

DARTMOUTH  
CLASS OF 1953



NEWSLETTER  
*News & Events for our Class*

***The Affable, Charming Dartmouth Class of 1953, Great Too!***





### A Message from Dick O'Connor your '53 President

1953 Zooms In on its First Zoom Meeting organized by Ron Lazar and with Dick O'Connor, Phil Beekman, Harlan Fair, Dave Halloran, Dick Fleming, John Kennedy, Donna Reilly, Mark Smoller, Dave Donovan, Dick Blum, Bob Simpson, George Sarnier, Nathan Burkan, and David Salter in attendance. Nathan and George had checked out before we got the final picture. Till next time gents.

We have detailed news from the business part of the meeting as well as some long tales of our undergraduate years by Peter Bridges and Page Thompson that activated many memories of our daring behavior during those memorable days. And capturing those memories so well reminds us that staying in touch is a blessing and we encourage you to pick up the phone, or write an email to a classmate and their family. Should you need information on telephone numbers and/or email addresses, get in touch with Dave Halloran at [dghalloran53@gmail.com](mailto:dghalloran53@gmail.com) and he can get those to you, What a difference it makes to hear from a friend anytime, but especially at this time in our lives.

Minutes of the meeting follow and the consensus was that, after we made the appropriate adjustments, this Zoom worked out well and we plan to do it again with more classmates. Ron Lazar, a man of many talents, has become our resident expert on Zooming. And, Hallelujah, we celebrated two new classmates, Donna Reilly and Cathy Callender, and Donna has been elected to be our Vice President. With her Hanover location she will be most helpful to all of us. Thanks Donna and Cathy for all you have done for the Class, and are there any more nominations?



### Minutes of the Class of 1953 Annual Meeting, Oct.16, 2020

The meeting was called to order by President Dick O'Connor at 11:15 AM and. who welcomed everyone to the first virtual meeting of the Class. Those in attendance were: Phil Beekman and Judy Wilson, Nathan Burkan, Dick Blum, Richard Cahn, Cynthia and Dave Donovan, Harlan Fair, Dick Fleming, Joanne and Dave Halloran, John Kennedy, Dick O'Connor, Donna Reilly, Dave Salter, George Sarner, Bob Simpson, and Mark Smoller.

Secretary Mark Smoller read the minutes of the previous meeting, and then gave a secretary's report for current year. There was a resolution which was seconded and passed to reduce the number of Classmates required to have a quorum from 25 classmates to 5. A Sign of the Times!!

It was proposed and passed to adopt Donna Reilly and Cathy Callender as honorary classmates. Donna was then nominated and elected Vice President of the Class. Donna thanked the Class for the honor and offered regards from Chuck. Ron Lazar spoke for Cathy Callender who has been the primary organizer for the New York Christmas celebrations for many years. Thanks Cathy. .



John Kennedy , in his Memorial Book report , spoke of the delay in making assignments of books during the Pandemic. The Library cannot handle this at this time; so we have 18 classmates at present with unassigned books; 461 of our class who have passed away have had books donated in their names and apparently far more than any other Dartmouth class..

Harlan Fair briefed us on a tentative planned memorial service for Put Blodgett for Aug. 1, 2021. He also spoke of the memorial path for Put . It will be one mile in length and is on an old road which would have to be cleared of trees, the cost of which would be \$7000.00. Harlan also reported that he had been in discussion with a company to make a bronze plaque, 10'x 12' in color to be placed at the Moosilauke Field House in Put's honor. This plaque would cost \$800. That was voted upon and passed. Harlan and Donna will be in touch with the Moosilauke Advisory Council regarding the placement of the plaque as well as seeking approval for the creation of the path.

Treasurer Richard Fleming distributed a financial report to all present at the meeting. We have sufficient funds for the \$7000.00 for the Put Blodgett path and the plaque. The report was accepted. There was a discussion regarding the distribution of the Class funds when, in the future, the Class ceases to exist as a functioning entity. John Kennedy indicated that \$6000.00 should be set aside to provide a book source for each of the remaining members. As to an estimated remaining \$75,000 we shall be looking for ideas. Among those offered were inclusion of a commemorative in the '53 Commons which is so widely respected as a gift from 1953. One thought was a sculpture of President Eisenhower to commemorate his historic graduation speech in 1953 regarding book burners. More ideas will be solicited and discussed in the future.

Ron Lazar presented his College Fund report and thanked all the agents as well as all of our Classmates for having another successful year. 72% of us contributed 161 gifts which totaled \$183,000. The gift ranked us #3 among 74 classes in percentage of contributors. Our Class widows contributed \$20,000. Ron also indicated that this first Zoom meeting was somewhat limited because it was the first time that he had set such a meeting up, and was concerned that a larger number might create problems in the setup of the meeting. He indicated that we might make the next meeting open for

the entire Class.

A motion was made and seconded to adjourn the meeting. The meeting was adjourned at 12:11 PM

Submitted by Mark H. Smoller, Secretary

## **Dick Fleming Provides the Class Financial Report thru 9/2020**

Contributions in current FY of The Members of the Dartmouth Class of 1953-- Following please find a copy of the Class of 1953 Financial Report to the College for the Class Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 2020; updated herein as the Treasurer's Report to the Class of 1953, as of September 30, 2020.

We are in excellent Financial Condition. On June 30, 2020, our Cash Balance was \$89,383.22; an Increase of \$ 12,415.65 from the Previous Year End Cash Balance. This includes \$ 648.65 in the Hanover Special Events Account. The number of Dues Payers declined by 19 Class Members and 6 Widows, a Total of 25 Dues Payers from Fiscal Year 2019, as the number of '53s sadly decreases. As of September 30, 2020, our Cash Balance had decreased to to \$ 81,522.64; primarily the result of the Class of 1953 planned contribution of \$ 7,000.00 for the trail at Mount Moosilauke to be named in Honor of Put Blodgett and Commemorating Put's service to Dartmouth College. The College has not yet sent out the 1<sup>st</sup> Dues Solicitation for this Fiscal Year. There is only \$ 700.00 in Dues Income to date, most of which were Dues Contributions received in early July from Classmates who apparently intended to make these Dues 2020.

### **Income, July 1 through September 30, 2020**

Dues	\$ 700.00
Bank Interest	<u>2.24</u>
Total	\$ 702.24

### **Expense, July 1 through September 30, 2020:**

Dues Campaign	\$ 202.17
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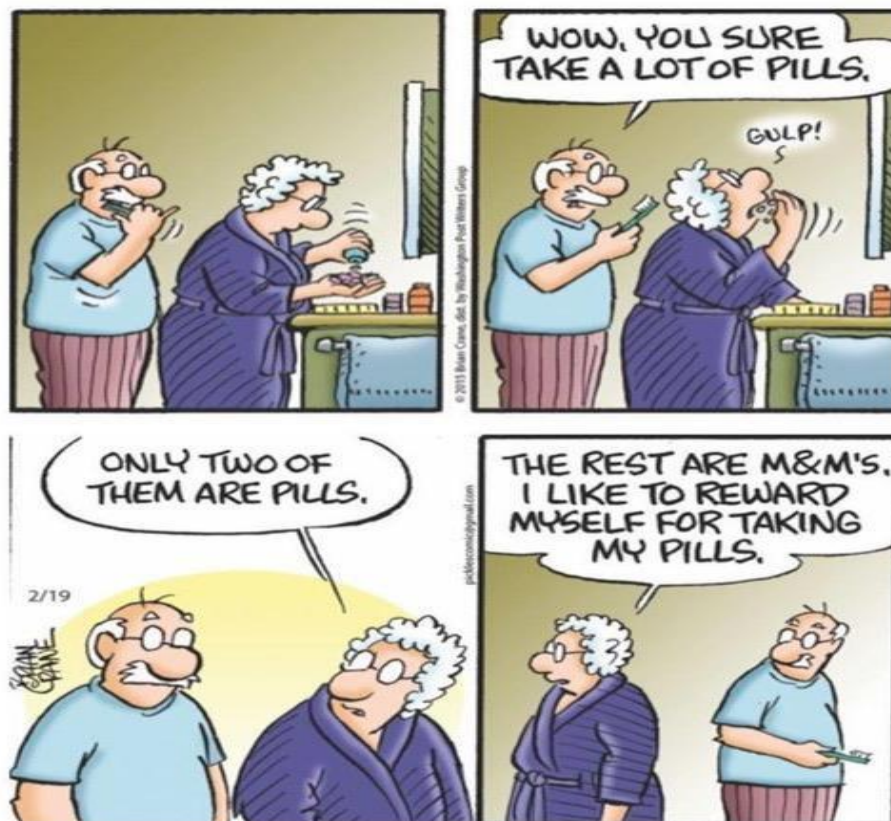
Class Website	700.00
Class Contribution to Put's Trail	7,000.00
Bank Service Charges	<u>12.00</u>
Total	\$ 7,914.17
Net Decrease in Cash	\$ 7,211.93

Respectfully Submitted, /S/ Richard T. Fleming,

Treasurer, Dartmouth Class of 1953

October 16, 2020

Motion requested and granted to receive the Treasurer's Report to the Class Minutes and place it on File.



