his life. Everyone wanted a piece of him. But he was a very private person and it was extremely difficult for him. I remember, as a young actor, he found it almost impossible to handle. He used to come see me about it, very troubled. Over the years, he managed to cope very well. But he said his bond with Harrison was the one relationship

in his life that was completely his, not part of his public life. It was sacred to him. He kept it from everyone but Herb and we respected that privacy for his entire life; here they are!



Harlan Fair's Excursion to Solve a Thorny Hospital Equipment issue with the Deputy Commissioner of the Hospital, Bob Derzon, another '53 Star

Or, How I Stole Medical Equipment from the Bellevue Hospital "I was in charge of construction and maintenance at Cornell medical/ New York Hospital in New York City. The dean of Cornell Medical School received an angry message from the CEO of Bellevue Hospital, Bernie Weinstein, that we had illegally taken medical equipment from Bellevue Hospital, Bellevue was one of the major hospitals in the NYC system. Dr. Tom Almy was in charge of the medical team, a Cornell group, at Bellevue Hospital to perform both research and patient treatment. I was assigned the job of relocating Tom Almy and his team from Bellevue to a satellite building on 69th St. near New York Hospital. This included taking desks, file cabinets, medical equipment, casework, cabinetry and all equipment involved in the medical research of the department of medicine at Bellevue to 69th St. . We literally stripped the research labs and left only the countertops temporarily supported with 2 x 4's.

I was sent down to Bellevue to meet with Bernie Weinstein, CEO of the hospital. The Cornell medical group lost the affiliation contract with NYC Hospitals,

therefore the need to bring the group back to Cornell and New York Hospital. Bernie Weinstein proceeded to chew me out saying that once the equipment was in place in Bellevue Hospital by Cornell it then belonged to the city of New York. This legally may have been correct. It was difficult for the Cornell investigators to think this way since it was their grant money and Cornell's financing that purchased the equipment in the first place.

What to do? I suggested to the Dean of Cornell Medical that I have a Dartmouth classmate who was the Deputy Hospital Commissioner and perhaps this can be worked out. I was instructed then to take Commissioner Bob "Diz" Derzon out to lunch. We had a nice lunch in China Town near the Worth Street NYC Hospital office. We did indeed agree that it should be 'put to bed'. I instructed Turner Construction Co., my contractor for this work, to clean up the Bellevue site. The countertops supported by 2x4s were removed.

The NYC Dept of Hospitals later became The Health and Hospital Corp. I was recruited by Bob Derzon to join the new Corp. I often ran into Bernie Weinstein in budget reviews and he would shake his finger at me for stealing his equipment.