# Time for Sweet and Savory Memories and Roaring Laughter

## A DARTMOUTH HOUSE

Peter Bridges & Page Thompson

For two centuries Dartmouth College had only men students. Today, when half the students are women, some people may look back at the old days at the College as a time of machismo. It was not that, but it was a time of masculinity. Most of us undergraduates of six and seven decades ago took pride in being manly. After our time this pride may, alas, have helped produce the vile abuses reported in recent decades from Dartmouth and many other college campuses.

What helped to instill pride in our Class of 1953 was the inspiring songs composed by Richard Hovey of the Class of 1885. He wrote of good fellows getting together, drinking by a big fire—and he celebrated a glorious natural world: “The golden sunlight pours and fills/The hollow of the earth, like a god's joy./Again among the hills!” Hovey had a splendid academic record but he was also an outdoorsman. He wrote “...I am sick of four walls and a ceiling./I have need of the sky./I have business with the grass.”

We liked that. We sang Hovey's songs, sitting in the Ravine Lodge under Dartmouth's own Mt. Moosilauke. We climbed Moosilauke to see New England's fine woods and lakes and peaks spread out beyond us for a hundred miles. On weekdays we went to classes and studied, some of us harder than others. On Saturday nights we drank beer, sometimes a lot of it. Tanzi Brothers, a modest-looking store on Main Street in Hanover, sold many kegs of beer to the college fraternities, which in the absence of a student union were main centers of college social life. (Minimum drinking age was 21 and most undergraduates were younger; Harry Tanzi said he sold beer to houses, and left it to the College administration to enforce rules about what individuals could drink it.)

The College tried at least a little to decrease the importance of fraternities. One could not join a fraternity until the end of freshman year; meals could not be served in the houses; only a dozen or so members could live in a house. But back in the days—we were in college in the 1950s—there was no student union. Fraternities were the places to go. Far from all undergraduates belonged to a house, but most houses were open to non-members much of the time.

Enforcing conduct and curfew rules for twenty-plus fraternities and a dozen dormitories was virtually impossible for the Dartmouth College police force, which consisted of Captain Goudreau, one other uniformed policeman, and a detective named Wormwood.

The authors belonged to the Dartmouth chapter of Alpha Delta Phi, a fraternity which had been founded as a literary society at Hamilton College in 1832. The Dartmouth chapter, one of thirty across America, dated back to 1847, and occupied a handsome if not well maintained 1920 mansion not far from the College Green.

Alpha Delta Phi had a good national reputation. Among its members were Oliver Wendell Holmes, Theodore Roosevelt, and many famous executives, academics, writers, and others.

By the 1950s the Dartmouth chapter, usually called AD, was winning a reputation not for excellence but for rowdiness and drinking. The bar was in the basement, and full of people drinking, mainly on weekend evenings. Behind the bar, a small crevasse had sometime opened in the concrete floor, and was used as a convenient place into which to pour the dregs from kegs and pitchers.

The crevasse long remained. Years later *RollingStone* reported that “...guys are pissing in the ‘golf,’ a trough that runs along the floor of the basement. A petite girl with short blond hair steps away from the wall and vomits casually into the golf before returning to chug another beer.”

We do not remember any peeing or puking into the crevasse in our day; it was just a place to dump stale beer. In any case, after our day AD’s reputation worsened further, and spread nationally as a result of *Animal House*, the 1978 film starring John Belushi as “Bluto,” a manic member of an outrageously ill-behaved fraternity at “Faber College.” The film was largely inspired by the experiences of writer Chris Miller, an AD member who graduated from Dartmouth in 1963—but it was also based on the experiences of writer Harold Ramis in Zeta Beta Tau at Washington University in St. Louis, and of producer Ivan Reitman at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario.

In 2012, Dartmouth undergraduate Andrew Lohse published in *The Dartmouth* an editorial on the campus’ shocking hazing culture, based on his time at another fraternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Later, in an interview with *Rolling Stone*, Lohse repeated his description of ugly abuses at SAE that included making pledges swim in a kiddie pool of vomit, urine, fecal matter, semen and rotten food products.

AD at Dartmouth in the 1950s was not like that; it was not *Animal House*. In a time when stories of sadistic fraternity initiations were not rare, AD did something



different. A mile east of town, a trail led rightward into hilly woods, ending at a ruined Dartmouth Outing Club cabin on ledges known as Velvet Rocks. The initiation took place at night in wintry weather when the woods were full of snow. The fraternity brothers set up stations every few hundred yards along the trail, supplying each station with cases of beer and making a large fire. One by one the candidates started off on the trail, stopping at each station to be given one or more beers, questioned about fraternity history, and made to do tricks: “Smith, you’re a raccoon; climb that pine tree!” And Smith climbed some way up, came down to be rewarded with another beer, and was sent onward.

It was not a cruel sort of initiation; sort of fun, really. But then Karl Zimmerman, who some years later would command a Marine Corps fighter squadron, lost the trail in the dark and walked off the edge of a cliff. It was just a little cliff and he landed softly in deep snow; but that ended initiations in the forest.

One rather nasty trick played on a pledge had taken place years earlier and was long remembered but never repeated. The aspirant was taken to the railway station at nearby White River Junction by two brothers who bought a sleeping-car compartment for him on the overnight express to Montreal. They took him to the compartment, stripped him of all clothing and documents, and as the train departed they left him there naked on the way to Canada.

After our time in Hanover, far worse things happened at AD and it split off from the national fraternity. Scandals caused the College to close it down. It reopened, but then was closed for good after an initiation in which a number of pledges were reportedly branded with a hot iron on their buttocks. Beyond AD, there were continuing revelations of ugly hazing and sexual predation at a number of fraternities, both at Dartmouth and at other colleges.

Again, our days at Dartmouth were not like that—and they were far from the rowdiest time the College had known. In the 19th century there had been riots to protest limitations on drinking. In 1836, a cannon was fired into a tutor's window after he had suspended several sophomores for insulting him. Francis E. Clark, Class of 1873, wrote that in his student years upperclassmen would sometimes steal a cadaver from the Medical School and set it up in the chapel seats reserved for freshmen, “to frighten the newcomers fresh from their guileless homes.” A professor might come to his office and find a skunk in residence. Sometimes large farm animals were driven at night up to the narrow belfry of Dartmouth Hall.

One disadvantage of a men-only college in a small town was the relative lack of young women. A few of us dated town girls, and one or two of our classmates found fine spouses in Hanover. But most of us went cruising down to women’s colleges located at some distance, e.g. Vassar and Skidmore and Wellesley and Smith. It is a

wonder that more Dartmouth students did not crash late on a Sunday night on the then two-lane highways, coming back to Hanover from, say, a weekend in Northampton with girls from Smith College, having consumed a certain amount of beer at Rahar's roadhouse. Fortunately there was an all-night diner along the way at Bellows Falls, where one ordered strong coffee and scrambled eggs prepared by an old Vermonter whom we all called "the fastest grill man in the East."

There were also events at the College—Winter Carnival above all—to which we invited girls from women's colleges. They came, readily. Did inappropriate behavior take place? There were no doubt cases of sexual predation, and perhaps unreported cases of rape. But we are pretty sure, thinking back, that most, male and female, had a happy time at Carnival.

AD chivalry could admittedly be limited. A brother invited a pretty girl to Hanover for Carnival. Her taxi dropped her at the house. Her host brought her in, showed her a stack of mattresses in the living room, and invited her to lug one upstairs—and try to find a place to put it, on a floor already full of the mattresses of other girls.

The 1950s were a different age for young American men. The Korean War had begun just before we returned to college for our sophomore year. We all anticipated being soon in the trenches, and that was all one heard discussed, walking across the College Green in September 1950. Then Washington invented student deferment, and of us three thousand undergraduates only a handful, mainly boys on academic probation, were drafted. Life on campus continued as before, although we all knew someone in Korea. Our classmate Chuck Kettering took leave from college to become a fighter pilot. (He survived the war, but was killed by a speeding car when he was forty and tried to save his dog that had wandered onto a Denver freeway.)

We all anticipated doing military service once our formal education ended, and most of us served for at least a couple of years, some as officers and some as enlisted men. America was not at war, but there were memories. One of us was a Marine officer candidate in a unit together with two men who had won the Medal of Honor in World War II. The other of us was an Army private at Verdun, and on weekends hiked the battlefields where hundreds of thousands had died four decades earlier.