Stunning Photos of The Winter in Hanover

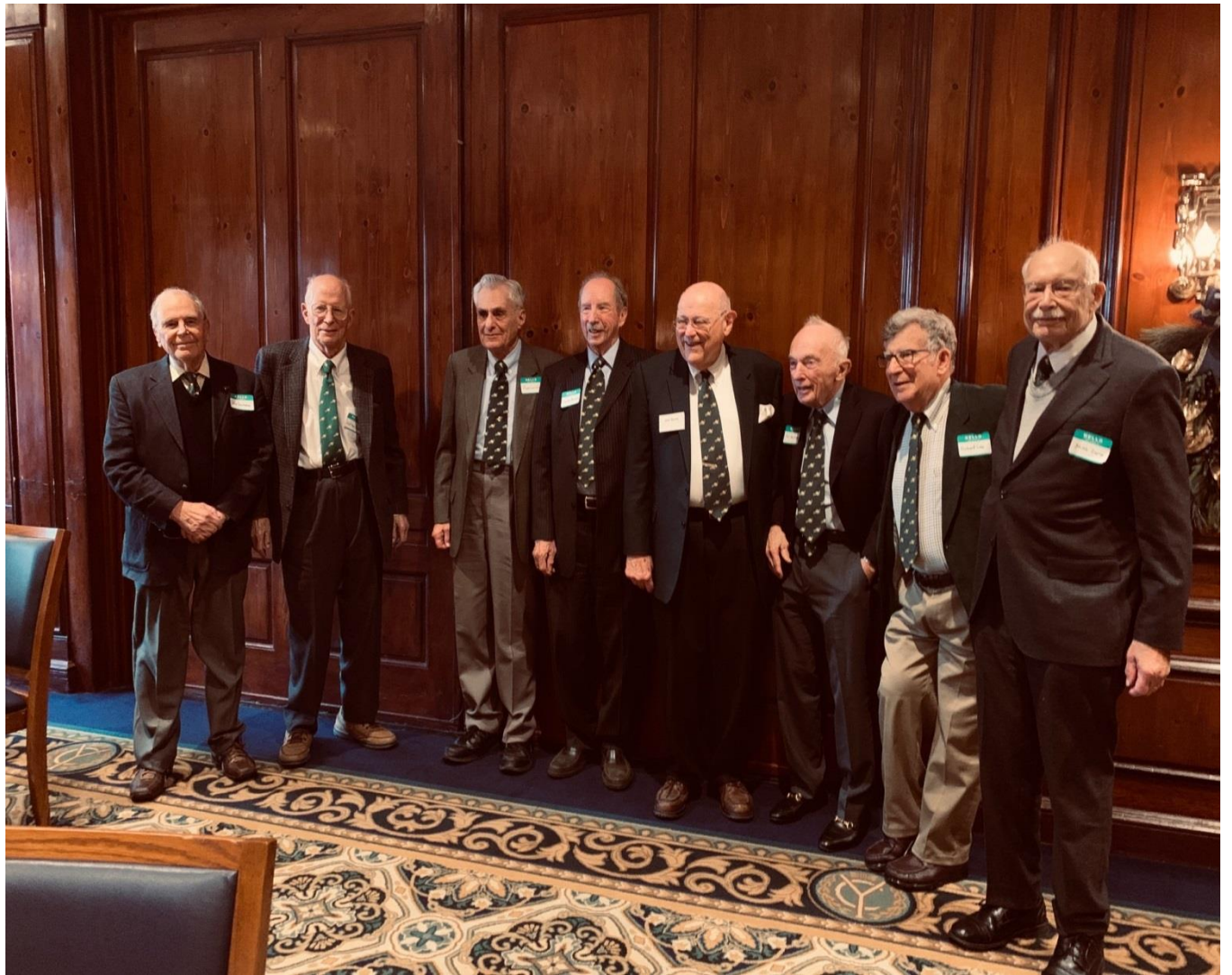








1953 Christmas Luncheon at the Dartmouth Club in New York



And the Beautiful Ladies of the Class of 1953





And Charlie and Len belting out “Men of Dartmouth”

Such a distinguished gathering of Dartmouth’s greatest class who apparently have followed the Sixteen Commandments of Becoming Elders able to forgive one’s “detractors.”

#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 irritating you.

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

#5 - The biggest lie to yourself is, "I don't need to write it 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" is walking into a room and remembering why you're there.

#12 – As 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.

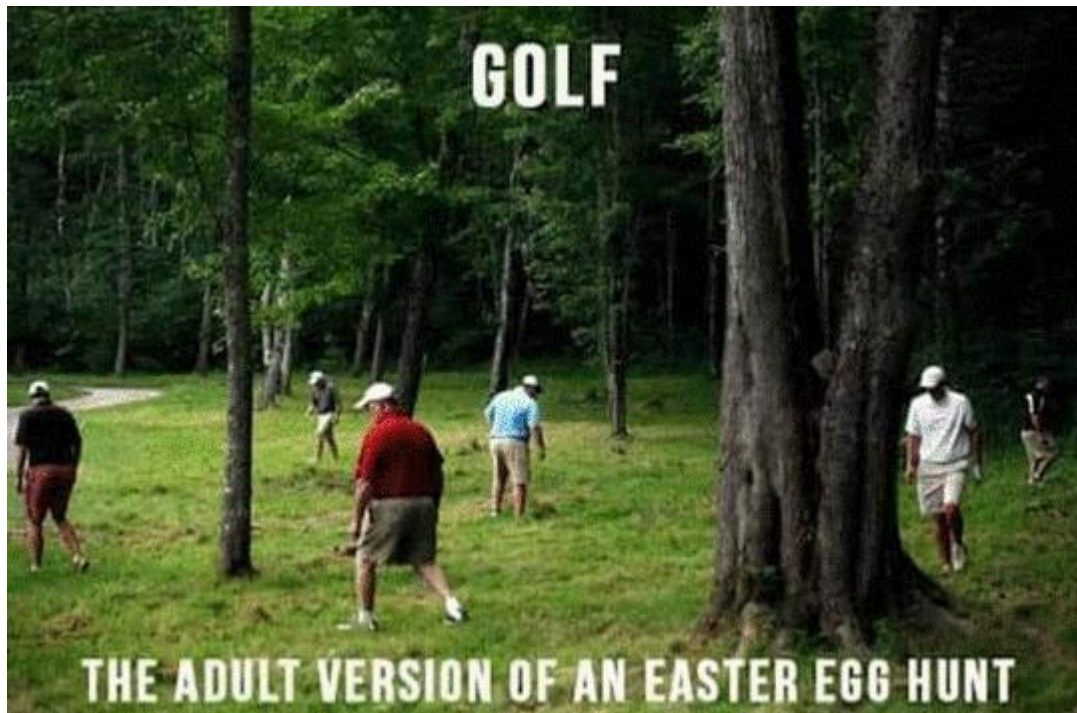
#16 - You still haven't learned to act your age, and hope you never will.