"Bluto" in the film shapes up and becomes a U.S. Senator. How did we AD brothers do in later life? Some of us had excelled academically in college, but others did not do so well. We worried about Bob Kendall and Phil Metzidakis, who sat up very late most evenings, not drinking but playing cards and listening to a famous New York DJ. Kendall missed many morning classes but graduated, and succeeded in business with an automobile agency in Oregon. Metzidakis, too, found himself unable to wake up in time to get to morning classes—and then he had a bright idea. He found

that no one was majoring in Romance languages. "I will be your major," he told the department head, "If we can just meet in the afternoon." Which was agreed? Some years later Phil chaired the department of modern languages at Swarthmore.

Another of our brothers drank notably more than the rest of us. He sensed he was unattractive to girls, and indeed the more he drank, the less attractive he was. One Saturday a dozen of us Dartmouth and Smith undergraduates were sitting around a table at Rahar's with pizza and beer. Not this brother, though. He was drinking a succession of rum Zombies, and between his legs he had a bottle of green chartreuse liqueur for chasers. We anticipated attending his funeral in not many years. In the end he met a fine girl who got him to stop drinking. He had a splendid career as a lawyer and, in retirement, as the chief public defender in his city.

Most of us drank beer, and most of us ended well. Fred Gieg, who won a letter in basketball for three consecutive years, ended as CEO of a large corporation. Dick McCostis had a brilliant legal career, retired and sailed the Atlantic, then taught law in Russia. Dick Thomas entered Time-Life at the bottom and ended as the publisher of *Time* magazine. Two of us became ambassadors. Most of us enjoyed happy family lives. Many did good volunteer work.

Most of our brothers came out of the American middle class, but several were rich. Ted Spiegel was the scion of the great mail-order company. Chuck Kettering's grandfather and namesake had helped found General Motors.

One day Chuck Kettering asked one of us to come with him to visit his sister at Vassar. The two left Hanover, Kettering at the wheel, and drove not toward Poughkeepsie but to the nearby Lebanon airport. Were we picking someone up?

"No," said Chuck. "We're flying down."

Page was undone. He had very little money and no idea how much a ticket would cost...but there were no commercial planes at the airport when they reached there.

A small, single-engine plane landed. The pilot opened the door and got out. He was dressed in a business suit, white shirt and tie.

"Good Morning, Mr. Kettering," he said.

"Morning, Rob. How was the trip?"

"Lovely. Small tail wind and crystal clear."

The flight to Poughkeepsie was delightful.

At the un-moned end of the AD economic spectrum were boys of the working class. Burt Dorsett was the son of a house painter who died falling off a scaffold during the Depression. Burt had been raised as an orphan in a Masonic Home from the age of five until his senior year in high school. He made his way through Dartmouth on scholarships and part-time jobs. A quarter-century later he was President of Westinghouse Pension Investments Corporation, managing billions.

The 1953 AD's didn't care what you had. They accepted you for who you were as a person and for what you did in college. If a brother had a car and you didn't, he'd give you a ride to Smith or to Boston. No one with money waved it around. It was a democratic society, a true society of friends. White friends, that is. There were only a handful of black students in our class, and none of them in AD.

Some of us were truly indigent. One brother, in order to economize on meals, took to cooking hot dogs on a hibachi in the third floor meeting room, using minutes of past meetings for fuel. This was unacceptable, the brother was told, not because he was destroying records no one ever read, but because if he prepared dinner while imbibing from a pitcher of beer from the bar, he might burn down the house and incinerate his classmates.

An apocryphal story tells of a Harvard snob who pointed at a book listing Harvard graduates and said, "if you're in that book, that's who you are. If you're not in it, who are you?" That was decidedly not our way.

Outside college, summer jobs provided valuable experience for most of us. Some might work in their fathers' offices, but others were gardeners and delivery men, dish washers and waiters on the coast of Maine, gas station attendants in California, oilfield roughnecks in Montana, and mill hands in Illinois. Working these jobs, or serving later as Marine officers or Army privates, we escaped from our ivory tower.

Indeed it was not ivory. As Richard Hovey had told us, it was the granite of New Hampshire, that was made part of us till death. Today, alongside the sons of Dartmouth there are thousands of fine, strong, and lovely daughters of Dartmouth, who in recent decades have excelled in many fields. So far only one has run for the Presidency—U.S. Senator Kirsten Gillibrand, Class of 1988—but there'll be more. We old men are proud of Dartmouth women. But we came from a different time, and we had a pretty good House. Our brothers were neither saintly nor evil—and they bear remembering. Life goes on, with changes. The old AD building, that for a time stood dark and empty, today houses several startup companies, a couple of them run by former AD members. [We have a dozen ancillary comments that Peter and Page's story stimulated and which follow several pages down, What a trip.



Peter Bridges went on from Dartmouth to graduate study at Columbia and enlisted service in the Army, and then spent three decades on four continents in the Foreign Service, ending as ambassador to Somalia. He worked thereafter for a small foundation in Washington, a large corporation in Houston, and an international bank in Prague, and then began writing essays, books, and sonnets.

Page Thompson did graduate study at MIT, earned an MBA at Harvard, and thereafter spent twenty-odd years in the petroleum industry. He became president of the Brazilian subsidiary of a major oil company, Atlantic Richfield, then corporate treasurer of the US company. Later he financed commercial real estate, and exports to the countries of the former Soviet Union.

AD's neighbor, Chi Phi, was the other half of East Wheelock Street's "little fraternity row". At Chi Ph we marveled how you guys managed to line up your brothers for the annual house photo for the Aegis. But it was indeed as you said, an honest account, so thank you Peter and Page for sharing. My Chi Phi brother, Norm Carpenter, had a lot of AD friends. I wish Norm were alive to read your account. "Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end . . . ." Warm regards from **Ed Condit** and there are a plethora of comments on Peter and Page's masterpiece later in the letter.

**Gil Shapiro** writes "David, Always great to hear from you and the information in your reports. Living in South East Ma., in a town called Dartmouth, I am out of the loop ref. our class activities except what you provide. I retired from an active operative orthopedic practice in my mid 70's and from the practice about 4 years ago. To this day I miss the professional activities of the active practice and the stimulation from the connections in the specialty along with the various positions I had which brought me to meetings in multiple locations nationally and internationally. I particularly miss the overseas volunteer involvement. That involved 2 months on the ship Hope in Natal, Brazil and similar time in Song Be, Vietnam, Bhutan, Lima Peru, and Phnom Pen, Cambodia with Health Volunteer Overseas. Your reports have kept me up to date with our aging class, and the passing of many good friends not seen for several years.

I appreciate the book recommendations in the most recent newsletter. Hope all is well with you and yours. Keep up the good work. Gil Shapiro.

Gil Thank you so much for your kind comments and I am fascinated with the overseas experiences you referenced, If you would like to expand on those I am sure the class would be most interested. And by the way, thanks again as one of the several orthopedics in the class that watched me limp into the 50<sup>th</sup> and recommend Dr Paul Pellicci at HSS who fixed me up a couple of months later, two decades ago. He told me a 85 percent probability that those hips would last 20 years and I am there and they are doing fine. He also told me that he used the shafts of the three irons from Sam Snead's and Byron Nelson's clubs for my artificial hips, so that when I play golf be sure to wear a straw hat!!!. I have aplenty from our reunions.

Thanks again Gil and look forward to your notes on the international experience if you choose. You sound like you have had more sea time than I did as a Navy pilot with multiple cruises. I love being at sea and the Pandemic has shut down our favorite pastime of cruising the Caribbean and the East Coast. Hopefully next year

Until this Corona virus is over, could y'all please use this emoji 🤪 when laughing at my post... I ain't taking no chances

If you wear your jeans 5 days in a row, they become all baggy and it looks like you're losing weight. Follow me for more quarantine life pro tips.





## In Autumn, a Leafy Brilliance Glows on Campus

During fall term, the campus lights up in a kaleidoscope of warm fall colors. and here are a few. Makes the heart throb a bit, n'est paz.









Aspen a “couple of years” back, and sent in by Steve Pearsall. Can you identify these intrepid skier’s and Aspen partiers? Fill in below. Four of us are working on it and my first cut follows:



Here are first blush guesses from your reporter and boy did we have a lot of beautiful ladies there and do enter those names too. Front Row left: the inimitable Bob “Mole” Malin surrounded by all those beautiful ladies [the handsomest guy in the class]. and protected by Father Eddie Boyle!! and then a lovely blonde who looks like, and may be, Nancy Collins, then Al Collins now further right we find Freddie Carleton and moving up a bit Put Blodgett and Dave Florence and moving to

center the Aspen Host with the Most Spieg, then I see Forrest Anderson, Bernie Sudikoff, Charlie Buchanan, then Phil Fast, Fred Whittemore, John Dodge and I am running out of guesses. I must have been taking the picture or in the bar!! Take a fling at naming the famous adventurers of the Rockies in remembrance of the great times there and at Crested Butte. Sweet memories for the “’53 Gang at Aspen a “couple of years” back which Steve sent in. As said, there are four of us identifying these intrepid warriors of the slopes and their ladies and the initial “decipherization” [new word] is noted. Your inputs will be included as we update the picture every couple of weeks and will send it out to all when done.