Toward the end of the Sunday service, the Minister asked, “How many of you have forgiven your enemies?” 80% held up their hands. The Minister then repeated his question. All responded this time, except one man, Walter Barnes, probably from Harvard,.

“Mr Barnes, are you not willing to forgive your enemies?” “I don’t have any,” he replied gruffly. “Mr Barnes, that is very unusual. How old are you?” “Ninety-eight,” he replied. The congregation stood up and clapped their hands.

“Oh, Mr Barnes, would you please come down in front and tell us all how a person can live ninety-eight years

and not have an enemy in the world?” The old golfer tottered down the aisle, stopped in front of the pulpit, turned around, faced the congregation, and said simply, “**I outlived all them a-holes**” – and he calmly returned to his seat.



From John Kennedy, our Rep to the Doolittle Raider Gang

Thanks again for recalling my relationship with the Raiders. Barb and I attended the final public Raider Reunion at Fort Walton Beach in 2013 and I attach a photo with COL Dick Cole, Doolittle's co-pilot taken then. Dick and I stayed connected until his death at 102 in 2018. Get the book "Dick Cole's War" published a few years ago - a great read.



Not only is the picture awesome, but so are the statistics! The Doolittle Raid turned disaster in 1941 into victory in 1945/

The Memorial Book for Lillian Goss prepared by John Kennedy and notified to the family. *Hi Jonathan, I am the Memorial Book coordinator for '53 and wanted you and your siblings to know that the book assigned for your mother is "The Elizabethan Image: An Introduction to English Portraiture, 1558 - 1603" by Roy Strong. It will have a plate on the inside front cover noting that it was donated to Baker-Berry Library in memory of your mom by the Class of 1953. The Class does not have the option of selecting memorial books but their selection seems to be a good one. As a very close friend of your mom and dad, please accept my condolences and know that I treasure my relationship with them over the years, With fond regards, John Kennedy*

**“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.”**

Daniel P. Ernst

Telegraph Herald: Web Edition Articles (Dubuque, IA) - Sunday, December 29, 2019
Daniel Pearson Ernst, 88, of Dubuque, died Friday, December 27, 2019, at Bethany Home in Dubuque. Services were held at 11 a.m. on Thursday, January 2, 2019, at the First Congregational United Church of Christ, with Reverend Dr. Lillian Daniel officiating.

Dan was born on September 30, 1931, in Des Moines, the only child of Daniel Ward Ernst and Elaine Pearson Ernst, of Dubuque. He is survived by his wife of 63 years, Ann Robinson Ernst, of Dubuque; as well as his three children, Ellen Ernst Kossek, of Indiana and Michigan, Daniel Robinson Ernst and Ruth Ann Ernst, of Washington, D.C.; and eight grandchildren.

In 1949, Dan graduated second in his class from Dubuque Senior High School, where

his favorite classes were Latin and History and where he played tackle on the football team. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1953 and from the University of Michigan Law School in 1956. After a brief stint in the law department of a Chicago bank, he was commissioned into the Judge Advocate General's corps of the Air Force and was on active duty for three years, principally at Fairchild Air Force Base near Spokane, WA. He credited his advocacy before military tribunals with making him a proficient trial lawyer. He later served three years in the Air Force Reserve.

Dan returned to Dubuque to practice law, with law offices here and in East Dubuque and Galena, where he once served as city attorney. He had a general practice, but also developed a specialty of bankruptcy and served as trustee in over 100 cases. He was president of the Dubuque County Bar Association in 1981-1982 and served on the Board of Governors of the Iowa State Bar Association and on Iowa's Unauthorized Practice of Law Commission. In 1991, at the age of 60, he was appointed to head the

first Public Defenders Office for Northeast Iowa. During his five years as Chief Defender, he became a passionate advocate of the rights of the criminally accused and proud of the lawyers whom he worked with and who succeeded him. He was an active Democrat and served for many years on the county party's central committee and as a caucus leader and poll watcher. He was elected to the Dubuque County Democratic Hall of Fame in May 2015.