Class Notes by the indefatigable Mark Smoller, our Secretary, who reports on all class meetings and provides a summary for the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine. Here is Mark’s latest:

It is strange having all of our Fall meetings via Zoom. It is yet another fallout, though certainly not the most heinous, from our epic battle with the Covid 19 virus. In what is relevant for this column, I think of the '20's who have been deprived of the unique and wonderful entry into Dartmouth which we all enjoyed upon our matriculation. At the same time, I applaud the efforts which the College has made to welcome our freshmen in as warm and memorable manner as conditions allow. Hopefully, at some time during their college career, this dreadful plague will have run its course, and they can partake in the subtle and not so subtle DNA of our alma mater.

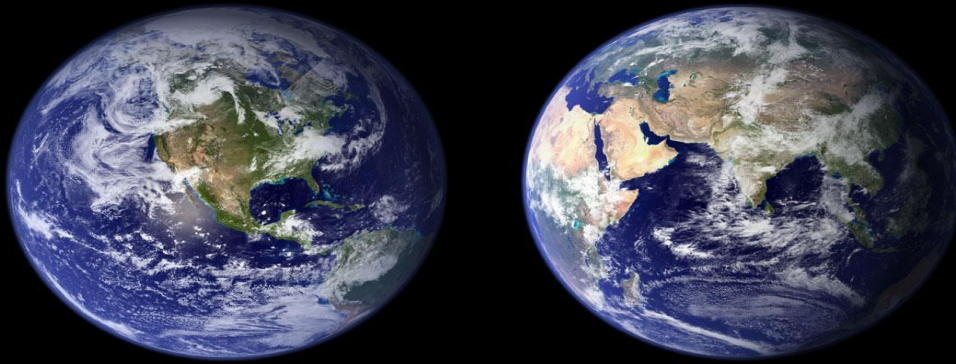
One of us who remembers those wondrous days is Anton Phillips. A native of the Netherlands, he has carved out a brilliant career in business. He writes that he has joined a group called BIEN, Basic Income Earth Network. It is an organization which provides a way of answering poverty and giving more people a chance to live a productive life. There are chapters starting up all over the world. He writes that it will reduce by sixty percent the poverty in the Netherlands in which one million out of their population of seventeen million live below the poverty line .

Ron Lazar writes " We've done it again! Our loyal agent team of Dick O'Connor, Phil Beekman, Dick Loewenthal, Fred Stephens, John Avril, John Cernius, Tom Duke, Carl England, Bill Friedman, Dave Halloran, Don McMichael, George Sarner, Bob Simpson, Bernie Sudikoff, and Tim Thomas, along with 161 generous donor classmates, of whom 60 have given every year since graduation or missed only 1 year raised \$183,000. *The Great Class of 1953 had the 3rd highest participation of 74 classes, 72% compared to the college wide participation of 37%. DGH comment [I find that 37% number appalling! There on free scholarships and cannot support the College!!}* We were also 1 of 3 classes to establish a year out participation record. Fantastic! thanks to all of the above.

Sadly, I report the deaths of the following dear Classmates and offer condolences to their families. Larry Barnett, George Middleton, William Stubbs, Joe Stevens ( honorary),and Tom Trager;

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# BLUE BEAUTY BEAUTY



Blue Beauty where we have lived these many years. I will be sending another email on Word to allow you to enjoy fine photography of the lights on our beloved Earth including so many of the cities in America including Hanover.

Peter Bridges and Page Thompson's masterpiece on the lives and loves of the AD House during our undergraduate years, and the opening piece on this '53 Out, is the catalyst for many comments we have received with some shorter renditions of other adventurous souls during that same period, and beginning with Jack Avril, short, sweet and to the panty raid!!!. "While many went to



Northampton some of us went to Saratoga Springs for an after date beer on the cast iron porch of the Grand Hotel or to Green Mountain College, Poultney VT for a juvenile panty raid. Jack “ Dave Cost has recalled some further travel insights into the Rahar zone with some relishing commentary thereon by Richard Cahn and Peter Bridges. On the way back returning from Smith at some ungodly hour, bleary-eyed, partially or totally smashed, we would stop at the diner on the right side of the highway—was it Fergus Falls? It was one of those classic diners with a row of seats along the counter, and there was a guy we called “Speed Chef” who was a complete showman and would crack two eggs at once— one in each hand— into the frying pan. Who can ever forget that? Probably better than whatever happened down at Northampton which all I remember was some boozy scene at Rahar’s . . .” Yes, we were lucky to have survived those mad trips through the heart of darkness.

*Richard Cahn wrote I haven't heard the name Rahar's in a very long time!! Brings back memories!*

Charlie Buchanan wrote about the Peter and Page Epistle “Hi Peter and Page I really enjoyed your story of life at Dartmouth in the early 50's. Those of us from the Midwest had a particular bond, as we did not come with a raft of friends like those from Andover, Deerfield, Exeter etc, I also remember the trips back from Rahar's. Once i fell asleep driving back and was saved by having a corn field next to the road rather than a cliff. And there was the story of the farmer who poured water on the road at night in the winter, and then charged to tow the cars up the hill. Thanks for sharing the memories. Charlie “

## Tom Trager

Peoria- Thomas Humm Trager, age 88, of Peoria, passed away on Saturday, May 9, 2020 at Manor Court surrounded by his loving family. Born May 25, 1931 in Peoria, he is the son of Clyde Christian and Virginia (Humm) Trager. He attended Columbia Grade School and graduated from Peoria High School in 1949. He went to

Dartmouth College and graduated in 1953. Thomas honorably served in the United States Army Counter Intelligence Corp from 1953 during the Korean War until his discharge in 1956. After his military service, Thomas entered Ohio State University Law School in September 1956, transferring to the University of Illinois Law School in 1957, where he received his law degree in 1959.

On July 28, 1956, he married Alethe Mary McDonough in Bay Village, Ohio. She preceded him in death on January 1, 1983. On May 24, 1985 he married Joyce Becker Blaydes at St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral.

In 1960, Thomas began practicing law with his father in the lawfirm of Trager & Trager. He was an Assistant State's Attorney of Peoria County serving in the administrations of State's Attorneys James Cunningham and George Kennedy until 1966. Thomas joined the firm of Vonachen & Lawless as a partner in October of 1966, which became Vonachen, Lawless, Trager & Slevin. From 1982 through 2011, he continuously served as the Public Administrator and ardian Ad Litem for Peoria County. During this period, Thomas represented various municipalities of Peoria County, including the City of Chillicothe and the Villages of Peoria Heights and Glasford.

He was a member of the Peoria County and American Bar Associations and participated in the Inns of Court and Abraham Lincoln Inn. Thomas practiced before the Illinois State Courts and the United States District Court for the Central District of Illinois. Thomas was a member of The University of Illinois Lawyers Alumni Club, Dartmouth Alumni Club of Chicago, the Illinois Valley Yacht and Canoe Club and served as past President of the Bradley Braves Chiefs Club. He received the Volunteer Community Award from the Salvation Army and was a member and supporter of the Hooked on Fishing Program and Ducks Unlimited.

Survivors include his wife Joyce Trager of Peoria; four children: Dr. William L. (Meg) Trager of Sheboygan, WI, Timothy J. (Alba) Trager of Goleta, CA Richard T. (Jill) Trager of Midland, MI, and Libby Ann (John) Trager-Reich of Inver Grove Heights,

## James R. Cartmell, 89

James Robert (Jim) Cartmell, 89, passed peacefully at home with family in Durham, NH on May 19<sup>th</sup> following a 10-year challenge with kidney failure and treatment. Jim graduated from Phillips Academy Andover in 1948, Dartmouth College in 1953 and the Amos Tuck School of Business in 1955. He started his career in the marketing department at the Ford Motor Company in Detroit, MI, but soon returned to Vermont to help with the family businesses. During a management stint in Burlington, VT he met Jacqueline (Jackie) Warner while skiing at Stowe and she would become his wife of 60+ years. They later settled in Middlebury, VT where Jim oversaw the business operations of Cartmell Sales and Service, a successful, family-owned farm equipment and parts business that also included a revolving list of successful side businesses (an appliance business, Harvestore silos, Ski Doo snowmobiles, Kubota tractors and many others). Jim was my roommate sophomore year and we were fellow Theta Deltas.

It was in Middlebury that Jim and Jackie would raise a family and make lasting, positive impacts on the entire community. Jim served for 5 years as the President of the Middlebury Chamber of Commerce in the mid-1960s. In 1965, he founded and guided the Middlebury Development Corporation (MDC) that owned and operated the Middlebury Industrial Park at the Marble Works facility in downtown Middlebury. The MDC, during its tenure brought to the town Earth's Best natural baby foods, plastic manufacturer Polymers Inc., Simmons Precision, Inc., clothing manufacturers Gieger of Austria and Van Raalte Co., which employed 175 women at its peak. MDC also paved the way for business forms company Standard Register to create a facility in Middlebury.

Jim was also a director of Chittenden Bank, a long-time Mary Hogan Elementary School board director, and a perennial Vestry and church leadership member of St. Stephens Episcopal Church on the village green in Middlebury. Jim and Jackie were also well-known for their enthusiastic support of Dartmouth College alumni activities and joyfully celebrated frequent reunions with life-long alumni friends.

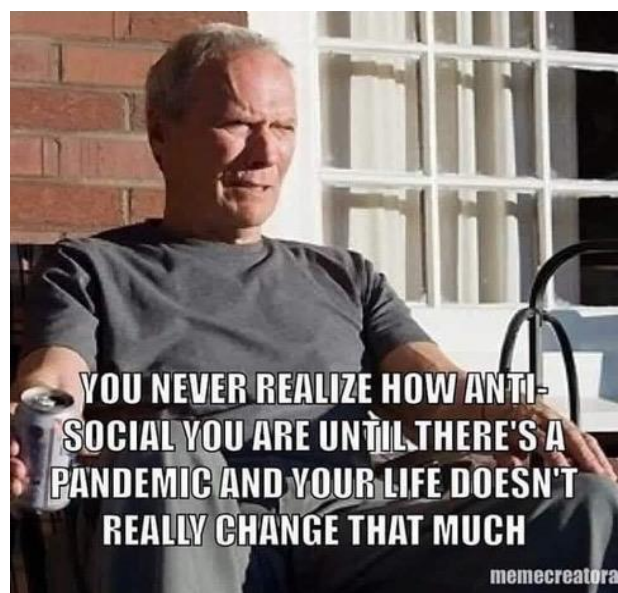
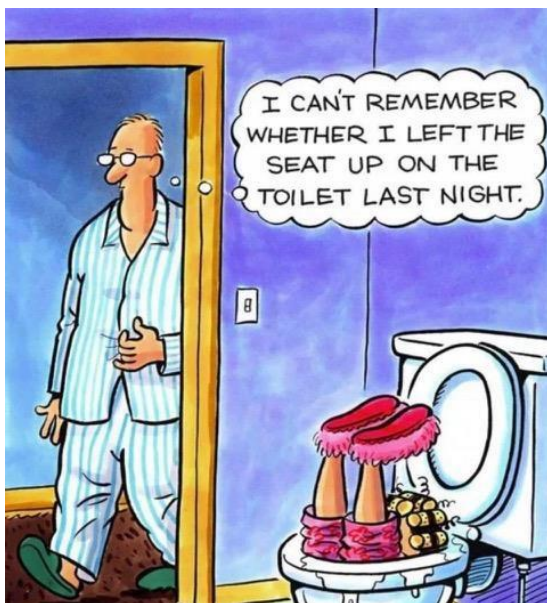
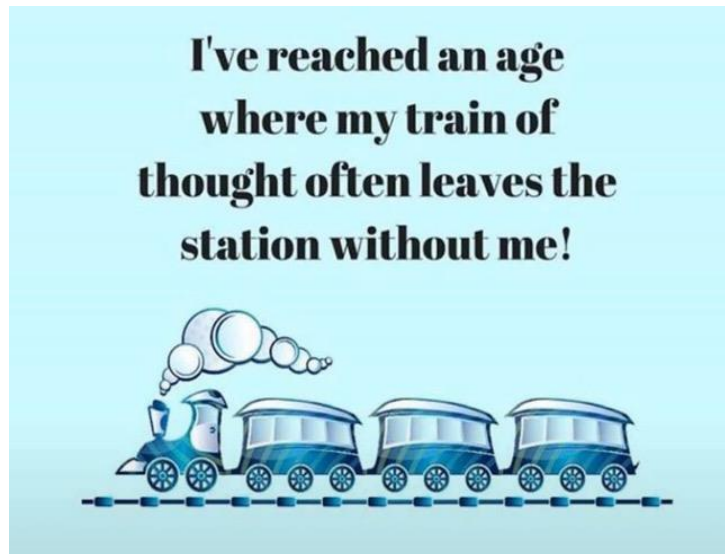
A lifelong athlete, Jim was a low handicap golfer at the Middlebury College (now the Ralph Myhre) Golf Course and enjoyed playing in (and occasionally winning) local and regional tournaments as well as the annual member-guest gathering. He and Jackie made sure that the children were introduced to skiing as toddlers at the Middlebury College Snow Bowl so they would all have the same enduring love of skiing as their parents. Jim also volunteered for many years as a baseball and hockey coach when his children were young. Journalist Peter Horton, writing for "Greater Burlington Business Digest" in October 1987, wrote "The image of Jim Cartmell in all these instances is the same: genial, generous, a gentlemen, outspoken but always fair, always looking tanned and fit from golf and tennis, and always - even on Saturdays at the farm equipment shop - outfitted in dress shirt and tie with an accompanying blazer only an arm's reach away."

After selling Cartmell Sales and Service in 1985, Jim later sold the Marble Works real estate complex to a new partnership for redevelopment as a retail-office complex. Never one to sit idle, even in retirement he went on to create a successful real estate firm in Middlebury, from which he later retired to Vero Beach, FL, and then, most recently he and Jackie moved to Durham, NH to be nearer to family.

Jim Cartmell is remembered with love by his wife of 60 years, Jacqueline, his children Robert, Kate and Peter, and their families that include four grandchildren and two step-grandchildren. He also lives in the loving memories of his sisters, Jane Hartsuff and Kate Campbell and their families, and Jacqueline's sister Francis Hicks and her family. Memories of a kind, sharp, giving, funny and eternally optimistic man live on in the hearts of countless others. A family memorial gathering is planned later in the summer at the Ralph Myhre Golf Course in Middlebury, VT.

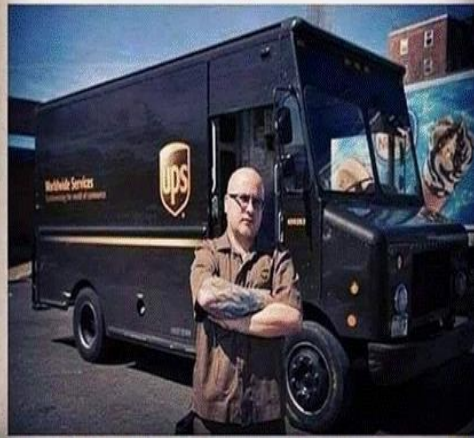
# Time for some fun to brighten your day!

The next logical step





As a kid, did you ever knock on people's doors and run away before they could answer? Well, guess what...we are hiring



**Ah, Eleazar and the Weather Vane Story is Upon Us.**

Oh Eleazar Wheelock was a Very Pious Man,  
He Never Realized Centuries Back That the Plan,  
To Remove Him From the Skies Above Baker Came,  
And Took a Tradition from Dartmouth of Great Fame  
But Eleazar and the Big Chief, Feathered Pipe in Hand  
Will Always Be A Part of the Traditional Dartmouth Brand  
With a Gradus and Parnassum, A Bible and a Drum. And  
Five Hundred Galloons [really] of New England Rum.

And our Ambassador and Prolific Author Peter Bridges has summarized the general view of the Class with his letter to the Alumni Magazine. Nicely done Peter, and having spoken to nine classmates we find the views you expressed are very representative of all. Here is Peter's letter to the Alumni Magazine Editor. .

Dear Editor of the Dartmouth Alumni Magazine,

We should, I suppose, be glad that President Philip Hanlon decided to take down the old weathervane atop Baker Library. Anyone with even low-powered binoculars could make out the figure of an Indian sitting 200 feet in the air with Eleazar Wheelock, smoking a long pipe, near a barrel of rum, and the Lone Pine. The gradus and parnassum, and the Bible were not included in the Vane. How vain!! Perhaps, though, instead of taking down the whole weathervane, we might have left the Indian and our old Pine, and taken down Dr. Wheelock and the rum. In any case, what next?