He volunteered his time generously. Starting in 2006, he served 12 years as a member of the State of Iowa Commission on Aging, including time served as its chair. He was a founding member of the Friends of the Mines of Spain, helped incorporate the non-profit Children at Home and served on the board of directors of the American Red Cross of the Tri-States and the Dubuque Mental Health Association. For these and other efforts, he received the State of Iowa Governors' Volunteer award in 2001. Dan loved Dubuque and the tri-state area, where he was a member of the Mississippi Trails Hiking Club. He also loved spending summers with his wife and family on Lake Michigan's Grand Traverse Bay, near the town of Elk Rapids. He volunteered for 15 years for the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, including serving as flotilla commander and coxswain. He served as Vice President of the Elk Rapids Historical Society and was a member of the town's Lions Club, happily staffing its hot dog stand during Harbor Days in August.

Dan co-authored three self-published books: "The Wadena Rock Festival (2014)," "The Diplomat and his Daughter (2016)," based on the diaries of Dan's maternal grandfather, who served as the U.S. ambassador to Poland and Finland and Dan's mother, who served as her father's hostess, and an autobiography, "Judgment Yet to Be Rendered (2018)." Dan and his family are grateful for the wonderful care provided to Dan by his physicians Sara S. Loetscher and Eric S. Engelman of Medical Associates in Dubuque, William M. Manzel of MercyOne Dubuque Medical Center, Gerald H.

Clamon of the University of Iowa Hospitals and Clinics and the staff of Bethany Home in Dubuque.

Jack Buchanan

Peter Bridges was notified by Jack's wife Sheri that Jack passed away on November 26 in Corvallis, Oregon . Jack was a brilliant Russian major who came from Wray, Colorado. After college he studied Russian at Oxford for a year, but on return to this country decided to become a physician like his father. he and Sheri paid us a pleasant visit in Crested Butte some years ago. Peter picked up a brief notice online that: "John L. Buchanan, 87, of Corvallis, died November 26, 2019, at Good Samaritan Regional Medical Center in Corvallis.

Robert William Nicholson (1931 - 2019)



FORT MYERS, Fla. -- Robert William Nicholson, Jr., 88, recently of Fort Myers, Florida, formerly of Newaygo, passed away peacefully on Dec. 11, 2019. He was born to Robert William Nicholson Sr. and Julia (Ramson) on Nov. 26, 1931, in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Robert

graduated from Cranford High School and received a bachelor degree in business from Dartmouth College. He then served as a lieutenant in the U.S. Coast Guard from 1954-57.

Robert married Marilyn (Smid) Hoffman in 1954 and later divorced in 1975. He then married Christa Annaliese Laube, who preceded him in death in 2013.

Robert is survived by his four children, Bonnie (Jack), Becky, Jim (Karen) and Scott (Mila). He is also survived by seven grandchildren, Nicholas, Samuel, Rebecca, Jacob, Joseph, Michael, and Sarah; as well as two great-grandchildren, Kyler and Wesley.

Robert was an avid fisherman, enjoyed hunting and woodworking and loved to sing. He owned and operated the Baldwin Creek Motel in Baldwin before retiring to Newaygo in 1999. He spent much of his time tying flies and was a well-known guide on both the Pere Marquette and Muskegon rivers. He was a past president of the Pere Marquette Watershed Council, most notably during their restoration projects on the river.

He owned many hunting dogs, but was proudest of his last dog, Chloe, who retrieved over 1,000 pheasants in her lifetime -- most of them from the Haymarsh Hunt Club in Morley. His passion for hunting and fishing has been passed on to many of his children and grandchildren. The yearly pheasant hunt at Christmas time was sadly missed.

A celebration of Robert's life will be held at a later date. Inurnment will be private at the Brooklyn Cemetery in Brooklyn, New York.

Robert's family suggests memorial remembrances be made to Hope Hospice, 9470 Health Park Circle, Fort Myers, FL 33908 or the Pere Marquette Watershed Council, P.O. Box 212, Baldwin, MI 49304.

Robert's family would like to extend a special thank you to the staff of Hope Hospice, as well as the many loving family members and friends who helped in providing special care for Robert during the last few years of his life.