One might ask whether we need to get rid of the name Dartmouth. The College was named for the second Earl of Dartmouth, William Legge, who was the Secretary of State for the Colonies between 1772 and 1775. In April 1775, Lord Dartmouth instructed General Thomas Gage to disarm the rebels in Massachusetts, whom he called "a rude rabble," and to imprison their leaders. These orders led to the battles of Lexington and Concord. I don't know what Philip Hanlon thinks about all this. I myself don't think we should put our Earl in the dustbin of our history unless we are going to do so with, for example, slave-owners like Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Washington, and dozens of other signers of our Declaration of Independence. Lamentable history is still history. Peter Bridges '53. [nicely said Peter and I think all the class would be agreeable. I,lorone,will.always.look.for.ole.Eleazar atop the library. Took some of my Navy fighter squadron buddies there years ago while on a Reserve weekend in Portsmouth, and they thought Eleazar would be a cool tailhooker, landing on that tiny platform, ah, but right next to the Rum. He will always be the symbol of one outreaching for the future, and that is a loss to the history of the College]

Here is the petition by David Vincelette, Class of 1984, and a Native American, and two others that allegedly captured 846 supporters from students, faculty, citizens of the community, and others not identified, but without any dialogue with tens of thousands of Alumni that we can determine. C'est La Guerre!

**Take down Dartmouth College's racist Native American weather vane.**



[David Vincelette](#) started this petition to [Dartmouth College](#) and [2 others](#)

**“The time has come to take down the Weather Vane that symbolizes the degradation and annihilation of Native Americans by white colonists. The weather vane was built and placed on the peak of Baker Library for all to see in the 1920's. It is a caricature of a young male Native being 'educated' by the white schoolmaster. The Native American is smoking a pipe of tobacco while the white man has a keg of rum. The depiction is a sad reference to the plight alcoholism and drug addiction played in the stealing of native lands to found Dartmouth College”.**

**“Dartmouth was founded as a school to Christianize Native Americans so they could be missionaries to their people. After sending a Native American**

preacher, Samson Occum, to England and Scotland to raise money, the money was used instead for a school primarily for white students. For two hundred years Dartmouth's commitment to minority education was a mockery. Times are changing and Dartmouth continues to improve its efforts to increase minority representation."

"The weather vane is a sad relic of white oppression that is allowed to remain on campus as though it had a historical value simply because it has been there so long in such a prominent position of respect. It is time to confront symbols that carry racist roots. The weathervane even denigrates the African American slaves who helped clear the land for the college. It depicts a tree stump cut by a saw and being used as a chair for the white man. There is no African American memorialized on the weather vane only the stump, a symbol of their stolen labor founding Dartmouth"

"Even the Town of Hanover has appropriated the weather vane as its logo. Hanover has it printed on their uniforms, vehicles, letterhead, and recycling bins. It is time for a recognition that this use is wrong and that all people deserve to be respected and treated with compassion. Racism and the silencing of minorities has no place on a College campus and should not be spread to a college town as a badge of honor. Dartmouth's message should continue to be a message of Love and inclusion. Taking down the weathervane is a step in that direction."

The letter prepared by me to President Hanlon, and including the names of eight other classmates, that argued the positive for retaining the weathervane, goes unanswered and I suspect it never will be. It seems that the national preoccupation with accusations of racism are being exploited for various attacks by the objectors involved as witnessed by the destruction of statues and remembrances of historical figures of our nation's history. This act and the intense focus on anti-racism is consistent with that national view, and in due time will be assimilated into the myriad of other views in a society that is as diverse as America, and the source of our greatness.

Here are Peter's comments on the Weathervane Issue which your editor has addressed in prior newsletter and as always Peter offers us some sage wisdom on the matter. [next page]



“Dear Dave (and Jack),

I don't think it is a question of the College swinging “left,” whatever that is. It seems rather a case of President Hanlon removing the weathervane without sufficient justification—and without consulting alumni—after being urged to take action by an alumnus named David Vincelette who seems to be a kook. Here are two old articles on Vincelette that gives some insight into his character:

<https://www.vnews.com/County-Sheriff-Arrests-Hanover-Man-Over-Debris-5970105>

<http://dartreview.com/dartmouth-alum-arrested-for-disturbance-at-parkhurst/> .

The letter Peter sent to the Alumni Magazine was quoted earlier.

A related comment by YT: I shall never forget when Dartmouth elected to drop the Indian symbol of the college, something the Washington Redskins have been unable to do, I called Dave McLaughlin whom I had known well as a fellow student and expressed my concern, particularly after the marvelous initiatives of John Kemeny to increase the Native American population at Dartmouth. I received the usual “politically correct” explanation from Dave and we closed the conversation in a friendly manner indicating that I would have trouble cheering the Dartmouth Green, but instead would just cheer for Dartmouth as a Green was something upon which I PUTT. Rest his soul, he did laugh with me. Great man. When we go to the FSU Seminole games, grandson Josh is a grad, and when Osceola comes out on his pony and places that spear in the center of the 50 yard marker, we all cheer Wah Hoo Wah! Just seemed like the thing to do and Josh says it is a bit like going to Dartmouth. We were so fortunate to enjoy Dartmouth in our time.



First day back at school after lockdown 🤔🙄🧑🎓📚





## Fred Pollard

Fred Don Pollard, the son of a general store proprietor in Vermont whose career as a business executive took him to Chicago, New York and Europe, died on May 15 in Northampton, Mass. at age 88. The cause was non-Covid pneumonia. Fred grew up in Cavendish, Vt., the son of Bryant and Millie Pollard whose general store in Proctorville was for decades a center of village life. He was a first cousin twice removed of President Calvin Coolidge, whose own boyhood home was in nearby Plymouth Notch; Fred's great grandmother Sarah J. Pollard was Coolidge's aunt. After leaving Vermont for Dartmouth College where he earned a B.A. and the Tuck School of Business for an M.B.A., Fred ventured to Chicago where he took a job with the accounting firm Deloitte. He was then drafted into the Army and stationed at Fort Dix in New Jersey during the Korean War, after which he returned to Chicago. It was there that he married Sandra Jean Norton, a nurse-in-training from Rockford, Illinois whom he had met in church before going into the Army. The two had a son, Don, and soon moved to London where Fred accepted a position with the Hertz Corporation. After a few years he moved on to Avis, and headed up the company's financial operations in Europe and the Middle East. The couple's two other children--sons Bruce and Mark--were both born in England, and the family lived in London and then Gerrards Cross, a bucolic suburb north of London where they made lifelong friends.

Upon returning to New York in the early 1970s, Fred continued working for Avis on Long Island. He then took a job with the Garcia Corporation in New Jersey. He made the long commute from their home in Huntington, on Long Island, to the company's offices in Teaneck so that the sons could remain in school. With a business opportunity in New York's North Country, they moved to Canton, N.Y., a town near the Canada border reminiscent of the pre-tourist Vermont of Fred's youth. It was there that Fred's multi-faceted second career unfolded: as Senior Vice President, Finance of the Augsbury Organization, a petroleum and shipping company; an accountant with Whalen, Davey & Looney; and a soybean-processing entrepreneur. From 2000 to 2012, he was president of Ag Pro, Ltd. and traveled to China to secure the machinery to erect a huge soybean processing plant in Massena, N.Y. Over the years in their stone farmh as both an elder and chair of the resources committee of the First Presbyterian Church on the Park. He was also active in the local Masons organization and the Rotary Club. In 2017, Fred and Sandy left Canton for Massachusetts, where their son Mark and his wife Geri own a bakery-café, Bread Euphoria outside Northampton. The winters of the North Country were no longer tenable and Fred and Sandy moved into an apartment next to the café. They attended the Haydenville Congregational Church and Fred, always an avid consumer of news, made the 75- foot walk every morning to pick up a copy of the Daily Hampshire Gazette and The New York Times, often selecting a ginger scone for his beloved Sandy. His work life

had many dramatic up and downs but he always kept an even keel with his calmness, good-natured optimism, humor and insight. In addition to Sandy, he is survived by Don and Lisa Pollard, and their children Amelia and Sawyer; Bruce and P.J Pollard and children Rowland, Redmond, Darby and Meade; Mark and Geri Pollard and children Clarissa and Max: and his sister Vicki Wilson.. Donations in Fred's memory can be made to Highland Ambulance, at [highlandems.org](http://highlandems.org), or the First Presbyterian Church on the Park in Canton, at [hurchonthepark.org](http://hurchonthepark.org).

*The Legacy of President Extraordinaire Allen Collins and Family Will Always Continue, and What a Delight. Here is one of the boys with another adopted Collins, Mark Smoller.*



I wish I knew the names of the Collins Clan and their features will give us all a forever memory of Al and Nancy and all they did for 1953. Doesn't she look just like Nancy?

*Peter and Page's Extraordinary Recount of the Undergraduate AD Years has prompted some other extraordinary memories from an awesome group of near nonagenarians. Onward to Centurionship!!!*

♪ "Thanks for the memories." ♪ from Steve Pearsall to Peter and Page

Another take-away from your research paper was how you captured our lifelong friendships. Some were chiseled in the dank fraternity basement, others on insane middle of the night car trips along curvy Vermont roads, or perhaps a euphoric weekend ski outing to Mont-Tremblant (with Chuck Stone driving). The AD House may have been at the core of this harvest. The friendships forged were the best part of Dartmouth.

Thanks, Steve

Marjorie Cook writes Maybe some of you were passengers in Russ Cook's car, \$1 one way. How many times I heard those stories over sixty years!

And Peter adds to his and Page's phenomenal note---boy do '53's have memories." Among my memories of Rahar's is seeing W.H. Auden the poet pretty drunk on the porch. But it was a place of camaraderie as well as drinking." And another response to Dave Cost's "diary" said Peter Yes, we mentioned the Speed Chef in our essay, as "the fastest grill man in the East." The diner was at Bellows Falls, Bill Crotty's home town.

**Rogh Ewy Reflections on Dartmouth Life in Our Time**

Peter Bridges thought Rodg might like to share his Dartmouth student history which he calls my alternative history at Dartmouth. Here tis. I came to Hanover plain from Denver's South High School, where I had graduated at the head of my class with a 4-point record and a scholarship to MIT and Dartmouth. I learned that Boston had lousy

skiing and so chose the New Hampshire woods as my next adventure. I had never been east of Chicago. After a few weeks of class I knew I was going to fail out - all my fellow classmates had attended prep school and had studied abstruse subjects like history, government, art and philosophy. I had only physics and chemistry to show. And I couldn't even understand my Bostonian-speaking profs.

At my first Christmas, back in Denver, I tried to prepare my dad for my coming catastrophe, but he consoled me with a gentle, "Do your best," and whatever happens is OK. Ureka! I survived! I got a B average. My career at Dartmouth was markedly different from that of others. I enjoyed baby-sitting with my English prof's kids. My engineering prof, Ed Sherrard, played a Stradivarius violin and invited me to sit in on his quartet's practices. I spent a lot of time in Dartmouth's great wood-working shop, making furniture for my quarters, shared with Barry Bishop and Bill Chafee. I loved the classical concerts in Hanover. Hikes and skiing were my best moments away from the books.

I couldn't understand that some classmates had cocktails every afternoon in my dorm. Pretty Goody-Two-Shoes, wasn't I? I had pledged Sigma Nu but didn't find it my style. Being then, a non-drinker, I even spent a lovely half-hour with John Sloan Dickey wondering why I had to pay the booze tax imposed by the house!

Not having a car kept my activities pretty close to home but probably helped me graduate cum laude and "With Distinction." I had an art awakening that led to hanging my mobile in the art gallery, and a life later that has been very fulfilling.

My early years after graduation were spent in engineering - military airfield and radar sites in France, Greece and Turkey, and with Bechtel



at refineries in California and Washington. I've had two loves and four kids and I spent the rest of my life, even to today, making photographs of many sorts, science with the National Center for Atmospheric Research, graphic and industrial with IBM and lots of free-lance architecture, travel and art. Never a day behind a big desk.

My only worries today are the virus and the fires that are presently burning near my Boulder home. Best wishes to you, Dave, and stay safe. The Bug wants us, Rodg Ewy. 3714 Wonderland Hill Circle Boulder, CO 80304 where Rodg has a replica of the Eleazar vane on his home. And some laudatory comments from Rodg for Peter on his recent writings: Good Sources, Peter! Keep on encouraging them! I was especially delighted with your last story (the ambassador biz). As I read I felt very much that I was there - and in some places I had been! My daughter, now lawyering in Fort Collins, was heading up a non-profit in Gunnison while teaching at the now-university. So that's familiar stomping grounds. She needed Fort Collins for its medical facilities - her child was having serious seizures which seem to be well-tamed now. And Europe - lord I miss its lovely places! You mentioned a peak - Como? in the Dolomites. I'm not familiar with it. Barry and I messed around there - we did Cime Grande of the Tre Cime de Lavaredo, near Misurina and I fell in love with Paula Rungtacher in Bolzano. The view from the top was fascinating, Dug-trenches all around the base of the peak. Paula spoke German as well as Italian reflecting the geo-political switching in this area.

If we have any luck, the snow and cold will snuff a lot of the burning. My other daughter's in-laws had to evacuate from Estes. Power cuts posed an additional threat of home-freeze ups, but I think they will get back in today. What would we do if we didn't have a nice active crisis?

Keep on writing, Peter - I'm enjoying your every word! Best wishes, Rodg and here is Peter's note to the class regarding his latest releases.

The October/November issue of Eclectica Magazine

(<http://www.eclectica.org/v24n4/toc.html> ) just appeared, with lots of prose and poetry, including my latest short work, a tale from ancient Ireland called "The Imram of Donegal." The story is at [http://www.eclectica.org/v24n4/bridges\\_donegal.html](http://www.eclectica.org/v24n4/bridges_donegal.html) .

I hope you will enjoy it. It is fiction, based in part on the semi-mythical tale of St. Brendan, who is said to have sailed out into the unknown Ocean sometime after 500 CE. I tell a tale of later voyagers, who reached the Canary Islands and then sailed west to reach, unhappily, what must have been New York.

More to come. Regards to all. Peter

A Video of Utmost Precision. Convert to Word to play.



VIDEO-2019-10-31-20-17-05.mp4

## Travel Will Open Up in 2021 and Here Are Our Plans

*I have been in many places, but I've never been in Kahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Kahoots with someone. I've also never been in Cognito. I hear that no one recognizes you there.*

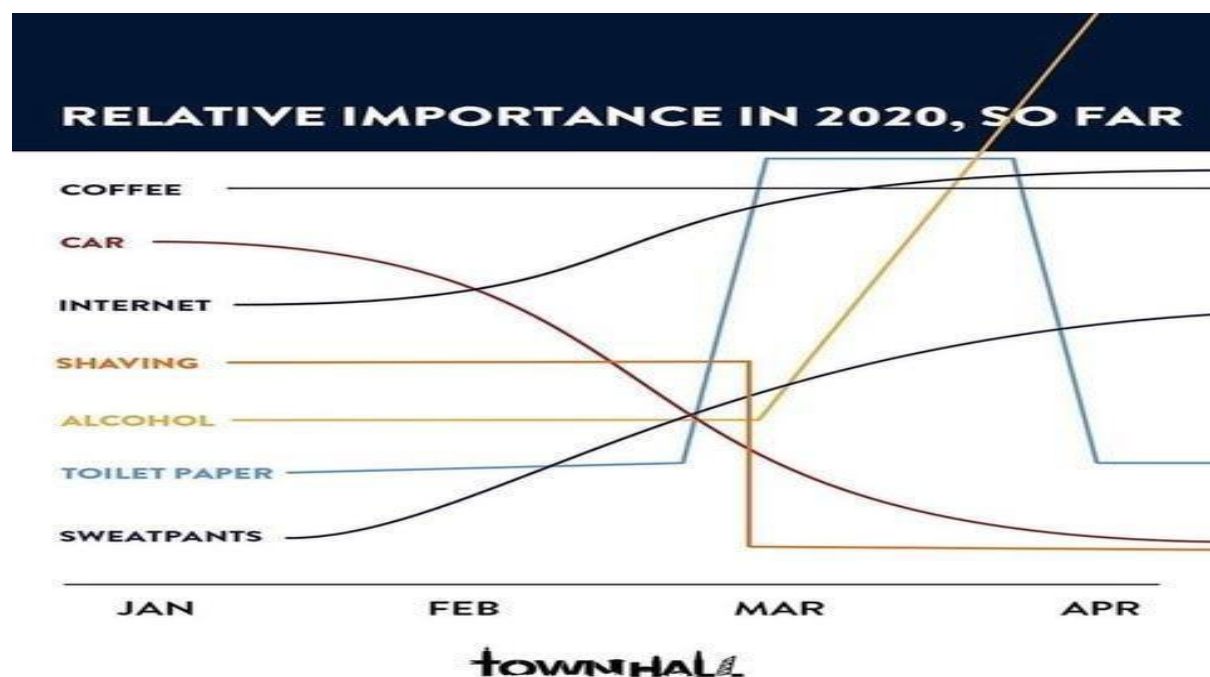
*I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my children, friends, family, work. And the Pandemic.*

*I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump, and I'm not too much on physical activity anymore. I have also been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there too often. I've been in Flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm or I was involved in a political discussion..*

*Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I used to go there more often as I was getting older until I found an exit in Able..*

*One of my favorite places to be is in Suspense. It really gets the adrenaline flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age I need all the stimuli I can get!*

*I may have been in Continent, but I don't remember what country I was in. It's an age thing. They tell me it can be a bit damp there.*





**Just as the graveside service finished, there was a distant lightning bolt accompanied by a tremendous burst of rumbling thunder. The little old man looked at the pastor and calmly said, "Well, she's there and it's His problem now."**

**A husband and wife had been arguing all day. They pass a herd of jackasses. The wife says "relatives of yours?" Husband says, "yep in laws."**

**I'm proud of myself. I finished a jigsaw puzzle in 6 months, and the box said 2-4 years!**



**FOR THE SECOND PART OF  
THIS QUARANTINE DO WE  
HAVE TO STAY WITH THE  
SAME FAMILY OR THEY'RE  
GOING TO RELOCATE US?  
ASKING FOR A FRIEND**

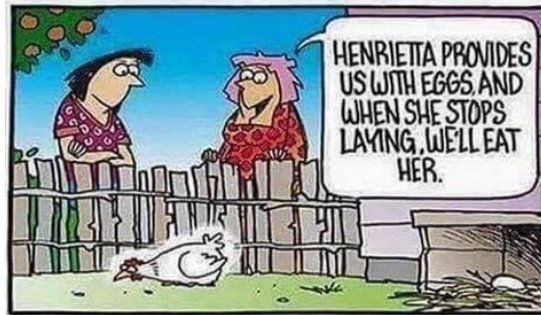


**It takes a village to  
raise a child.  
It takes a distillery  
to homeschool  
one.**



Homeschool Marching Band

As I've grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but pissing everyone off is a piece of cake.