We have also lost Bill Gitt and Jim Washburn in recent times and will provide obituary information when received.

Jane Stevens

Jane Stevens, Harbour Ridge member since 1987, died in Hanover, NH at age 88.

She is survived by her husband of 63 years, Joseph C. Stevens ;53 and daughters B. Lucy Stevens of Key West, FL; Mary Stevens of Norwich, VT; and Susan Stevens of Norwich, VT; and six adored grandchildren.

Jane was born in Dayton, Ohio on August 8, 1931, daughter of Clifford and Polly Wurtz. She attended public schools in Oakwood, Ohio where she was an excellent tennis player (Dayton Jr. Ladies' Champion and finalist in Dayton Ladies' Championship), and was a varsity player for 4 years of field hockey on a team which went undefeated and un-scored upon for a 101 games, until they were to be featured in a Life Magazine story, only to lose 1-0 to the University of Cincinnati! She graduated from Bowling Green University with a BS in Primary Grade Teaching. After teaching a year in Kettering, Ohio and after marrying Joe Stevens, she taught in Wilmington, Ohio, Woodbridge, CT (her favorite teaching experience) and Kirkwood, MO, until starting her family.

Though all three children were born in St. Louis, MO, home became Hanover, NH, where she participated in many activities, including being one of the coaches of Dartmouth's first Lady's Field Hockey team. Winter days at Harbour Ridge in Florida might be with her grandchildren, including golf cart cruising, showing the grandchildren the many birds, and the beautiful sunsets.

Enjoying the company of many friends, her gardens and her home were places of beauty, comfort, hospitality and love.

A funeral service was held at St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Hanover, NH on
January 11

***Our thoughts and prayers are with the
Stevens Family.***

Davos Interview: Hanlon on the Promise of Higher Education

January 21, 2020 by Susan J. Boutwell

President Hanlon visited Davos ahead of the annual World Economic Forum. As the village of Davos, Switzerland, was gearing up for this week's World Economic Forum, President Philip J. Hanlon '77 visited the country on a trip that included stops with alumni groups. While there, he and leaders from business, industry, and other organizations participated in a series of interviews called Davos 2020, produced as a supplement to the Davos sessions,

"In today's landscape of technological and social transformation, the challenge for the education sector has never been greater to produce a next generation ready to tackle complexity, diversity, and change," said former Sky News media company anchor and foreign correspondent Andrew Wilson, who conducted the interviews. "Ivy League college Dartmouth says a liberal arts curriculum has never been more relevant to create the necessary communication skills and lateral thinking required for the 21st century."

The interviews, also available on CBS News, feature leaders from technology, finance, manufacturing, travel, food, sustainability, and other sectors talking about the future and their place in it. President Hanlon spoke with Wilson about Dartmouth as the institution looks ahead after a year of celebrating its first 250 years. He noted that a liberal arts education is the foundation for success in all fields. "No matter where you specialize, you're always going to have to be able to communicate powerfully to people," Hanlon said. "You're always going to have to be able to work across difference, especially in this global economy. ... We are setting the foundation from which you can go in any direction you want."

"What is the promise of higher education for students? It's a transformed quality of mind, keen analytic skills, having a commitment to explore every question with an open mind, gather all available evidence—not just that which suits your world view—being able to separate fact from fiction, having the reasoning skills to apply this evidence to draw a conclusion, and then being able to explain it to people. "For the global economy, it's to create a workforce that unleashes those reasoning skills on the world's greatest problems." Hanlon and Wilson spoke beside a wall of windows at the InterContinental Davos that revealed the snow-covered village below, experiencing a few days of tranquility before thousands of visitors would arrive for the economic forum.

"Dartmouth, like Davos—it's a destination," Hanlon said. "You don't happen there on the way to someplace else. You go there with a purpose, the purpose to enter this amazing academic community. And like Davos, it's in a remarkably beautiful part of the world."



An American in Rome: Five Sonnets by Ambassador Peter Bridges

I. Return to Rome

Turn, turn, sing Seeger and the Shakers, turn
Till one day all comes right—but is it so?
Here down Domitian's track I run, I burn:
Here dreamed of glory, all those years ago.
Did glory come? I went as envoy south
To a state so poor it could not print its name
Where camels were the treasury's sole stock

And boys threw rocks at strangers in the street.
Glory's no good in a land of dusty drouth
Where bribes and lies are leaders' crafty game
To play with foreign aid ships when they dock;
Who steal for secret stores the tons of wheat.
I'll climb the Palatine to see my mountains
Still green beyond dry memories and cracked fountains.