... and that is WHY the chicken crossed the road.



**PLEASE TAKE OUT YOUR CLOTHES FROM CLOSET REGULARLY, AIR THEM AND ALLOW TO STAND IN SUNLIGHT. RECENT STUDIES SHOWS THAT IF CLOTHES ARE KEPT IN CLOSETS OVER LOCKDOWN THEY SHRINK. 😊**

In the waning years of my beloved mother's life and after Dad, Dartmouth '19 and Thayer '20 had succumbed to wartime injuries, she wrote me a short and lovely note on faith that I would like to share with this so special group of friends, the Class of 1953.

*"There is a wonderful biblical story about Jesus walking out to the fishing boat where Peter and his friends were waiting for the Sea of Galilee to calm, and Peter, full of faith, responding to Jesus' call to leave the boat and walk to him, does so for a few steps and then realizes what he is doing and sinks into the water. Jesus rescues Peter and says: "Oh you of little faith, why did you doubt?" When we live wrapped up around our own egos and their fears, we inhabit the narrow space of the papilla anima (the little soul), but when we forget our seriousness, albeit limited by the laws of physics, then we can live in a risky freedom where we inhabit the infinite expanse of the magna anima (the great soul)." Like any good son, I took Mother's words to heart and lived that way. What joy it has brought.*

Spiritually oriented people are those who realize that they participate in something infinitely greater than themselves and their knowledge of the human existence. Far from crushing them, this awareness makes them potentially greater in hundreds of ways. This spiritual tradition then attempts to cultivate the great souls by luring us into that wonderful conviction that life is *not about just us. but about limitless other egos which comprise the "magna anima" that carries us into the worlds of the spirit including God. The Cherokee Nation, and the Cherokees I have befriended, has a wonderful statement on the "magna anima" that captures its essence "Let us walk softly on the Earth with all living beings, great and small, remembering as we*



*go that one Great Spirit, Loving, Kind, and Wise, created all.” We are delighted to be living in the land of the Cherokee and the Seminole Nation and hope that some of their profound wisdom finds its ways into our hearts and souls. And that reality of life is found in another Cherokee expression that we cherish “If the eyes had no tears, the soul would have no rainbows.” Isn’t life great in its wondrous mysterious nature? Cheers, David ’53, and here are three of our 15 grandchildren that are going to carry those lovely thoughts of their Great Grandmother forward in their lives in America, God Bless Her. These are Zander, Tyce, and Eleana and they live in Virginia and are so much fun to play with in all the sports. That is me curled up in the cove of the house after soccer and then soccer ball painting.*





**Larry Barnett** passed away earlier in the Fall. Larry and Pam had lived in Spain for many, many years on the coast and the COVID attack there has been quite dense. Larry succumbed to Pneumonia and had been suffering with various medical problems for several years. When we get an Obit it will be published. Rest in Peace Larry.

**Lore Dodge** writes a wonderful note from her summer home in northern New Hampshire. Dear Dave, How are you!!! You are so wonderful [Ah shucks Lore]to keep us 53'ers upbeat in these times of such uncertainty! The foliage has basically faded now in northern N.H. Temperatures are fluctuating between the 30's and 70's. We are hoping to stretch the closing of Longue Vue to early December and then return to Florida. I spoke with Gail Malin, Judy Wilson and Philip Beekman recently. They are all safe and sound!

Miss you guys and wish I could blink us back on the Mini-Maxi River Boat Cruise up/down the Mississippi in 2005! Those were without a doubt the best of times! As you probably know, I sold John's and my beloved Casa de Osprey at Harbour Ridge in July. It was time. Bittersweet memories.....

Now, I am going to rent until I find the perfect place. Looking forward to crossing paths with you wherever, whenever! God bless you for keeping the mighty Dartmouth Class of 53's spirit alive!

Much love, Lore

Lore, so good to hear from you, thanks for the kind words about the newsletter—tis a labor of love and a promise I made to dear Gus Goss many years back. Will get together when you get pack to the Peninsula. Love to you all, Dave and Joanne.

Do you resonante to any or all of the following:

*Age 60 might be the new 40, but 9:00 pm is the new midnight.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*It's the start of a brand new day, and I'm off like a herd of turtles.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*The older I get, the earlier it gets late.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*When I say, "The other day," I could be referring to any time between yesterday and 15 years ago.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I remember being able to get up without making sound effects.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I had my patience tested. I'm negative*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Remember, if you lose a sock in the dryer, it comes back as a Tupperware lid that doesn't fit any of your containers.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*If you're sitting in public and a stranger takes the seat next to you, just stare straight ahead and say, "Did you bring the money?"*

\*\*\*\*\*

*When you ask me what I am doing today, and I say "nothing," it does not mean I am free. It means I am doing nothing.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I finally got eight hours of sleep. It took me three days, but whatever.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I run like the winded.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I hate when a couple argues in public, and I missed the beginning and don't know whose side I'm on.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*When someone asks what I did over the weekend, I squint and ask, "Why, what did you hear?"*

\*\*\*\*\*

*When you do squats, are your knees supposed to sound like a goat chewing on an aluminum can stuffed with celery?*

\*\*\*\*\*

*I don't mean to interrupt people. I just randomly remember things and get really excited.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*When I ask for directions, please don't use words like "east."*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Don't bother walking a mile in my shoes. That would be boring. Spend 30 seconds in my head. That'll freak you right out.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Sometimes, someone unexpected comes into your life out of nowhere, makes your heart race, and changes you forever. We call those people cops.*

## Pondering the Meaning of Life by Marcus Smoreillius

The devil whispered to me, "I'm coming for you." I whispered back, "Bring pizza."

*Having plans sounds like a good idea until you have to put on clothes and leave the house.*

It's weird being the same age as old people.

*When I was a kid I wanted to be older...this is not what I expected*

Life is like a helicopter. I don't know how to operate a helicopter.

*Chocolate is God's way of telling us he likes us a little b chubity.*

It's probably my age that tricks people into thinking I'm an adult.

*Marriage Counselor: Your wife says you never buy her flowers. Is that true?*

*Him: To be honest, I never knew she sold flowers.*

**Never sing in the shower! Singing leads to dancing, dancing leads to slipping, and slipping leads to paramedics seeing you naked. So remember...Don't sing!**

*During the middle ages they celebrated the end of the plague with wine and orgies. Does anyone know if there is anything planned when this one ends?*

If 2020 was a math word-problem: If you're going down a river at 2 MPH and your canoe loses a wheel, how much pancake mix would you need to re-shingle your roof?

*I see people about my age mountain climbing; I feel good getting my leg through my underwear without losing my balance.*

We can all agree that in 2015 not a single person got the answer correct to, 'Where do you see yourself 5 years from now?'

*So if a cow doesn't produce milk, is it a milk dud or an udder failure?*

If you can't think of a word say "I forgot the English word for it." That way people will think you're bilingual instead of an idiot.

*I'm at a place in my life where errands are starting to count as going out.*

**Cronacoaster** *noun*: the ups and downs of a pandemic. One day you're loving your bubble, doing work outs, baking banana bread and going for long walks and the next you're crying, drinking gin for breakfast and missing people you don't even like.

*I'm at that age where my mind still thinks I'm 29, my humor suggests I'm 12, while my body mostly keeps asking if I'm sure I'm not dead yet.*

Don't be worried about your smartphone or TV spying on you. Your vacuum cleaner has been collecting dirt on you for years.

*I'm getting tired of being part of a major historical event.*

I don't always go the extra mile, but when I do it's because I missed my exit.

*How many of us have looked around our family reunion and thought "Well aren't we just two clowns short of a circus?"*

At what point can we just start using 2020 as profanity? As in: "That's a load of 2020." or "What in the 2020." or "abso-2020-lutely."

*You don't realize how old you are until you sit on the floor and then try to get back up*

We all get heavier as we get older, because there's a lot more information in our heads.

That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

***The Class of 1953 Band of Brothers -- Forever***