II. Headquarters, UN World Food Program

Our fathers sailed in small and leaking boats;
The migrants now march north through deadly sands.
Our mothers in the ghettos sewed cheap coats
And others now replace them from poor lands
Where justice is a website that none sees
And infants' eyes are swarming with black flies
And charcoal's short because there's no more trees
So water can't be boiled and this child dies
Of cholera, who might have grown up great
Else made to be the soldier who at ten
Has learned to cut off hands and how to hate
His world of sad failed states and famines, when
Thin men in sallow camps eat UN rice
And spend their hours at cards and picking lice.

III. Santa Maria Maggiore

O Lord, Your ways seem hard to understand.
I do not doubt Your majesty when I,
A thing of some few atoms, view the band
Of a billion stars in a clean December sky.
I love the liturgy and pomp and chant
At the Esquiline basilica, on Sunday,
But I can only cry at the cruel and cant
Of some church men when I think back, come Monday,
How the archpriest here presided for so long
In a diocese where pastors buggered boys.
Why would You make that den of sheltered wrong
Your instrument? The very thought destroys
All dreams of good. Old martyrs would decry those Popes
Whose preying priests robbed young boys' pride and hopes.

IV. Via Urbana

The small bells of St. Lawrence sound for seven
In the street where once patricians lived in state
And Peter came to Pudens' to preach heaven
To poor folk in a capital of hate.
I see no walkers, neighbors still asleep,
Just swallows darting happy in high air
With the blackbird singing bold to tell me, "Keep
A true calm heart when times turn foul from fair."
I buy a cappuccino and go sit
By Della Porta's fountain, read the news,
And watch how slow the high old walls get lit
By Father Sun, in a world we may yet lose.
I think of how this old Republic fell;
Our own across the sea is far from well.

V. Cimitero Acattolico

St. Paul walked out this road en route to die,
Passing in scorn the tribune's pompous tomb.
Now friends—and poets, sculptors, princes—lie
In peace beneath these pines, their final room
In Rome, brief stop, some thought, on their Grand Tour:
For fevers like recessions may surprise
Both ministers and maidens, rich and poor,
And any grave fits every rank and size.
Great Goethe thought they'd bury his bones here
But ended up in Weimar, never saw
The blackshirt bullies, gulags, gore, and fear,
The years that truth brought death and lies were law.
O Keats and Shelley, sing us some brave new song
From your green graves in our world that's gone so wrong.

Dear Friends,

I hope you will enjoy reading two short works of mine that have just been published in the January/February edition of Eclectica Magazine ([eclectica.org](http://www.eclectica.org)), the oldest and I think best U.S. electronic journal. “Diplomacy, with Kids” tells how, with occasional difficulties, Mary Jane and I raised four children during years abroad in the Foreign Service—and how they became admirable adults. See http://www.eclectica.org/v24n1/bridges_diplomacy.html . “All the Rage” is mainly fiction, the story of a young American diplomat sent to our embassy in St. Petersburg in 1913, as Tsarist Russia is approaching world war and revolution. Some real people appear along with the fictional characters, and the killing at a chateau is based on an account I heard from an aged Russian in Rome, decades ago. See <http://www.eclectica.org/v24n1/bridges.html> .

More to come, by and by and best regards to all—Peter Bridges



In Our Younger Years Celebrating the 75th Birthday for “Spieg”

Dave and Joanne Halloran's Christmas Luncheon 2019 with Santa Claus at the Grandkids and Great Grandkids Christmas Party/



A Plug for Dave's latest business venture ---- Self Publishing E-Books

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An Exploratory Story Peering Beyond the Galaxies



David Granger Halloran-- A Christian Author

Come explore with David and Michael, our principal "Soarer," the mystery that has existed forever about life after death ---is that the end? Or. is there an existence such as the concept of Heaven believed by us Christians as well as perhaps more ethereal concepts in the faiths of others? These mysteries taunted my mind and spirit for years and prompted this book, and what finally set the pen in motion was the philosophy of a distinguished scientist and theologian, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, SJ, who wrote "*We are not human beings having a spiritual experience; we are spiritual beings having a human experience.*" When the Father created us He created our spirits in His own image as described so beautifully in the Book of John.

<http://aneternitysoaringthrouhtheuniverse.com/>



**1953 Band of Brothers === Ike Told Us On June 14,, 1953
That We Were “Bound To Be Leaders” ---That We Are!**



